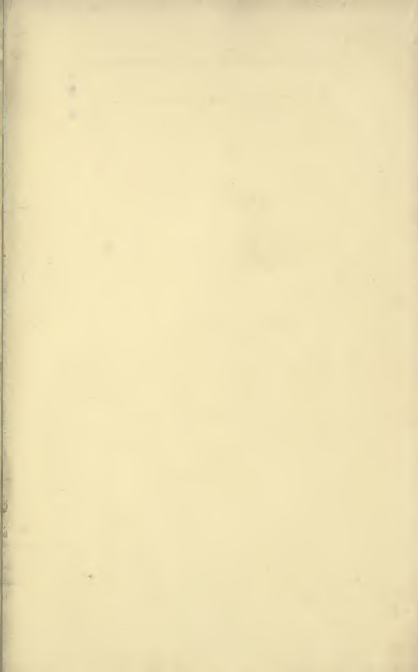




SOLD BY
JAMES DEWAR & SON
25
GEORGE STREET
PERTH

ABS.1.84.213



1/26

9/6/6

PERILS AND ADVENTURES

ON

THE DEEP.

PERILS & ADVENTURES
ON
THE DEEP.



The flag that braved a thousand years
The tempest and the breeze

EDINBURGH.

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS NELSON



PERILS AND ADVENTURES

ON

THE DEEP:

A SERIES OF INTERESTING NARRATIVES OF NAVAL
ADVENTURE AND SUFFERING.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again.—*Southey.*

THOMAS NELSON, EDINBURGH;

AND THE PATERNOSTER ROW,
LONDON.

MDCCLV.

Library of the
National Academy of Sciences

1984

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCIENCE
B
27
1984

P R E F A C E.

THE following work, a new edition of which is now presented to the public, comprehends a series of interesting narratives of Naval Suffering and Adventure, selected from authentic sources, and conveyed in an attractive form. The great demand for this volume proves that both its general plan and details have been duly appreciated; and no pains have been spared to render it still more worthy of public approbation. The arrangement has been altered, a few narratives of less prominent interest have been omitted, and an entire chapter of new matter has been added. Thus improved, it is hoped that all who feel interested in those spirit-stirring incidents with which narratives of Naval Adventure so abound, will find presented in the following pages the contents of many scarce and expensive volumes.

2

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BURNINGS AND EXPLOSIONS.

The New Horn,	1
The Prince,	19
The Amphion	23
The Resistance	26
The Kent,	3
Rescue of Remaining Sufferers,	35
The Earl of Eldon, . . .	38

CHAPTER II.

ATTACKS OF SAVAGES.

Attack on La Perouse's Boats,	44
The Ship Boyd,	49
Attack of the Feejee Islanders,	52

CHAP. III.

TALE OF THE BOUNTY.

Mutiny of the Bounty and Bligh's Open-Boat Voyage, . . .	59
The Pitcairn Islanders, . .	63

CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

Dr. Johnson,	72
Allen Geare,	79
Loss of the Royal George, .	82
Richard Castleman, . . .	88
The Amphitrite,	93

CHAPTER V.

FAMINE AND PROTRACTED SUFFER- ING.

The Brig Tyrrel,	98
Sloop Peggy,	104
The Grosvenor,	116
Riley's Sufferings, &c., . .	124

CHAPTER VI.

REMARKABLE SHIPWRECKS.

Captain Norwood,	129
The Doddington,	139
The Betsy,	155
The Litchfield,	158
The Duke William, . . .	162
The Phoenix,	169
The Halsewell,	185
The Centaur,	196

CHAPTER VII.

REMARKABLE SHIPWRECKS (CONTINUED.)

The Lady Hobart,	205
The Abergavenny,	217
The Nautilus,	221
The Saldanha frigate and Talbot,	227
The Medusa,	231
The Alceste,	238
The Blendenhall,	254
The Comet Steam Packet, .	260

CHAPTER VIII.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATIONS.

The "Death,"	265
The Cabalva,	275
The Wellington,	286

CHAPTER IX.

POLAR REGIONS.

Captain Ross's Voyage, . .	292
Back's Voyage in the Terror,	298
The Dee, a missing whaler .	304

CHAPTER X.

THE SOLITARY, AND THE KIND ISLANDERS.

Alexander Selkirk,	314
The Antelope,	318

PERILS AND ADVENTURES ON THE DEEP.

CHAPTER I.

BURNINGS AND EXPLOSIONS.

“ What star—what sun is burning on the bay ?
It shines a lake of fire !—away—away !
The galleys feed the flames.”

COMBAT.

LOSS OF THE NEW HORN.

THE New Horn, a Dutch vessel of 1100 tons, sailed from the Texel with a crew of 206 men, on the 28th December 1618. On the 30th they passed Portsmouth with a fair wind, and on new year's day parted from the English coast. The vessel was much damaged by a heavy gale, which obliged them to lower their topsails, to reduce all sail, and drive before the storm. They shipped three heavy seas, and a vast quantity of water got into the hold. The mainmast was carried away on the third day of this tempest ; but the gale abating, they were enabled to secure the rigging. They bore for the Scilly Isles, and fell in with the New Zealand, bound for the East Indies ; this vessel had not suffered from the storm, and they endeavoured to keep company with

each other, though the *New Horn* could hardly hoist sufficient sail. Another vessel bound for India, also came in sight, and kept company till they came to the Canaries. They anchored at Fogo and sent a boat towards the shore ; but the Spaniards fired at it, so that not being permitted to land they again stood out to sea. When they came to the line they were becalmed for a time, and then they had showers and baffling winds that shifted to every point of the compass ; in this way they were detained three weeks. During this season the sea was agitated at night, and the waves seemed to be on fire. They then held on for the Cape of Good Hope ; but not making it readily, resolved to pass on, as they had plenty of water, and the crew were in good health. After having been at sea five months, they parted from the two other vessels, being bound to different ports.

Before this the crew had begun to get sickly. Forty were confined to their hammocks, and many others were indisposed. They therefore resolved to steer for Madagascar ; when there, they could not land because of the surf, and were reluctantly compelled to stand away. The sick murmured ; the captain agreed to make for Mascarenhas, which they soon came in sight of, and anchored in forty fathoms water. The long-boat was sent ashore, and brought back some turtle ; the sick requested to be landed, that the balmy air of the place might revive them. They were furnished with a tent and other necessaries, but a better anchorage being found farther off, they were re-embarked, and again landed. When the boat came on shore, those who had before been drooping with the scurvy rolled themselves in the grass, and declared that they felt better at once. Here they found a great number of tame blue pigeons, of which they caught above two hundred the first day ; and other sea-fowl were also plentiful. Twenty-five turtles were found under one tree, and the ship landed many to obtain fresh provisions. A fishing party caught some fish, as large as salmon. A fresh-water river

running past, the banks of which were covered with beautiful trees, they got their water casks filled. They found a plank bearing an inscription, stating that captain Mants Black had been there with thirteen vessels, and that his boats had been lost in the surf. The island appeared uninhabited. The shores swarmed so much with eels, that the sailors used to take off their shirts, and use them as nets. In the morning the turtles came out of the sea, to scrape a hole in the sand, where they laid their eggs to be hatched in the sun ; the young were observed crawling along the sand, after they came out of their holes, not much larger than nuts. The juice of the palm-trees furnished the seamen with a pleasant liquor. After remaining some time in this agreeable spot, furnished with so many refreshing luxuries, to those who had languished with disease in the confined air of a crowded vessel, the sick got rapidly well, and all except seven rejoined the vessel. These obstinately indisposed people were suffered to remain till the ship was ready for sailing ; previously to which they aired and fumigated the vessel with vinegar. The first pilot, whose name was John Peter, went to shoot birds, and his fowling-piece bursting he lost an eye.

Everything being now ready they set out for Mauritius ; but having stretched too far away to windward to fall in with it, they resolved to visit St. Mary's Island, opposite the bay of Antorgil in the island of Madagascar. The natives soon saw them, and put off in their canoes, with live stock and fruits. But these supplies being deficient in quantity, the captain set out for Madagascar in the long-boat to get more ; but found neither man, beast, nor fruit. When he returned he found his crew well, and merry. One who played the violin, astonished and amused the natives so much, that they danced and capered around him.

On the 17th November they reached the straits, about 50° 30' south of the line. Suddenly the appalling cry of "fire" was heard, and the captain saw the steward

pouring water into a barrel in which he said the fire was. It turned out that he had gone down with a light to fill a keg of brandy, that he might serve out to the crew their morning dram. A spark had fallen into the bung-hole of the cask. The water poured in had suppressed the fire for a space, but had not extinguished it. The flames raged in it, and both ends of the cask were blown out. The blaze of the spirits set fire to a heap of coals which lay under the cask. All the efforts of the crew to smother the fire were vain, and there were four tier of casks ranged one above another. As they laboured in the hold, they were almost suffocated by the sulphurous smoke of the coals, and were scarcely able to find the hatchways to breathe the fresh air. They wished to throw the powder overboard, but the supercargo, with singular obstinacy and infatuation, would not consent; alleging that the fire might be speedily got under, and if they lost their powder, they could not repel a hostile attack. The fire still raged, and they could no longer stay in the hold. Their last chance of safety was to scuttle the decks, and let the water rush in, but this attempt also was fruitless.

The terrified crew let down the launch and the cutter. The ship was full of flame, and out of her were the sea and sky. Many deserted their posts, slipping down the sides, and dropping into the sea, whence they swam to one or other of the boats. On the supercargo hailing them from the ship, they said that they were resolved to cast off from the vessel, advising him, if he wished to save himself, to descend the stern-ladder, and come off to them; he asked them to wait for the captain, but they refused, cut the painter, and pulled off from their despairing comrades. The captain had been labouring all this time to get the flames under. A seaman came to him in tears, and said, "we are abandoned; the launch and cutter have deserted us; what can we do?" Upon which the captain said, "If they are gone, it is not to return again," and then ran on deck. They set all sail on the

ship to overtake them; but when they had arrived within three ships length from them, they got the weather gage, and escaped.

The captain still laboured to get the fire under, telling the crew, that under God they had no hope but from their own exertions. They could not now throw the powder overboard, for the fire was at the bottom of the hold, and they could not reach it on account of the things that lay in the way. They bored holes to let the water through the ship's side. Buckets were emptied down the hatchways, and they toiled on, amid groans and lamentations. Some barrels of oil took fire, and the flames raged furiously.

Their's was a terrible situation! Consternation was depicted on every countenance, and the boldest trembled with fear. Exclamations of terror burst from the unhappy crew, spreading from one to another, like the fire that was beneath them. Death seemed inevitable; as the last minute approached, they settled down almost into apathy, and indifference to their fate had almost destroyed the principle of self-preservation. The captain stood on the deck, with sixty-five others close to the main hatchway, taking the water in buckets. Sixty barrels of powder they had managed to throw overboard, but there were still three hundred in the hold. The fire caught them. One hundred and nineteen unfortunate beings were whirled into the air with the blazing fragments. Not one human creature was seen; and the surface of the deep was strewed with the broken and charred timbers of the ill-fated vessel.

The captain, Boutekoe, who left a narrative of the circumstances, says—"Although stunned by the explosion, sensation did not entirely forsake me, and some slender remnant of life and resolution still lurked in my heart. Thus, on falling back into the water, near the wreck of a ship now in more than a thousand pieces, I took a little breath, and looking 'around me, saw the mainmast and foremast floating close to my side. I

gained the former; and while reflecting on my situation, I observed a young man rise from the water, who swam to a part of the vessel, crying out, 'I have got it!' My God, said I to myself, does any one survive? A yard was drifting towards him, and the mast which I seized not being steady enough, I cried out to him to push the yard a little nearer me, that I might secure myself on it and join him, though two wounds on the head, and bruises over all my back, almost precluded me from moving; so that, recommending myself to Heaven, I thought a little longer time would terminate my existence. Thus, we being seated together, each holding a plank in his hand, part of the wreck of the foremast, he raised himself, trying to discover the long boat. He saw her indeed, but at such a distance that he could not discern whether her head or stern was foremost. At this period the sun went down, to our great affliction, for we were destitute of all prospect of succour, and our only consolation lay in invoking the mercy of God to relieve our distresses. After doing so with all humility, we were agreeably surprised to see both the launch and the cutter, which met beside us. I cried to them to save their captain; when they asked with wonder, if he was still in life. On my assuring them of the truth, the young man leapt boldly into the water, and swam to the boat; but as from my wounds, I could not follow him, I told them to come nearer, if they wished to save me. A rope was then thrown, which I fastened about my body, and being drawn towards them, was taken into the boat. Formerly, I had made a small place in the stern of this same boat, where two men could easily lie, and now went there to repose, thinking myself about to expire. Heyn Rol, the supercargo, and the rest, soon came to see me, when I told them to remain near the wreck and try to save provisions, and also attempt to recover some of the compasses, for I thought they were destitute of both. I now heard that just before the destruction of the ship, he pilot had taken the compass out of the binnacle.

“While I lay thus, the supercargo made the men row all night, as if they expected to find land; but in the morning, there was no appearance of it. They came to ask my advice: I told them we should have remained near the wreck, when we could have saved plenty of provisions, as both meat and cheese were driving in great quantities about our legs. They carried me out of the place where I lay. I asked them what provisions they had: when they brought me one or two little casks, containing seven or eight pounds of biscuits. ‘Comrades,’ said I, ‘we must follow another plan; lay aside your oars, or your strength will soon be exhausted!’—‘What shall we do then?’ said they. ‘Take your shirts and make sails of them.’ I told them to untwist the cordage, and run it through the linen. When I offered mine, they refused it, as essential to my safety in my feeble state. In the launch were 46, and in the cutter 26. A dressing-gown and pillow had been thrown into the latter, which they brought me. I rested my head on the pillow, because of the wounds I had received. Our surgeon was among those preserved, but having no medicines, he applied chewed bread to my wounds, which, through God’s assistance, healed them.

“We drifted the whole day, and at night the sails were ready; and hoisting them, we steered our way by the stars. The night was extremely cold, and the following day the sun beat directly down upon us. On the 21st and two next days, we made a kind of cross-staff, by means of the cooper, who could draw a little, and had a pair of compasses, and we afterwards contrived to make a quadrant. On a plank I scratched a sort of chart of Sumatra and Java, with the straits of Sunda, and I thought we were 90 miles from land: I also managed to make a compass, that we might steer with greater certainty. The biscuit was distributed daily, in equal proportion, the size of a finger; but our slender stock could not last long among so many. We had nothing to drink, and our thirst was insupportable. But

the sky becoming overcast, we spread the sails to catch the falling rain that we might fill our casks; a cup was made of a shoe, and I took care that the people drank no more each than their allowance. All besought me to drink as much as I chose, but I restricted myself to the same allowance that was given to the rest.

“The launch being the better sailor, the cutter could scarcely keep up with her; the crew of the latter not understanding navigation, besought me to receive them into the launch; this was refused, as thus it seemed that all must have perished; and the tow-rope was cut. Great misery prevailed amongst us, we had no food, and were far from sight of land. I tried to encourage the men by assuring them they were near the shore; but they murmured, saying, ‘the captain deceives us, and we are going farther from it.’ One day, when much distressed from hunger, it pleased God to send some sea-fowl close to us; these we caught, and greedily devoured raw. But we had not enough for a plentiful repast; and there being no appearance of land, our hopes quite died away. The cutter’s crew, on renewing their entreaties, were received on board of us: and now 72 souls were crowded together, destitute of meat and drink. While casting a melancholy gaze on each other, by the mercy of God, a quantity of flying fish rose from the water, and some fell within our reach; these we divided and ate raw, which proved a salutary relief, and saved our lives. It was wonderful that no one died, for several could not be dissuaded from drinking the salt water. Our misery daily increased, and the rage of hunger urging us to extremities, the people began to regard each other with ferocious looks. Consulting among themselves, they secretly determined to devour the boys on board; and after their bodies were consumed, to throw lots who should next suffer death, that the lives of the rest might be preserved. I want words to express the sensations which this declaration excited in my breast; and when I saw some of them ready to tear the boys

piece-meal, I earnestly prayed to God to divert their minds from such cruelty ; and approaching them, said, ' My friends, I know by our instruments we are not far from land ; let us put our trust in God, and he will send relief.' They answered, I had long deceived them with predictions of land, but none appeared ; and declared, that if three days elapsed before we saw it, the boys should be sacrificed. Satisfied of their barbarous intentions, I redoubled my prayers to Heaven ; imploring the Almighty, that He would preserve us from so horrible a crime, that our sufferings might not be protracted beyond endurance, and that we might reach a haven of safety. We became so enfeebled that we could not stand upright. In this way we steered at random till the 2d of December, the thirteenth day of our sufferings. The sky became overcast, and having spread the sails, we caught our two kegs full of rain-water. All had given up their shirts for sails ; and they were almost naked, having left the vessel in precipitation ; they therefore crowded close, to increase their natural heat. At that time I was at the helm, always anxiously looking for land ; but feeling quite benumbed, I called to the quarter-master to relieve me, thrusting myself among them to obtain a little heat. He had not been an hour at the helm, when the weather became clear and serene, and he suddenly called out ' Land ! land ! ' Universal joy was disseminated ; our strength was renewed ; we crept from under the sails, and hoisted them, and stood for the shore, which we reached the same day.

" Our first employment on landing was to return thanks to Heaven, in which I was not the least fervent, seeing we had now, on the last of the three days, been preserved from the cruel and barbarous resolution of devouring our own species. The land proved to be an island, where we found plenty of cocoa-nuts, but no fresh water, though industriously sought. However, we drew off the milk from the freshest of the nuts, and ate the kernel of the old ones, but in too great quantity, as it brought on

fluxes. Next day we were better, and traversed all the island, without seeing inhabitants. Laying in a store of cocoa-nuts, we sailed, and on the following day came in sight of Sumatra, about 15 miles distant. So long as our nuts lasted, we coasted towards the east, but at length were obliged to seek a convenient place for debarkation, which the breaking of the surf opposed, but four or five of the seamen ventured to swim ashore. After traversing the beach for some time, they discovered the mouth of a river, and made signs to us to come to them; we did so: though there was a dangerous bar at the entrance, we determined to cross it, and sending two men to the stern, one at each side with an oar, and myself being at the helm, we attempted the passage. The first breaker half filled the boat; but the men hastened to free her, some baling out the water with their hats, others with their shoes. The second wave almost overwhelmed us, and it required our utmost exertions to save ourselves, always making for the bar. Happily the third broke short of the boat, and we landed in safety.

We found fresh water, and beans growing among the grass; at some distance from the landing place, some tobacco beside the remains of a fire. This showed the place to be inhabited: and kindling five or six fires, we went to sleep and smoked by turns. As darkness came on, sentinels were posted in different directions from the fires, lest the natives should attempt to surprise us. But during the night we felt extremely ill, having a severe colic from the vegetables we had eaten; in the darkness the natives stole upon us, designing to massacre us. Fortunately our sentinels descried their approach, else we might have been in great danger, for all our arms were two hatchets and a rusty sword. Determined to sell our lives dearly, I drew up my men, each with a firebrand in his hand, with myself at their head, all rushed against the natives, who, terrified at this formidable display, and ignorant whether we were armed or otherwise, took to flight: we returned to our fires,

and were no more disturbed. At day-break three natives were seen on the beach, on which three of our men who understood a little of the Malay tongue went towards them. They agreed to traffic with us; then asking if we had arms, we took care to answer in the affirmative, adding that we had a great quantity of war-like stores, in which respect our weakness could not be betrayed, for the sails were spread over the launch, and prevented them from seeing what she contained."

Thus far, the captain's narrative. The succeeding events may be more briefly related.—They bought some boiled rice and poultry of the natives, and made a comfortable repast. The islanders pointing to leeward, as if to Java, they repeated the words of Jan Koen, which the Dutch knew to be the governor's name. The natives seemed about to attack them; but the captain raised his voice, and began to sing a psalm, so loud that the banks of the river resounded with his voice; upon which the savages laughed immoderately, conceiving that he did not fear them. Next morning they purchased a buffalo, and were preparing to embark with it, when three hundred natives rushed upon them, armed with sabres and shields. A desperate conflict ensued. The natives met with a stout resistance; the ship's baker using the rusty sword with great effect, and other two vigorously supporting him with the hatchets. This courageous baker unfortunately received a thrust from a poisoned lance, above the navel, of which he afterwards died. On getting out to sea, they mustered, and found that sixteen were missing; twelve had died in conflict, and four were left on shore. A storm came on, and they suffered much from hunger, their scanty stock being consumed in a day or two. At length they discovered three islands covered with bamboos and palm trees; the extremities of them being tender, they cut and ate them, and filled their casks at a river. The captain ascended a mountain by himself, and looking anxiously round in every direction saw two great blue hills, which he knew

to be the extremity of Java. He hastened down to communicate the joyful tidings. They set sail, and next day fell in with a fleet of twenty-three vessels. A boat was sent to them, and they recognised the crew, having sailed from the Texel together, and separated in the Spanish sea. Amid mutual congratulations, they were received on board the *Virgin of Dordrecht*.

BURNING OF THE PRINCE, A FRENCH EAST INDIAMAN.

On the 19th of February 1752, a French East Indiaman, called the *Prince*, sailed from Port l'Orient on a voyage outward bound. But soon afterwards, a sudden shift of wind drove her on a sand-bank, where she was exposed to imminent danger, and heeled so much that the mouths of the guns lay in the sea. By lightening the ship, however, accompanied by laborious and incessant exertions, she floated with the rise of the tide, and, being again carried into port, was completely unloaded, and underwent a thorough repair.

The voyage was resumed on the 10th June with a favourable wind, and, for several weeks, seemed to promise every success that could be desired. While in $8^{\circ} 30'$ south latitude and in 5° west longitude from Paris, M. de la Fond, one of the lieutenants of the ship was informed by a seaman that smoke was issuing from the main hatchway. The first lieutenant, who had the keys of the hold, immediately ordered every hatchway to be opened to ascertain the truth. The fact was soon verified; and while the captain hastened on deck from the great cabin, where he sat at dinner, Lieutenant de la Fond ordered some sails to be dipped in the sea, and the hatches to be covered with them, in order to prevent the access of air, and thus stifle the fire. He even intended as a more effectual measure, to

let in water between decks to the depth of a foot ; but clouds of smoke issued from the crevices of the hatchways, and the flames gained more and more by degrees.

Meantime the captain ordered sixty or eighty soldiers under arms, to restrain any disorder and confusion which might probably ensue ; and in this he was supported by their commander, M. de la Touche, who displayed great fortitude.

Every one was now employed in procuring water ; all the buckets were filled, the pumps plied, and pipes introduced from them into the hold. But the rapid progress of the flames baffled the exertions to subdue them, and augmented the general consternation.

The yawl, lying in the way of the people, was hoisted out by order of the captain ; and the boatswain, along with three others, took possession of it. Wanting oars, they were supplied with some by other three men who leaped overboard. Those in the ship however, desired them to return ; but they exclaimed, that they wanted a rudder, and desired a rope to be thrown out. However, the progress of the flames soon showing them their only alternative for safety, they withdrew from the ship ; and she, from the effect of a breeze springing up, passed by.

On board, the utmost activity still prevailed, and the courage of the people seemed to be augmented by the difficulty of escape. The master boldly went down into the hold, but the intense heat compelled him to return ; and had not a quantity of water been dashed over him, he would have been severely scorched. Immediately subsequent to this period, flames violently burst from the main hatchway. At that time the captain ordered the boats to be got out, while consternation enfeebled the most intrepid. The long-boat had been secured at a certain height, and she was about to be put over the ship's side, when, unhappily, the fire ran up the main-mast and caught the tackle. The boat fell down on the guns, bottom upwards ; and it was vain to think of

getting her righted. At length it became too evident that the calamity was beyond the reach of human remedy—nothing but the mercy of the Almighty could interpose. Consternation was universally disseminated among the people; nothing but sighs and groans resounded through the vessel; and the very animals on board, as if sensible of the impending danger, uttered the most dreadful cries. The certainty of perishing was anticipated by every human being, and each raised his heart and hands towards heaven.

The chaplain, who was now on the quarter-deck, gave the people general absolution for their sins; and then repaired to the quarter-galley to extend it yet further to the miserable wretches who, in hopes of safety, had already committed themselves to the waves. Self-preservation was the only object. Each was occupied in throwing overboard whatever promised the most slender chance of escape—yards, spars, hencoops, and everything occurring, were seized in despair, and thus employed. Dreadful confusion prevailed. Some leaped into the sea, anticipating that death which was about to reach them; others, more successful, swam to fragments of the wreck; while the shrouds, yards, and ropes along the side of the vessel, were covered with the crew crowding upon them, and hanging there, as if hesitating which alternative of destruction to choose, equally imminent and equally terrible.

A father was seen to snatch his son from the flames, fold him to his breast, and then throwing him into the sea, himself followed, where they perished in each other's embrace.

Meantime Lieutenant de la Fond ordered the helm to be shifted. The ship heeled to larboard, which afforded a temporary preservation; while the fire raged along the starboard from stem to stern.

Lieutenant de la Fond had, until this moment, been engrossed by nothing but adopting every means to preserve the ship; now, however, the horrors of impending

destruction were too conspicuously in view. His fortitude, notwithstanding, never forsook him. Looking around, he found himself alone on the deck, and retired to the round-house. There he met M. de la Touche, who regarded the approach of death with the same heroism. "My brother and friend," he cried, "farewell!" "Whither are you going?" asked Lieutenant de la Fond. "To comfort my friend, the captain," he replied.

M. Morin, who commanded this unfortunate vessel, stood overwhelmed with grief for the melancholy state of his female relatives, passengers along with him. He had persuaded them to commit themselves to the waves on hencoops, while some of the seamen, swimming with one hand, endeavoured to support them with the other.

