

breeze, and I went down to the Punta to examine the wreck of the American, and view the mighty billows rolling towards the opposite Moro, and dashing up their white foam to the lighthouse tower. A group of negroes stood beside me, when suddenly they raised a shout of joy; another schooner broke from her moorings by the force of the wind, and drifted down among the shipping: the crew slipped overboard, and saving themselves in their boats, the schooner was left to her fate. She was fast leaving the harbour, and the negroes shouted with delight,—for in them the organ of destructiveness is very large. One, who spoke English, cried — “She go for bring coal,” meaning a negro cargo, when she struck the rocks under the Apostles’ Battery, and was quickly broken up, to the great amusement of the black group.

We did not cast off from the quay till late on the following day, for the Spaniards had no idea of venturing to sea till they ascertained, by the appearance of the weather and the prognostications of their almanack, that the gale was entirely over.

We spread our canvass, and with a southerly breeze rolled out into the open and still-troubled sea, and at sun-down the Moro was a speck in the horizon.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.