

the harbour that evening very doubtful: there was still a probability of it, however, and I was willing to entertain a hope of it.

When we had sailed a sufficient distance to induce the pilots to believe we must be near the light-house, the fog being so very dense as to prevent us from seeing it, "all hands" were placed on "the look out," and in a few minutes we heard the sound of the light-house bell, which was rung in order to apprise us of the distance and direction we were in from it. At length one person cried, "There it is!" when it immediately became faintly visible through the fog, very near the vessel. "All was now right," according to the general opinion; we crossed the Bar in safety; the only danger previously apprehended was now removed; one of the pilots left us here, the other knew exactly the course to steer, and spoke with so much confidence as to dispel every doubt of reaching the Point that evening. The crew placed entire confidence in his skill and long-tried