

booms or rather was knocked off by a sea, which turned her bottom upwards, and whelmed her into the surf amidst the fragments of the wreck. The people, however, imitating the gallant bearing of their captain, and keeping their eyes fixed upon him, never for one instant lost their self-possession. By dint of great exertions, they succeeded not only in righting the boat but disentangled her from the confused heap of spars, and the dash of the breakers, so as to place her at a little distance from the wreck where they waited for further orders from the captain, who with about forty men, still clung to the poor remains of the gay *Atalante* once so much admired!

An attempt was next made to construct a raft, as it was feared the three boats could not possibly carry all hands; but the violence of the waves prevented this, and it was resolved to trust to the boats alone, though they were already to all appearance quite full. It was now, however absolutely necessary to take to them, as the wreck was disappearing rapidly; and in order to pack close, most of the men were removed to the pinnace, where they laid flat in the bottom, like herrings in a barrel, while the small boats returned to pick off the rest. This was no easy matter in any case, while it was impossible in others; so that many men had to swim for it; others were dragged through the waves by ropes, and some were forked off by oars and other small spars.

Amongst the crew there was one famous merry fellow, a black fiddler, who was discovered at this critical juncture clinging to the main chains with his beloved *Cremona* squeezed tightly but delicately under his arm—a ludicrous picture of distress, and a subject of some joking amongst the men even at this moment. It soon became absolutely necessary that he should lose one of the two things his fiddle or his life. So, at last, after a painful struggle, the professor and his violin were obliged to part company!

The pinnace now contained seventy-nine men and one woman, the cutter forty-two and the gig eighteen, with which cargoes they barely floated. Captain Hickey was, of course, the last man who left the wreck; though such was the respect and affection felt for him by his crew, that those who stood along with him on this last vestige of the ship, evinced the greatest reluctance at leaving their commander in such a perilous predicament. So speedy indeed was the work of destruction, that by the time the Captain was fairly in the boat, the wreck had almost entirely 'melted into the yest of waves.' The crew, however, gave three hearty cheers as she went down, and then finally abandoned the scattered fragments, of what had been their house and home for nearly seven years.

The fog still continued as thick as ever; the binacles had both been washed over-

board, and no compass could be procured. As the wind was still light, there was great difficulty in steering in a straight line. Had there been a breeze, it would perhaps have been easier to have shaped a course. In this dilemma a resource was hit upon, which for a time answered pretty well to guide them. It being known loosely, before leaving the wreck, in what direction the land was situated, the three boats were placed in a row pointing that way. The sternmost boat then quitted her station in the rear, and pulled ahead till she came in a line with the other two boats, but took care not to go so far as to be lost in the fog; the boat which was now astern then rowed ahead, as the first had done, and so on doubling along one after the other. This tardy method of proceeding however answered only for a time; at length they were completely at loss which way to steer. Precisely at this moment of greatest need, an old quarter-master, Samuel Shanks by name, recollected that at the end of his watch chain there hung a small compass seal. This precious discovery was announced to the other boats by a joyous shout from the pinnace.

The compass being speedily handed into the gig, to the captain, was placed on top of the chronometer, which had been nobly saved by the clerk; and as this instrument worked on jimbles, the little needle remained upon it sufficiently steady for steering the boats within a few points.

This was enough to insure hitting land, from which they had been steering quite wide. Before reaching the shore, they fell in with an old fisherman, who piloted them to a place called Portuguese Cove, where they all landed in safety, at a distance of twenty miles from Halifax.—*Capt. Hall.*

YATES AND DOWNING.

An Indian Story.

Some of the adventures of our countrymen with the Indians of the west, are so striking, that, though true, they have the appearance of fiction.

In August —, two young men, near the Slate Creek Iron Works, in Kentucky, by the name of Yates and Downing, set out together in pursuit of a horse which had strayed into the woods. Towards evening they found themselves six or seven miles from home, and, at that time, exposed to danger from the Indians. Downing even began to fancy he heard the cracking of sticks in the bushes behind them, but Yates, who was somewhat experienced as a hunter, only laughed at his fears.

Downing, however, was not satisfied.—He still thought the Indians were following them, and at last determined to find out. Gradually slackening his pace, he allowed Yates to get several rods before him, and immediately after descending a little hill, he sprang aside and hid himself in a thick clus-

ter of whortlebury bushes. Yates was humming over a song just at the time, and did not think of Downing or the Indians any more for several minutes.

No sooner was he out of sight, than Downing saw two savages come out of a cane brake, and look cautiously after Yates.—Fearful they had also seen him secreted himself, he determined to fire on them, but his hand was so unsteady that he discharged his gun without taking aim, and then ran.—When he had run ten or twelve rods, he met Yates, who having heard the report of the gun was coming back, to inquire what was the matter. The Indians were now in full pursuit, and Yates was glad to run with Downing.

Just at this place the road divided, and at some distance farther on, came together again. Yates and Downing took one road, and the two Indians, probably to get ahead of them, took the other. The former, however, reached the junction of the two roads, first. But coming nearly at the same time to a deep gully, Downing fell into it, while the Indians who crossed it a little lower down, not observing his fall, kept on after Yates.

Here Downing had time to reload his gun, but he did not think of it; for he was busy in climbing up the banks of the ditch to learn the fate of his companion. To his surprise he saw one of the Indians returning to search for him. What should he do now? His gun was no longer of use, so he threw it aside, and again plied his heels, with the Indian after him.

Coming at length to a large poplar tree which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree upon one side, while the Indian followed on the other to meet him at the root. It happened, however, that a large she bear was suckling her cubs, in a bed she had made at the root of the tree, and as the Indian reached the spot a moment first, she sprang upon him, and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife; the bear growled, hugged him closely, and endeavoured to tear him, while Downing not anxious to stand long to see the end of the battle, took to his heels with new courage, and finally reached home in safety; where Yates, after a hot chase, had arrived some time before him.

On the next morning, they collected a party, and returned to the poplar tree to ascertain what had become of the Indian and bear, but could find no traces of either.—Both, they concluded, escaped with their lives, though not without injury.—*Sketches of Western Adventures.*

Those days are lost in which we do no good: those worse than lost, in which we do evil.

A modest youth may become a confident man, but never an impudent one.