

is no unfitting preparation for what he has to encounter. The spray soon becomes so thick as to be disconcerting, and the blast so violent, as to affect the respiration. My eyes dimly discovered, through a medium, half air, half water, a black line, which I supposed was the path I should pursue. At the same time, my ears were stunned, by the roar of the cataract. Understanding that, as I advanced, a comparative calm would succeed this storm, I pushed resolutely on, opposed by an almost overpowering gust of wind and spray; but all my expectations of relief proved vain. I had long been gasping for breath, and I was now in a state of positive suffocation. Though I had advanced some distance behind the sheet of water, I was compelled immediately, or rather instantly, to return, making my exit much more speedily than I made my entrance. How humiliating the sensation which my retreat occasioned me;—the violence of the blast hurrying me, and the torrent pattering upon my broad oil-skinned back, felt and sounded as if I was driven out for cowardice, lashed by a thousand hands, and hissed at by a thousand tongues.