

The morning after we set sail we found ourselves off Cork, in the midst of the experimental squadron of steamers and ships of the line, commanded by Sir Hyde Parker. They had been out several weeks performing their nautical evolutions, and we had the amusement of passing close to the largest ships of the fleet—the St. Vincent and the Superb. Our captain fired a salute as we went under the batteries of the last of these—the Admiral's ship.

After sailing at the rate of more than 200 miles a day for four days, our progress was retarded, Sept. 8, by an equinoctial gale, which came in from the southwest, and, blowing for twelve hours, raised such a sea, that we only made four miles an hour.

Another gale of still greater violence came on six days afterward, on the night of the 14th, when the ship was running at the rate of ten and a half miles an hour, along the eastern edge of the Great Bank. The wind had been N.E., when suddenly, and in an instant, it blew from the N.W. I was in my berth below when this squall struck the vessel, and supposed that we had run upon some floating timber or an iceberg. We felt the ship heel as if falling over. On inquiry next day of the captain, and the only passenger who was on deck at the time of this concussion, I learnt that they saw a cloud of white foam advancing toward them on the surface of the sea from the N.W., like a line of surf on a beach. The captain had time to get the sails hauled half up, all except the top-sail, which was torn to pieces, when the advancing line of foam reached the ship, at which moment there was some vivid lightning, which the passenger thought was the cause of the blow resembling the stroke of a solid body against the steamer. When the wind first filled the sails in an opposite direction, it seemed as if the masts must give way. All hands had been called on deck, and the men went into the rigging to furl the sails with the utmost order and coolness. In a few minutes the wind had veered rapidly round the compass, from N.W. to N.E., and then went on to blow from this, the old quarter again, a perfect hurricane for twenty-three hours; the spray being carried mast high, so that there was a complete mingling of sea and sky. We could never tell whether