

a few minutes the tree was stripped of every branch, and nothing but the trunk remained. A large house was unroofed in our rear, and the walls left standing at an unstable angle.—Half of our own roof was carried away by an invisible agent, and the house itself reeled as if about to fall, or share the fate of the holy one of Loretto.

There were pale faces in our garrison. The ladies invoked the saints, principally Saint Anthony, and when the sea broke its bounds and came roaring towards the house, the coolest of us thought, with the vanquished monarch, that all was lost but honor. We took advantage of a momentary respite of the tempest to evacuate the post and shelter ourselves under a wall. A sailor soon came from the stranded schooner, dripping like a river god, and bearing a bag of dollars.

Three days passed without tidings of our vessel, but on the fourth she entered the harbour. The crew had taken in their sail in time, but in the hardest puff of the gale, fearing that she could not survive upon her broadside, attempted to set the foretopmast staysail to get her before the wind; yet the sail was instantly torn from the rope. They next endeavoured to pay her off with tarpaulins in the fore rigging, but in vain, for she lay two hours with her gunwale under water. The jolly boat was swept from the stern, and the whale boat forced up against the davits, and by the power of the wind alone, broken into fifty pieces. In ploughing the seas for twenty years from the time when I write, I have had rough weather, but have never known a tempest half as violent as this.

This is all that is noted in my journal at Mazatlan, except the nature of the circulating medium received by us in payment; that is ten bars of silver, each weighing seventy pounds, at eighteen dollars the pound.