

the fatal plank with the glittering axe of the guillotine suspended over his devoted head, could not have felt as little hope of being spared as we did. Our little bark we were compelled to abandon entirely to the mercy of the waves; the compass lashed to a chest below informed us that at one time she was head, at the next stern foremost,—now on one side, then the other, presenting her hull to the sea at every angle of inclination and in every possible position, except of being keel uppermost. She was drifting unrestrained and uncontrolled downhill as it appeared towards Europe.

How grateful, then, should we have felt for the coarsest food, the humblest shelter, or the plainest meal, rejected by fastidious appetites on shore; to those like us they would have been welcomed as luxuries. The crew grumbled over their raw pork and ship bread thoroughly saturated with salt water; while cramped and confined in my narrow crib, without exercise, or any variety of locomotion, I had lost all appetite. Sea sickness I escaped, but weak and miserable I loathed everything eatable. The old mate however, fearing the consequences of such abstinence, essayed one night to partially boil a single egg, in a tin cup over the lamp; this with water thick and soapy, which had to be exposed for hours to the air to deprive it of a peculiar piquant flavor it had acquired, equaling some of the most celebrated mineral springs—was the only nourishment that passed my lips during that trying period.

Some slight symptoms of change appeared on the morning of the seventh day. About noon crawling to the top of the oil casks, which formed a slippery substitute for a companion ladder, some said the gale was broken—but there was still enough left to gratify the most insatiate appetite for the sublime, the grand, the magnificent of nature, in their wildest commotion. The war of elements still raged with scarce diminished fury; the sea was awful; the wind striking the crest of the curling billows dashed them into foam, overspreading the ocean with a milky whiteness. Save our little bark no object appeared within the limits of vision. This recalled to mind the description of that chaotic period—"when the spirit of God alone brooded over the face of the waters."

As I stood with the old mate by my side, contemplating this fearful scene, it suddenly changed—darker clouds rose in the North West. I had scarcely heard the caution to look out and hold on, when it burst upon us as though every aërial element of destruction were combined to destroy our presumptuous hopes of safety, to put an end to conflict, to bring it to a speedy close.

The cloud pregnant with rain and snow, and sleet and hail, with large masses of ice intermixed, discharged its contents full upon us—the lightning shot through the dense mass, rending it asunder and dispersing it with terrific peals of thunder. We suddenly drew the slide as the mate exclaimed, "If we weather this, sir, we are saved"—in a short time it passed by and we again looked up. Good heaven, I cried out, what are those dark columns hanging from the clouds to the sea and creating such fearful revolutions in the waters below? "Alas,"