The floating masts and yards were covered with men struggling with the watery element, many of whom now perished by balls discharged from the guns as heated by the fire; and thus presenting a third means of destruction, augmenting the horrors surrounding them. While anguish pierced the heart of M. de la Fond, he withdrew his eyes from the sea; and a moment after, reaching the tarboard gallery, he saw the flames bursting with frightful noise through the windows of the round-house and of the great cabin. The fire approached and was ready to consume him. Considering it vain to attempt the further preservation of the ship, or the lives of his fellow-sufferers, he thought it his duty, in this dreadful condition, to save himself.

Stripping off his clothes, he designed slipping down a yard, one end of which dipped in the water; but it was so covered with miserable beings, shrinking from death, that he tumbled over them and fell into the sea. There a drowning soldier caught hold of him. Lieutenant de la Fond made every exertion to disengage himself, but in vain; he allowed himself to sink below the surface, yet he did not quit his grasp. He plunged down a second time; still he was firmly held by the man, who then was incapable of considering that his death, instead

of being of service, would rather hasten his own. At last, after struggling a considerable time, and swallowing a great quantity of water, the soldier's strength failed; and sensible that Lieutenant de la Fond was sinking a third time, he dreaded being carried down along with him, and loosened his grasp. No sooner was this done, than M. de la Fond, to guard against a repetition, dived below the surface, and rose at a distance from the place.

This incident rendered him more cautious for the future. He even avoided the dead bodies, now so numerous, that, to make a free passage, he was compelled to shove them aside with one hand, while he kept himself floating with the other; for he was impressed with the apprehension, that each was a person who would seize him, and involve him in his own destruction. But strength beginning to fail, he was satisfied of the necessity of some respite, when he fell in with part of the ensign staff. He put his arm through a noose of the rope to secure it, and swam as well as he could: then perceiving a yard at hand, he seized it by one hand. However, beholding a young man scarce able to support himself at the other extremity, he quickly abandoned so slight an aid, and one which seemed incapable of contributing to his preservation. Next the spritsail yard appeared in view, but covered with people; among whom he durst not take a place without requesting permission, which they cheerfully granted. Some were quite naked, others were in nothing except their shirts.

Neither Captain Morin nor M. de la Touche ever quitted the ship, and were most probably overwhelmed in the catastrophe by which she was destroyed. But the most dismal spectacle was exhibited on all sides. The main-mast, consumed below, had been precipitated overboard, killing some by its fall, and affording a temporary reception to others. Lieutenant de la Fond now observed it covered with people, driven about by the waves; and, at the same time, seeing two seamen buoyed up by

a hencoop and some planks, desired them to swim to him with the latter. They did so, accompanied by more of their comrades; and each taking a plank, which were used for oars, they and he paddled along upon the yard, until they gained those who had secured themselves on the main-mast.

The chaplain was at this time on the mast, and from him Lieutenant de la Fond received absolution. Two young ladies were also there whose piety and resignation were truly consolatory. They were the only survivors of six—their companions had perished in the flames or in the sea. Eighty persons had found refuge on the main-mast; who, from the repeated discharges of cannon from the ship, according to the progress of the flames, were constantly exposed to destruction. The chaplain, in this awful condition, by his discourse and example, taught the duty of resignation. Lieutenant de la Fond observing him loose his hold on the mast and drop into the sea, lifted him up. "Let me go," said he—"I am already half drowned, and it is only protracting my sufferings." "No, my friend," the lieutenant replied, "when my strength is exhausted, but not till then: we will perish together." After remaining here three hours he beheld one of the ladies fall from the mast and perish. She was too remote to receive any assistance from him.

But when least in expectation of it, he saw the yawl close at hand, at five in the afternoon. He cried to the men that he was their lieutenant, and requested to be allowed to participate in their fate. His presence was too necessary for them to refuse his solicitation: they needed a conductor who might guide them to the land. They permitted him to come on board, on condition that he should swim to the yawl. This was a reasonable stipulation; it was to avoid approaching the mast; else the rest, actuated by the same desire of self-preservation, would soon have overloaded the little vessel, and all would have been buried in a watery grave. Lieutenant de la Fond, therefore, summoning up all his

strength and courage, reached the seamen. In a little time afterwards, the pilot and master, whom he had left on the mast, followed his example, and swimming towards the yawl, were seen and taken in.

The flames continued raging in the vessel, and as the yawl was still endangered by being within half a league of her, she stood a little to windward. Not long subsequent to this, the fire reached the magazine; and then to conceive the explosion which ensued is impossible. A thick cloud intercepted the light of the sun; and amidst the terrific darkness, nothing but pieces of flaming timber, projected aloft in the air, could be seen, threatening to crush to atoms in their fall numbers of miserable wretches still struggling with the agonies of death. Nor were the party in the yawl beyond the reach of danger; it was not improbable that some of the fiery fragments might come down upon them, and precipitate their frail support to the bottom. Though the Almighty preserved them from this calamity, they were shocked with the spectacle surrounding them. The vessel had now disappeared; the sea, to a great distance, was covered with pieces of wreck, intermingled with the bodies of those unhappy creatures who had perished by their fall. Some were seen who had been choked, others mangled, half consumed, and still retaining life enough to be sensible of the accumulated horrors overwhelming them.

Lieutenant de la Fond proposed approaching the wreck, to see whether any provisions or necessary articles might be picked up. He and his companions being destitute of everything, were exposed to the hazard of a death even more painful than that which the others had suffered, in perishing of famine. But finding several barrels, which they hoped might contain something to relieve their necessities, which now became pressing, they experienced great mortification on ascertaining that they were part of the powder that had been thrown overboard during the conflagration of their unfortunate vessel;

but as night approached they fortunately discovered a cask of brandy, about fifteen pounds of salt pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, twenty yards of linen, a dozen of pipe staves, and a small quantity of cordage. When it became dark they durst not venture to retain their present station till day-light, without being endangered by the wreck, from the fragments of which they had not been able to disengage themselves. Therefore they rowed as quickly as possible from among them, and bent all their care to the management of the yawl.

They began to labour assiduously, and every article which could be converted to use was employed. The lining of the boat was torn up for the sake of the planks and nails; a seaman luckily had two needles, and the linen afforded whatever thread was necessary; the piece of scarlet cloth was substituted for a sail; an oar was erected for a mast, and a plank served for a rudder. The equipment of the boat was soon completed, notwithstanding the darkness of the night—at least as well as circumstances would allow. Yet a great difficulty remained; for, wanting charts and instruments, and being nearly two hundred leagues from land, the party felt at a loss what course to steer. Resigning themselves to the Almighty, they offered up fervent prayers for his direction.

At length the sail was hoisted, and a favourable breeze soon wafted Lieutenant de la Fond from amidst the bodies of his unfortunate comrades.

Eight days and nights the adventurers advanced without seeing land—naked, and exposed to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and to intense cold by night. But to relieve the thirst which parched them, they availed themselves of a shower of rain falling on the sixth, and tried to catch a little of it in their mouths and with their hands. They sucked the sail, which was wet with the rain; but from being previously drenched with sea water, it imparted a bitterness to the fresh water which it received. However they did not complain;

for had the rain been heavier it might have lulled the wind, in the continuance of which they rested their hopes of safety.

In order to ascertain the proper course, the adventurers paid daily observance to the rising and setting of the sun and moon ; and the position of the stars pointed out how they should steer. All their sustenance meantime was a small piece of pork once in twenty-four hours ; and even this they were obliged to relinquish on the fourth day, from the heat and irritation it occasioned of their bodies. Their beverage was a glass of brandy taken from time to time, but it inflamed their stomachs without assuaging the thirst that consumed them. Abundance of flying fish were seen, the impossibility of catching any of which only augmented the pain already endured ; though Lieutenant de la Fond and his companions tried to reconcile themselves to the scanty pittance they possessed. Yet the uncertainty of their destiny, the want of subsistence, and the turbulence of the ocean, all contributed to deprive them of repose, which they so much required, and almost plunged them in despair. Nothing but a feeble ray of hope preserved them under their accumulated sufferings.

The eighth night was passed by Lieutenant de la Fond at the helm. There he had remained above ten hours, after soliciting relief, and at last sunk down under fatigue. His miserable companions were equally exhausted, and despair began to overwhelm the whole.

At last, when the united calamities of hunger, thirst, fatigue, and misery, predicted speedy destruction, the dawn of Wednesday, the 3rd of August 1752, showed this unfortunate crew the distant land. None but those who have experienced the like situation, can form any adequate idea of the change which was produced. Their strength was renovated, and they were aroused to precautions against being drifted away by the current. They reached the coast of Brazil, in 6° of south latitude, and entered Tresson Bay.

The first object of Lieutenant de la Fond and his companions, was to return thanks for the gracious protection of Heaven. They prostrated themselves on the ground, and then in the transports of joy rolled among the sand.

They exhibited the most forlorn appearance. Some were quite naked; others had only shirts, rotten and torn to rags; Lieutenant de la Fond had fastened a piece of the scarlet cloth about his waist, in order to appear at the head of his companions. Though rescued from imminent danger, they had still to contend with hunger and thirst, and remained in ignorance whether they should meet civilized men in that region.

While deliberating on the course they should follow, about fifty Portuguese, of the settlement there established, advanced and inquired the cause of their presence. Their misfortunes were soon explained, and the recital of them proved a sufficient claim for supplying their wants. Deeply affected by the account now given, the Portuguese congratulated themselves that it had fallen to their lot to relieve the strangers, and speedily led them to their dwellings. On the way the seamen were rejoiced with the sight of a river, into which they threw themselves, plunging in the water, and drinking copious draughts of it to allay their thirst. Afterwards, frequent bathing proved one of the best restoratives of health, to which all resorted.

The chief mau of the place next came, and conducted M. de la Fond and his companions to his house, about half a league distant from the spot where they had landed. He charitably supplied them with linen shirts and trowsers, and boiled some fish, the water of which was relished as delicious broth. Though sleep was as necessary as this frugal fare, the survivors having learned that there was a church within half a league, dedicated to St. Michael, repaired thither to render thanks to Heaven for their miraculous preservation. The badness of the road induced such fatigue as compelled them to rest in the village where it stood;

and there the narrative of their misfortunes attracted the notice of the inhabitants, all of whom hastened to minister something to their necessities. After remaining a short interval, they returned to their host; who at night kindly contributed another repast of fish. Something more invigorating, however, being required by people who had endured so much, they purchased an ox for a quantity of the brandy that had been saved from the wreck.

Paraibo was distant fifteen leagues; and they had to set out barefoot, and with little chance of finding suitable provisions on the journey. They smoke-dried their present store, and added a little flour to it. In three days they began to march, and, under an escort of three soldiers, advanced seven leagues the first day, when they were hospitably received by a person, and passed the night in his house. On the following evening a sergeant and twenty-nine men arrived, to conduct them to the commandant of the fortress, who gave them a friendly reception, afforded them supplies, and provided a boat to carry them to Paraibo. About midnight they reached the town, where a Portuguese captain attended to present them to the governor, from whom also they experienced the like attention. Being anxious to reach Fernambuc, to take advantage of a Portuguese fleet, daily expected to sail for Europe, the governor, in three days more, ordered a corporal to conduct the party thither. But at this time Lieutenant de la Fond's feet were so cruelly wounded, that he was scarce able to stand, and on that account was supplied with a horse. In four days he arrived at Fernambuc, where, from different naval and military officers, he met with the utmost attention and consideration. He and all his companions got a passage to Europe in the fleet.

Lieutenant de la Fond sailed on the 5th of October, and reached Lisbon in safety on the 17th of December.

By this deplorable catastrophe, nearly three hundred persons perished.

EXPLOSION OF THE FRIGATE AMPHION.

THE Amphion frigate, commanded by Captain Israel Pellew, after having cruised for some time in the North Seas, got an order to join a squadron of frigates, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, the captain's brother. A hard gale of wind occasioning some injury to the foremast during her passage, obliged her to put into Plymouth. She lay close alongside of a sheer hulk, taking in her bowsprit, with the Yarmouth, an old receiving-ship, close to her, and both within a few yards of the dock-yard jetty.

All of a sudden, on the 22d of September, about half-past four in the afternoon, a violent shock, like an earthquake, was felt at Stonehouse, the Royal Hospital, and town of Plymouth, by which the windows were shook in the houses. The Amphion appeared to rise altogether upright from the surface of the water, until her keel almost came in view. Her masts, by the explosion, seemed to be forced up into the air, and her hull instantly sunk. To the spectators at a distance the sky towards the dock was red, as from the effect of a fire; and the streets of the town were crowded by people, all running about in a state of the utmost consternation. Few could explain the cause; but, after the confusion had somewhat subsided, it was at length discovered that the Amphion frigate was blown up. Though the shock was felt at a very considerable distance, it was wonderful that, surrounded by the ships in the harbour, close alongside of the jetty, and even lashed to another vessel, no damage was done to anything but herself.

Two successive explosions most probably took place. The first threw Captain Pellew, Captain Swaffield, and the first lieutenant, who were drinking wine together, from their seats, and struck them against the carlings of the upper deck—by which they were in a manner stunned. Captain Pellew, however, had sufficient presence

of mind to fly to the cabin windows ; and, seeing the two hawsers, one slack in the bit and the other tight, with an amazing leap, which the sense of danger alone enabled him to take, threw himself upon the latter. He was taken up by the boats, his face much cut by being struck against the carlings, and scarcely sensible. The first lieutenant saved himself in the same manner, being a remarkably good swimmer, by leaping out of the cabin window. But Captain Swaffield perished. It was conjectured that he had been more stunned by the blow, and incapacitated from escaping. His body was found a whole month afterwards, crushed between the sides of two vessels. Captain Swaffield was to have sailed next day with his own ship, the *Overysse* ; and his brother, Mr. J. Swaffield, on the day of the accident, was also to have dined on board the *Amphion* ; but some person following him on business, he returned when on the way, and thus escaped.

About half an hour before the explosion of the *Amphion*, one of her lieutenants, and Lieutenant Campbell of the marines, got a boat at the dock-yard stairs, and went off to the ship, intending to return to the officers at the marine barracks immediately ; but the unhappy catastrophe took place in the interval.

The exact number of individuals that perished is unknown, and the few survivors could give but little or no account of the melancholy accident. They did not exceed ten in number. The fore magazine had taken fire ; and three or four men who were at work in the tops, were blown up, and fell into the water without much injury from the explosion. These, the boatswain, another seaman, the captain, two lieutenants, one of the seamen's wives, and a child, were all who were saved. The fate of this child was singular. The terror of the shock having made its mother grasp it fast, the under part of her body was blown away, while the upper part remained, with the child fast locked in her arms.

In an instant the hulk to which the ship was lashed

exhibited a horrible spectacle. The deck was covered with blood, mangled limbs and entrails, blackened with gunpowder. Shreds of the *Amphion's* pendant, her rigging, and pieces of her shattered timbers, were strewed all around. Most of the sufferers belonged to Plymouth and the neighbourhood, from which the ship had originally been manned; and now arms, legs, and lifeless trunks, mangled and disfigured, were collected in sacks, and carried to the hospital to be owned. Thither bodies still living, some with the loss of limbs, and others having just expired, were also conveying; while men, women, and children, whose sons, husbands, and fathers were of the number, flocked round the gates, beseeching admittance.

At the moment of the explosion, the sentinel at the cabin door happened to be looking at his watch. He felt it dashed from his hands—after which he became insensible. How he escaped he was altogether ignorant; nevertheless he was carried on shore very little hurt. The boatswain was standing on the cat-head, directing the men in rigging out the jib-boom, when he suddenly felt himself entangled among the rigging, from which he had some difficulty in getting clear; and being taken up by a boat belonging to a man-of-war, it was found that his arm was broken.

One of the surviving seamen declared he was below when the frigate blew up, and went to the bottom in the hull; that he recollected having a knife in his pocket, with which he cut his way through the companion of the gun-room, already shattered by the explosion, and letting himself up to the surface of the water, swam unhurt ashore. He showed the knife to the officer to whom he related the fact, and declared that he had been full five minutes under the water.

Amidst the many conjectures formed respecting the cause of this unfortunate event, few were attended with probability. Suspicions arose that the gunner had been abstracting gunpowder to sell, and had concealed what

he could take by degrees : that thinking himself safe on a day that all on board were entertaining their friends, he had neglected to use the necessary precautions when among the powder. He was observed in liquor in the morning ; and a sack was afterwards dragged up, filled with gunpowder at the bottom, and biscuit at the top.

Next day, a foot and a half of one of the *Amphion's* masts appeared above water at low tide, and for several days the dock-yard men were occupied in collecting the shattered masts and yards, and dragging up what could be recovered from the wreck. On the 29th of September, part of the fore-chains, shattered and splintered, was hauled up, all the bolts being forced out ; also the head and cut-water. Soon after, an attempt was made to weigh the *Amphion* between two frigates, the *Castor* and *Iphigenia*, which were moored on each side of her. But only a few pieces of the ship could be got up, one or two of her guns, some chests and cabin furniture. Several bodies, and among the rest a midshipman's, floated out, which were all towed by boats to the Royal Hospital stairs, to be interred in the burying-ground there. It was shocking to behold the putrid bodies which, for weeks, were washed out of the vessel ; and when towed round by the boats they would scarce keep together. Even so late as the 13th of November, above two months posterior to the melancholy event, when the *Amphion* was dragged round to another part of the dock-yard jetty, to be broken up, the body of a woman was washed out from between decks.

LOSS OF THE RESISTANCE.

H. M. S. *Resistance* was lost in the straits of Banca, 24th July 1798. Various rumours of the disaster had reached Madras ; but at length certain information was obtained from a seaman, named Thomas Scott, who was on board, and who gave an account of the particulars.

On the 23d July, a small Malay vessel, which had been taken by the Resistance, had fallen so much astern as to be out of sight. The Resistance accordingly came to anchor till the prize should come up. This occasioned a good deal of delay. Shortly after, as Scott lay asleep on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, he was roused by a fierce blaze that seized his clothes and hair. A tremendous explosion followed; and some minutes elapsed before he came to his senses. Upon recovering from the shock, he found himself struggling in the water, half suffocated; and twelve of his shipmates were floating near him. They reached the netting of the ship on the starboard, which remained just above water. No assistance whatever was afforded by the people in the prize.

The weather being mild, and the sea smooth, they proceeded to construct a raft; in this they were much aided by the mainyard, which lay alongside of the wreck, furnishing them with ropes for lashings; the sail afforded cloth, which they stretched out on the mast of the jolly-boat; they then laid a platform together. In consequence of the severe scorching, from the effects of which they suffered, the work was not completed till one o'clock; only four or five, in fact, could employ themselves upon it, and their united labour could not make it trustworthy. They were most anxious to get to the shore before night, as the floating part of the wreck to which they clung could only bear the weight of two of their number, Sullivan and Pulloque, who were the most injured, and who by the generosity of their comrades, had been placed upon it. With a single pumpkin,—all their sustenance,—they set sail on the raft, making for the nearest shore, which was the low land of Sumatra, about three leagues distant from them, and six leagues south of the Dutch settlement Palambangan.

About seven it blew fresh, the sea running high, with a strong current set in against them. The land was still at a considerable distance, when the lashings of the raft

began to give way. Every plank of the platform was washed off, and the mast and sail were carried away. Here they displayed the bravery and energy of thought which so peculiarly characterize British seamen. Observing an anchor-stock which had formed part of the raft, floating away, and trusting to find greater security should they reach it, Scott resolved to swim after it; he encouraged three others to do the same, all of whom reached it in safety.

At one in the morning, the moon shone clear. Pulloque was already dead, and the other eight on the raft, considering themselves deserted and helpless, bitterly upbraided their shipmates for having had the cruelty to leave them. In an hour, those on the anchor-stock lost sight of the raft, and they never heard of it more. By means of two spars lashed across the stock they contrived to keep it from rolling, and were borne on securely till nine o'clock, when the current changed again, and set them fast to the land. By means of a paddle they arrived under its lee about nine of the same night, though a contrary current had driven them further out to sea than on first leaving the wreck. As the surf broke on the shore, they were compelled to swim, and at length, perfectly exhausted, reached the beach.

They had been delivered from the fury of the deep, but they were cast on a coast, which, if not desert, was tenanted by a race of men equal in ferocity to the beasts that prowled in its thickets. The first thing they did was to gather together leaves and dry grass for a bed. When they awoke they were tormented with thirst; they were successful in their search after water, but could not procure any food, not finding even a single shell-fish. In this pitiable state they remained till four in the afternoon, having been three whole nights and two days since the blowing up of the ship, without succour; when one of them saw a Malay proa lying in a bay, about a quarter of a mile's distance. They decided that Thomas Scott who could speak both the

Dutch and Malay tongues, should approach alone, the rest retiring out of sight.

It was most fortunate that they acted thus, for had the whole advanced together, they would have been murdered. Scott, as he advanced, saw four other proas, seemingly piratical, some of the crews belonging to which were ashore, mending a boat. The moment the sailor was seen, their head-man rushed towards him with an axe raised in his hands; with a loud shout, the crowd followed him, determined on butchery. Scott fell on his knees, supplicating mercy in the Malay tongue, on which the chief relented, and prohibited his followers from injuring him. On answer to their inquiry, from what country he came, he replied that he was an unfortunate Englishman, one of a few who had survived the loss of their ship. They again asked, whether he was truly an Englishman; commanding him, at his peril, to tell them whether any Dutchman was among the number saved. Scott answered in the negative, and the chief or Rajah, asked whether the captain still lived, saying, that if he did, he would himself convey him to Malacca. But both the chief and his people asserted, that had they been Dutch, every soul should have perished.

The other seamen approached trembling, being by no means sure that their lives would be spared. The Malays made them sit down, asking them an infinity of questions concerning the ship and themselves. The two chiefs then made choice of two captives each, to convey in their boats; Macarthy and Hutton being taken in the one, and Joseph and Thomas Scott in the other. They were allowed to make a hearty meal of rice and fish, and the five proas set out for the wreck of the *Resistance*. They sought two days for her in vain; and only found some seamen's chests, containing a few dollars and articles of little value, which, with some bodies, were washed from time to time upon the shore.

These proas belonged to a fleet of twenty vessels, cruising separately up and down the straits for trading

craft from China and Java. They continued on this station for three weeks, and during this time the prisoners were well treated. About the 25th of August, the largest proa fell in with a Javenese sloop, the crew of which, intimidated at the formidable appearance and arms of the pirates, (for they carried a twelve-pounder, two swivels, and small arms), and knowing that they would experience no mercy, had deserted their vessel during the night. She was laden with salt, oil, some fowls, rice, and cocoa-nuts. The sloop was carried to Penobang, and sold for 1500 dollars. Here the pirates had a fort, surrounded with water, mounting a number of guns. The two Scotts were separated here, Joseph being sent with the prize to Lingan, and Thomas remaining in the proa at Penobang. The latter was presented by the commander of the proa to the Sultan; and a few days after Joseph was removed from on board the prize, and disposed of for fifteen rix-dollars. The chief of Lingan also generously provided the surviving seamen with a proa to transport them to Penang.

Thomas Scott was brought by his master from Penobang to Lingan and sold for thirty-five rix-dollars, about nine days after his countrymen were liberated, and had departed for Penang. His purchaser was somewhat kind, allowing him plenty of clothes and provisions. But he was unexpectedly restored to liberty, by the Sultan's kind interference. He departed accordingly for Malacca, and arrived there after a tedious passage of fourteen days. On board the *Resistance*, at the time the explosion took place, besides officers, there were 250 seamen and 30 marines, with 14 Spanish prisoners, and a few women.

LOSS OF THE KENT

Of the various records of deliverance from perils on the deep, the narrative of the Kent is by no means the least striking. She was a fine new ship of 1350 tons, bound to Bengal and China, and left the Downs on the 19th February 1825, having on board 20 officers, 344 soldiers, 43 women, and 66 children, belonging to the 31st regiment; with 20 private passengers, and a crew (including officers) of 148 men.

For some days they had fine weather, and the vessel went swiftly on her course; but on the 28th came a violent gale from the south-west, which gradually increased; and about ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st of March, while in the Bay of Biscay, after having struck the top-gallant-yards, they lay to, under a triple-reefed main-top-sail only, with the dead-lights in. They experienced much annoyance from the rolling of the ship, which was aggravated by a dead weight of some hundred tons of shot and shells that formed a part of its lading; so that the main chains were thrown under water at every lurch; and the articles of cabin furniture were violently dashed about.

Apprehensions being felt about the security of the stowage, an officer, accompanied by two sailors, descended into the hold, taking with them a light in the patent lantern, which was afterwards passed up to be trimmed. The officer having found one of the spirit casks adrift, sent the sailors for some billets of wood to secure it; meanwhile the ship gave a heavy lurch, and the officer dropped the light; and letting go his hold of the cask in his eagerness to recover the lantern, it suddenly stove, and the spirits communicating with the lamp, the whole was immediately in a blaze. An instant alarm was given, and all the resources of skill and prudence were brought into operation. The smoke ascended

from the hatchway ; but the captain and officers were at their post, and instant orders were given, and every exertion made, by means of the pumps, buckets of water, wet sails, &c. to arrest the progress of the flames. So long as the fire was confined to the spot where it began, and which was surrounded by water casks, there seemed some hope ; but when columns of dingy smoke, ascending from the hatchways, rolled over every part of the ship, all chance of preserving her seemed lost. The flames had already reached the cable tier. The lower decks were ordered to be scuttled, the combings of the hatches to be cut, and the lower ports opened to admit the waves ; and in consequence of this, some of the sick soldiers, one woman, and several children, unable to reach the upper deck, perished. The immense quantity of water thus introduced into the hold, checked for a time the progress of the flames ; but, as the danger of explosion was lessened, the ship became water-logged, and it was evident, would speedily settle down. Death, in two of its most horrible forms, was before them ; and the vessel's deck presented an awful scene. It was crowded with between six and seven hundred human beings, in a state of almost perfect nakedness ; some prepared to meet their doom in silent resignation, while others were in despair ; some on their knees in prayer, others crossing themselves, and performing the externals of devotion. Meanwhile the waves lashed furiously against the vessel ; the binnacle was wrenched from its fastenings, and scattered in fragments on the deck.

