

two minutes was enveloped in the fog—a most dangerous situation, for the Mersey was studded over with vessels in various attitudes, and at any instant we might rush violently against them. Such a catastrophe actually occurred. By what I must consider to have been incautious steering, the small steamer was brought suddenly into collision with the bows of a large vessel, and our instantaneous destruction seemed to be inevitable. With indescribable alarm I expected that the vessel would pass over us, and that we should all be immediately struggling beneath the flood. There was a rush to the roof of the small engine-room, as being likely to remain longest above water. I climbed to the highest point near me, and looked ahead for the coming shock. A moment of extreme excitement ensued. Crash went in the bulwarks of the tender, and down went its mast across the pile of luggage! I thought all was over. Fortunately, the bowsprit of the large vessel, in coming in contact with and breaking our mast, slightly turned off the collision, and we immediately lost sight of her great hull in the mist. We felt, as it were, a reprieve from death, and looked each other in the face with a feeling of congratulation. Then broke forth on the unlucky steersman a shower of those warm epithets which the English, in moments of indignation, scatter about with characteristic liberality. Idiot—ass—fool! were pelted at him all the rest of the way; nor did we feel safe from a fresh calamity till we were alongside of the *America*, which towered like a castle above us, and till we had our feet securely planted on her capacious poop. The tender, it is needless to say, had a very damaged appearance. Her mast and cordage lay athwart the confused mass of baggage, some of which was broken in pieces, and some had gone overboard. Whether such incidents are common at Liverpool, I do not know. It is, at all