

## DREADFUL SCENE.

In the life of a sailor, lately published, we have the following narrative of a wreck of Havana, which we shall only preface by observing that the crew had been forced to take to the boat, which was upset. "Even in this moment of peril, the discipline of the navy assumed its command." At the order from the lieutenant for the men on the keel to relinquish their position, they instantly obeyed the boat was turned over; once more the expedition was tried; but quite in vain; for no sooner had the two men begun to bale, with a couple of hats, and the safety of the crew to appear within the bounds of probability, than one declared he saw the fin of a shark. No language can convey the panic which seized the strongest seaman; a shark is at all times an object of horror to a sailor; and those who have seen the destructive jaw of these voracious fish, and their immense and almost incredible power; their love of blood, and their bold daring to obtain it—alone can form an idea of the sensations produced to a swimmer by the cry of "a shark! a shark!" Every man now struggled to obtain momentary safety.—All discipline was unavailing, the boat turned keel up: one man only gained his security to be pushed from it by others—thus their strength began to fail from long-continued exertion. As however, the enemy so much dreaded did not make its appearance. Smith once more urged them to endeavor to save themselves by the only means left, that of the boat; and he desired those who held on by the gunwale, to keep splashing in the water with their legs, in order to frighten the monsters at which they were so alarmed.—Once more had hope begun to dawn; the boat was clear to her thwarts, and the men were in her at hard work, a little forbearance and a little obedience and they were safe. At this moment, when those in the water urged their mess-mates in the boat to continue bailing with unremitting exertion, a noise was heard close to them, and about fifteen sharks came right in amongst them. The panic was ten times more dreadful than before; the boat again was upset by the simultane-

ous endeavour to escape the danger, and the twenty-two sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration: a loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden death; a shark had seized him by the leg, and severed it intirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted than the long dreaded attack took place, another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs some were torn from the boat to which they vainly endeavored to cling—some it was supposed sunk from fear alone—all were in dreadful peril. Mr. Smith even now, when of all horrible deaths the most horrible seemed to await him, gave his orders with clearness; and to the everlasting honor of the departed crew be it known they were obeyed, again the boat was righted, and again two men were in her. Incredible as it may appear, still however, it is true that the voice of the officer was heard amidst the danger; and the survivors actually, as before, clung to the gun-wale, and kept the boat upright. Mr. Smith himself held by the stern, and cheered and applauded his men. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast—in one short moment when Mr. Smith ceased splashing, as he looked into the boat to watch the progress a shark seized both his legs and bit them off just above the knees. Human nature was not strong enough to bear the immense pain without a groan; but Smith endeavored to conceal his misfortune;—nature, true to herself, resisted the endeavor, and the groan was deep and audible. The crew had long respected their gallant commander; they knew his worth and courage; on hearing him express his pain, and seeing him relinquish his hold to sink, two of them grasped their dying officer, and placed him in the stern sheets. Even now, in almost insupportable agony, that gallant fellow forgot his own suffering, and thought only of rescuing the remaining few from the untimely grave which awaited them. But the