Those on board being almost in perfect despair, a man was sent to the fore-top, if possible, to discern some friendly sail. He gazed anxiously around the horizon for a moment, and waving his hat gave the joyful sound, "A sail on the lee bow." The intelligence was received with three cheers. Flags of distress were hoisted and minute-guns fired. The vessel was afterwards found to be the *Cambria*, a brig of 200 tons burden, bound to Vera Cruz. After some minutes of awful

suspense, the brig hoisted British colours, and crowded all sail to their relief. Yet was the peril great, the Kent had been long on fire, and a tremendous sea was running. To prevent the rush to the boats, both by the soldiers and sailors, some of the officers stood over them with drawn swords. In the first boat were placed all the ladies and as many of the soldiers' wives, as it could safely contain. It lay outside the cuddy port; and twice the cry was heard from the chains, that it was swamping, but after much difficulty, it was fairly launched upon the deep, and was seen from the poop battling with the waves and making its way to the Cambria, which had prudently lain to at some distance from the Kent, to escape the explosion. In about twenty minutes the boat had reached "the ark of refuge." Still there was extreme difficulty in getting the women and children on board the brig, and the boat was in great danger of being stove in against its sides. The children were first thrown on board; and the women were exhorted to avail themselves of every favourable heave of the sea, by springing into the many friendly arms extended to help them, and mercifully not one single accident occurred.

Meanwhile the crew and passengers of the Kent, who, watching the progress of the boat, had been for a space almost insensible of the volcano that threatened to burst beneath their feet, again began to take active measures. After the first trip, the boats could not come alongside. The women and children were lowered by ropes from the stern, fastened two and two together. Many were plunged repeatedly under water. Three out of the six boats were swamped, and some men were drowned—one or two, it was thought, encumbered with the weight of their spoils; some other individuals being unable to reach the Cambria also perished; one fell down the hatchway into the flames, and another was crushed to pieces between the boat and the vessel.

The day was now drawing rapidly to a close, the

flames were advancing, and many still remained on board. Haste was necessary. A rope was extended from the extremity of the spanker-boom, along which the men were recommended to proceed, and thence slide down the rope into the boats. It was a perilous passage; for the boats were tossed about, and those who tried to reach them incurred such risk in swinging some time in the air, of being plunged into the water, or dashed against the sides of the boats, that many of the landsmen threw themselves out of the stern windows on the upper deck, preferring the precarious chance of reaching them by swimming. Rafts and hencoops were prepared, in case it should be necessary suddenly to take to the water. The officers were removed in junior order. A pleasing instance of kindness was displayed by some soldiers. All suffered dreadfully from thirst; a box of oranges having been discovered, the men refused to partake of it, until a share had been offered to their officers.

The number of the survivors was now much diminished; the night was advancing; and the captain of the *Kent* demanded that not an instant should be lost. The wreck was already twelve feet below the water-mark; and the boat now approaching for the last time seemed capable of containing all who were in a condition to remove; and the three remaining officers of the 31st prepared to depart. Captain Cobb, who had resolved to be the last to quit the wreck, refused to enter the boat, till he had tried to persuade to quit it, the few still around him, who seemed struck dumb and powerless with dismay. Already the guns, whose tackles had been burst asunder by the flames, successively exploded in the hold, into which they had fallen. He therefore hesitated no longer; but laid hold on the topping-lift or rope that connects the driver-boom with the mizen top, swung himself over the infatuated people who occupied the boom, and dropped into the water.

Most kind and hospitable was the reception of the sufferers on board the *Cambria*; from a distance they saw

the fate of the vessel they had left. The flames which had spread along the upper deck and poop, ran like lightning to the masts and rigging, forming one general conflagration that illumined the heaven to an immense distance, and was strongly reflected on several objects on board the brig. The burning masts fell over the side. At last, about half-past one o'clock in the morning the fire reached the magazine; the explosion took place, and the fragments of the Kent were hurried high into the air. Upwards of 81 individuals were drowned, or otherwise perished.

RESCUE OF FOURTEEN REMAINING SUFFERERS
FROM THE KENT.

About twelve o'clock on the night of the 1st March, a bright light was seen by the watch of the Brig Caroline, on her way from Alexandria to Egypt, which apparently proceeded from a burning ship. As it had been stormy the day before, the Caroline was double reefed with fore-top sails, main-try sail, and fore-top-mast stay-sail, close upon the wind with a heavy sea running. Captain Bibby gave immediate orders to set the main-top gallant sail, and his vessel bore down to the spot.

About two o'clock every eye was fixed on the increasing brightness of the sky, when there arose a jet of vivid light, evidently caused by an explosion, though they were too far off to hear the report. In half an hour, they were near enough to make out the wreck of a large vessel, lying head to wind, of which nothing remained but the ribs and frame-timbers, which marking the outlines of a double line of ports and quarter galleries, indicated that the burning skeleton was either a first-class East Indiaman, or a line-of-battle ship. She burnt nearly to the water's edge;

but becoming lighter as her internal spars and timbers were consumed, she still floated, pitching about, and falling with the long swell of the bay. She is described as having the appearance of an immense open cauldron of basket-work, formed of the blackened ribs, naked and stripped of every plank, encircling a mass of flame, by no means of equal intensity, but concentrated in force at two or three points, probably where the hatchways had supplied an additional quantity of looser fuel. To leeward, the atmosphere was filled with clouds of smoke, and besprinkled with myriads of sparks and burning flakes of lighter materials, continually thrown up, and scattered by the wind over the sky and the waves. Part of a mast and some spars still rose and fell with the motion, almost grinding under the weather-quarter of the wreck. In a few minutes the *Caroline* came right down before the wind, and was brought as near the bows of the wreck as safety permitted. No living being at first seemed there: but suddenly the silence was broken by a shout, and several figures were seen clinging to the mast and spars. From their low situation, almost on a level with the water, and the rapidity of the bark's motion, they could have seen her only a short time before they hailed; great therefore must have been their joy, when they had a prospect of rescue from their horrible fate, and beheld within a few yards, the hull and sails of a large vessel, brilliantly illuminated by the glare. But their despair would return when the vessel shot past the bows of the *Kent*, leaving them to conjecture whether they *could* be saved, even were an attempt made, because of the heavy sea, and the probable disappearance of the wreck ere a boat could reach them.

Captain Bibby ordered the top-gallant sail to be taken in, the fore-topmast stay-sail lowered, and the course of the ship to be continued to leeward, till they were beyond reach of the falling flakes and sparks; and then the *Caroline* hove to. In this position there was a possi-

bility that if a boat or raft hung near the wreck, it might be steered towards the *Caroline*; for, in such a sea, it was impossible for a boat, a raft, or even a spar, if overloaded and ill-manned, to make their way to windward. Meantime, the jolly-boat was lowered, and manned by Mr. Matthew Walker, the mate, and four seamen, who pushed off gallantly to the wreck; though their course was rendered extremely dangerous by the masts, spars, chests, packages, &c. which were dashed about violently by the sea, threatening destruction to whatever they should come in contact with. As they came within a few yards of the stern, they saw a man clinging under the ship's counter by a rope or piece of the wreck, so close, that as it rose with the water, he was jerked upwards, and suspended, to meet a more dreadful fate, for a stream of flame gushed through the casings of the gun-room ports, scorching him dreadfully, while the sinking of the wreck again plunged him downwards and buried him in the waves, as he cried and shrieked with the agony. Him they determined to save first if possible; but just when within their grasp, the wretched being, whose cries had ceased, was plunged into the sea by the fire severing the rope or spar by which he hung. Their efforts were next directed to the men on the mast, from which six of the nearest were carried off, the size of the boat permitting no more; in prudence indeed so many should not have been taken, for on returning to the *Caroline* they were nearly swamped.

A second trip was made, and six more were rescued. Mr. Walker observed from the state of the wreck, that it was likely, ere a third trip could be made, the mass would go down; in which case, there was great danger of the survivors on the mast being sucked into the vortex and lost, additional speed was therefore used in this trip; and for the last time the jolly-boat pushed off. Ere they drew near, the fiery pile settled in the waves and vanished; deep silence succeeding to the crackling of burning timbers, and rustling of the flames. Before it

was altogether gone, Mr. Walker, with fine presence of mind, marked the point by a star; but it seemed impossible to do anything till day-light, as from the darkness they could no longer see the floating pieces of the wreck drifting about, a single blow from one of which would have sunk the boat. To show that they had not deserted them, the men in the boat gave loud and repeated shouts. For some time no sound was heard; but at length came a feeble cry. For an anxious hour they hung upon their oars.

At day-break, the mast again became visible in the very line which its bearing had taken; four forms were still seen amongst the cordage and top-work; but they seemed motionless. On nearing them, two of the four shewed signs of animation, they looked, and stretched out their arms towards their deliverers, who pulled them into the boat, in a state of almost perfect exhaustion: the other two were dead.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE SHIP EARL OF ELDON.

ON the 24th August 1834, says an officer in the Madras artillery, I embarked on board the Earl of Eldon, 600 tons, Captain Theaker, at Bombay, for England. The vessel was a fine strong ship, seemingly secure against winds and waves. She was cotton-loaded; and as the passengers were few, the space between decks was choaked up with cotton-bales, screwed as compact and tight as possible, so as to make it more difficult to take them out than to put them in. Unfortunately the cotton had been brought on board damp, during heavy rain, and had been dried in the warehouses before it was screwed: as this operation is performed by a very powerful compression, it is not unlikely that fire-damp might be generated in the same way as in a hay-stack, when it has been stacked damp. The number of persons on

board was 45, including three ladies and an infant, and the captain and his crew.

On the 26th September, the trade-wind seemed to have fairly caught hold of our sails, and we anticipated a speedy arrival at the Cape. On the 27th I rose early, and went on deck—one of my fellow-passengers was there; we perceived a steam apparently arising from the fore hatchway. I remarked to H. that I thought it might be caused by fire-damp, and, if not immediately checked, might become fire. The captain came on deck, and I asked him what it was? He answered, steam; and that it was common enough in cotton-loaded ships, when the hatchways were opened. I said nothing, but the smoke becoming more dense, and assuming a different colour, I thought all was not right, and also that he had some idea of this kind, as the carpenter was cutting holes in the deck just above the place whence the smoke appeared to come. I went down to dress, and about half-past six the captain knocked at my door, and told me that part of the cotton was on fire, and that he wished to see all the gentlemen passengers on deck. We assembled, and he stated the case to be this—That some part of the cargo had been spontaneously ignited, and that he wished to remove part of the bales, till he could come to the ignited ones, and throw them overboard; we of course left every thing to his judgment. The hands were ordered to breakfast as quick as possible, and set to work to discover the source of the fire. This having been done, he said there did not seem to be immediate danger, and that he hoped to avert it altogether. But at eight o'clock, the smoke became much thicker, and rolled through the after hatchway—the draught being admitted forward, to allow the men to work. Several bales were removed; but the heat became intolerable below, the smoke rolled out in suffocating volumes, and before nine, part of the deck had caught fire; in short, the men were obliged to stop work. The hatches were battened down, to keep the fire from bursting out

the boats were hoisted out and stocked ; and about half-past one, the three ladies, and two sick passengers, an infant, and a female servant, were put into the long-boat, with 216 gallons of water, 20 of brandy, biscuits for a month, and preserved meats, &c.

It was now two o'clock ; the hatches were opened and all hands set to try to extinguish the fire. The main-hatch being lifted, and a tarpaulin removed, there was a sail underneath, which was so hot, that the men could scarcely lift it ; when they did, the heat and smoke came up worse than ever. The fire being found to be underneath that part, orders were given to hoist out the bales till the inflamed ones could be got at ; but when the men got hold of the lashing to introduce a crane-hook, they were found to be burned beneath, and came away in their hands.

Our case was now bad indeed ; however we tried to remove the cotton by handfuls, but the smoke and heat were so overpowering, that no man could stand over it, and water only seemed to increase it, in the quantities we dared use ; for had the captain ventured to pump it into the ship, to extinguish the fire, the bales would have swelled so much as to have burst open the deck, and have increased so much in weight as to sink the ship ; either way, destruction would have been the issue. Seeing the case to be hopeless, the captain assembled us on the poop, and asked us if we knew any expedient for extinguishing the fire, and saving the ship, as in that case "we will stick by her while a hope remains." All agreed that nothing could be done ; the crew were all sober, and had done their best. The heat increased so much that it became dangerous to leave the poop : the captain requested us to get into the boats, told off, and embarked his men, and at three, himself left the ship, just as the flames burst through the quarter-deck. We put off, the two boats towing the long-boat ; the ship's way having been previously stopped by backing her yards. When we were about a mile off, she was in one

blaze, and her masts began to fall in. The sight was grand, though awful. Between eight and nine, she had burned to the water's edge; suddenly came a bright flash, followed by a dull heavy explosion—the powder had caught; for a few seconds her splinters and flaming fragments were glittering in the air, then all was gloom.

Sad was the prospect now before us! In the long-boat were the captain and other 25, with an infant four months old; the size of the boat being 23 feet long by $7\frac{1}{2}$ broad; the other two held ten individuals each, including the officer in charge: one of these had some bags of biscuit, but the chief provision was in the long-boat. We were 1000 miles from Rodrigne, and 450 from Diego Garcias, the largest of the Chagos Islands; but to get there we must brave the sea equally as in the stormy latitudes we had left, exposed to squalls and calms. We therefore determined on trying for Rodrigne. About eleven, we rigged the boats, and got under sail. We carried a lantern lashed to our mast, in the long-boat, to prevent the others from losing us during the night; and at daybreak we sent them sailing in all directions, to look for ships; while the wind was light, they could outsail us, but when it blew strong, and the sea was high, the difference of speed was rather in our favour, as the weight and size of the long-boat enabled her to lay hold of the water better. On the third day, the change of the moon approached, and the weather began to look threatening; but as we were in the trade, we did not fear foul or contrary winds. During the night it blew fresh, with rain; we were without shelter, and the sea dashing its spray over us, drenched us and spilt a great part of our biscuit, though we happily did not discover this till we were nearly out of the want of it. The discomfort and misery of our situation were very great. There was a large water puncheon in the boat, on the top of which I slept nearly all the time we were in the boats. The ladies were in the stern of the boat; and

H., myself, the doctor, and a Bombay lieutenant, in the body of it with the men.

In the course of the next day the weather grew worse, and one of the small boats, in which was Mr. Simpson, the mate, with several others, was split by the sea. She came alongside, and we put the carpenter into her, who made what repairs he could, but with little hope of their ultimate safety. We then fastened a piece of canvass along our weather gunwale, having lashed a bamboo four feet up the mast, and fixed it on the intersection of two stancheons at the same height above the stern. The cloth was firmly lashed along this, so as to form a kind of half-pent roof; but for this imperfect defence we must have been swamped, and we still shipped seas to such an extent that four men were constantly employed in baling. In the evening it blew hard, with a tremendous sea; and not thinking the damaged boat safe we took in her crew and abandoned her. We were now 36 persons, stowed as thick as we could hold, and obliged to throw over all superfluities; and we had not more than eight inches of clear gunwale out of water.

That miserable night I shall never forget. A single wave might have overwhelmed us. The remembrance of my past life crowded on my mind. I felt parted from this world, yet could not divest myself of a certain feeling that we would be saved. I recommended myself to Him without whose permission the waves had no power to harm us, and resigned myself to meet death; and when I thought of the short struggle that might usher us into eternity, it was no longer with calmness; there was regret at the thought of what those would feel who waited my return.

Wet, crushed, and miserable, the night passed away, and morning broke, and though the weather was still very bad, I again felt that hope had not entirely deserted me. A tremendous sea came rolling down, and I drew in my breath with horror: it broke right over our stern, wetted the poor women to their throats, and

carried off the steersman's hat. The captain cried out, encouraging—"That's nothing, it's all right; bale away, my boys." He told us afterwards that he did not expect us to live out the night. Harassed as he was in mind and body, he never let us despair; he stood on the bench the whole night, and slept none for nearly forty-eight hours. Morning broke; and as after the change of the moon, the weather moderated a little, we enjoyed some comparative comfort. We had three small meals of biscuit and jam, with three half-pints of water a-day, with brandy. The men had a gill of spirits allowed them daily. We had plenty of cigars, and whenever we could strike a light, had a smoke, which we found a great luxury. The ladies were most wretched, for they could not move, and any little alteration in their dress could only be made by drawing a curtain before them; but they did not utter one repining word.

On the thirteenth evening we began to look out for Rodrigne; the captain telling us not to be too sanguine, as his chronometer was not to be trusted to after its late rough treatment. The night fell, and I went forward to sleep, and about twelve o'clock was awoke by the cry that land was right a-head. I looked and saw a strong loom of land through the mist. The boat was brought-to for an hour—then made sail and ran towards it, and at half past ten it appeared still more strongly. We then lay-to till day light. I attempted to compose myself to sleep, but my feelings were too strong, and I betook myself to smoking. With the first light of dawn Rodrigne appeared six miles a-head, and by eight all were safely landed. A fisherman who came to show us the way through the reefs, received us into his house, and proceeded to feed us, and in the meantime sent to tell the gentlemen of the island of our arrival. Two came down immediately, and having heard our story said that our preservation was almost miraculous. We set off in two parties, the married men to the house of one, and the single to that of another; the crew were taken inland

and encamped. They gave our bundles to the negroes, and took us to their houses, where everything they had was set before us—clean linen and a plentiful dinner. We then retired to bed, and enjoyed what we had been strangers to for a fortnight—a sound sleep.

CHAPTER II.

ATTACKS OF SAVAGES.

Beware! beware! the fatal ambuscade,
The wily savage stealing through the shade.—ANON.

LA PEROUSE'S BOATS ATTACKED BY SAVAGES.

LA PEROUSE, a navigator of ability and experience, was sent out on a voyage of discovery by the French government. The expedition sailed from Brest in 1785. After they had proceeded a certain length on their way, a portion of the journals was sent home in MS. For many years no farther tidings were heard of the adventurers, it was surmised (and as later researches proved, truly) that they had perished. This was ascertained, many years afterwards, by Captain Peter Dillon, who sailed from France for the purpose of determining the fact. He reported to the French government that both La Perouse's ships were wrecked on a reef off the Mannicolo Island. One of the ships sunk immediately in deep water; the other was thrown upon a reef; and a part of the crew escaping, after a residence of some time upon the island, embarked in a small vessel, and were never more heard of. In that part of La Perouse's journal which

was forwarded to Europe, there is an account of a determined and savage attack made upon them, by the inhabitants of Navigator Islands, where the ship anchored for the purpose of procuring water. M. de Vauguas, one of the officers of the party, who with difficulty escaped with his life, gave the following narrative of the circumstances :

M. de Langle asked me, though I was convalescent and weak, to accompany him, by way of taking the air, on shore. He commanded the barge, and M. Gobien the long-boat. M. Bouton commanded the long-boat, and M. Mouton the barge of the *Boussole*; several other officers were of the party.

On our way, we saw that a large party of the canoes which were alongside the ship, followed us, and came to the same cove : we likewise saw several of the natives going to it along the rocks which separate it from the adjoining bays ; we came to the reef, allowing only a narrow passage to the boats, and found it was low water, and that the long-boat could not proceed into the cove without being grounded. They touched when within half a musket shot from the shore, and we could only get them nearer, by pushing them on with our oars against the bottom. At our arrival, the savages, to the number of 300, threw into the sea, in token of peace, branches of the tree from which the South Sea islanders obtain their intoxicating liquor. On landing, M. de Langle gave orders that an armed marine and a seaman should guard each boat, while the crews of the long-boats were employed in getting in the water, under the protection of a double line of fusiliers, reaching from the boats to the watering-place. The casks were filled and taken into the boats very peacefully, the islanders suffering themselves to be kept within bounds by the armed marines. When the business was nearly ended, the number of the natives had increased and they were now more troublesome. This circumstance induced M. de Langle to give up the design he had entertained of bartering for a little

provision ; but previously, he made presents of a few beads to a sort of chiefs, who had assisted in keeping the islanders at a little distance. We were certain, however, that this kind of police was mere mockery ; and these pretended chiefs had little or no authority. The presents only excited the discontent of the rest ; a general clamour arose, and we could no longer check it. They suffered us to get into our boats ; but a party followed us into the water, while the rest picked up stones on the beach.

As the long-boats were a-ground a little from the shore, we had to wade up to the middle in water to reach them, and in doing so, several of the marines wetted their muskets. As soon as we had got into the long-boat, M. de Langle ordered the grapnel to be got in, and to push off. The captain seeing this, and perceiving the tumult increase and a few stones reach him, endeavoured to intimidate them by firing over their heads. This was the signal for a general attack. A shower of stones thrown with equal force and quickness, poured upon us. The battle commenced on both sides, and became general. Those whose muskets were in a condition to go off, shot several of these furies ; the rest were not daunted, but acted with new vigour. One party approached the boats ; while another, amounting to about 600, kept up a terrible and fatal discharge of stones.

On the first act of hostility, I had leaped into the water to get to the *Astrolabe's* barge, which had no officers ; circumstances gave me strength for the short passage I had to make ; in spite of my weakness, and a few blows I received from stones, I got into the barge without assistance. There was scarcely a musket unwetted, and all I could do, was to endeavour to get her afloat on the outside of the reef as quickly as possible. The battle continued, and the large stones thrown by the savages wounded some of us. As soon as any one that was struck fell into the sea on the side next the savages,

he was immediately despatched with their clubs and paddles.

M. de Langle was the first victim of these ferocious barbarians, who had experienced from him nothing but benefactions. At the commencement of the attack, he was knocked down bleeding from the bow of the long-boat, where he had posted himself, and fell into the water, with the master-at-arms and carpenter, who were at his side. The rage with which the islanders fell upon the captain saved the two latter, who contrived to reach the barge. Those who remained in the long-boat soon shared the fate of their commander, except a few who were able to swim off and gain the reef, whence they swam to the barge. In less than four minutes, the islanders made themselves masters of both the long-boats, and I had the affliction to see our unhappy comrades massacred, without being able to assist them. The *Astrolabe's* barge was within the reef, and I expected every moment to see her experience the same fate as the long-boats; but the eagerness of the savages saved her; the greater part fell upon the long-boats, the rest contented themselves with throwing stones at us. Several, however, came to wait for us in the passage, and on the reefs.

Though there was a heavy swell, and the wind blew right in shore, we succeeded in getting out of this fatal place, in spite of their stones, and the dangerous wounds which some of us had received, and joined M. Mouton, who was out of the cove in the *Boussole's* barge, and who had lightened his boat by throwing overboard the water-casks, to make room for those who could reach him. I had taken into the *Astrolabe's* barge Messrs Bouton and Collinet, with several others. All those who escaped to the barges were more or less wounded, so that we were in a defenceless state, and it was impossible to think of re-entering a bay from which we were extremely happy to have escaped, to make head against a thousand enraged barbarians, as this would have exposed us to inevitable death, without any advantage.

We steered our course to the two ships, which had tacked towards the offing at three o'clock, the very moment of the massacre, without having suspected the slightest danger. There was a fresh breeze, and the ships were far to windward, which was an unpleasant circumstance for us, and particularly for those whose wounds required speedy dressing. At four they put about again, and stood in for the land.

When we had cleared the reefs, we set the sails, and hauled close to the wind, in order to get off shore, throwing overboard every thing which could impede the progress of the boat, which was full of people; happily the islanders, busied in plundering the long-boat, thought not of pursuing us. We had no weapons of defence but four or five cutlasses, and a charge for two or three muskets, which were little to protect us against two or three hundred barbarians, armed with stones and clubs, and provided with light canoes, in which they might keep themselves at what distance they pleased. Some of these canoes left the bay soon after us, but they sailed along the shore, when one of them departed to inform those which had remained outside the ship. The people in this canoe, as they passed, had the insolence to make threatening signs at us; but my situation obliged me to suspend my vengeance, and reserve our feeble means for our own defence.

When we had gained the offing, we pulled away right to windward towards the ships, hoisted a red handkerchief at the mast-head, and as we drew near fired our last three musket shots. M. Mouton likewise made a signal for assistance with two handkerchiefs; but we were not observed till we were almost on board. The *Astrolabe*, the nearest of the two ships, then bore away for us, and at half-past four, I put on board her those who were most severely wounded. M. Mouton did the same; and then we went immediately on board the *Boussole*, where I related to the commander our melancholy tale. His astonishment and grief were extreme,

after the precautions his prudence had induced him to take, and the just confidence he reposed in M. de Langle. This disaster threw a complete gloom over our voyage. Still, however, we thought ourselves happy, that the greater number of those who went on shore were saved; since, if eagerness for plunder had not stopped, or for a moment called off the rage of the savages, not one of us could have escaped.

CATASTROPHE OF THE SHIP BOYD.

THE New Zealanders were, till lately, perhaps the most savage race known in the world. The territory was divided among savage tribes, in a state of constant hostility to one another. They resided in small *hippahs* or fortified villages on the tops of hills, where they remained in a state of constant watchfulness and alarm. After their combats, the victorious party tore to pieces and devoured the flesh of their captives. Captain Cook mentions that in almost every cove where he touched, human bones were found lying near the remains of large fires, which had been the scene of their horrible festivities. They were on the watch to attack all strangers, conceiving that they could not come except from a hostile motive; but though still extremely suspicious, when once they conceived that no such intention was entertained, they resumed at least the appearance of friendship. The particulars which transpired concerning the loss of the *Boyd*, are contained in the following narration of Captain Berry, who visited the island shortly after.

