

said he, "they are water spouts—should one of them strike us we are done for; if we had only a carronade, or even a musket, I should fire into it as it approaches and endeavor to break it as I have frequently done, by the concussion. We can but trust now to our only hope as heretofore." Fortunately, however, two burst to windward,—the third passed within half a mile ahead of us; it appeared to have three prongs, which uniting, caused such a weight as to overcome the power which sustained the mighty structure. It reeled and wavered, toppled and fell, with an awful concussion—shaking the very sea itself and distinctly perceptible by all on board. The frequency of danger, however terrifying at first, begets in time a calmness, or at least a certain degree of indifference and perhaps resignation, even in the timid, for which it is difficult to account. Though by no means a careless or unconcerned spectator of this terrific and appalling scene, my mind was sufficiently calm and collected to examine it with deliberation, not unattended with interest and curiosity—the beautiful lines of Young occurring to me at the moment in full force. He could not have described more naturally the frightful scene had he witnessed it, than he has done in those words—

"Hast thou ere scaled, my wintry skies, and seen
Of Hail and Snow, my northern Magazine,
These the dread terrors, of mine anger are
My stores of vengeance for thy day of War."

Stores indeed they were, vast and inexhaustible. How I wished them, "distant as the pole," vanished to the icy caves of the north. Withdrawing to my cheerless cot once more I passed an anxious and uneasy night. By noon the following day, the weather somewhat abated; I was again on the lookout at my usual station. A change had evidently taken place; the wind had fallen,—the rain had ceased,—the sky wore a new aspect, and a few blue spots appeared,—dense masses of vapour floated heavily in the higher portions of the atmosphere, while lower down they seemed ragged and torn and the low scud, was rapidly hurrying to the south. A dark circle surrounded the sun, while rainbows and sun dogs, appeared in every quarter of the heavens. These the sure indications of bad weather, we find embodied in the old sea maxim—

"From rainbows in the morning
Let sailors take warning."

But though the wind had fallen, the sea continued to rise till it exceeded, as the mate declared, all that he had previously witnessed. The words awful, terrific, convey but a faint idea of the reality; true it was that weakened by indisposition, perhaps shaken and enervated by confinement and hope deferred—to my mind the appearance was magnified, but the impression then created is too deeply engraven, ever to become obliterated while memory holds her seat. That sea seemed higher by far, than many mountains, deeper than the vallies, swelling at one moment in towering heights, to an elevation which seemed to