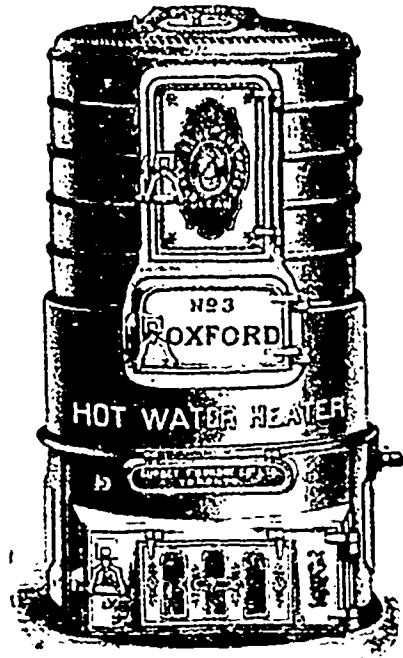


In a Storm on the Irish Coast.

Friday 13th.—Every prospect this morning of having the remainder of the passage favorable—a little breeze from the westward, the weather fine, sky clear, and the ship gliding along close on twelve miles an hour. With spy-glass in hand I can see from the bridge quite plainly two large ships, the first thing I saw in the shape of a sail since last we passed through the bunkers a week ago. One of them does not seem to be more than six or seven miles away, while the other is a long way off, and evidently going in the opposite direction, for I kept sight of her till she appeared like a snow drop on the horizon, and gradually vanished from sight. By the time the dinner bell rang the wind had veered round from the southern quarter and began to blow pretty strong. At dinner, the captain, all along in good cheer, now looked rather puzzled and said to the first officer: "I can't account for the barometer going down so quickly." He said nothing and seemed not at all surprised at the Captain's remark, from which I inferred that he too had noticed the sudden change in the weather glass. The thoughts of having another gale to battle with on the briny element made me shudder, yet I said nothing. That there is another storm brewing is quite evident, for soon the captain gave the second officer, whose watch on deck now begins, his orders: see that fresh lashings are secured round the deck cargo amidships, put extra fastening on the fore hatch and secure everything as well as possible, for it is well to be prepared for the worst. After supper, I stepped on deck to find the officers carrying out the captain's orders and the sailors busy executing them. Now and then one of the old tars would raise his head and give it an ominous shake at the dark clouds that had by this time shut out the blue sky. The wind was now about south-south-west and kept on increasing since dinner time and was now blowing, in sailors language, "a reefed breeze." The last few days, nice and fine, had now completely changed for the worst. The ship is running like a race-horse on her course and frequently kicks her heels high in the air from the slips of the rising sea which makes her bound with increased speed. It is now eight o'clock and I take my departure from deck to more congenial quarters not without some uneasiness of having another unfriendly visit from Father Neptune. Alone in the cabin to while away the time, as I feel I cannot sleep, I continue my notes though under unfavorable circumstances. The howling of the wind and the rolling of the ship distract me too much to continue longer, so I lay down on a stretcher to rest myself. An hour or so passed away when, between sleep and awake above the roaring of the storm, I heard noise and confusion on deck. I began to realize that something had gone wrong, and was trying to console myself as best I could by saying a prayer for our safety when the ship suddenly seemed to stand almost on end and at the same time a tremendous crash shook her whole frame as if she were going to pieces; she gave a tremendous roll over, which sent me and the stretcher and everything movable in the cabin to leeward. The water, by this time, came pouring down and there in a state of confusion, doubt and perplexity, I remained for an hour—what an hour of suspense—till at long last at a quarter to twelve, the captain put in an appearance and asked me how I would like to be a sailor. I learned from him the cause of the uproar I heard, and the perilous predicament the ship was in. The wheel chains overriden for a few moments, which interfered with the working of the ship, leaving her for the time being completely at the mercy of the heavy sea. This was the time, falling off



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broadside a little in the trough of a swelling sea, that she shipped the heavy sea which burst open the cabin-doors and came gushing down. He pointed out to me how disastrous it would be to the ship and all on board, if she remained a few moments longer without answering her helm. "She would," said he, "in coming broadside, be totally unmanageable, and Heaven only knows what the consequence would be. The only hope I should then have, was that owing to the buoyancy of the cargo, that she would not go to the bottom, and that same would be a consolation."

Saturday 14th. — The first news I heard this morning from the steward, as he came into my berth with a steaming cup of coffee, was, that Tory Island was sighted last night about one o'clock, after the storm abated. I dressed quickly and looked out the port hole. Sure enough, we were passing in sight of land on the north of Ireland. A thrill of joy swelled my heart as I saw for the first time the land of saints and scholars. I have just left the bridge where I've been two hours or more taking a view of Ireland on the one side and Scotland on the other, as we move gaily along on our way to the Clyde. The distance from land to land is not more than ten or twelve miles and with glass in hand I can see distinctly white houses and green fields; but conspicuously over all, stand out in bold relief, formidable lighthouses, dotted at regular intervals along the coast on either side. There has just passed from Scotland side, on her way to Londonderry, a large fourmasted steamer called the Parisian, which the second officer says, left Montreal with them, and having discharged freight in Scotland, is now calling at her usual ports en route to Montreal again. The land on the Irish side is high and stands out with a bold front along the seacoast, while on Scotland side for the most part, though long mountain ranges are vividly outlined in the back ground, it takes the shape of a gentle incline till it meets the water's edge.

After supper the captain sent for me to catch a glimpse of "Bonnie Scotland with the sun shining on her head." When he pointed to me the pretty sight, I exclaimed: "What an admirable picture if it could truly be produced on canvas!" "Ah," said he, "when will the hand of man copy faithfully the works of nature?" We were just about a mile and a half from shore and just rounding a point of land which tapered off from the centre to either side with a graceful curve till it kissed the sea below. The sun was just peeping out from behind a cloud and casting a brilliant ray of light as far as we could see on this one spot, lit

up the green fields and snow-white cabins with such brightness that all the surroundings were cast in the shade. This it was that formed such a pretty scene. The thought struck me very forcibly as I gazed on the comfortable homes on this headland that its occupants were the most enviable people in the world, for the setting sun seemed to smile on them alone. A little while longer and the beautiful landscapes disappear in the gloom. The cattle grazing in the fields, the men gathering in the harvest, or cutting down the crops are no longer visible. Even the lined cottages are shut out from sight, and no trace to be seen of them except hundreds of starlike lights, which line the coast and mark the spot where stands some cosy fireside. About eight o'clock we entered the Firth of Forth, and four hours afterwards dropped anchor in Greenock. The tide being low we had to wait for the tug which took us up the Clyde during the night. Of this I know but little, for worn out for the want of rest I did not wake till nine o'clock this morning (Sunday) when to my great joy in looking out I found we were snugly moored along the quay at Glasgow. My first thought was a fervent Deo Gratias for our safe though long, tedious and stormy passage. Having a few hours to spare I went on shore and passed through some of the principal streets of the city. The city itself presents a very antique appearance, and has some very fine buildings constructed after the ancient Gothic style, and built of limestone or Scotch brick. Framed buildings are conspicuous by their absence, I enquired the reason, and found such are not allowed within the precincts of the city.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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