Towards the end of last year, says Captain Berry, I was employed at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, in procuring a cargo of spars for the Cape of Good Hope. About the middle of December (1810) the natives brought me an account of a ship's being taken at Wangaroa, a har-

bour about 50 miles to the N. W. At first we were disposed to doubt the truth of this statement ; but it became every day more probable from the variety of circumstances of which they informed us, and which were so connected that it appeared impossible that they could have been invented. Accordingly, at the end of the month, when we had finished our cargo, I determined to go round, though it was a business of some danger.

I set out with three armed boats ; but we experienced very bad weather, and after a narrow escape were glad to return to the ship. As we arrived in a most miserable condition, I had then relinquished all idea of the enterprise ; but having recruited my health and spirits, I was shocked at the idea of leaving any of my countrymen in the hands of these savages, and determined to make a second attempt ; we had this time better weather, and reached the harbour without difficulty. Wangaroa is formed as follows : First, a large outer bay, with an island at its entrance. In the bottom of this bay is seen a narrow opening, which appears terminated at the distance of a quarter of a mile, but, upon entering it, it is seen to expand into two large basins, at least as secure as any of the docks on the banks of the Thames, and capable of containing the whole British navy. We found the wreck of the *Boyd* in shoal water at the top of the harbour, a most melancholy picture of wanton mischief. The natives had cut her cables, and towed her up the harbour, till she had grounded, and then set her on fire, and burnt her to the water's edge. In her hold were seen the remains of her cargo ; coals, salted seal-skins, and planks. Her guns, iron, standards, &c. were lying on the top, having fallen down when the decks were consumed. The cargo must have been very valuable ; but it appears that the captain, anxious to make a better voyage, had come to that port, for the purpose of filling up with spars for the Cape of Good Hope.

As the fruit of my exertions, I recovered from the natives a woman, two children, and a boy of the name

of Davies, an apprentice, the only survivors. The ship was taken the third morning after her arrival. The captain had been too hasty in resenting some slight theft. Early in the morning, the ship was surrounded by a great number of canoes, and many of the natives gradually insinuated themselves on board. Tippahee, a chief of the Bay of Islands, and who had been twice at Port Jackson, also arrived; he went into the cabin, and after paying his respects to the captain, begged a little bread for his men; but the captain received him rather slightly, and desired him to go away, and not trouble him at present as he was busy. The proud old savage (who had been a constant guest at the governor's table at Port Jackson) was highly offended at this treatment, immediately left the cabin, and after stamping a few minutes on the deck, went into his canoe. After breakfast, the captain went ashore, with four hands, and no other weapon than his fowling-piece. When he landed, the savages rushed upon him; he had only time to fire his piece, and it killed a child. As soon as the captain left the ship, Tippahee, who had remained alongside in his canoe, again came on board. A number of the sailors were repairing sails upon the quarter-deck, and the remainder were carelessly dispersed about the decks, and fifty of the natives were on board. In a moment they all started up, and each knocked his man on the head. A few ran wounded below, and four or five escaped up the rigging, and in a few seconds the savages had possession of the ship. The boy Davies escaped into the hold, where he lay concealed for several days, till they were fairly glutted with human blood, when they spared his life. The woman says, she was discovered by an old savage, and that she moved his heart by her tears and entreaties; but he (being a subordinate chief) carried her to Tippahee, who allowed him to spare her life. She says, that at this time the deck was covered with human bodies, which they were employed in cutting up; after which they exhibited a

most horrid song and dance, in honour of their victory, and concluded by a hymn of gratitude to their god.

Tippahee now took the speaking trumpet, and hailing the poor wretches at the mast-head, told them that he was now captain, and that they must in future obey his orders. He then ordered them to unbend the sails; they readily complied, but when he ordered them to come down, they hesitated. He enforced prompt obedience by threatening to cut away the mast; when they came down, he received them with much civility, and told them he would take care of them; he immediately ordered them into a canoe and sent them on shore. A few minutes after this, the woman went on shore with her deliverer. The first object that struck her view, was the dead bodies of these men lying naked on the beach. As soon as she landed, a number of men started up, and marched towards her with their *patoo-patoos*; a number of women ran screaming between them, covered her with their clothes, and saved her life. The horrid feasting on human flesh that followed would be too shocking for description. The second mate begged his life at the time of the general massacre; they spared him for a fortnight, but afterwards killed and ate him.

CONTEST WITH THE NATIVES OF THE FEGEE ISLANDS.

THE following is an extract from Captain Dillon's voyage to the South Seas. The captain, when it occurred, was an officer on board the *Hunter*, commanded by Captain Robson, which sailed in 1812, on a voyage from Bengal to New South Wales, the Fegée Islands, and Canton. While the vessel was at the Fegée Islands, the following occurrences took place.

Early in September, two large canoes from Bow, carrying upwards of 200 men, visited the ship, for the purpose of taking home the Europeans and their wives that

joined us in May. Captain Robson about that time being sixty miles distant in the tender, attacked a fleet of Vilear canoes, and took fourteen of them; on which occasion a native of the latter place was killed by a cannon-shot. On rejoining company, the captain proposed to heave the cutter down to repair some damage she had sustained in her bottom. He deemed it prudent, however, first to endeavour to possess himself of the rest of the Vilear canoes, to prevent their attacking the men while employed about the cutter, as it would be necessary to have her on shore at high water.

On the morning of the 6th September, the Europeans belonging to the ship were all armed with muskets, along with the Europeans from Bow, and placed under the command of Mr. Norman, the first officer. We landed at a place called the Black Rock, to the eastward of the river; the two canoes shortly after landed at the same place. The Bow chiefs joined us with 100 of their men. The boats and canoes then put off into deep water, to prevent their getting aground by the tide ebbing.

On landing, the Europeans began to disperse into small parties of two, three, and four in a group. I begged of Mr. Norman to order them to keep close together; but no attention was paid to my entreaty. We proceeded over a level plain without interruption, till we arrived at the foot of a hill, which we ascended; and then a few natives showed themselves, and by shouts and gestures tried to irritate us.

Mr. Norman turned to the right, along a path, which led through a thicket to some native houses; I followed him with seven other Europeans and the Bow chiefs, with one of their men. Here a few natives tried to dispute our passage: but on one being shot dead, the rest retreated. Mr. Norman now caused the houses to be set on fire. Shortly after, we heard savage yells proceeding from the road by which we had ascended. The Bow chiefs understood from the yells that some of their men, as well as Europeans, were killed by the Vilear people, who lay

concealed until they got us on the table-land, when they attacked our straggling parties, only two men of whom escaped. In our party there were ten musket-men, with the Bow chiefs and one of their followers.

We immediately got out of the thicket on to the table-land, where there were three of the islanders, who called out to us that several of our men were killed, and that we should share the same fate. Before descending to the plain, a young man named John Graham separated from us, and ran into a thicket on the left hand side of the road, where he was pursued by the three savages above-mentioned, who despatched him. The plain between us and the boats was covered by thousands of infuriated savages, all armed. When we got to the bottom of the hill, they prepared to receive us, and stood on each side of the path, brandishing their weapons, with their faces and bodies besmeared with the blood of our slaughtered companions.

At this moment, a native who came down after us, threw a lance at Mr. Norman, which entered at his back and went out at his breast; he ran a few yards, and then fell down apparently dead. I fired at this native, and reloading as fast as possible, turned round, and saw my companions had all run off by different routes. The natives had quitted the path to pursue our flying men. I therefore dashed on as fast as I could; but I had not gone above a few yards when I came upon the dead body of William Parker, who was lying across the path, with his musket by him, which I took up and retreated with.

The natives now observing me, gave chase. I was obliged to throw Parker's musket away, as also a pistol I had in my belt. I reached the foot of a small hill that stood in the plain. Finding it impossible to reach the boats, I called out to my companions, (some of whom were on my right,) "Take the hill! take the hill!" We got to the top, where were the following persons: Charles Savage, Luis, a Chinaman, and Martin Bushart, with Thomas Dafny and William Wilson. The three

former resided at Bow, the others were seamen belonging to the ship. Mic. Macabe, with Joseph Atkinson, and the two Bow chiefs, were killed. Dafny was wounded in several parts of the body, and the point of a spear had pierced his shoulder, having entered from behind, and come out in the fore part under the collar-bone.

Fortunately the rock or hill to which we escaped was so steep, that few persons could ascend at a time: the natives, however, shot arrows at us. I now took command of the party, and stationed them in the best way I could. I did not allow more than one or two muskets to be fired at a time, and kept the wounded men loading for us. Several of the natives appearing too near, were shot by us; which made the rest keep off.

The plain which surrounded the rock was covered with armed savages, and this assemblage now presented a spectacle revolting to human nature. Fires were prepared and ovens heated for the reception of the bodies of our ill-fated companions. The savages sung and danced with joy over their prizes, which were placed in the oven to be baked as a repast for the victors.

By this time the fury of the savages was somewhat abated, and they began to listen to our offers of agreement. I reminded them that eight of their men were prisoners on board the ship, and told them, that if we were killed, these men would be put to death, but if we were spared, we would cause them to be released immediately. The head priest, who is regarded as a deity by these savages, asked if the men were still alive. I told him they were, and that I would send a man to the captain to order them to be released, if he would convey the man safe down to the boat. This he promised to do. As Dafny was wounded, and had no arms to defend himself, I prevailed on him to venture with the priest. He was to inform Captain Robson of our horrid situation; and tell him that it was my particular request that he should release one-half of the prisoners, and shew

them a large chest of ironmongery, whales' teeth, &c, which he might promise to give to the other four with their liberty, the moment we returned in safety.

Dafny did as directed, and I did not lose sight of him until he got on the ship's deck. A cessation of arms now took place, and several chiefs ascended the hill, with professions of friendship, and offered security if we would go down among them. To this I would not accede, nor allow any of my men to do so, till Savage, who had resided on the islands for more than five years, and spoke the native dialect fluently, begged permission to go down, as he had no doubt their promises would be kept, and he would be able to procure a peace, and obtain our safe return to the ship. Overcome by his importunities, I at last consented, but told him that he must leave his musket and ammunition with me. This he did, and proceeded to where Bonasar was seated, surrounded by chiefs, who seemed happy to receive him. The Chinaman, Luis, stole down the opposite side of the hill, unknown to me, with his arms, to place himself under the protection of a chief with whom he was acquainted, and to whom he had rendered important services in former wars. The islanders, finding they could not prevail on me to place myself in their power, set up a yell that rent the air; at that moment Savage was seized by the legs, and held in that state by six men, with his head placed in a well of fresh water, until he was suffocated; at the same instant a powerful savage got behind Luis, and with his huge club knocked the upper part of his skull to pieces.

We, the three defenders of the hill, were then furiously attacked by the cannibals, who pressed close upon us. Having four muskets, two always remained loaded; for Wilson being a bad shot, we kept him loading the muskets, while Bushart and I fired them off. Bushart was an excellent marksman. He shot twenty-seven of the savages with twenty-eight discharges, only missing one; I also killed and wounded some of them. Finding

they could not conquer us without great loss, they kept off and vowed vengeance. The human bodies being now prepared, they were taken from the ovens, and shared out to the different tribes, who devoured them greedily.

Having no more than sixteen or seventeen cartridges left, we determined, as soon as it was dark, to place the muzzles of our muskets to our hearts with the butts to the ground, and discharge them into our breasts, thus to avoid the danger of falling alive into the hands of these cannibals.

At this moment, the boat put off from the ship, and soon got close to the landing-place, where we counted the eight prisoners landing from her. I could not imagine how the captain could have acted in this strange way, as the only hope of our lives being spared, was by allowing only a part of the prisoners to land, who would intercede with their friends on shore to save us, that we might in return protect their countrymen when we got to the ship.

Shortly after the prisoners landed, they were conveyed unarmed up the rock to me, preceded by the priest, who informed me that Captain Robson had released the eight men, and sent a chest of cutlery, &c., on shore for the chiefs, with orders for us to deliver our muskets to them, and that he would see us safe to the boats; but this I refused. The priest then turned to Bushart, and harangued him on the policy of our complying. At this moment the thought entered my head of making the priest a prisoner, and either to kill him or regain our liberty. I tied Savage's musket with my neckcloth to the belt of my cartridge-box, and presenting my own musket to the priest's head, told him I would shoot him if he attempted to run away, or if any of his countrymen offered to molest us. I then directed him to proceed before me to the boat, threatening him with instant death in case of non-compliance. The priest proceeded as directed, and as we passed along through the multitude, he exhorted them not to molest

us, for if they did so he would be shot, and they would consequently incur the wrath of the gods, who would be angry at their disobedience of the divine orders, and would cause the sea to rise and swallow up the island with all its inhabitants. The multitude accordingly sat down on the grass. The priest proceeded towards the boats, with the muzzles of Bushart's and Wilson's guns at each of his ears, while the muzzle of mine was placed between his shoulders. On getting to the boats, he made a sudden stop. I ordered him to proceed. This he refused to do, declaring he would go no further, and I might shoot him if I pleased. I threatened to do so, and asked him why he would not go to the water's edge. He replied, "you want to take me on board, and put me to the torture." There being no time to lose, I told him to stand still, threatening to shoot him if he attempted to move before I got into the boat. We then walked backwards to the water-side, and up to our breasts in water, where we joined the boats, and had no sooner got into her than the islanders came down, and saluted us with a shower of arrows, and stones from slings.

Being thus out of danger, we returned thanks to Divine Providence for our escape, and proceeded towards the ship, which we reached just as the sun was setting. I expostulated with Captain Robson on his extraordinary conduct, in causing so many human beings to be unnecessarily sacrificed. He made some absurd apologies, and inquired if we were the only persons who had escaped? I replied, yes; but that if the natives could have made proper use of the muskets which fell into their hands on that occasion, we must all have been killed.

CHAPTER III.

TALE OF THE BOUNTY.

Awake, bold Bligh ; the foe is at the gate !
 Awake ! awake !—Alas ! it is too late !
 Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
 Stands and proclaims the reign of terror near.

THE ISLAND.

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY, AND OPEN-BOAT VOYAGE
 OF CAPTAIN BЛИGH AND HIS COMRADES.

IN the year 1787, the *Bounty* set sail for Otaheite. The main object of the voyage was to discover whether the bread-fruit tree could be transplanted, and cultivated with success in the West Indies. The vessel, of 215 tons burden, was fitted up for the voyage, and placed under the command of Captain Bligh, an officer of ability and experience. The voyage terminated on the 15th October, by the arrival of the vessel at Otaheite. They collected 1015 plants, secured in 774 pots, 39 tubs, and 24 boxes. This cargo was not completed till the 3d April 1789 ; and Bligh sailed on the 4th, passing from Otaheite through the group of islands, and bidding adieu to the natives, with whom he and his crew had been on the most friendly terms during their stay.

Hitherto Bligh had no perils to contend with but those of the sea ; but when four-and-twenty days had elapsed, and they were far from land, a new scene took place, which totally frustrated the intentions of the government and skill of the commander. A mutiny had been formed of a very determined and extensive nature ; and so well had the mutineers disguised their measures, that none but those in the plot had the slightest suspicion of it. From the fiery temper of the commander, various

disputes had taken place between him and his officers and crew ; but the chief cause of the mutiny seems to have been the temptations to which the men were exposed during their long residence in the delightful island of Otaheite ; they had formed friendships with many of the inhabitants, and cherished still warmer feelings towards the dark-skinned damsels of the place. Besides, to rough seafaring men, mostly destitute of culture, a life of comparative idleness presented of itself no inconsiderable allurements. They hoped that, by seizing the vessel and setting their commander adrift, they might be able to cruise about among the islands and indulge a roving life ; having also, when they chose to return to the island, huts beneath the broad-leafed foliage, or by the margin of the waters.

The mutiny broke out on the 28th April. Christian the mate, with three seamen, came to Bligh's cabin while he slept, seized him, tied his hands behind his back, commanding him to observe perfect silence, on pain of instant death. Nevertheless he called for assistance ; but the mutineers had previously placed in confinement all the officers who were not of their own party. Christian had a drawn cutlass, his companions muskets and bayonets. Bligh was forced on deck, preceded by Christian, and followed by two seamen, with pieces cocked, and fixed bayonets. The master, the gunner, Mr. Elphinstone the master's mate, and Nelson, were confined below ; and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The launch was ordered to be hoisted out ; and such individuals as the mutineers did not like were ordered to quit the ship, and forced to do so if they refused or hesitated. Eighteen out of forty-six remained true to their commander ; and four were detained by the mutineers against their wishes. Bligh in vain endeavoured to call back the men to their obedience ; he was answered by threats and execrations ; " Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant," was the reply ; and cocked muskets were presented at him. They separated those whom they wish-

ed to send away, and forced them into the boat, one by one. The boatswain and some who were to go in the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvass, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; the carpenter was also allowed to take his tool-chest. Bligh was kept apart and guarded while the others were hurried over the side. The villains meanwhile laughed at the insecurity of the boat, it lying very deep, and scarcely affording them room to huddle in together. Christian stood and looked on, with his eyes glaring like a savage: he said to Bligh, "you must go with them; if you attempt resistance, you will instantly be put to death." They were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown in, and they were cast adrift; and as the ship steered away, the shouts of the mutineers, "Huzza for Otaheite!" rung over the waters.

The weight of Bligh and his companions, with that of the few articles they were allowed to take with them, nearly brought the boat to the water's edge; and such was the scanty supply of provisions, that though death seemed put off for a while, nothing but a succession of calm weather, allowing them to pursue a direct course, held out any prospect of safety. All they had was one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, and twenty-eight gallons of water. They had four empty casks on board, and they steered to the neighbouring island of Tofoa, to obtain a supply of bread-fruit and water. No water could be procured, but from some natives they got a small quantity of bread-fruit, plantains, and cocoa-nuts. These supplies, though scanty, served to keep up their spirits. On their departure, the natives, apprised of their weakness, cast a volley of large stones at the boat.

The nearest place where relief could be found was Timor,—a distance of full 1200 leagues; and for subsist-

ence, they were forced to confine themselves to one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water per day. On the 2d May, at night, they bore away under a reefed lug-foresail; and having divided themselves into watches, and set the boat in order, they returned thanks to God for their miraculous preservation, and felt full confidence in his gracious support. At day-break, the sun rose fiery-red, the sure prelude of a gale; the sea ran so high, that the sail was becalmed between the seas, and yet was too much to have set when on the top of the sea; nor could they take it in, for the waves broke over the stern of the boat, and they had no respite from baling. To make matters worse, their bread was in danger of being injured by the wet, the consequence of which must have been starvation; they were therefore obliged to lighten the boat, by throwing over-board all their superfluous clothes, some spare sails, and the contents of the carpenter's tool-chest, in the inside of which they stowed their bread. They were drenched, yet no more than a teaspoonful of rum could be served out to each, with a quarter of a bread-fruit, so spoiled as to be scarcely eatable, for dinner. The night was piercingly cold, and at day-break their limbs were completely benumbed. On the 4th and 5th the gale had somewhat abated; and on the 6th they hooked a fish, but lost it before they could get it on board. During their melancholy voyage they kept watch by turns, one half always sitting up, while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing above them but the heavens. On the 7th they passed some rocky isles, from which two large sailing canoes gave them chase, but in the evening ceased pursuit. Heavy rain fell; they quenched their thirst for the first time since they put out to sea, and increased their stock of water to thirty-four gallons. On the 8th Bligh made a pair of scales, of cocoa-nut shells, and having some pistol-balls on board, it was settled that the weight of one of these should be each person's allowance of bread. Till the 14th the weather was stormy,

and much rain fell : sleep did not refresh them ; they shivered with wet and cold, yet were compelled constantly to bale. On the night of the 15th not a star could be seen by which they could steer their course ; and next morning there came on a dreadful tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain. At day-break every one complained grievously ; the following night proved most dark and dismal, the waves constantly breaking over them. On the 21st they seemed, as Bligh says, " half dead,"—their appearance was ghastly and horrible ; they suffered dreadfully from hunger ; and they started after snatches of unrefreshing sleep, with severe cramps and pains in their bones ; but at noon the sun broke forth upon the waters, and they were a little revived. Next day they were driven right before the sea, and the foam ran over the stern and quarters of the boat. They were in " great horror and anxiety ;" and because of their situation, there were doled out to each *two* tea-spoonfuls of rum. Next morning, the wind moderated, the weather looked much better, and they began to cheer up : they examined the state of their bread, and found they had just enough for twenty-nine days ; but as they might have to go to Java, it was determined to make it last six weeks. On the 25th they caught a noddy, and eighteen parts were divided, and were apportioned by lot. Next day Providence enabled them to catch a booby ; but they were almost expiring with the heat of the sun. On the 28th they heard the sound of breakers, being on the barrier reef which runs along the eastern coast of New Holland, through which it became necessary to find a passage ; they at last came to a break, a quarter of a mile in breadth ; and at this stage again offered up a solemn thanksgiving to God for His gracious mercy towards them, with great content taking their miserable allowance.

The coast was now distinctly visible, and in the evening they landed on the sandy front of an island, where, it being low water, they gathered some oysters. A fire was kindled by means of a small magnifying glass, and

they chanced afterwards to discover in the boat a tinder-box and a piece of brimstone; they had a copper pot with them, and thus were enabled to make a kind of stew of the bread and oysters. All complained of dizziness in the head, weakness of the joints, and violent pains, but in spite of all their complicated woes, they still retained some strength. Being the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II., they named the place Restoration Island. They remained till the 30th, subsisting on oysters and palm-tops, so that their bread was saved. They also procured sixty gallons of fresh water. Before setting out to sea again, they intended to have prayers; but a crew of naked savages armed with lances, came running and shouting towards them, and they judged it prudent to depart. Next day, some got discontented, and even endeavoured to dispute Bligh's authority; but he put down the disturbance with firmness. During the next three days they passed several small islands and procured a few birds; but some of their number became alarmingly ill. On the 5th they caught a booby and divided the blood among the three who were most indisposed. On the 7th, Ledward the surgeon, and Lebogue, an old hardy seaman, appeared to be sinking fast, but they could give them no other assistance than a tea-spoonful or two of wine. Next day a dolphin was caught, and two ounces of it were distributed to each. "On the 10th," says Bligh, "I felt great apprehensions for many of the people; an extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, and an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of our approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Lebogue, in particular, were miserable objects. The boatswain very innocently told me he really thought I looked worse than any in the boat." On the 11th the miserable outcasts thought that they had passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor; they were therefore even joyful. This presage was true; for at three

in the morning of the following day, Timor was discovered when they were at the distance of only two leagues from the shore. In an open boat, without any shelter, they had run in forty-one days, 3618 nautical miles; and not one had perished during this voyage of peril and privation.

On Tuesday the 14th they landed at Coupang Bay, and were received with the utmost kindness; the houses of the chief inhabitants being thrown open for their reception. When landed they could scarcely walk, and their condition was most deplorable. Their bodies were worn down to skin and bone; their limbs were full of sores; they were in rags; in short, they seemed like famished spectres, and the people of Timor beheld them with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

Eventually, only twelve out of the fifteen reached England, the remainder having died of their fatigues; and it was truly wonderful that so many survived the dangers of their unparalleled voyage. And while we say that the men supported their woes like heroes, we must ascribe to the commander, besides the quality of physical endurance, a mixture of sagacity, moral fortitude and prudence, which entitle him to our highest admiration.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

THE reader may perhaps be anxious to know what became of the mutineers who seized the *Bounty*. Of these some were killed by the natives, or were cut off by various casualties; and a vessel (the *Pandora*) was sent out by government to Otaheite and the Society Islands, to apprehend as many of the mutineers as could be found, and carry them home to be tried. Fourteen were captured; of these four were drowned when the *Pandora* was wrecked off the coast of New Holland.

Those of the crew who were saved arrived at Spithead on the 19th of June 1792. The prisoners were immediately put upon their trial; some were acquitted at once, and only three eventually suffered death.

Twenty years had passed away, and the exploit of the piratical crew of the *Bounty* had been forgotten. Events of greater consequence had taken place,—Europe rang with warlike preparations, and men's minds were filled with the movements of hostile armies. Before the close of the war, however, the discovery was made that one of the mutineers was still alive, and resided on Pitcairn's Island, where a small settlement had been formed by him, almost after the patriarchal fashion, as the chief of a large family, composed of his own descendants, and those of some of the other mutineers.

In 1809, Captain Folger, of the American ship *Topaz*, upon landing at Pitcairn's Island, found there an Englishman of the name of John Adams, the only survivor of the nine mutineers who were not brought to justice. Adams had been left upon the island with eight or nine women, and several young children. He immediately began to cultivate the soil, which speedily produced in abundance yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and plantains; hogs and poultry were also found in abundance. When Captain Folger visited them, the islanders had considerably increased in number, and amounted to thirty-five, some of them grown up; they all spoke English, and seemed to have been educated by Adams, in a manner which, considering the disadvantages they had laboured under, was wonderful. The real name of Adams was Alexander Smith. A second visit was paid to the island by two British frigates, cruising in the Pacific, and the result was that more positive and full information reached this country. Pitcairn Island had not been marked in the charts, and they therefore supposed that they had discovered it. When they examined it next morning, they perceived some huts, enclosed in plantations, the whole having a somewhat civilized appearance

Soon a few of the inhabitants came down the steep descent with their canoes on their shoulders ; one little vessel darted through the heavy surf and paddled to the side ; and their astonishment was unspeakable when the boatman hailed them in English, with " Won't you heave us a rope, now ?"

