

on board, and was to sail on the following morning. I supped for the last time with Mr. Jackson and his excellent lady; and regretting extremely the necessity I was under to part, perhaps for ever, with such valued friends, from whom, if I had been a brother, I could not have received kinder treatment, I retired with a sorrowful heart to my chamber. In turning out, after the manner of an ancient mariner, to see how the sky looked, there was a certain wildness in the heavens which was not particularly agreeable to behold — the clouds collected in masses, then suddenly dispersed, and the moon had a greenish aspect. I lay down: presently the wind began to whistle through the shutters; then it came in gusts; then it howled round the dwelling, as if evil spirits were in the blast. It increased in force till it became a perfect roar; doors and shutters were blown in, and tiles fell from the roofs; the rain lashed the trembling walls in ceaseless torrents. Cries of distress were heard in the streets; then the firing of guns from the mouth of the harbour. A large American brig was on shore on the rocks of the Punta; some of her hands were washed into the sea, which swept over her decks, and even over the ramparts of the Punta: the foremast went by the board, but fortunately fell towards the shore, and on it the survivors escaped. It blew a regular hurricane, and two schooners sunk at their anchors immediately before the house. The night was, at times, pitchy dark, and then again the lightning gleamed fearfully across the heavens in one broad sheet, revealing