

overlook the globe, the next it sunk as to a depth so dark and bottomless as to forbid the hope of our ever rising again.

As I stood awestruck, bewildered at the contemplation, a swelling mountain wave rose before me and on its very crest, a huge ship showing half her keel out of water, was seen 'lying too' under her storm trysail—to our position she appeared nearly perpendicular. My heavens, I exclaimed, take care, she'll fall down upon and sink us. But the danger was more apparent than real; another mountain wave rolled between us, and she disappeared for ever.

We had now crossed some hundreds of miles to the eastward of the Banks; the weather soon after moderated, and confidence began to strengthen in the capabilities of our little craft; she was still tight and staunch. As she rode like an egg shell over the roughest waves with the light and lively motion of the sea bird, and we could scarcely anticipate worse weather, we began to feel some assurance that the same providence which had guided us through such dangers, thus far, had other designs in store for us than a grave beneath the waters. Then we began to cheer up with the hopes of better weather and an early arrival. But again our speculations were confounded, and our new hopes blighted. How little do we know what a single day may bring forth; what false prophets were we. Old Borcas had not yet done with persecuting us; we were doomed to a still further exhibition of his powers, differing in character it is true, but still partaking of the grand and sublime, to an extravagant degree, in our estimation at least.

Moderate weather now continued for three successive days. We got a reefed foresail set, and having got the Cook to work, made out to boil meat enough to serve us till we struck soundings; and, as all hands were nearly famished, this was no small item in addition to the short list of our domestic comforts.

And now the wind began to veer towards its old N. N. West quarter. Rising with renewed vigour after its short repose, it soon compelled us to hand the small sail we had set, and again to scud before it under bare spars. It struck, when it first reached our vessel, with such a thundering gust as well nigh capsized and tore the masts out of her. Towards night it became steadier, she steered well, and lashing one man to the helm the rest went below.

This gale differed materially from the former, there being no sea: it came on so suddenly and so fiercely, that it had no chance to rise; but the whole ocean presented the appearance of one limitless snow bank, about ten feet high above the surface of the water. How fast she went I knew not, but it appeared to me that the Arab of the desert on his fleetest steed, would have been left far behind in such a race. There was neither thunder nor lightning, and the hard blue sky was partially clear. But there was such an everlasting stunning roar, as might be imagined at a concert of volcanoes, so painful to the ears that I tried in vain to obtain relief by repeated folds of a thick