A young man sprang with great agility on board, and stood before them on the deck. On being asked " who are you ?" he said that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otaheitan mother, and that he had been born on the island. On being questioned, he related the whole story of the Bounty, and the fate of those mutineers who had come to the island with Christian, to make a settlement. The mutineers had brought with them some Otaheitans to till the soil, but owing partly to disputes among themselves, and still more to their tyranny and oppression, their slaves had risen up against them, and massacred them in the night, with the sole exception of Adams, who was shot through the neck, but, favoured by the darkness, managed to escape. Afterwards the women, in their turn, after massacring the male slaves, submitted themselves to Adams' directions.

Young Christian was about twenty-four years of age, tall, finely formed, with dark hair, and features which, though bronzed, had the English expression. He wore no clothes except a piece of cloth about his loins, and a straw hat. His skin was much tanned by exposure to the weather. He was accompanied by another youth about eighteen, named George Young, a son of Young the mutineer. They were taken below by Sir Thomas Staines, and some refreshment was presented to them ; when they both rose up, placed their hands in a posture of devotion, and implored a blessing on their meal. They were led over the ship, and expressed great surprise at the sight of so many novel objects. Observing a cow, they doubted whether it was a huge goat or a horned hog, these being the only two animals with

which they were acquainted. A little dog amused them much. "Oh! what a pretty thing it is!" said Young, "I know it is a dog, for I have heard of such an animal."

The voyagers next paid a visit to old Adams on shore; he was somewhat alarmed at the sight of the king's uniform, till assured they did not mean to molest him, nor to take him away from his family. He conducted them into his house; and related to them the whole proceedings of the remaining mutineers after the Pandora had set sail.

They found that the colony now consisted of forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, and a few infants. The young men were athletic and handsome—their countenances open and pleasing; the women were tall and beautifully formed, their faces clad in smiles, and beaming with good humour. According to Adams there had never been since the colony was formed, a single instance of debauchery or immoral conduct; and he had endeavoured to instil into them the precepts of virtue, and not without success, as their conduct showed. Ever since Adams had been left the sole European on the island, perfect harmony and peace had prevailed; habits of industry and honesty were formed in all.

The village formed a square; the upper corner was occupied by old Adams' house and out-houses, beneath the shade of a large banian tree; Thursday October Christian's house was in the lower corner, opposite to it. Within the square was an open lawn, where the poultry wandered, and which was surrounded by a strong fence to exclude the goats and hogs. The plantations were neatly laid out. They had decent furniture in their houses,—beds and bedsteads, with coverings. They had tables, and large chests for their clothing; the women manufactured linen from the bark of a tree, after the Otaheitian fashion. The females were modestly clothed, having a piece of cloth reaching from the waist to the knees, and a mantle thrown loosely

over their shoulders, and coming down to the ankle. Captain Pipon observed, "It was pleasing to see the good taste and quickness with which they formed little shades or parasols of green leaves, to place over the head or bonnet, to keep the sun from their eyes."

And who were these people, apparently so correct in their behaviour, and innocent in their deportment; enjoying such harmony in their hitherto unknown retreat, hemmed in by a steep and rock-bound shore, on which the surf broke with everlasting violence, so that a boat could scarcely make a passage? They were the offspring of mutineers and pirates. Yet they were the gentle inhabitants of what seemed to be almost an island-Eden. And they were presided over by one who had himself been a mutineer, a violent and profligate outlaw; but who in his old age, sobered down to reflection, and, let us hope, anxious to make reparation for his former crimes, governed a small colony of people, of primitive and simple manners, in an abode sheltered from corruption, and in possession of peace and plenty. This is surely one of the passages of real life which form as interesting a picture as romance ever described. Twelve years elapsed ere more was heard of these islanders. In 1825, Captain Beechy in the Blossom, bound on a voyage of discovery, arrived at Pitcairn's Island. In the interval however, a whale-fishing ship touched on the coast, leaving an individual of some information, John Buffet, who assumed the functions of chaplain and schoolmaster, and was of signal use.

Ere the Blossom anchored, a boat under sail came to the side, manned by Adams and some of the young islanders. On coming to the deck, they shook hands with the officers with much cordiality. Old Adams was now become somewhat corpulent. He still retained his sailor's manners, doffing his hat and smoothing his bald forehead, when addressed by any of the officers. His companions were tall, robust, and healthy; their dress was odd; some having long coats without trousers,

others trousers without coats, and some waistcoats with neither. All wanted shoes and stockings, and there were only two hats among them, both of which seemed in a very frail condition.

As the breakers raged against the steep and rocky shore, the ship's boats could not land; accordingly the young men conveyed the officers on shore in their boat, two at a time. On landing they were greeted by Hannah Young, Adams's daughter, who is described as being "a very interesting woman." They invited their visitors to stay several days; and on their expressing their wish to arrive at their village before dark, to pitch their observatory, every article and instrument found a bearer, who carried them carefully up the steep path that led to the village, concealed by groups of cocoa-nut trees. The village consisted of five houses, on a plain sloping to the sea. The men pitched the tent while the women made ready supper. The table was spread with plates, knives, and forks. Grace was said by John Buffet. The room in which they sat was lighted by torches made of *doodoo* nuts, strung upon the fibres of palm trees. Their beds were next prepared, composed of mattresses of palm-leaves covered with native cloth, made of the paper mulberry tree, with sheets of the same material. Their first sleep was only broken by hymns sung at the morning devotions of the islanders, which the whole family chaunted, after the lights had been put out. At early dawn they were roused by the same melody, and their hosts set about their morning duties. By the bed-sides of their visitors the islanders had placed ripe fruits; and their hats were crowned with chaplets of the fresh blossom of the *nono* or flower-tree, which the females had gathered in the freshness of the morning dew.

The cottages were spacious, strongly built of wood, in an oblong form, thatched with the leaves of the palm-tree. The sleeping room was in the upper story, and contained four beds, each capable of accommodating three or four. Below was the eating room, having a table with

stools set round it, and communicating with the upper by a ladder. Around the house were enclosures for pigs, goats, and poultry; beyond were grounds planted with the banana, the plantain, the melon, yams, potato, *tee-tree*, and cloth-plant, a great variety, in short, of roots, shrubs, and fruits. They entertained their visitors with baked pig, yams, taro, and sweet potatoes. The taro-root was used for bread, and for fruits they had bananas, plantains, and *appoi*. They commonly drank only water, but they made a species of tea from the leaves of the *tee-plant*, sweetened with the juice of the sugar-cane, and flavoured with ginger.

John Buffet kept a school, and instructed the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, giving them also lessons in religion and morality, drawn from the Bible and the Prayer-Book. The people were solemn and sedate in their deportment, seldom indulging in a joke. The Sabbath was wholly devoted to religious services, and no work was permitted to be done. The officers went to their church,—prayers were read by Adams, the lessons by Buffet, the service being opened with hymns. All were serious and attentive. In the course of their devotions they prayed for the sovereign and the royal family. A sermon was read by Buffet. At sunset the service was repeated.

Captain Beechy, after his return to England, having made a representation of the distressed state of the colony for necessary articles, government sent out to Valparaiso, to be conveyed thence for their use, a proportion of articles of clothing for sixty persons, and also instruments of agriculture; which were conveyed in H. M. S. *Seringapatam*, Captain Waldegrave.

A paragraph appeared a few years ago, taken from an American newspaper, which stated that the colony, in consequence of the scarcity of water, had been compelled to remove, and that a vessel had been sent by the missionaries to convey them to Otaheite.

CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

Oh many a dream was in that ship
 An hour before her death ;
 And sights and sounds of home disturbed
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

SHIPWRECK OF DR. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON, the narrator of the following shipwreck, was chaplain to Charles II. He does not say whither the *William and John*, the vessel in which he sailed, was bound, but it was probably to some part of Norway, as that was the destination of the ship in company, which took them up from the boat. The narrative, in the Doctor's own words, is as follows :—

We embarked at Harwich on the 29th of September 1648. A dull kind of sadness oppressed my spirits, so that I could not look cheerfully on my friends at parting, but took leave of them as if I were going out of the world. This seemed unaccountable to me, for I went on a good message—the cause of religion. I had embarked in a stout ship, with a fair wind and skilful pilot, so that I could not suspect danger. Yet no sooner was I at sea, than I suffered the extreme of shipwreck ; the pain of sickness was so great and grievous, combining as it seemed all human evils together, so that to have been drowned would have been no punishment. One afternoon, the master of the ship came into our cabin with extraordinary haste ; though he concealed the cause from me, I saw plainly

fear and amazement on his countenance. I asked him if all was well, to which he answered, "all is well." I saw him shift his clothes and go out again with great haste; I then rose, and crawling on deck, saw that the ship, having sprung a leak, was ready to sink. How every man's face was changed with fear! We could scarcely know one another. One was praying, another wringing his hands, and a third shedding tears; but after this fit they fell to work, though, as is usual in such extremities, all were busy doing nothing; they began with one thing, then went to another, but perfected nothing to accomplish their safety.

The master's mate, and a man who had been sent to examine the leak, returned, and told the master that the leak could not be stopped, and that the water was rushing in so fast, that we must immediately perish. There was no time for deliberation; the long-boat was hoisted out, and guns fired as a signal of distress to Mr. Cook, the master of a ship in company, only a little a-head. We then leapt into the boat; but unfortunately I fell short, and with difficulty got out of the water. No sooner had I recovered myself, than a sailor jumped from the ship and nearly crushed me with his weight.

We now rowed clear of the ship, when not seeing Bartholomew Cook come to our assistance, we began to upbraid him, as being negligent of our safety; but we had no reason to complain of him, for his ship had foundered, and all the crew perished. We had little hopes of safety, for the waves ran mountains high; and how could we escape in a small boat, when a large ship had not been able to weather them? We were many leagues from shore, without compass or provisions and night was coming on. We betook ourselves to prayer, and God had compassion on us, for we descried a ship making towards us. Unfortunately, having only two oars, we could make little progress. The ship got before the wind, and drove much faster than our

little boat could follow. A dark night came on, which redoubled our anxiety to reach the ship. The master of her hung out a light, and by making greater exertions, we began to get nearer. At length we reached her; and not to endanger our safety from too much haste, agreed to go up the side regularly, and in the same order in which we sat. However, all strove to get up at once; and the sailors being more expert in climbing than I, performed it in a moment, leaving me alone in the boat. I was now in the greatest danger, for my hands were so benumbed, that I could not climb a rope, though my life depended on it. However, I held fast by one which was thrown to me; and while doing so, the boat struck three times against the ship's side, owing to the heavy sea. Fortunately, the boat did not give way, and two seamen at last came down to help me up the side; a rope with a noose was handed down by one of them, who directed me to put it about my middle; but he began to pull it when I had got it over one shoulder, and nearly drew me overboard. Having secured myself, and the boat casting off, I was drawn through the sea, where I had a narrow escape; for the sailor having neglected to tie the rope, it was prevented from slipping by a knot, which was by chance at the end, otherwise I must have perished. The next pull stunned me against the side of the ship. When I came to myself the next morning, I found that the master's cabin had been allotted to my service. I got up to enquire about my fellow-sufferers, and found them brooding over their misfortunes, as they had now leisure to think of the loss of their goods. For myself, the losses I then suffered involved me in debt, from which I have not yet extricated myself. But what grieved me most, was the loss of my library and my sermons, with all my notes and observations during my travels abroad, the fruit of so many years' labour and study. But it was wrong to grieve for such losses, when the mercy of God had preserved our lives.

Next day, the wind was fair for Norway, whither our ship was bound. About twelve o'clock we came in sight of the coast, and as we could not reach it during daylight, we designed to stand off-and-on till the morning. About ten at night, when we had set our watch, and then gone to rest, the ship struck on a rock with so great a shock that it awoke the soundest sleepers. I hastened out of my cabin, and coming on deck, met the master of the vessel, who with tears besought me to pray for them, for they would certainly perish. I accordingly began to pray, but after some time I wondered that the waves did not overwhelm us. It had pleased God that the ship ran so fast between two ledges of rock, with her bow over another, that she stood fixed as firm as the rock itself. Upon this I intended to throw myself into the sea and swim ashore; but the height of the waves breaking against the rocks deterred me. The stern of the ship being beat in, we retreated to the bow, when Matthew Bird, the same sailor who drew me on board, leapt ashore with a rope in his hand, and held it so firmly, one end being tied to the mast, that another seaman got down by it. In this way all our company, and some of the Danish crew, who were twenty-eight in number, reached the rock safely. All this time I was ignorant of the means used for our deliverance; but seeing the people crowd towards the head of the ship, I also went thither, and discovered what had taken place. A Dane was endeavouring to slide down the rope and carry a small leather trunk with him; but he removed his trunk, and desired me to descend. I repaid his kindness by requesting him to go down first, not so much out of compliment, as that I might know how to slide down. However, I got on the rope, and came safely to the side of the rock, whence I crawled on my hands and feet to the rest who were on shore, I being the last who escaped. The ship at this moment began to give way, and the master with four sailors who were still on board went down in her. It

was the saddest sight I ever beheld, to see that good man, who had saved our lives, lose his own. I cannot even now look back upon it without regret.

We knew not where the rock we were on was situated: some of the people had ascertained it to be an island, but uninhabited. It was a long and melancholy night,—for stones make but a hard pillow; besides, having thrown off my coat when intending to swim, I was thinly clad. It being winter, the cold was extremely piercing. At length we found a hole in the rock, which sheltered us from the wind, and then morning broke. When the sun rose, we could see no land, except a glimpse of the coast of Norway at a distance. When I viewed the sea around, the sight of so many hundred rocks environing us, struck me with amazement. It was only from God's providence that we had not gone among the breakers in the night, instead of running between the two ledges, which proved an asylum. Had we touched on any other part, we must have perished.

Our sole hope was the approach of some vessel, from which we might be seen; but of this I saw little prospect, for should one come by day, she would be deterred by the surrounding dangers, from giving us assistance; and if she came by night, she would be wrecked, like our own vessel. Having seen nothing during the whole day, we began to despair; and wanting food, and hardly having clothes to keep us warm, we crept into a hole of the rock, and slept during the second night. Next morning we rose before the sun, and some of our company searching with their arms in the sea, drew out some small muscles, which they ate heartily: and one of the boys brought me a leaf of scurvy grass; but I began to be ill of a feverish complaint, and became parched with thirst. Trusting that the water which stood in holes would be freshest in the highest part of the rock, I sought for it, but it proved salt; I drank till my thirst was quenched, though vomiting followed, which I am persuaded saved my life.

Between ten and eleven we saw a vessel in full sail standing towards us. We all got to the top of the rock, and waved our hats as a signal to those on board; but they neither approached nor sent their boat to learn our condition,—for what reason I know not. As the ship departed, we conceived ourselves utterly abandoned, and betook ourselves to our devotions; and as long as I was able to speak, I prayed with the company. Then I lay down on the rock, thinking I should rise no more in this world; but I overheard the seaman who had first leaped on the rock, say, “Let us make a raft and venture to sea,—I had rather be drowned than lie here to be starved.” The rest agreed with him, and everything conspired to favour the design; for the water had fallen, and left the bottom of the ship on the rock, the anchors, mast, and sails, lying there also, like linen on a hedge. The sailors broke up the mast, and untwisted a cable for small cords. They tied four or five boards to the broken mast, got up the mizen-top-mast, and made a slight stern; then having cut out a small sail, two Danes and two Englishmen embarked on the raft. A moderate breeze carried them through the breakers, and towards that part, where, according to our supposition, the coast lay. We followed them as far as our eyes could reach with great anxiety, but we did not remain long in suspense, for before night their security was announced by several yawls rowing towards us. Having embarked in them we reached an island in Norway, named Waller Island by its inhabitants. There was but one house where we landed, belonging to the minister, an honest Lutheran, who, with his family, showed us the utmost kindness. They spoke the Norse language, which I think resembles the Dutch, for those of us who spoke Dutch could partly understand them, and make themselves understood.

The relation of our misfortunes drew tears from the eyes of these kind hearted people; and whatever provisions they had being set before us, the seamen soon

repaired their long fasting. The ordinary bread of the inhabitants was rye cakes, and they had beer which was very strong. We remained on the island till Sunday, and in the morning heard our landlord preach, after which he gave us a meal, full of variety, in one dish, as beef, mutton, lard, goat, and roots, mixed together, according to the custom here.

We then parted with the good old minister, having returned him many thanks, with a little money; and travelled to Frederickstadt, a city on the coast of Norway. There we were kindly received by the burgo-master, who not only commanded several persons of the city to entertain us civilly, but gave us some provisions at his own charge. Having left Frederickstadt, we repaired to Oster Sound, three or four miles distant, where shipping lay, and laid in as much provision as our stock could afford, into one bound for England. We embarked in the evening. In the morning before making sail, a ship from Linn, in Norfolk, coming in, was wrecked on the rocks near the harbour. We had not been at sea above two or three hours, when great alarm arose from the ship nearly striking on a half sunken rock, unseen until almost touching it. But about noon we cleared all the rocks on the Norwegian coast.

A fair wind brought us in sight of the English coast after four or five days' sail. Having reached Yarmouth Roads we came to an anchor. On a signal next morning for a pilot, four men came off from Yarmouth. They demanded no less than thirty shillings to carry me, a single person, on shore, while our whole stock was only two pieces of eight; and therefore they were obliged to take less. The landing-place was so bad, that four other men awaiting the arrival of the boat, ran up to their middle in the sea, and dragged it on the beach. I then got into the town of Yarmouth, with a company of people at my heels, wondering at my ragged and wretched condition. The host of an inn, with a sign, the Yarmouth Arms, treated me with uncommon kindness, and I hope God will reward him for it.

ALLEN GEARE'S NARRATIVE.

THE account of the following shipwreck is taken from the narrative of Allen Geare the chief mate, one of the survivors.

The ship was bound for Newfoundland, and sailed from Plymouth in March 1706, with a fleet bound to the Mediterranean, under convoy of the *St. Albans*, a man-of-war. Having made about 120 leagues to the westward, she parted company with the fleet, and proceeded alone on her voyage. On the 26th of March, some ice was seen scattered about the sea, and was conjectured to come from the breaking up of the ice in harbours and rivers, as the wind blew east. The topsails were now handed in, and the ship steered northwards under courses, in hopes of clearing the ice before night. The ice not diminishing, the ship's head was put about to the southward, but the ice remained in as great quantity as ever. The foresail was furled as night came on, and the vessel was brought to under the mainsail. There was a dead wind, so that the ship could lie off on neither tack. It was hoped, by this plan, to strike with less force, in case of falling in with icebergs or large fields.

About nine P.M. the ship ran foul of a field of ice, and struck so hard, that she began to fill with water. Although the crew kept the pumps constantly going, the water gained upon them, and by noon next day, the hold was half-full. In this extremity some urged the captain to hoist out the boat. After some hesitation, he consented to let the boat be lowered with six hands; and that the design might not be suspected, it was given out that it was going to tow the ship clear of the ice. They had only one oar, the rest being broken, by using them to keep off the ship from the floating ice. No effect was produced by the boat, as might have been expected, and it fell astern to take in the captain. A compass and

some other things were conveyed into it. The captain, with Geare and some others, got out at the cabin windows and galleries, intending if possible, to get into the boat. But the crew, observing this, provided themselves with arms, and kept off the boat, resolving, if the boat could not take all, that they should go down together. All but Geare and a sailor named Longmead were obliged to get into the ship again. But these two men dropt into the sea, and swam to the boat. The men in the boat, wishing to save the captain, remained near the ship till night, and then made fast the boat to a piece of ice, and drifted with it.

In the morning, the ship was seen about three leagues off, in the same place where she was the night before. Geare, after much difficulty, prevailed on the boat's crew to row to the ice nearest the ship, and endeavour to get the captain on board. On calling him, the captain came, with so many of the crew, that the boat nearly went down,—twenty-one persons being in her, and clinging round her sides. Some however slipped off, and others perished on the ice, not being able to regain the vessel.

They now determined to make for land the best way they could. Their provisions were a small barrel of flour, with five gallons of brandy, which had been thrown overboard among other things to lighten the ship, and which they picked up. They got hold of an old chest, which was of great use, for, having but one oar, they split it up, and nailed the pieces to handspikes, which served as oars. The nails they drew from the boat. The main tarpaulin was in the boat, and out of this they made a mainsail; and of a piece of old canvas that had served in the yawl, they made a foresail. They now steered north, and got clear of the ice by the next morning. They were now in the clear sea, with the wind easterly. They hoisted their sail, and steered west-north-west about fourteen leagues. They now got among other fields of ice, and attempted to sail through them, but became enclosed, and were obliged to haul up

the boat upon the ice, otherwise they must have perished. There they lay for eleven days without beholding the sea. The ice was very thick, and they were fortunate enough to catch an abundance of seals. They made a pot of the skins, and boiled the lean in the pot.

By remaining so long on the ice the feet of the men began to suffer. The boat was too small to afford room for all. They kept watch six and six, in order that there might be space enough in the boat to sleep, and that there might be enough to save the boat, in case of the ice breaking away from under her, which frequently happened, when it became requisite to launch her, or carry her where it was strong enough to bear her weight.

In eleven days the sea was again seen, and the boat was, not without difficulty, set afloat once more. After sailing some leagues N.N.W., they were again enclosed, and this happened five times. The ice had become so bad, that, though they could not force the boat through it, the weight of a man was sufficient to break it, and thus, though they saw plenty of seals, they could not succeed in capturing any more.

They were thus compelled to limit themselves to short allowance. Their miserable pittance was three ounces of flour and one seal for two days. The flour was boiled in the fat of the seal. At length they were forced to eat, after sharing them equally, even the skin and feet, each affording a little of the fat toward making a fire to cook them. A few ate them raw, and even the bones, to their great injury, so that some died in consequence.

The ice mixed with brandy served them for drink. Their loathsome provisions lasted until they arrived in sight of land; for worn out with bad food, cold, and suffering, they began to die, two, and even three in a day, until they were reduced to nine. The boatswain, the last who died, sunk when the boat was in sight of land.

Their compass was broken by accident on the ice, so that they were obliged to steer by the sun in the day and

the stars at night. At last they saw land on the 24th of April, after being twenty-eight days in the boat.

They arrived at Baccalow, and from thence went to the Bay of Verds, in Newfoundland. There they found several men preparing for a fishing voyage, who took them to their house, and gave them what they could afford in their distress. But these poor creatures had very little for themselves, and they were in consequence unable to maintain the sufferers, who were obliged to go to St. John's, although some of them were so frost-bitten that they were unable to walk, and were carried to their boat. Before they could make Cape Francis, however, the wind changed and compelled them to row all night. In the morning they reached a place called Portugal Cove, and there, to their great delight, found some fishermen preparing for their summer vocation. The fishermen launched a boat, and towed them over to Belleisle, where they were received with much hospitality. They were so weak, that they were carried ashore on men's shoulders. At Belleisle they remained ten days, when, being a little recruited, they proceeded to St. John's. The crew of the ship was 96 in number, but of these only nine were saved, among whom were the captain, chief mate, and surgeon.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE. BY ONE OF THE
SURVIVORS.

THE Royal George was a ship of 100 guns. Originally her guns had been all brass, but when she was docked at Plymouth, either in the spring of 1782 or the year before, the brass forty-two pounders on her lower gun-deck were taken out of her as being too heavy, and iron thirty-two pounders put there in their stead; so that after that she carried brass twenty-four pounders on her main-deck, quarter-deck, and poop, brass thirty-two

pounders on her middle-deck, and iron thirty-two pounders on her lower-deck. She did not carry any carronades. She measured sixty-six feet from the keelson to the taffrail; and being a flag-ship, her lanterns were so large, that the men used to go into them to clean them.

In August 1782, the *Royal George* had come to Spit-head. She was in a very complete state, with hardly any leakage, so that there was no occasion for the pumps to be touched oftener than once in every three or four days. By the 19th of August, she had got six months' provision on board, and also many tons of shot. The ship had her gallants up; the blue flag of Admiral Kemperfelt was flying at the mizen, and the ensign was hoisted on the ensign-staff, and she was in about two days to have sailed to join the fleet in the Mediterranean. It was ascertained that the water-cock must be taken out and a new one put in. The water-cock is something like the top of a barrel,—it is in the hold of a ship on the starboard side, and at that part of the ship called the well. By turning a thing which is inside the ship, the sea-water is let into a cistern in the hold, and it is from that pumped up to wash the decks. To get out the old water-cock, it was necessary to make the ship heel so much on her larboard side as to raise the outside of the water-cock above water. This was done about eight o'clock on the morning of the 19th of August. To do it, all the guns on the larboard side were run out as far as they would go, quite to the breasts of the guns, and the starboard guns drawn in amidship, and secured by tackles, one on each side the gun. This brought the water nearly on a level with the port-holes of the larboard side of the lower gun-deck. The men were working at this water-cock on the outside of the ship for near an hour, the ship remaining on one side, as I have stated.

About nine o'clock A.M., we had just finished our breakfast, and the last lighter, with rum on board, had just come alongside; this vessel was a sloop of about 50 tons, and belonged to three brothers, who used her to carry

things on board the men-of-war. She was lashed to the larboard side of the Royal George, and we were piped to clear the lighter, and stow the rum in the hold. I was in the waist of our ship, on the larboard side, bearing the rum-casks over, as some men of the Royal George were aboard the sloop to sling them.

At first no danger was apprehended from the ship being on one side, although the water kept dashing in at the port-holes at every wave ; and there being mice in the lower part of the ship, which were disturbed by the water, they were hunted in the water by the men, and there had been a rare game going on. However, by about nine the additional quantity of rum on board the ship, and the sea-water which had dashed in at the port-holes, brought the larboard port-holes of the lower gun-deck nearly on a level with the sea.

As soon as that was the case, the carpenter went to the lieutenant of the watch, to ask him to give orders to right ship, as the ship could not bear it. But the lieutenant gave him a very short answer, and the carpenter then went below. The captain's name was Waghorn. He was on board, but where, I do not know ;—however, captains, if anything is to be done while the ship is in harbour, seldom interfere, but leave it all to the officer of the watch. The lieutenant was, if I remember right, the third lieutenant ; his name I do not recollect ; he was a good-sized man, between thirty and forty.

