

## THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

## A TRUE STORY.

"The wind has veered round to the east, sir," said a young sailor, putting his head in at the door of the cottage belonging to his captain, "and I think we are going to have a dirty night."

"Veered round to the east, has it, Jack!" said the man in authority, looking up from the enjoyment of his tea; "then we must be off directly. Order all hands on board, and then bring the boat round for me."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boy, touching his hat, and instantly departed; while Mr. Kendal, turning to his wife, said: "You see how it is, Mary—I must go. I was hoping to have stayed with you for a little time; but no vessel of the *Daring's* size can live here in an easterly gale; so we must be off to Stanlynch Bay, and there's no knowing when we shall be back, for they say an easterly wind has as many lives as a cat."

"God will watch over you, I hope, John," was all she could trust herself to say, as she retired to prepare for his departure, while he finished his meal.

At this instant the door was thrown open, and in sprung a boy of about twelve, in a sailor's dress, exclaiming, "Is tea ready, mother? see what luck I have had," holding out several fish that he had just caught."

"Sit down, Harry," said his father, "and get your tea as fast as you can, for we must be off: don't you see it's coming on to blow great guns?"

"Then I won't stop for tea," was the quick reply; "but I'll go down to the spring, and get all the water up that mother is likely to want, else she'll go wearing her dear self out with fatigue;" and without waiting for a reply, he dashed off with a bucket in either hand.

While he is gone, we must introduce the reader to the principal personages of our little tale. Mr. Kendal, who, having been in the cruiser *Daring* from a boy, had at length risen to the highest rank on board, was a short, stout man of fifty; his face was of a bronzed hue, from constant exposure to the weather, but still bore traces of considerable personal attractions, added to a brilliant good humour, that would have rendered the