

"I hope so, too; but, do not be too sanguine. I dread the worst."

On the morning of the day of this unexpected and startling arrival the elements looked very threatening, and everything portended a terrific storm. By and by the wind gradually rose until it blew nearly a hurricane, and the waves of old Ontario lashed themselves into a perfect fury as they chased each other to the beach.

During the time the steamer reached the wharf and the sailors had commenced discharging part of her cargo, the storm raged to that degree that it was deemed prudent to put to sea at once, as the pier—in those days a miserable affair—did not afford any shelter. Just as the Captain gave his orders "to cast off" several tremendous seas came thundering against the sides of the steamer, deluging her cabins and sweeping her decks from end to end.

The terror and confusion was extreme; passengers were knocked about like "whipping tops," and such as had presence of mind held on "like grim death." In the midst of the dismay that ensued the appalling cry of "a man overboard" was twice heard in quick succession; and the roar of the waves, the loud whistling of the wind, the rush of water over the decks, and the indescribable turmoil that prevailed, did not prevent its being indistinctly heard again and again, "two men overboard!"

It was too true, the sea had claimed and obtained its victims; the unfortunate men were seen for a few moments struggling in the surging waves, intense despair depicted on their countenances, then they disappeared to be seen no more alive. Every effort consistent with safety was made to save them, but as no boat could live for a minute in the angry billows, they were abandoned to their fate, and the steamer, reversing her engines, backed off from the wharf and proceeded on her voyage.

The night that succeeded was frightful; the howling of the wind as the gale rose higher and higher, the furious blasts that tore up the trees in the gardens, the loud roar of the breakers on the beach, and the heavy pattering of the rain against the window panes, were fit accompaniments to the tragic events of the day; and a superstitious mind could almost fancy the powers of the air chanting a requiem over the spirits of the drowned men whose bodies now were being buffeted by the angry waters of the lake.

Those sounds, my reader may conjecture, did not tend to allay the alarm that was felt by my mother, in consequence of the news she