In a very short time the carpenter came up again, and asked the lieutenant of the watch again to right ship, because she could not bear it ; but the lieutenant replied, " Sir, if you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command." I, and a good many more were at the waist of the ship and at the gangways, and heard what passed, and began to be agrieved, for we knew the danger.

In a very short time, the lieutenant ordered the drummer to be called to beat to right ship. The drummer was called in a moment, and as the ship was beginning

to sink, I jumped off the gangway as soon as he was called. There was no time to beat his drum, and I do not know that he had even time to get it. I ran down to my station, and by the time I had got there, the men were tumbling down the hatchways one over another, to get to their stations as quick as possible to right ship. My station was at the third gun from the head of the ship on the larboard side of the lower gun-deck, close by where the cable passes; indeed it was just abaft the bight of the cable. I said to the lieutenant of our gun, whose name was Carrel, (for every gun has a captain and lieutenant, though they are only sailors), "Let us try to bouse our gun out without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right ship." We pushed the gun, but it ran back on us, and we could not start it. The water then rushed in at most of the port-holes on the larboard side of the lower gun-deck; and I said to Carrel, "Ned, lay hold of the ring-bolt, and jump out at the port-hole; the ship is sinking, and we shall all be drowned." He jumped out, but I believe he was drowned, as I never saw him again. I got out at the same port-hole, and when I had done so, I saw the port-hole as full of heads as it would cram, all trying to get out. I caught hold of the best bower-anchor, which was just above me, to prevent my falling back again into the port-hole, and seized hold of a woman who was trying to get out, and dragged her out. The ship was full of Jews, women, and people selling all sorts of things. I threw the woman from me, and just after that the air that was between decks drafted out at the port-holes very quickly. It was quite a huff of wind, and blew me off my feet. The ship then sunk in a moment. I tried to swim, but could not, though I plunged as hard as I could both hands and feet. The sinking of the ship drew me down, but when it touched the bottom, the water boiled up a great deal, and then I felt that I could swim, and began to rise.

At the time the ship was sinking, there was a barrel

of tar on the starboard side of her deck, and that had rolled to the larboard and staved as the ship went down, and when I rose to the surface the tar was floating like fat on the top of a boiler. I got the tar about my hair and face, but I struck it away as well as I could. When my head came above water I heard the cannon ashore firing for distress. I looked about, and saw the main-top-sail halyard block above water, and swam to it, got upon it, and there I rode. The fore, main, and mizen tops, were all above water; as were a part of the bowsprit and part of the ensign-staff, with the ensign upon it.

When I got on the main topsail halyard block, I saw the admiral's baker in the shrouds of the mizen top-mast, and directly after that the woman I pulled out of the port-hole came rolling by: I said to the baker, who was an Irishman named Robert Cleary, "Bob, reach out your hand, and catch hold of that woman. I dare say she is not dead." He said, "I dare say she is dead enough: it is of no use to catch hold of her." I replied, "I dare say she is not dead." He caught hold of the woman, and hung her head over one of the ratlins of the mizen shrouds, but a surf came and knocked her backwards, and away she went rolling over and over. A captain of a frigate lying at Spithead came up in a boat as fast as he could. I put out my left hand towards the woman as a sign to him. He saw it, and his men pulled the woman aboard the boat and laid her on one of the thwarts. The captain called out to me, "I must take care of those that are in more danger than you, my man." I said, "I am safely moored now, sir." There was a seaman named Hibbs hanging by his hands from the main-stay, and the sea washed over him every now and then as much as a yard deep over his head. The captain had his boat rowed to the main-stay, but they got the stay over part of the head of the boat, and were in great danger, before they got Hibbs on board. The captain then got all the men that were in the different parts of the rigging, including myself and the baker, into his boat, and took

us on board the *Victory*, where the doctors recovered the woman, but she was very ill for three or four days. On board the *Victory*, I saw the body of the carpenter, lying on the hearth before the galley fire ; some women were trying to recover him, but he was quite dead.

The captain of the *Royal George*, who could not swim, was picked up and saved by one of our seamen. The lieutenant of the watch, I believe, was drowned. The number of persons who lost their lives I cannot state with any degree of accuracy, because of their being so many Jews, women, and other persons on board who did not belong to the ship. The complement of the ship was nominally 1000 men, but it was not full. Some were ashore, and sixty marines had gone ashore that morning.

Government allowed £5 each to the seamen who were saved, for the loss of their things. I saw the list, and there were only seventy-five. Many of the best men were in the hold stowing away the rum-casks ; they must have all perished, and so must many of the men who were slinging the casks in the sloop. Two of the three brothers belonging to the sloop were drowned, but the third was saved. I have no doubt that the men caught hold of each other, and drowned one another,—those who could not swim taking hold of those who could ; and there is little doubt that as many got into the launch as could cram into her, hoping to save themselves in that way, and all perished in her together.

In a few days after the *Royal George* sunk, bodies would come up, forty or fifty at a time. The watermen made a good thing of it: they would take from the bodies of the men, their buckles, money, and watches, and then make fast a rope to their heels and tow them to land.

The water-cock ought to have been put to rights before the immense quantity of shot was put on board ; but if the lieutenant of the watch had given the order

to right ship a couple of minutes earlier, when the carpenter first spoke to him, nothing amiss would have happened, as three or four men at each tackle of the starboard guns would very soon have boused the guns all out, and have righted the ship. When this happened, the *Royal George* was anchored by two anchors from the head. The wind was rather from the north-west—not much of it—only a bit of a breeze; and there was no sudden gust of wind which made her heel just before she sunk, it was the weight of metal and the water which had dashed in through the port-holes which sank her, and not the effect of the wind upon her. Indeed I do not recollect that she had even what is called a stitch of canvass, to keep her head steady as she lay at anchor.

SHIPWRECK OF RICHARD CASTLEMAN.

Richard Castleman, an English gentleman, gives the following narrative of the loss of the vessel in which he sailed, while engaged in a trading voyage from the Bermudas to Virginia.

On the 12th of April, the sight of a vessel, which we supposed to be a Spanish privateer, alarmed us; we crowded all sail to avoid her, which it would have been difficult to do, if the wind had not changed to S.S.E. blowing a very strong gale. We bore away, and before night lost sight of her.

We continued the same course all night. In the morning watch, the captain, who discovered land from the deck, came into my cabin and desired me to rise. By his looks I knew that something extraordinary had happened, and got on deck to ascertain what it was. I soon found wherein our danger consisted, for we were in sight of Virginia, near Ronoke sand-banks. He endeavoured to weather them, but the ship would not obey the helm, therefore we stood in for land, hoping,

that as it was a bold shore, and the tide was flood, we might manage to land in safety. However, the tide proved to be falling, and we bulged on the Ronoke sand-bank; but by lightening the ship, and cutting the masts by the board, we got clear of this danger. Keeping still in for the shore, we struck again, though not very violently. But the wind increasing, we drove on another sand-bank, where we stuck, and the waves dashed over us. The boat being ordered out, to try if we could in that way gain the shore, I was one of the first that leaped into her; but before we could leave the ship's side, she was stove in pieces. All that could be done in this emergency, was to get into the ship again; and with much difficulty we all accomplished this. Endeavouring to get off the vessel proved a fruitless labour, and we were thus obliged to cease all exertions for saving the cargo.

There were two blacks on board belonging to Captain Bayley, who offered to carry a rope on shore, and make it fast to the stump of a tree; they were excellent divers, and the surge was so violent, that no one could stem the billows but by diving. They succeeded, though with much difficulty, in their intentions, and by the help of the rope, came back to the ship. Captain Bayley, his wife, and the mate, first ventured into the water on the awning of the ship, and reached the shore, though it broke as soon as they landed.

Two of the sailors secured themselves on the rope just as I was going to do so, and very nearly threw me into the sea. Taking leave of all on board, I went into the water, took fast hold of the rope, and with the assistance of one of the negroes got some distance from the ship; but the waves beat with such impetuosity, that I was many times in danger of losing my hold, and being carried into the sea. This should certainly have happened, if I had not been assisted by the black. At last, with much struggling, I by degrees got footing; and every time the sea retired, I betook myself to running.

But at last my strength began to fail, and if the negro had not dragged me along the sand, I must, after this struggle for life, have resigned myself a prey to the waves. After I left the rope, it broke, while some others were upon it, and they were all unhappily drowned.

Some time after I had been on shore, Captain Bayley, his wife, and the mate, came to me, and told me, that they could find no road, nor any of the inhabitants. While lamenting our condition, we heard somebody halloo up in the woods; but on running to see who it was, we found, to our disappointment, that it was one of the sailors who had escaped, hallooming to his companion: and both had got drunk with rum, before they had left the ship. When we were all together, (the captain, his wife, the mate, two white sailors, two negroes, and myself,) we resolved to walk in quest of habitations. We went southwards, but our progress was soon interrupted by impenetrable woods, which forced us to return. We then went northward, but there large swamps opposed us; and we could not see the smallest indication of any habitation. Thus environed as we were, we were obliged to return. Notwithstanding my own depression of mind, I endeavoured to cheer my fellow-sufferers; and, that we might be sheltered from the inclemency of the night, we by joint labour pulled down a number of palmeto leaves; with these, and pieces of trees torn off, we built a hut, and sheltered it from the weather as well as possible. We had nothing to lie on but the wet ground, and our clothes were dripping with rain and salt water. However, in spite of all my wants and misfortunes, I slept soundly till morning.

When we collected again in the morning, that is, seven of us,—for one of the drunken sailors was found dead at some distance from the cabin,—by my advice, we addressed ourselves to Almighty God for succour. The mate, however, told us that praying alone would not do; so, while we prayed, he would go and seek. After our prayers were over, we saw the mate, along with a

stranger, coming towards us. We ran immediately to meet him: under his arm he carried a small tub of butter, which the sea had cast up; and though it was mixed with sand and gravel, we devoured it as greedily as if it had been the most delicious food. Unfortunately it made us all sick, and we vomited. To relieve us, the stranger gave us a couple of pines, which we ate greedily. The mate informed us that a puncheon of water was thrown on shore; we eagerly hastened to it, and my tobacco-box served for a cup. We were prevented by the mate from drinking too much, lest our lives should be endangered; but this indifferent repast revived our spirits, and enabled us to bear the fatigue of the day.

The vessel, broken in many places, was driven close on shore; and it was a melancholy sight to see the dead bodies covering the sand. The captain and his wife almost went distracted to see the bodies of his sister and one of their children. For my part, I had to regret the loss of my cargo, which, consisting of indigo, cotton, and stoneware, would have yielded £1500 to my own share, if it had arrived safe. The mate, however, found my box, which contained my money, linen, and my book of accounts. We buried it in a place which I marked by several objects.

After doing all we could about the wreck, we set out for the stranger's plantation, which was ten miles distant. In four hours, which I ascertained by having saved my watch from the wreck, we beheld the pleasing appearance of smoke from a chimney, indicating the dwelling of our guide. The accommodation, however, was but indifferent. No other food was to be got than some hung beef, and ground Indian corn mixed with milk, and dried before the fire; but this was feasting to us in our present condition. There were only two beds in the house, which the family gave up to us; the captain and his wife had one, the mate and I the other.

I deferred returning for my box till the second day

after our arrival, being indisposed from the fatigue I had undergone ; besides, I had lost my hearing by lying on the ground, nor did I completely recover it till I arrived in England. We fortunately recovered the box, and the negroes by turns carried it safe to the plantation. It contained a considerable quantity of linen, which I lent to my fellow-sufferers ; but it was a strange thing to behold so many scare-crows, with tattered coats, and fine ruffled shirts.

What our host found of the wreck paid him very well for our entertainment.

Here we stayed five days to recruit ourselves, and then resolved to go up the river to wait on Colonel Carew, deputy-governor of Carolina, with whom I was acquainted. We hired a canoe with two sails, and reached the colonel's plantation next morning, where we were courteously received. Having left him, we came to the governor's house the same evening, which is situated on the river Nataway, about fifty leagues from the sea.

I sent up one of the men to inform the governor of my arrival ; and he immediately came to meet me, accompanied by Captain Cratback, a native of Bermuda, with whom I had been long acquainted. He had left Bermuda after our departure, and the governor and he had just been wishing that I might have escaped the storm. Whenever the governor saw me, he expressed his sorrow for my misfortune, saying, " I can easily perceive an ill wind has driven you hither." He received us all most kindly, and we partook of a most plentiful supper.

The governor having but few beds, the captain and his wife went to Mr. Glover's, a neighbouring gentleman, who lived about half a mile off ; and the secretary insisted on my accompanying him home. Here I sat down, and made another most hearty supper, and I must confess, I never thought that I should bring my stomach to its proper tone again. After drinking heartily, we went to bed, and next morning break-

fasted on broiled fowls and chocolate. My readers, I hope, will not ridicule my taking notice so often of eating, till they put themselves in my starved condition.

Soon after the incidents recorded took place, Mr. Castleman reached London in safety, vowing never again to trust himself to the dangers of the sea.

THE LOSS OF THE AMPHITRITE.

“I have seen a shipwreck! No one who has not witnessed such a frightful scene can imagine anything of its horrors.” These were the words I used in a letter to a friend two days after the disastrous wreck of the *Amphitrite* on this coast; and now, all the circumstances of the case have transpired, and been (as people imagine) thoroughly sifted and examined, these words again recur to me, as the most expressive of my thoughts and feelings. In the circumstances attending this catastrophe, there is much which ought to be widely known—in England especially; much from which we may gather instruction, and perhaps become wiser and better. Therefore it is that I sit down to write an account of all that I have seen.

On the night of the 31st of August, (Saturday) I walked down to the port with a friend—no, not walked—my progression cannot have that name; I strained my limbs, arms, and legs, and with an effort I had not before conceived would be required, I slowly advanced to the end of the pier. Thousands have reason to remember that awful storm! The wind blew most furiously, drifting the sand along with vengeance directly in our faces. Tall men and strong men stood still at times, and turned their backs, unable to proceed an inch, and holding fast by the railing of the pier, to prevent their being blown over. We at length arrived at the extremity of the pier, where there were a dozen or twenty seamen, who

seemed on the look-out. There was a vessel about half a mile along the coast northward. It appeared to us to be slowly advancing to port. We spoke to the sailors about it. Some of them said nothing in reply; some said it was lying to; but no one seemed in the least interested about the matter; and we concluded that as they must know more about sea matters than we did, there could not be any imminent danger for the vessel, especially as it was so near port. We returned home, satisfied with the answers of the Frenchmen, and feeling that they were there waiting for the first symptoms of danger. Indeed, but for our inquiries and our making the greatest exertion to use our eyes, (while the storm was drifting in our faces,) we should have known nothing of the matter; for there was not the least thing in the appearance of the sailors which could indicate that any matter of interest or alarm was going on: all was as quiet as it could be in such a gale. The first frightful intelligence of the wreck was brought to me on Sunday morning, before I rose, by the children of the amiable family I reside with, who came flocking to my room with wonder-speaking faces: "Oh! a ship has been wrecked—a convict-ship—and all on board are drowned!" "Then how came you to know it was a convict-ship, if all are drowned?" I replied, more than half suspecting that they were playfully attempting to practise on my credulity. To this they could make no satisfactory reply, but that "they had heard it from their maid." I too soon, however, found that it was almost literally true. A ship of 200 tons, laden with English female convicts, bound to Australia, had been wrecked that night, and three persons only out of 130 were saved! And that was the ship I had caught a glimpse of on the previous evening!

I was soon at the port. How had this horrible event come to pass, and how was it possible so near the shore? These and a hundred other questions were in every mouth; and what every one asked none could answer.

Many contradictory reports were afloat, none of which subsequently proved true. The prevailing account was, that a French sailor had gone off in a boat to the captain of the lost vessel on Saturday evening, and offered assistance, telling him of his danger : but that the captain had refused all help from ashore, saying, that he would land the convicts safely in New South Wales, or perish. The greater part of this was false. One French boat only put to sea ; and the man soon returned, thinking he had done enough to gain a character for bravery, and propagated this story. The three men who were saved denied that the captain refused assistance ; and said, that when the boat drew near, one went to the hold for a rope, and on his return with one, the boat had turned, and was making again for shore. They added, that the captain was not made aware of his danger. Another story was, that the captain was insensible, or stupified by his misfortune, from the time the ship struck. This was also denied by the sailors. These stories, however, travelled to England, and one, also, which made out that the mate was saved ; and information of some particulars was given on his pretended evidence, when the poor man was drowned !

The scene which appeared in the suburbs, where the three men who swam ashore were lying in an exhausted state, was most revolting. At about ten o'clock on Sunday morning, while the dead bodies which had been washed ashore were being conveyed in carts to the hospital, these poor men were beset on every hand with questioners of every order. I shall not forget easily the horrid eagerness of different persons to get the first information. "Tell me, sir, I am the correspondent of such a newspaper, and first information is of great importance to our journal."

In the course of half an hour, no fewer than thirty bodies of women had been washed up at the gates of Barry's Marine Hotel. Many of them were warm : and the greatest humanity and attention were displayed by

the people of the hotel, and the persons residing there. But there was only *one* surgeon for fifty or more drowned women; and they had no apparatus for restoring circulation or communicating warmth—there is no such thing, they say, at Boulogne. Many might have been saved by such means; but nothing was resorted to but warm cloths, warm water, and a few such things. By eleven o'clock, no fewer than sixty-three dead women were placed in rows, in a long room of the Hospice St Louis, in the Rue de l'Hôpital. It was a scene that might have shaken the stoutest heart. Among them there was a young mother, with her infant clasped in her arms. A great number were fine young women, and many would soon have become mothers. Two or three hours before, all were alive, and thought not even of danger; and now the half-naked, and scarcely cold bodies, were lying one inanimate mass—the young with the old—the newly made mother with her that was about to bring forth—and these were my wretched countrywomen! There was a dreary silence in that chamber, broken only by the mumbling voices of the attendant nuns and their busy steps; and many were gazing with heartless curiosity—and some with the accustomed air of those to whom it was a matter of business—and some were touched with pity.

Without dwelling on the apathy and cowardice of the French sailors, will it be believed, that the prefect (or mayor) was at the sea-side, and saw the distress of the *Amphitrite* on Saturday evening, and coolly went home to take his dinner, without adopting any measures for the assistance of the crew! The vessel was within hailing distance, and the sailors who were saved affirmed that the water was not higher than a man's breast. Yet a hundred and twenty-seven souls were lost. This could not have occurred on an English coast. Had a French vessel been wrecked at one of our ports, and had we been even at war with France, the crew would have been all rescued, and every Englishman within call

would have been there to offer assistance. A dozen Englishmen would not have stood on the shore two hours looking on!

The sum of the evidence of the three men who were saved is this: The captain, finding it impossible to get into port, intentionally ran his vessel ashore, as high up as he could, intending to wait there for the tide, which, on rising, he thought would carry him further in. His error seems to have been, that he did not immediately disembark his crew, as he had a boat. But this error proceeded from his not being aware of the danger of the coast. No one on board dreamt of danger; they went to supper quite securely; and then the women, who had been dreadfully sea-sick the whole day, got into their berths (which circumstance accounts for their being nearly naked). It was about eight o'clock that the ship was driven over its anchor; and by the violence of the storm, the poop was broken off, (and the women's berths were below it,) and in a moment the whole crew were in the waves. Even then the sailors on shore put off no boat. Still, considering so powerful a wind was blowing directly on shore, it is astonishing that so few were saved. Many of the bodies when first cast up were warm, and the apparatus of an English Humane Society might have restored them; but they were cruelly neglected; the French guard would allow none but the authorized persons to convey the dying women from the sands.

I was standing or walking about at the sea-side, from eleven o'clock to half-past one on the day of the wreck, and the scene exhibited was revolting. The lower orders of the French people were there in droves, with carts and horses: many of them walked up to their middle into the water, to seize with a disgusting avidity, the spoils of the wreck. The warm bodies were stripped for plunder, before one thought was bestowed on their restoration. The conduct of the people was more like folks at a merry-making than anything else. In the afternoon it

was low water, and the sun came out a little. All Boulogne flocked to the wreck. The Sunday morning scramble for plunder had seemed a matter of business; the afternoon looked like a gala-day. In the evening the theatre was open as usual!

The funeral of sixty-three women took place on the following day. At two o'clock, the gloomy procession moved from the Rue l'Hôpital to the cemetery—the English and French authorities, and the clergyman, going before. The eagerness of the people pressing noisily against the cemetery gates before they were opened, was very revolting; nor did they preserve a very decent silence during the interment. The procession advanced to the cemetery by the lower ramparts of the town, the coffins (such as they were) borne on wretched carts. The cemetery is exceedingly well preserved; it is surrounded with iron rails, and planted with trees and flowers. There lie the remains of my countrywomen, the unhappy convicts of the *Amphitrite*!

CHAPTER V.

FAMINE AND PROTRACTED SUFFERING.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed
In silent horror. BYRON.

LOSS OF THE BRIG TYRREL, AND DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF THE CREW.

THE brig *Tyrrel*, Captain Coghlan, sailed from New York, 28th June 1759. She was bound for Antigua.

When they set out, the weather was very stormy, and the vessel heeled greatly, being deficient in ballast. In the afternoon the weather became more moderate; and the captain employed himself in painting the boat, with its appurtenances of oars, helm, and tiller. On the 30th, at four in the afternoon, a hard gale blew from N.N.E., and they felt much alarm, exhorting the captain to return to New York, as the vessel did not seem in a fit condition for the voyage. The top-gallant sails were taken in, and the top-sail close reefed in the evening; but the sea again turning calmer, more sail was made. The gale increased till the 2d July—they took in an additional reef in each top-sail, and brought down the top-gallant yard. There was water then in the hold, but not more than could be pumped out by each watch; and they brought forward the two after-guns, in order to make the wind shift to her head. This it did at four in the morning, without any probability of its abating. The captain now finding that the vessel was crank, and should have had more ballast, agreed to stand for Bacon Island Road, in North Carolina. While in the act of wearing her for this purpose, a sudden squall laid her on her beam ends, never to rise again. She was completely overset; sails, masts, and rigging lying in the water.

At the time of the accident, Purnell, the chief mate, who had never undressed from the time he left New York, lay on a chest in the cabin. He was rolled off by the ship going over, and with difficulty reached the round-house door, where he was instantly knocked down against the companion by the step ladder, which led from the quarter-deck to the poop. A fortunate circumstance this,—for the ladder made for them a communication to windward; and they could get through the aftermost gun-port on the quarter-deck. As the ship was completely on her broadside, every article rolled down as she went over; among these was the boat, the lashings of which having been cut by the captain's order, she turned

bottom upwards. A prompt effort was necessary, and Purnell, the cabin-boy, and two others, being good swimmers, plunged into the sea. At length they righted the boat, but she remained brimful, and washed with the water's edge. By means of the painter or rope, they lifted her a little out of the water, so that she swam about two or three inches free, though almost full within. The cabin-boy and another were put in her, with buckets which chanced to float by. They commenced baling her, and in a short time got the water out. Two long oars were next put into the boat, and they rowed right to windward; the mate and two men put off from the wreck, and succeeded in getting the oars, rudder, and tiller. Their return gave much joy to their companions, who had given them up for lost.

While rowing about in a boat, a small cask, containing about half a peck of white biscuit, was picked up; but it was converted into dough: they had also a small quantity of common sea-biscuit. This was their whole stock of provisions!—and they had no fresh water. Seventeen persons had embarked in a boat about 19 feet long, and 6 feet broad, which scarcely kept up in the water. They had to keep before wind and sea.

A compass was on board; but some one having trod upon it, it was so broken as to be useless. They made a sail of their clothes, but had neither needles nor thread to stitch it together; one, however, had a knife and some fishing lines, which served as a substitute, and they rigged a very tolerable lug-sail before sunset. They made a mast of one of the two long oars; and got a yard by splitting one of the thwarts of the boat. They went on, their only guide the polar star, a fresh breeze blowing during the night. On the 5th July, they judged that they were steering for the land. Next day, some seemed fatigued, and drank salt water. In two days, the wind shifted; it then died away, and the oars being got out, all laboured at them without distinction; but the wind rising again rendered this toil unnecessary, and

from the coldness of the water, they judged that they were in soundings. This cheered them. At night they found that they had been steering north by west. On the 10th July, some of them, in their raging thirst, drank much salt water. The second mate and the carpenter were sinking; at night the latter grew perfectly frantic, and nearly upset the boat by attempting to throw himself out; but as his strength ebbed, he became less violent, and was persuaded to lie down below the seats. About sunset the second mate became speechless. Next day both died. The rest thought that they should soon follow their miserable comrades; all betook themselves to prayers; they then threw the dead bodies overboard.

The weather being now mild and calm, the boat was cleaned, and the sail enlarged. Purnell fixed his red flannel waistcoat at the mast-head as a signal of distress. Soon after they saw a sloop at a great distance, approaching as they thought from the land, which raised their spirits a little. They got out the oars, labouring by turns, and exerting their remaining strength to reach her. But night came on, and the sloop being no longer seen, they were overwhelmed with disappointment. But still, from keeping the polar star on the larboard bow, they entertained the hope of reaching land. During this night, one of their number, a seaman aged 64, died; his last prayer was for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Next day two others expired.

The wind rose high on the morning of the 13th, so that they had to furl the sail, and keep the boat before wind and sea, which drove her off soundings. The wind falling, they hoisted the sail, and a fine breeze from the south-west prevailed during the night. The gunner died; and of those who survived not one had strength to row. Next day, four more expired. They again came on soundings, and at night, as well as they could judge, stood in for the land. The sufferings of two more were at an end on the 15th; their bodies were thrown overboard, as those of the others had been, as soon as the

breath was gone. Next day hazy weather rendered their course no longer certain. That evening three more died; one was a large and corpulent man, and the united strength of the survivors was hardly equal to the task of throwing him in the water. The cabin-boy next died. Only three now remained; one after another of their original number had protracted a wretched existence, to die the most dreadful death—that of famine.

