

municating to the frigate that, if she could only stand on a little further, she would disentangle herself from the cloud, in which, like Jupiter Olympus of old she was wasting her thunder.

At last the captain, hopeless of its clearing up, gave orders to pipe to dinner; but as the weather, in all respects except this abominable haze, was quite fine, and the ship was still in deep water, he directed her to be steered towards the shore, and the lead kept constantly going. As one o'clock approached, he began to feel uneasy, from the water shoaling, and the light-house guns sounding closer and closer; but, being unwilling to disturb the men at dinner, he resolved to stand on for the remaining ten minutes of the hour. Lo and behold! however, they had not sailed half a mile further before the flying-gib-boom end emerged from the wall of mist—then the bowsprit shot into day light—and, lastly the ship herself, glided out of the cloud into the full blaze of a bright and “sunshine holy day.” All hands were instantly turned up to make sail; and the men, as they flew on deck, could scarcely believe their senses, when they saw behind them the fog bank, and right ahead the harbor’s mouth, with the bold cliffs of Cape Sambro on the left, and, farther still, the ships at their moorings, with their ensign and pendants blowing out, light and dry in the breeze.

A far different fate, alas! attended his Majesty’s ship *Atalante*, Captain Frederic Hickey. On the morning of the 10th Nov. 1813, this ship stood in for Halifax harbor in very thick weather, carefully feeling her way with the lead, and having look-out men at the jib-boom-end, fore-yard-arms, and every where else from which a glimpse of land was likely to be obtained. After breakfast a fog signal gun was fired, in expectation of its being answered by the light-house on Cape Sambro, near which it was known they must be. Within a few minutes, accordingly, a gun was heard in the north-north-west quarter, exactly where the light was supposed to lie. As the soundings agreed with the estimated position of the ship, and as the guns from the *Atalante*, fired at intervals of fifteen minutes, were regularly answered in the direction of the harbor’s mouth, it was determined to stand on so as to enter the port under the guidance of these sounds alone. By a fatal coincidence of circumstances, however, these answering guns were fired not by Cape Sambro, but by his Majesty’s ship *Barrossa*, which was likewise entangled by the fog. She too, supposed that she was communicating with the light-house, whereas it was the guns of the unfortunate *Atalante* that she heard all the time.

There was certainly no inconsiderable risk incurred by running in for the harbor’s mouth under such circumstances. But it will often

happen that it becomes the officer’s duty to put his ship as well as his life in hazard; and this appears to have been exactly one of those cases. Captain Hickey was charged with urgent despatches relative to the enemy’s fleet, which it was of the greatest importance should be delivered without an hour’s delay. But there was every appearance of this fog lasting a week; and as he and his officers had passed over the ground a hundred times before, and were as intimately acquainted with the spot as any pilot could be, it was resolved to try the bold experiment; and the ship was forthwith steered in the supposed direction of Halifax.

They had not, however, stood on far, before one of the look-out men exclaimed, “breakers ahead! Hard a-starboard!”—But it was too late, for, before the helm could be put over, the ship was amongst those formidable reefs known by the name of the sisters’ rocks, or eastern ledge of Sambro Island. The rudder and half of the sternpost, together with the greater part of the false keel, were driven off by the first blow and floated up along side. There is some reason to believe, indeed, that a portion of the bottom of the ship, loaded with one hundred and twenty tons of iron ballast, were torn from the upper works by this fearful blow, and that the ship which instantly filled with water, was afterwards buoyed up merely by the empty casks, till the decks and sides burst through or were riven asunder by the waves.

To be Concluded in our next.

THE LITTLE WOOD-CUTTER.

A short time ago, I heard a story about a little boy named Richard, who, with his mother, lived in a house in the woods. The story was told to me for a true one, and I will tell it to you as I heard it. Richard and his mother, did not live in a fine brick house, but in one built of rough logs, and plastered with clay and straw. By industry and care, they managed to get along very comfortably, and they were, perhaps as contented and happy, as if they owned a palace. In summer, their little garden yielded them a plenty of fruits and vegetables, and there were berries enough on the neighbouring hills. In winter, Richard would cut a quantity of wood, and placing it on a raft, would sail some miles down the river to a village, where he could exchange his cargo for flour, or corn, or other kinds of food.

One day, towards the beginning of spring, after he had been cutting wood in the forest, he stopped a moment beside a tall tree to rest himself. He then ran down to the river’s brink to mend his raft. The river had been lately swollen by the heavy rains, and by the melting of the snow, and now rushed between its banks with great violence.

Richard had stepped on his raft, to fasten it together more securely, when the timber

on which he stood, was loosened, and floated away with him into the deep water. He was then obliged to fall down and cling to the wood, in order to keep from tumbling overboard. The tide was so strong that he could not swim, and he was swept along so fast, that, in a minute, he lost sight of his home. His mother had seen him from the window, and pale with terror, had hastened forth to try to save him. She ran along the bank in spite of the bushes and brambles, which scratched her limbs, until she was stopped by a wide ditch, over which she could not pass. She then climbed a high rock, and looked down the river to see if she could discover her boy. He was too where to be seen.

Sadly did the poor mother return to her solitary home. On her way, she could think of nothing but the good deeds and amiable manners of her son. She remembered how he walked twelve miles one stormy night to buy her a little medicine; and she called to mind a hundred other little things, which had long slumbered in her memory. She knew not what she should do without him to help, to love and to cheer her! and her eyes so filled with tears, that she could hardly see the path before her. When she entered the little room of her hut, and saw the chair, in which Richard used to sit, standing vacant on the hearth, she felt that her own strength could not sustain her.—She prayed fervently to her Father in Heaven to guide and uphold her, and then only could she think, with any resignation of her loss.

Almost a month passed away, and she still mourned for her son with inconsolable grief. She had made every possible inquiry concerning his fate, but no one could tell her anything about him. The days now seemed longer and more tedious to her, than they had ever seemed before. The trees had begun to look gay with blossoms and young leaves. The air was warm and delightful, and the stream, that flowed by the little hut, never went with a sweeter murmur.—The birds darted from bough to bough, and sung aloud, as if to tell how happy they were. But no pleasant sight or sound could raise a smile on the face of the poor woman, who had lost her son.

She was sitting by her window one evening, when she thus spoke to herself: “The summer days will come, and the sky will look blue and bright above me, and the earth will be green beneath my feet, but I shall not be happy, for my heart and my home are desolate—Richard why?”—“Did you speak mother,” exclaimed a voice at the door, and the next moment the boy, whom she was bewailing, rushed into her arms.

The surprise was a little too sudden, and at first, the good woman almost believed it to be a dream. Richard soon satisfied her