

On Thursday, Dec. 5th, we were about 450 miles from Nova Scotia. We had a strong breeze from the S. E. in the morning, which gradually veered southerly, and at noon it began to blow a heavy gale from the S. W. Sail after sail was taken in until we were lying to under a close reefed mainsail. At one o'clock a heavy squall, with lightning and rain, passed over us, and although the sun shone out brightly after it, the wind continued and increased. At three o'clock we began to feel uneasy, for the captain expected the storm would continue till midnight. By four o'clock the hurricane was fearful. Our mainsail was blown to tatters. An anchor and spar were thrown out as a drag to keep the vessel's head to windward; and at dark a part of the deck load was thrown overboard to lighten the ship. The moon gleamed out between the squalls—a help to the men, but adding a strange fearfulness to the scene. From the deck, looking to windward, a low, livid, angry mist seemed to sweep over the sea. The wind thundered, and roared, and whistled with sound terrific. The sea flew past in mountains, and swept over the vessel in beaten foam. Again and again I visited the deck to see if I could bring back one word of cheer. But the livid angry haze, and the wind and fearful sea, and the rattling of lumber being thrown overboard, and the incessant pumping, these did not encourage our hopes. We longed and waited for twelve o'clock, and as the slow hours six, seven, eight, nine, ten dragged on their length, hope almost died out. We commended ourselves and our fellow passengers to God. We thought of the prayers that had been offered for our safe passage before we left Nova Scotia; and, perhaps, at that very hour praying hearts were pleading for us around the family altar. We thought we were going, at God's bidding, to do his work, and so we hoped and pled. But at ten o'clock there was an evident increase in the fury of the storm, and we felt that our vessel could not weather it long. We looked to our hopes in view of being at any moment swallowed up.

The hurricane came like a whirlwind over the sea, making it as white as a snow covered field in winter, and apparently levelling the waves with its fury. The captain stood by the fore-stays, axe in hand. Onward it came, and seemed to press the *Aurora* under the sea; and although the throwing over the deck-load on the lee side only, gave her the advantage of a heavy list to windward, she could not bear up against the storm. Over she lay more and more, till the water was far over the lee rail, up the dead-eyes on the main rigging, and beginning to flow in at the cabin doors. Then the captain cut, and away went the spars with a crash, and the vessel righted.

Another hour of wearing anxiety and the storm abated at midnight. By one o'clock the vessel was pumped clear of water, which encouraged our hopes. The wind came round to the N. W., and blew very heavily all night, and our vessel rolled and groaned tremendously. I tried to eat, for from sea sickness I had eaten little since I came on board, and nothing since noon, but I could not eat. Wearied out I slept for three hours; the only one that slept on board ship that night, except four little girls, who slept through all the storm. At 4 o'clock, a. m., all hands assembled in the cabin, and we offered our united and heartfelt thanksgiving to God for our common deliverance.

The *Aurora* presented a desolate appearance in the morning. The mainmast stood with the main-top gone—the foremast broken off at the top with fore-top, top-gallant and royal gone; and the gib-boom carried away. The fore-yard and sail swung desolately by the broken mast, and one or two stay-sails remained. By the parting of a hawser we lost our drag about daylight, and there being no sails to steady the ship, and the deck load very much to windward, the heavy sea made us roll in a most distressing manner. At two o'clock on Friday, the fore-sail and main stay sail were set, and we began to move on gently before a strong N. W. breeze. Two vessels were sighted from aloft—one a brig dismasted like ourselves, and near her a barque apparently all right.

On Saturday morning we were hailed by the *Charles Miller* of Boston, bound for St. Thomas, with her main-boom, and main-sail, and top-gallant-sail carried away. As she will probably report us, and friends may be anxious, I write this now that I may be able to send it immediately on our arrival at Barbadoes, if there is any opportunity. During Saturday, an old mainsail was put on in place of the new one, which was blown away, and the deck load trimmed so that we began to move on more steadily and with better speed. Other light sails were rigged and set in due time, and even our boat sails were called into service. We were favoured with fair winds till yesterday, but it is dying away to a calm in the calm latitudes north of the trades.

ARRIVAL AT BARBADOES.

BARBADOES, Dec. 25, 1867.

For a week after the above was written we had very light winds, and mostly from the south, so that at times we thought we would be obliged to go to St. Thomas.—Since hearing of the dreadful hurricane, and the breaking out of the yellow fever at St. Thomas, we feel as if a special providence had prevented this. We lost nearly