In the morning, Purnell asked the other two whether they could eat any of the boy's flesh. The body being quite cold, he cut a piece out of the inside of the thigh. Part of this he gave to the captain and boatswain, reserving a small portion to himself. But when they attempted to swallow the nauseous morsel, it was rejected by their stomachs, and they threw the body overboard.

Next day Purnell found himself alone; both his companions were stiff and cold. But his understanding was still unimpaired, though his body seemed as weak as an infant's. He never lost hope of making land, and knew from the colour and coldness of the water that it could not be very far off. The weather being still foggy, he lay-to all night, with the boat's head to the northward. Next evening, he thought he saw land, and stood for it; but afraid of falling among shoals, he lay-to again.

On the 22d July, he saw some barnacles on the boat's rudder, which confirmed him in the idea that land was near. He got off the rudder, and scraping them off with his knife, ate them; but he could scarcely replace the rudder, the boat making much motion. He felt even joyful next morning at sunrise, being certain that he should yet see land.

He rose up in the middle of the day, and leaning his back against the mast, felt himself revived by the sun. Next day he saw a sail at a great distance, proceeding he thought for the land; on which he steered in that direction all night; but in the morning found he had lost sight of the vessel.

On the morning of the 25th July, to his inexpressible

joy, he saw a sail, and perceived, after he was completely up, that she was a two-masted vessel. He was astern, a great way to leeward; he tacked about, and saw her fast approaching. He then lay-to, till she was within two miles. Edging towards her, he got within half a mile, and saw some people on the deck, who beckoned to him to come under their lee-bow. When he came alongside, they threw a rope to him. Some hesitation ensued among the schooner's people, arising from the shape of the boat, and the way she was painted, which made her look like a man-of-war's boat, and rendered them apprehensive that they would be punished if they took Purnell in; and then from seeing the two bodies lying, which Purnell had not had strength to remove, they feared that they had died of some contagious disease. After some suspense, they asked him to come on board; and on his answering that he could not do so without assistance, two men were sent by the captain to help him in.

Purnell got a drink of fresh water immediately—the first he had tasted for twenty-three days. He was assisted to the cabin, and they gave him some soup, but he could scarcely swallow; and his body being covered with ulcers, made him feel the most acute pain. He was put to bed, helpless as a child, and a man was kept constantly watching by him till the schooner came to anchor. He was taken ashore in a boat, two men being required to support him. After he had landed, three weeks elapsed before he could rise; and it was two months before he had regained anything like his former strength.

STORY OF THE SLOOP PEGGY.*

ON the 27th of August 1765, the sloop Peggy sailed from New York, bound for Fayal, one of the Azore islands, in the Atlantic Ocean. The crew consisted of David Harrison, commander, a mate, and five seamen; and the cargo was composed of lumber, pipe-staves, bee's-wax, fish, and a negro slave. The vessel arrived in safety at the place of its destination, and on the 24th of the following October departed on its return for New York, with a cargo of wine, brandy, and some other commodities, also the negro, who remained unsold. For four or five days after their departure from Fayal, the master and crew of the Peggy experienced fine weather and pleasant gales, and they expected to make a more than usually quick passage homeward; but all hope of this kind soon proved to be fallacious. A dreadful storm began to blow; the greater part of the sails were carried away by the hurricane, and in this dismantled condition the vessel could make very little head-way. To aggravate the calamity, the vessel showed symptoms of having sprung a leak, and the water in the hold had to be removed by pumping.

For an entire month, until the first of December, the crew of the Peggy did their best to keep the vessel on its course; but at the end of that time they had made little progress; and now a new and still more dreadful calamity presented itself. The time already spent on the voyage had consumed the stock of provisions on board, excepting bread and water, of which a small quantity only was left. The cargo of wine and brandy also remained, but these could be of little benefit, from the want of substantial food on board. In this distressing state of affairs, they came to a daily allowance of a quarter of a pound of bread, with a quart of water

* From Chambers's Journal.

and a pint of wine, for each man. Every day, from the first of December, their condition grew worse. The ship was now become very leaky, the waves were swelled into huge rough billows by the storm, and the thunder rolled almost incessantly over their heads, in those loud peals which are common to hurricanes within the tropics. In this frightful conjuncture, either of sinking with the wreck, or floating on it till they perished of hunger, they fell in with two vessels, but, to their unspeakable distress, the weather was so bad that there could be no communication between the ships; they therefore, with sensations probably more bitter than death itself, saw the vessels that would willingly have relieved them, gradually disappear on the distant and tempestuous horizon.

It was now thought necessary that the allowance of bread and water to each man, however scanty, should be farther contracted. All consented to a regulation of which all saw the necessity, and the allowance was lessened by degrees till every morsel of food was exhausted, and only about two gallons of dirty water remained in the bottom of a cask. Both from respect for the captain, and from his being in a state of severe illness, the dregs of the water were abandoned to him in his cabin, where he lay in a species of rheumatic fever. The remainder of the persons on board, seven in number, including the negro, had now no other means of sustenance than the wine and brandy in the hold. These they consequently seized upon, and in their desperation drank of both till the frenzy of hunger was increased by drunkenness, and exclamations of distress were blended with impious howls and imprecations. In the midst of these horrors, this complication of want and excess, of distraction and despair, they espied another sail. Every eye was instantly turned towards it, and immoveably fixed upon it; every one broke out into ecstasies of joy and devotion. Devotion among such people, and in such circumstances, naturally deviated

into superstition. Some of the company observed that it was Christmas day, and seemed to think that the season had an influence on their approaching deliverance, and was appropriated to their temporal as well as spiritual salvation. A proper signal of distress was hung out, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, they had the unspeakable satisfaction of being near enough to the ship to communicate their situation. The captain of the strange ship promised them such relief as was in his power, which he said extended only to some bread, being himself contracted in every other article. This bread, however, he delayed with the most unpromising insensibility to bestow, upon pretence that he was making an observation which it was necessary to finish; the poor famished wretches therefore waited an hour in the most anxious suspense, yet in perfect confidence of supply, and Captain Harrison being quite exhausted with hunger, fatigue, and infirmity, finding his eyes fail him, and having a severe rheumatism in his knees, went down to rest himself in the cabin. He expected every moment to hear that the promised biscuit was coming on board; but he had not waited a quarter of an hour before his people came running down with looks of unutterable despair, and told him, in accents scarcely intelligible, that the vessel was making away as fast as she could, without affording them even the little relief she had promised. At this terrible intelligence, the captain crawled upon deck, and found it was true. The wretch who commanded the vessel had even crowded more sail than he had spread before, and in less than five hours was out of sight.

As long as the poor creatures whom he had deserted to distraction and famine, could retain the least trace of him, they hung about the shrouds, and ran from one part of the ship to the other, with frantic gestures and ghastly looks, to collect more visible signs of distress; they pierced the air with their cries while they could yet be heard, and implored assistance with still louder lamentations,

as the distance between them increased ; but the vessel, under the direction of inexorable inhumanity, pursued its course, and no farther notice was taken of their distress.

The crew, once more deserted, and cut off from their last hope, were still prompted, by an instinctive love of life, to preserve it as long as its preservation was possible. The only living creatures on board the vessel, besides themselves, were two pigeons and a cat. The pigeons were killed immediately, and divided among them for their Christmas dinner. The next day they killed their cat ; and as there were nine to partake of the repast, they divided her into nine parts, which they disposed of by lot.

It would naturally be supposed by those who have suffered only such distress as is common to man, that anxiety, terror, anguish, and indignation,—all the passions that upon such a desertion could have contended in the breast,—would have taken away at least that appetite which makes food pleasing, even while nature was sinking for want of sustenance ; yet Captain Harrison declares, that the head of this poor cat having fallen to his share, he never ate any thing that he thought so delicious in his life.

The next day the people began to scrape the ship's bottom for barnacles, but the waves had beaten off most of those above water, and the men were too weak to hang long over the ship's side. During all this time the poor wretches were drunk, and a sense of their condition seemed to evaporate in execration and blasphemy. While they were continually heating wine in the steerage, the captain subsisted upon the dirty water at the bottom of the cask, half a pint of which, with a few drops of Turlington's balsam, was his whole subsistence for four-and-twenty hours. In this condition he waited for death, the approach of which, he says, he could have contemplated without much emotion, if it had not been

for the difficulties in which he should have left his wife and children.

He still flattered himself, at intervals, with some random hope that another vessel might come within sight of them, and take them on board; but the time allotted for the experiment was apparently short, as well because they had nothing to eat, as because the ship was very leaky, and the men were too feeble, and, indeed, too drunk, to keep the water under by working the pumps. They suffered another aggravation of their calamity, which will scarcely occur to any reader. As they had devoured every eatable on board, they had neither candle nor oil; and it being the depth of winter, when they had not perfect daylight eight hours in the four-and-twenty, they passed the other sixteen in total darkness, except the glimmering light of the fire. Still, however, by the help of their only sail, they made a little way; but on the 28th December another storm overtook them, which blew this *only* sail into rags. The vessel now lay quite like a wreck in the water, and was wholly at the mercy of the winds and waves.

How they subsisted from this time till the 13th of January,—sixteen days,—does not appear. Their biscuit had been long exhausted; the last bit of meat which they tasted was their cat, on the 26th of December; all their candle-fat and oil were devoured before the 28th; and they could procure no barnacles from the ship's side; yet, on the 13th of January, they were all alive; and the mate, at the head of the people, came in the evening to the captain in his cabin, half drunk indeed, but with sufficient sensibility to express the horror of their purpose in their countenances. They said they could hold out no longer; that their tobacco was exhausted; that they had eaten up all the leather belonging to the pump, and even the buttons from their jackets; and that now they had no means of preventing their perishing together, but casting lots which of them should perish

for the sustenance of the rest ; they therefore hoped he would concur in the measure desired, and he would favour them with his determination immediately.

The captain perceiving they were in liquor, endeavoured to soothe them from their purpose as well as he could ; desired they would endeavour to get some sleep, and said, that if Providence did not interpose in their favour, he would consult further on the subject the next morning.

This mild attempt to divert them from their design, only rendered them outrageous ; and they swore, with execrations of peculiar horror, that what was to be done must be done immediately ; that it was indifferent to them whether he acquiesced or dissented ; and that, though they had paid him the compliment of acquainting him with their resolution, they would compel him to take his chance with the rest ; for general misfortune, they said, put an end to personal distinction.

The captain not being in a condition to resist, told them they must do as they pleased, but that he would on no account give orders for the death of the person on whom the lot might fall, nor partake of so horrid a repast.

Upon this they left him abruptly, and went into the steerage ; but in a few minutes came back, and told him that they had taken a chance for their lives, and that the lot had fallen on the negro, who was part of the cargo.

The little time taken to cast the lot, and the private manner of conducting the decision, gave the captain strong suspicions that they had not dealt fairly by the victim. The poor fellow, however, knowing what had been determined against him, and seeing one of the crew loading a pistol to dispatch him, ran to the captain, begging that he would endeavour to save his life. But the captain could only regret his want of power to protect him ; and he saw him the next moment

dragged into the steerage, where he was almost immediately shot through the head.

Having made a large fire, they began to cut him up almost as soon as he was dead. One of the ringleaders, whose name was James Campbell, being ravenously impatient for food, tore the liver out of the body, and devoured it raw, notwithstanding the fire at his hand, where it might have been dressed in a few minutes. They continued busy the principal part of the night with their horrid feast, and did not retire till two in the morning.

About eight o'clock the next day, the mate went to the captain, to ask his orders about pickling the body. This, the captain says, he considered as an instance of great brutality, and was so much shocked at it, that he took up a pistol, and declared in his turn, that he would send his mate after the negro, if he did not retire. It is to be regretted that he did not make the same effort to save the poor fellow's life, that he did to prevent pickling his body. The best thing he could have done when he was dead, was, to give such orders as might make the food that was so dearly obtained go as far as possible, that it might be longer before they were again urged by the same horrid necessity to commit another murder; and pickling the body seems to be the best thing that could have been done with that view. As the captain, however, would not give his advice, the crew took care of their provisions without it; and having all consulted together, they cut the body in small pieces, and pickled it, after throwing the head and fingers overboard, by common consent.

How the captain subsisted all this time, from the 25th of December till the 17th of January, does not appear; but as it is certain that total abstinence would have killed him in much less time, we must suppose the dirty water and drops kept him alive.

On the third day after the death of the negro, Campbell, the midshipman, who had devoured the liver raw,

died raving mad. This the crew imputed to his impatient voracity; and as their hunger was now kept under, and they had still some food in store, they were more under the government of reason, and more impressed by the apprehension of danger yet nearer than that of perishing for want of food. Dreading, therefore, the consequence of eating Campbell's body, they with reluctance threw it overboard.

On the next day, the 17th January, as they were preparing their dinner, by frying or boiling some of the body, they said of the captain, "Well, though he would not consent to our having any meat, let us give him some;" and immediately one of them came into the cabin, and offered him a steak. This offer he rejected with resentment and menaces which certainly it did not deserve; for they offered him nothing but what they thought necessity justified the acceptance of, as the only condition of life. If he had rejected the offer with grief and abhorrence, the passion would have suited the occasion. The food, he says, he held in horror; but he honestly confesses that sickness had then taken away his desire to eat, and that therefore there was not much merit in his abstinence.

As the negro's carcass was husbanded with severe economy, it lasted the crew, now consisting of six persons, from the 13th till the 26th of January, when they were again reduced to total abstinence except their wine; this they endured till the 29th, and then the mate came again to the captain, at the head of the people, and told him that the negro's body having been totally consumed some days, and no ship having appeared, it was now become necessary that they should cast lots a second time. It was better to die separately, they said, than all at once, as some might possibly survive by the expedient they proposed, till a ship might take them up. The captain endeavouring again to reason them out of their purpose, but without success, and therefore, considering that if they managed the lot without him, as they had

done before, he might not have fair play, he consented to manage it himself; he therefore called them all into his cabin, where he was in bed, and having with great difficulty raised himself up, he caused the lots to be drawn in the same manner that the lottery tickets were drawn at Guildhall.

The lot fell upon one David Flat, a foremast man. The shock of the decision was so great, that the whole company remained motionless and silent for a considerable time, and probably would have done so much longer, if the victim himself, who appeared perfectly resigned, had not expressed himself to this effect: "My dear friends, messmates, and fellow-sufferers, all I have to beg of you is to despatch me as soon as you did the negro, and to put me to as little torture as possible." Then turning to one Doud, the man who shot the negro, "It is my desire," says he, "that you should shoot me." Doud, with much reluctance, consented. The victim then begged a short time to prepare himself for death, to which his companions most willingly agreed. Flat was greatly respected by the whole ship's company, and during this interval, they seemed inclined not to insist upon his life; yet, finding no alternative but to perish with him, and having in some measure lulled their sense of horror at the approaching scene by a few draughts of wine, they prepared for the execution, and a fire was kindled in the steerage to dress their first meal as soon as their companion should become their food.

Yet still, as the dreadful moment approached, their compunction increased, and friendship and humanity at length became stronger than hunger and death. They determined that Flat should live at least till eleven o'clock the next morning, hoping, as they said, that the divine goodness would in the mean time open some other source of relief; at the same time they begged the captain to read prayers, a task which, with the utmost effort of his collected strength, he was just able to perform.

As soon as prayers were over, he lay down ready to faint, and the company went immediately to their unfortunate friend Flat. The captain could hear them talk to him with great earnestness and affection, expressing their hope that God would interpose for his preservation, and assuring him, that though they never yet could catch, or even see a fish, yet they would put out all their hooks again to try if any relief could be procured.

Poor Flat, however, could derive little comfort from the concern they expressed, and it is not improbable that their expressions of friendship and affection increased the agitation of his mind. Such, however, it was as he could not sustain, for, before midnight, he grew almost deaf, and by four o'clock in the morning was raving mad. His messmates, who discovered the alteration, debated whether it would not be an act of humanity to dispatch him immediately, but the first resolution of sparing him till eleven prevailed.

About eight in the morning, as the captain was ruminating in his cabin, on the fate of this unhappy wretch, who had but three hours to live, two of his people came hastily down with uncommon ardour in their looks, and seizing both his hands, fixed their eyes upon him without saying a syllable. The captain, who recollected that they had thrown Campbell's body overboard, notwithstanding their necessities, for fear of catching his madness, now apprehended, that, fearing to eat Flat for the same reason, they were come to sacrifice him in his stead; he therefore disengaged himself by a sudden effort, and snatching up a pistol, stood upon his defence. The poor men, guessing his mistake, made shift to tell him that their behaviour was merely the effect of surprise and joy, that they had discovered a sail, and that the sight had so overcome them, they were unable to speak.

They said that the sail appeared to be a large vessel, that it was to the leeward, and stood for them in as fair a direction as could be wished. The rest of the crew

came down immediately afterwards, and confirmed the report of a sail, but said that she seemed to bear away from them upon a contrary course.

The account of a vessel's being in sight of signals, on whatever course she steered, struck the captain with such excessive and tumultuous joy, that he was very near expiring under it. As soon as he could speak, he directed his people to make every possible signal of distress; the ship indeed was a signal of the most striking kind, but he was apprehensive the people at a distance might conclude there was nothing alive on board, and so stand away without coming near it. His orders were obeyed with the utmost alacrity; and as he lay in his cabin, he had the inexpressible happiness of hearing them jumping upon deck, and crying out, "She nears us! she nears us! she is standing this way!"

The approach of the ship being more and more manifest every moment, their hope naturally increased; but in the midst of this joy, they remembered their unfortunate shipmate Flat, and regretted that he could not be made sensible of his approaching deliverance. Their passions, however, were still characteristic, and they proposed a can of joy to be taken immediately. This the captain with great prudence strenuously opposed, and at length, though with some difficulty, convinced them that their deliverance in a great measure depended upon the regularity of that moment's behaviour.

All but the mate, therefore, gave up the can, which would have made them all very drunk before the vessel could come up with them, and he disappeared to take the can of joy by himself.

After continuing to observe the progress of the vessel for some hours, with all the tumult and agitation of mind that such a suspense could not fail to produce, they had the mortification to find the gale totally die away, so that the vessel was becalmed at two miles' distance; they did not, however, suffer long by this accident, for in a few minutes they saw the boat put out from the ship's stern,

and row towards them full manned, and with vigorous dispatch. As they had been twice before confident of deliverance, and disappointed, and as they still considered themselves tottering on the verge of eternity, the conflict between their hopes and fears during the approach of the boat may easily be conceived by a reader of imagination.

At length, however, she came alongside, but the appearance of the crew was so ghastly, that the men rested upon their oars, and with looks of inconceivable astonishment, asked what they were. Being at length satisfied, they came on board, and begged the people to use the utmost expedition in quitting their wreck, lest they should be overtaken by a gale of wind, that would prevent their getting back to their ship.

The captain being unable to stir, they lifted him out of his cabin, and let him down into the boat by ropes, and his people followed him with poor Flat still raving; and they were just putting off, when one of them observed that the mate was wanting; he was immediately called to, and the can of joy had just left him power to crawl to the gunnel with a look of idiot astonishment, having, to all appearance, forgot every thing that had happened.

Having with some difficulty got the poor drunken creature on board they rowed away, and in about an hour reached the ship. She was the *Susannah* of London, in the Virginia trade, commanded by Captain Thomas Evers, and was returning from Virginia to London. The captain received them with the greatest tenderness and humanity, promised to lie by the wreck till the next morning, that he might, if possible, save some of Captain Harrison's clothes; the wind, however, blowing very hard before night, he was obliged to quit her, and she probably with her cargo went to the bottom before morning.

The *Susannah* proceeded on her voyage, and though she was herself in a shattered condition, and so short of provisions as to be obliged to reduce her people to short

allowance, she reached the Land's End about the 2d of March; from the Land's End she proceeded to the Downs, and Captain Harrison, a day or two afterwards, proceeded to London by land.

The mate, James Doud, who shot the negro, and one Warner, a seaman, died during the passage; Lemuel Ashley, Samuel Wentworth, and David Flat, who was to have been shot for food, arrived alive; Flat continued mad during the voyage, and whether he afterwards recovered we are not told. When Captain Harrison came on shore, he made the proper attestation of the facts related in this narrative upon oath, in order to secure his insurers. The whole is so authenticated, that it would be folly to doubt of its truth; and we may look upon it as one of the most affecting stories of the dangers of the sea which have ever been given to the public.

WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR, EAST INDIAMAN.

Few tales of suffering have excited more interest than that which we are about to relate. The hardships which the small number of survivors endured for 117 days were of the severest kind; they had to cross deserts, and to make their way through almost impervious woods. Nor, as in some other cases of shipwreck, were the crew, after being cast away on an inhospitable shore, at length rescued; but they had to face the perils of a protracted and dangerous journey through a country of savages.

On the 13th June 1782, the Grosvenor left Ceylon, homeward bound. On the 3d August they thought themselves 100 leagues from land; it blew hard, and the next day they lay-to under a fore-sail and mizen-sail. In the morning, some seamen who were in the top-mast, thought they saw breakers; but, on mentioning this to the mate of the watch, he laughed at their apprehensions. On this, one of them went into

the cabin and told the captain, who immediately came out, and ordered the ship to be wore ; but before this could be done, she struck. On sounding the pumps they found no water in the hold ; the ship's stern lay high on the rocks, the bow being much depressed. In about ten minutes the wind blew strong from shore, which made them dread being driven out to sea. They tried to fire signals of distress, but found that the powder-room was full of water. They cut away the main and fore-mast without the ship being eased.

All were in despair. Some however of the more collected set about framing a raft, composed of masts, yards, and spars, on which the women, children, and sick might be floated to land. A Lascar and two Italians tried to swim ashore with the deep-sea line ; one perished, but the others escaped. By means of this small line a larger one was conveyed on shore, and by the aid of that one a hawser. As the two who had landed were engaged in drawing the hawser on shore, they were assisted by a crowd of natives who had assembled at the water's edge. The masts were driven in by the surf, and were immediately stripped of their hoops by these people. The hawser was fastened to the rocks by one end, the other being fixed to the capstan, by which it was drawn tight. The raft being now finished, and a nine-inch hawser fastened around it, it was launched and veered to the stern, that the women and children might embark from the quarter-gallery. Four men got upon it to assist them ; but the heavy surf broke the rope in two, the raft drifted on shore, and was upset, three of the men being drowned.

Each now tried to shift for himself. Some laid hold of the hawser and endeavoured to pull themselves to land by it ; the greater number of those who adopted this hazardous method, perished. The ship now separated before the main-mast ; and the bow veering round, came athwart the stern. The wind again shifted to land, affording them a chance of safety ; all got upon the poop

as lying nearest the shore. The wind and heavy sea acting together then lifted them in, and the part of the deck on which they stood, was rent asunder fore and aft. They crowded on the starboard quarter, which floated in shoal water, while the other parts of the wreck were broken over by heavy seas. Thus, all who had remained on board, even the women and children, were for the time safe, with the exception of the cook, who was so drunk as to be unable to move.

By the time they landed, night was coming on. At sun-set, the natives had departed, leaving behind the embers of their fire, which afforded great help to the British, who cooked a supper of a hog and some poultry that had been washed ashore. Some persons, wandering along the beach, found a cask of beef, one of flour, and another of arrack, which were placed under the guardianship of the captain. Some sails were also lying about, with which they erected two tents for the ladies. In the morning the natives again appeared, and carried off whatever struck their fancy, without however molesting the English.

They resolved to set out for the Cape of Good Hope, which they supposed might be at the distance of fifteen or twenty days' journey. On the 7th they commenced the expedition, carrying with them the chief mate, who was ill, in a hammock slung on a pole. Some of the natives followed them, others stayed by the wreck. They found a beaten track from village to village. For about three miles the Caffres followed, taking what they chose, and sometimes throwing stones at them. They soon after met a party of thirty, whose hair was rolled in a conical form on their heads, and their faces stained red. With them was a Dutchman, called Trout, a runaway criminal. He asked who they were and whither they were going; and on being told, gave them a dreadful account of the perils to be feared both from savages and wild beasts, in the countries which they must traverse. For five days, they proceeded in the same manner, keeping at a

distance from the natives. At length, at a deep gully three savages met them, who held their lances to the captain's throat; he, enraged, caught hold of one, wrenched the lance from his hand, and broke the barb off. The savages made no resistance and departed; but next day they assembled to the number of 400, armed with shields and spears. These stopped, pillaged, and at last proceeded to beat them. Determined to drive them away, the British placed the women and children at some distance, under a guard, routed them after a two hours skirmish, and pursued them to a rising ground, when a sort of truce ensued on both sides. Many were wounded, though none were killed. During the night they kindled a fire to keep off the wild beasts.

Next day they came to a deep gully, where they remained during the night, but could get no rest on account of the howling of the wild beasts. At day-break they went on. The savages again came and plundered them, carrying off their tinder-box and flint—a great misfortune in their circumstances. Each had now to travel with a firebrand in his hand. Before sunset, the natives were more troublesome than usual; maltreating these unfortunate beings, taking away the gentlemen's watches, and unrolling the ladies' hair, to get at the diamonds which they had concealed there. •

Next morning they crossed a small river. The day after, their water being done, they dug in the sand, and got at a little. Their provisions were also rapidly drawing to a close. They agreed to divide into two parties, one to go before the other; but next day, those who had gone on, after waiting all night by the side of a river for ebb tide, were overtaken by the others. They crossed the river in a body, and next day arrived at a large village, where they again found the Dutchman, who gave them some directions as to their route. Next morning a party went to the sea-side at low-water, to gather shell-fish; they found some oysters, mussels, and limpets. At four o'clock they again resolved to

divide; conceiving that by doing so, they would attract less notice, and more easily procure subsistence. The two parties never saw each other again.

