Minot's Rock Light.

The following letter, written by the keeper of this light during the late storm, to the editor of the Boston Mercantile Journal, will be read with interest. The light rests upon iron rods fastened to the rock. At the time of its erection much doubt was expressed of its permanency :—

MINOT'S ROCK LIGHT HOUSE,
Sunday night, 11 o'clock.

Mr. Editor—These last forty-eight hours have been the most terrific that I have witnessed for many a year. I would fain withhold my pen, but the promise I made you compels me to send you this statement. Since last evening, at 6 o'clock, we have been accompanied by a friend of yours, (an attorney of your city, to whom I will, if he ever reaches Boston, refer you, or any one who wishes to know what this place is,) who came down with little expectation of witnessing such a gale as this. It commenced as soon as he placed his foot on our deck. I have watched him during the terrific violence of the gale, and when my own courage almost failed me, I saw with astonishment no manifestation of fear on his brow. The raging violence of the sea no man can appreciate unless he is an eye-witness. Unceasingly have we been lashed with its fury, and should the wind back again to the Northeast, I fear all will be up with us.

When I engaged to keep this light-house, little did I think that my heart, which had never for twenty-five years, in the most boisterous regions, failed me, would tremble at any thing here. But there are things, I perceive, still in the background, to shake a stouter heart than mine; and so precarious is our present situation, that there is a prospect that this may never reach you. The rods put into the lower section are bent up in fantastic shapes : some are torn asunder

from their fastenings; the ice is so massive that there is no appearance of the ladder; the sea is now running at least 25 feet above the level, and each one roars like a heavy peal of thunder; the Northern part of the foundation is split, and the light-house shakes at least two feet each way. I feel as sea-sick as ever I did on board a ship.

'Think not that I will ever flinch from my post' though the waves should gain the mastery for which they are so incessantly striving. When I accepted the post I closed my ears against the reports of the former keeper, treating them (as I now find) too lightly, and here I shall remain so long as a vestige of the light-house remains; but the truth must be told. My report to the collector contains a more minute account of the effect the gale has had upon us. At intervals an appaling stillness prevails, creating an inconceivable dread, each gazing with breathless emotion at one another, but the next moment the deep roar of another roller is heard, seeming as if it would tear up the very rocks beneath, as it bursts upon us—the light-house quivering and trembling to its very centre, recovers itself just in time to breast the fury of another and another, as they roll in upon us with resistless force.

Our lanthorn windows are all iced up outside an inch thick, although we have a fire continually burning; and it is not without imminent peril that we can climb up outside to scrape it off, which I have done several times already. I have a dread of some ship striking against us, although we have kept the bell constantly ringing all night. Our water is a solid mass of ice in the casks, which we have been obliged to cut to pieces with an axe ere we could obtain any to drink. Our situation is perilous. If anything happens ere day dawns upon us again, we have no hope of escape. But I shall, if it be God's will, die in the performance of my duty.

P. S —I have put a copy of this in a bottle, with the hope it may be picked up in case of any accident to us. JOHN W. BENNETT, Keeper.