The second mate's party, (from the narrative of Haynes, one of their number, all that is known of their subsequent proceedings was derived,) travelled till night, and then having come to a convenient place for wood and water, they lighted a fire. Next day they travelled thirty miles, meeting with many natives, but sustaining no molestation. They rested by the skirts of a wood, having fed chiefly on wild sorrel and berries, with some shell-fish. The following evening they came to a very broad and deep-flowing river. In the morning, as some of them could not swim, they were afraid to cross it at that point; and followed its windings into the country, passing in their course many villages, but obtaining no relief. Having come to a place where it was somewhat narrower, they made a kind of raft, on which those who could not swim were pushed over by the others in safety. They estimated the river's breadth at two miles.

Having gone three days' journey from the sea, they returned down the other side of the river, subsisting on shell-fish and sorrel. The fourth day after, they reached a high wooded mountain, over which they must pass, as the route by the shore was impassable, because of the rocks. The ascent of the mountain was both dangerous and fatiguing; they were frequently obliged to climb the trees to explore their way, and it was night before they reached the summit. After this they entered on a spacious plain, watered by a fine stream. Here they slept, lighting a fire and setting a watch, to guard against the wild beasts, from whose vicinity they suffered constant alarms,—the water causing them to frequent that place. At daybreak, Haynes ascended one of the loftiest trees to examine the direction of the sea-coast, and saw another wood between them and the bottom of the mountain. They reached it at night, and noticed around them many tracks of lions and tigers. At night

they again reached the sea-coast, and gathered some oysters, which they were obliged to put into the fire to open, as the savages had robbed them of their knives, and had in fact left them nothing but the clothes on their backs. At noon the next day, they found a dead whale on the beach; this was a God-send to them; but they had nothing to cut it up with. So they kindled a fire upon it, and dug out the part thus grilled with an oyster-shell.

Four days more they journeyed on, during which Captain Talbot fell behind through weariness. Two more of their number were also lost from exhaustion. Next morning, they found two planks on a sandy bank, in each of which was a spike-nail; the nails they drew out of the wood, and flattened between two stones into knives. Another dead whale was found next morning lying on the shore; but a number of natives were around it; they, however, so far from molesting them, lent them a lance with which they cut pieces off the carcase, which they took away to roast, not having a fire kindled. In a day or two, another of their number dropped behind; and the carpenter also died.

The following day they travelled along the sea-shore, and in rounding a bluff rock were almost washed away. They came upon the embers of a fire which the natives had deserted; here they rekindled their fire-brands, which had been extinguished at the rock. The day after, they purchased a bullock in exchange for the inside of a watch and some buttons; it was divided by lot, and of the skin some made a species of shoes. The next ten days were spent in passing through a sandy desert; but they found a little water on digging. For the next five or six days they passed through a tribe called *Sambookees*, from whom they experienced both good and bad treatment. Four or five days afterwards, they again went inland. About a week after, the savages made a violent attack upon them; several of the party were wounded, and one who got his skull fractured, turned

delirious, and died. Haynes was knocked down, and left for dead, but he managed to crawl on, and overtook his comrades in two or three hours. They came again to the sea-shore, and to their great joy found another dead whale, of which they took as much as each could carry. In a few days this supply failed, and they could get only brackish water. They walked on in dejection and weakness for two hours : Robert Fitzgerald asked for a shell of water ; Haynes gave it him, and he drank it with avidity. He asked and received another—and then lay down and expired ! At four the same day, another named Fruel desired to rest for a little ; they came back to seek him, but seeing nothing of him, conjectured that he had been carried off by wild beasts. They could get no water ; the glands of their throats and mouths were much swollen, and they were compelled to drink their own urine. On the second day that they had wanted food and water, the steward and another expired.

Their track lay between sandy mountains and the sea ; they slept upon the sands. They could get no water ; but found a half-rotten fish, which scarcely gave a mouthful to each. Next morning another died. The party was now reduced to three, Haynes, Evans, and Wormington : they were worn to spectres, and felt that if not relieved, they must soon share the fate of their comrades. They could scarcely hear or see, and a vertical sun beat upon their heads. In a short time, to their surprise, they fell in with four who had some days before separated from them. They had found a young seal, just driven on shore and still bleeding, which supplied them with some food. The two next days they employed in collecting shell-fish, to carry with them. Two of their party having strayed inland, fell a prey to the wild beasts, and their number was now reduced to six. For the six days following, they saw neither huts nor natives ; but next morning they reached the Schwartz river, where the country began to assume a more pleas-

ing appearance, and huts were seen at a distance. That morning, four of the party went for supplies, and two were left behind to take care of the fire, and provide wood for the night. During their absence, two men with guns in their hands were seen approaching. They belonged to a Dutch settlement in the neighbourhood, and being in search of some strayed cattle, had seen the smoke of the fire. On hearing their story, they went in search of the other four, and found them cutting up a whale; they made them throw the flesh away, promising them better food, and a share of their dwelling. The joy of the poor creatures cannot be described; one wept, another laughed, and a third danced. When they arrived at the house, they ate voraciously, and could hardly be restrained within the limits of prudence. After remaining for some time, to recruit their strength, they were sent forward in carts from one settlement to another, till they reached Zwillendam, about one hundred miles from the Cape. On their way, wherever they passed the night, the Dutch farmers assembled to hear the tale of their wanderings, and presented them with many articles of which they stood in need. After various delays, they reached England.

Though war at that time prevailed between Holland and Great Britain, the governor humanely sent an expedition through the country, in search of others of the Grosvenor's crew who might still survive. They were not long in finding three seamen; and seven Lascars and two black women were afterwards recovered.

Thus ends the narrative of the unfortunate individuals lost in the Grosvenor. In all probability, had they acted with more prudence when cast ashore, many more might have been saved. They did not avail themselves sufficiently of the remains of the wreck; and considering that the carpenter was among them, they would have acted much more prudently, had they built a boat from the planks of the wreck, in which some of them might have gone to the Cape to procure help for the rest, in-

stead of forming the hasty resolution of travelling thither by land. And when they did set out on their ill-omened expedition, the utmost disunion prevailed; whereas, had they kept together, one hundred and thirty-five persons, (which they mustered at first), might have intimidated the natives, and kept off their attacks, had some competent person been appointed to the command. They seem also to have been completely ignorant of their distance from the Cape, both before and after the ship struck.

RILEY'S SUFFERINGS IN THE GREAT DESERT.

James Riley, master and supercargo of the American brig *Commerce*, sailed from New Orleans, on the 24th of June 1815, for the western coast of Africa. The vessel was about 220 tons burthen, and was nearly new, and in excellent order. The crew consisted of George Williams and Aaron Savage, mates; William Porter, John Hogan, James Barret, Archibald Robbins, Thomas Burns, and James Clark, seamen; Horace Savage, cabin-boy, and a black cook, Richard Delisle. The *Commerce* touched at Gibraltar, and took in some wines and spirits, in addition to the cargo of tobacco and flour. An old man called Antonio Michel was likewise taken on board, and the ship continued its course for the Cape de Verd Islands. After much thick weather, Riley discovered on the 28th August that he had passed the Canaries without observing them. The fog increased, and on the same night the ship was suddenly found to be in the midst of breakers, and the brig struck with such violence as to start every man from the deck. She bilged immediately, and the efforts of the crew were directed to getting their provisions and water from the hold, in the hope of reaching land in the boats. Land was seen in the morning at a short distance, and by means of a hawser rope

carried on shore by Riley and Porter at the risk of their lives, the whole crew were got ashore, with several barrels of water, wine, bread, and salted meat, and also two boats.

The crew now set actively to work, and by means of their oars and two sheeting sails, soon constructed a tent. Their next object was to repair the boats; but the long-boat had received an injury in landing, and it was with difficulty that they could patch it up so as to float. But while they were thus engaged, a man was seen approaching. A ragged and scanty woollen cloth was his only covering, his skin was somewhat brighter than a negro's; his eyes were red and fiery, and his mouth was very large; while sharp white teeth, and a long black beard, completed what Mr. Riley thought the most terrific figure he had ever seen. This native was soon joined by two women and several children. They were all armed with long knives, and coming forward to the shipwrecked party, they commenced an indiscriminate plunder, and rifled all the trunks and boxes of the clothing and other articles they contained.

On departing with their spoils, the Arabs made signs that they would return in the morning, and the crew having cooked a good meal with the help of a fire which one of the native children had kindled, lay down to sleep. In the morning, the old Arab, accompanied by two young men, and his wives, again made his appearance. His evident object was to get possession of the tent. He pointed to the wreck, and menaced them off with his spear. Probably the Americans would have resisted, but the sight of a drove of camels with their drivers approaching, made them glad to put off in the long-boat for the wreck, which was still above water. The camels were now loaded with the provisions of the tent, and then the old Arab stove in the heads of the casks, and emptied their contents on the beach. He then gathered together every remaining article, and set fire to them.

The crew had now no alternative but to try the sea with their boat, leaky as it was, as on the wreck they were exposed to be washed off during the night, and they were afraid to go on shore on account of the barbarians. When they attempted to put off the boat from the ship, a surf struck her, and nearly filled her with water. The Arabs now seemed to pity them, and made peaceful signs, inviting Riley (whom they knew to be the captain) ashore. In proof of friendship, they held up a skinful of water, which Riley went and brought to the wreck, by means of the rope stretching between it and the shore. He again went on shore, but two young men pinned his arms to his side, and the women flourished their long knives in his face. They wanted money, and Riley was forced to hail his companions to bring all they had ashore. A thousand dollars were sent in a basket, but this did not satisfy them. Then poor Antonio Michel came on shore. While they were busy rifling him, Riley sprung from his keepers, and swam to the ship. The natives immediately wreaked their vengeance on Antonio, killing him on the spot.

As the wreck was now going to pieces, they now tried the long-boat again. Success attended their exertions, and with a small stock of provisions they gained the open sea. The boat required constant baling, and this toil, with their inadequate support, completely exhausted the crew, and made them almost callous to their fate. Necessity at last forced them to make for the land, which they reached on the sixth day. Their boat was now useless, and they left the shore, and on finding a convenient spot, lay down and slept till daylight.

Next day they resumed their march in a miserable condition. Without provisions, with wasted bodies, the heat excessive, their tongues cleaving to the roof of their mouths, their feet lacerated and bleeding,—they were unable to proceed that day more than four miles. Next

day they reached the summit of a rising ground, and looked around for some vegetables to allay their burning thirst ; but, alas ! one uniform expanse of barrenness lay before them. With difficulty did Riley prevail on them to proceed. As evening approached without any prospect of relief, they were almost sinking in despair, when one of them called out "A light ! the light of a fire !" From motives of prudence, however, they did not approach the place till morning, when they discovered it to be the resting-place of a party of Arabs, watering camels. These Arabs immediately surrounded the crew, and stripped every one of them to the skin. They then divided into two parties, one of which moved off into the desert with six of the sailors, while the other remained with Riley, Savage, Clark, Horace, and Dick the black cook.

This party likewise, after filling their water-skins from the brackish wells, set off in a south-east direction. Five camels were selected for the sailors, which they were ordered to mount. The Arabs had saddles, but the sailors found themselves placed on the camels' backbones, which were barely covered with skins, and sharp as an oar-blade, while their legs were stretched out at full length, as if on the roof of a house. When the party set off at a smart trot, the sufferings of the captives became dreadful. Bleeding all over, they could only keep their position by grasping the camels' long hair, and when they entreated to be allowed to follow on foot, the Arabs only laughed at their distress.

At midnight they halted, and a pint of camel's milk was given to each of the captives. Their pains, however, would not allow them to sleep. Next morning, after receiving again a small allowance of milk, they resumed their wearisome journey. They soon came to a valley, where there was an encampment of Arabs. Here they were kept till midnight without food, and suffered many indignities from the barbarians. At last a little

milk and water was brought to them, and they lay down to sleep.

The captives were now allotted to different masters, but continued to travel in the same direction. After seven days of sore travel, they turned towards the sea-shore, and at their evening halt were met by two strangers, with double-barrelled guns. These were traders in cloth from Morocco. One of them, named Sidi Hamet, after a good deal of bargaining, bought Riley from the Arab who had taken him as a slave. He likewise purchased Horace, Clark, and Savage.

Their new master caused an old camel to be killed that evening, and gave them the blood, boiled to the consistence of liver, which they esteemed delicious food. Next morning, Burns came up with his master, and was bought by Sidi for an old blanket. The captives now obtained at least a substitute for clothing, the want of which had caused them to suffer much pain. Riley got a check shirt; Clark contrived to cover himself with an old sail; the two savages obtained goat-skins, and Burns an old jacket.

The captives now set out with Sidi Hamet and his party in a north-easterly direction, and after nine days travelling reached the sea on the 6th of October. Their course now lay along the sea-shore, which they continued to traverse with great rapidity. After some days, a violent quarrel took place between Sidi Hamet and his brother, and Sidi set out alone for Mogadore, with a letter from Riley, imploring pity from the European consuls, or any other Christians resident there. After an interval of eight days, a messenger arrived, bearing a letter from Mr. Willshire, the British consul, with instructions to bring the unfortunate men to Mogadore, where Sidi Hamet was detained as hostage for their appearance. After a journey of peril and suffering, Riley and his companions came in sight of Mogadore, where they were received by Mr. Willshire with the warmest kindness. He took them by the hand, and with tears

in his eyes, welcomed them to life and liberty. Their hardships may be conceived from the fact, that Riley weighed only ninety pounds, and one of his companions forty. It is difficult to believe that the spark of life could have remained in bodies so exhausted.

Mr. Willshire took Riley and his unfortunate companions into his own house, and administered to them every comfort which their situation required. Soon after they sailed in a vessel for their native land, which they reached in safety. By Mr. Willshire's exertions, some others of the crew of the Commerce were afterwards ransomed from their captivity, but several of them were never more heard of, and must have perished miserably in the desert.

CHAPTER VI.

REMARKABLE SHIPWRECKS.

Havock !^d the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play.

MONTGOMERY.

CAPTAIN NORWOOD'S ADVENTURES.

CAPTAIN NORWOOD was a cavalier officer in the time of Charles I., who embarked with other royalists for America some time after the king's execution, anxious to escape the ascendancy of the republican party. Two others joined him, and they agreed to go to Virginia. In September 1649, they set sail in a vessel called the

Virginia merchant, of 300 tons burden, and 30 guns. For twenty days, they had a prosperous voyage to the Western Islands, expecting to take in stores at Fayal. On the 14th October they landed, and were invited by the English merchants to dine with them. They were much refreshed by the fruits of this delightful island; but lost their long-boat, by the crew getting drunk. This misfortune did not prevent them from shewing their loyalty after dinner, by toasting the two kings of Portugal and England, though the latter was an exile. The crew also were plentifully provided with the means of festivity. Indeed for some time afterwards, much havoc was made of the stock by the consumption of liquors on board.

A favourable wind bore them on to Bermuda; but they narrowly escaped a waterspout on their way. The weather was fine till the 18th, when they saw the water change its colour. Having heaved the lead, they found thirty-five fathoms. By this time their stores were nearly consumed. Before daybreak Captain Norwood visited the mate in charge of the watch, and offered him some brandy, which he refused, unless he could have some tobacco with it; observing that he would look what change there was in the water. He had no sooner looked than he called out to the crew, "All hands aloft! Breakers, breakers on all quarters!" In an instant the crew sprang on deck; and seeing their desperate condition, fell on their knees, the captain, a stout and hardy seaman, sharing in their alarm. The mate, more bold-spirited, cried out, "Is there no good fellow who will stand to the helm, and let go a sail?" Two foremast men only, of all the crew, obeyed him. One stood to the helm, and turned it ashore, the ship being in the very act of dashing among the breakers to starboard; while the other went aloft and loosened the fore top-sail. The ship fell off well. On the larboard bow was a rock; but the crew taking courage, worked actively, and the ship escaped this danger also. Daylight revealed their full

peril: breakers every where surrounded them. The sea was white with the foam of the raging waters; nor did there appear any passage whereby they could work the ship out of the labyrinth of rocks. She struck on a sand-bank; the water and sand together fell into the vessel. But she still floated, and appeared to go a-head—and their fainting hearts were somewhat comforted; the water deepened, and on sounding, there seemed twenty feet. At last they got clear of the breakers off Cape Hatteras, on which they had so nearly been wrecked, and stood out to sea. The crew were perfectly astonished to find themselves out of danger; they shook hands with and embraced each other. After these congratulations, they made off from the land, with all the sail they could crowd.

They were soon involved in new, and even more serious perils. A violent storm blew from the north-west. They had been going at the rate of eight miles an hour, but were compelled to slacken their way. The captain ordered the vessel to be put about, the sails to be furled, and to try with the mizen. The sea ran so high that they could not execute this manœuvre; they lowered the mainyard to ease the mast, but their whole united strength could not haul home the sheet to bring the ship round. The deck was lashed by heavy seas, one of which broke with much violence abaft, flooding the round-house, sounding like the explosion of a cannon. This put them into a terrible state, and they were almost ready to expire with fear. At length, after many efforts, they got the ship put about.

The ocean was covered with hissing foam, and immense numbers of porpoises swam around them. The wind blew still higher, and they thought that the rigging would not stand much longer. Between ten and eleven, they heard a great crash aloft, and the fore-topmast came away. Between twelve and one next morning, a dreadful sea broke forward, and so deluged that part of the deck where the mate chanced to be walking, that he

hurried aft, with many ejaculations. He feared that the ship was about to founder; and for some time, indeed, she remained perfectly still, with her head to the wave, but at length bored through it, and freed herself. The terror on board was indescribable; the passengers, men, women, and children, took a melancholy leave of each other, and fearful cries rang through the ship, for inevitable death seemed before them. All hands were set to the pumps; and an examination was made of the damage done, when they found that all the anchors, except one which was bent to the cable, were gone, and that the fore-castle, six guns, and the two cooks, (one of whom was miraculously saved,) had been washed away. They then set about constructing such a platform of wood as might stand an ordinary sea, that they might make the vessel as secure as circumstances would permit. They laboured incessantly to repair the havoc caused by the storm, and indeed they had much to do. The bowsprit was loose, and they had to cut it away; the stays of the masts gone, and the shrouds in tatters. In a little time, both mainmast and topmast came down, and fell into the sea to windward. One of the masts, however, still hung by the rigging to the ship, and every wave made it batter against the side. It was necessary to cut it away, in which operation several of the men fell overboard and were drowned. The mizen-mast was still left. They spent the 10th and 11th November in this forlorn condition. On the 12th they saw an English merchantman, which stood off, without giving them any help, after firing a gun to leeward.

The crew were worn out with continued toil and want of rest, and for some days had been unable to get their meals cooked. The appetite of the passengers was spoiled, which was perhaps as well, as their bread was soaked by the salt-water; the cook-room had been carried away, and they could get no meals dressed, so that as a substitute, they sawed a cask assunder, filled the half of it with ballast, and in this novel culinary apparatus

boiled their parched peas and salt beef. But the rocking of the vessel often deranged this clumsy contrivance, and overturned the provender, to the great dismay of the half-famished expectants.

On the 17th the sea was calmer, and they saw several English vessels; one that had also suffered much damage from the storm, spoke with them. On the 13th November, the weather being fine, they succeeded in getting her about with the mizen: they next attempted to make sail. Part of the foremast still stood; but it was a difficult and perilous matter to climb the bare and slippery stump, in order to fix a yard upon it. At length a seaman of some dexterity and boldness undertook the task, the passengers promising him a stock of Virginian tobacco as a reward, should they ever reach port. The bold mariner got half-a-dozen spike nails, one of which he drove into the mast as high as he could reach; he then took a ten-foot rope, and threaded a block with it, making both ends meet in a knot over the spike. This served as a support to stand on, and thus he got by successive attempts as high as he wished. He was then assisted by some more of the crew, and in a few hours, they had a yard and tackle rigged, so as to be able to carry sail. They made the mainyard serve as a mainmast, by lashing it to the stump, and thus got spare top-sails. The sea was much calmer, and there seemed a prospect of fine weather, so that they entertained the hope of yet reaching land. Meanwhile their provisions were nearly at an end; their water was done, their meat useless, and they could only get half a biscuit a-day, with the prospect of soon not having even that. But the mate thought he saw land at a great distance, and promised them that, if the wind blew fair, they should next day dine within the Capes. But they were woefully mistaken. They were within sight of both Capes, but their sails and rigging were in such a wretched condition, that the ship could not lie within a dozen points of the wind, and they were compelled, to their great grief, to run away from

the wished-for land. They had only the half biscuit to each, and some Malaga wine, which increased their thirst. At night the wind became fresher, and bore them swiftly away from the shore.

They were driven out to sea so rapidly that they were 100 leagues from the Capes before they could decide upon what was to be done. All the expedients they tried, such as altering the yards and rigging, to keep the vessel to windward, were vain; they were tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves, for forty days, the sea running high most of the time. The rolling of the ship seemed likely to make the guns break loose; they had continually to mend the sails; the lashing being rotten, they removed the guns into the hold; but this lowered the vessel, giving her a tendency to lie still in the water. They had nothing but rain water to drink, and they were deplorably in want of provisions.

They resolved to make for any part of the American coast which they could reach; there was no time to be lost, for hunger pressed sharply upon them; the ship resounded with the cries and complaints of the women and children. They ate all the rats they could catch, which those who got sold at a high price; and one poor woman, far gone in childbed, offered a man twenty shillings for one, but was refused, and she died of want. Christmas came, and amid their calamity they made a desperate attempt at merriment. The bottoms of the meal-tubs were scraped, to get materials for a pudding. While the crew looked on with eager and envious eyes, the officers and passengers regaled themselves with Malaga sack, and fruits and spices fried in oil.

They suffered greatly from thirst. Captain Norwood, in his narrative, says, that during the night he dreamt of overflowing cellars, and gushing fountains, and awoke in the morning, as parched as if all the sands of Arabia had been crammed down his throat. The officers and passengers had wine indeed, but without water it could not quench the thirst. One day the captain of the vessel

took Norwood below to seek for a draught of fresh water at the bottom of the casks; what they got was so thick as to be scarcely palatable, and was not enough to satisfy their longing. They then tried a butt of Malmsey, and found it preferable to the water; it had the effect of raising Norwood's spirits,—the captain was rendered by it more gloomy and dispirited; he burst into tears as he thought of their dismal prospects. The other comforted him as well as he could, exhorting him to place his trust in Providence.

On the 8th January they saw the land, but knew not in what latitude they were. One day, at three in the afternoon, the wind set fairly in for the shore, which appeared about six miles distant; they were in calm water, and the weather was pleasant. The ship lay-to, and a boat was sent off to examine whether there was a safe anchorage. Twelve or fifteen invalids, among whom was a Major Morrison, determined to land. The boat returned with the tidings that they had found a secure creek for the ship, and also some fresh water, a bottle of which was brought off. The place also abounded in fowls. The captain went with Norwood and a few others to examine the shore. Before they landed the weather was extremely cold, and night came on, but the fires lighted by those who had preceded them, directed them in safety. No sooner had the boat touched the shore, than they rushed to the fresh water, and many a sparkling goblet of it was drunk up. Having shot a duck, they cooked and ate it on the spot; at day-break the captain decided to go on board, to bring the ship to anchor. He requested Norwood to accompany him, but he declined, saying it was needless, as the ship would soon be in shore. Having borrowed a cloak, he remained on shore, and the captain re-embarked. No sooner had the boat put off, than the ship crowded all sail; the captain had great difficulty in getting on board of her.

Overwhelming must have been the anguish of the unfortunate party thus deserted, without food or shelter

After kneeling down in prayer to Heaven, they appointed Norwood their leader. It happened that Norwood's Dutch servant had hoarded up thirty biscuits in a bag, to preserve for a time of more pressing necessity; these he had brought with him in the boat. They were equally divided among the nineteen individuals. The weather was extremely cold; there seemed to be nothing but death, after protracted misery, before them. Luckily they had a few fowling-pieces, and some powder and shot. That night they had some geese for their supper.

They were upon a small uninhabited island, and the water between the island and the main appeared too deep for them to wade. They were filled with dismay at the thought of their situation. During the cold weather wild-fowl frequented the island; but they began to diminish in number, and they then lived almost wholly on oysters. They sometimes met with a kind of weed, about five inches long, and as thick as a house leek, which, boiled with pepper, (of which they had brought about a pound in the boat), and mixed up among the oysters, formed a feast to them. There were three weak women with them. They erected huts to shelter them from the weather,—one to every six.

The procuring of food demanded all their labour and attention. One morning Norwood shot some small birds called "oxeyes," which gave them a banquet, but these soon after disappeared. Famine seemed likely to close their career, for all the birds they saw were shy, and spring tides and heavy rains made the oyster-bank almost inaccessible; and even if it had been within their reach, they had hardly strength to tear away the oysters from the bank. The fowls, at this time, seemed to have altogether deserted them; their guns were out of order, and their powder damp; one of the women died, and the other two were compelled to feed upon her remains. Four of the men soon after expired; and their bodies formed the chief subsistence of the rest. Their death was hastened by a severe snow storm; and the survivors

could hardly collect fuel sufficient to keep up a fire, without which they must have perished. Captain Norwood's cloak afforded to a few an insufficient shelter from the wind. They were soon compelled to shift their quarters to a more sheltered spot; when there, they could scarcely keep themselves warm before a fire which had two or three loads of wood upon it. On one side their clothes were scorched, while on the other they were frozen. It seemed impossible that they could maintain the struggle much longer.

A desperate expedient alone remained. Captain Norwood, who was the least reduced in strength, formed the plan of swimming across the creek to the mainland. He thought, that if he succeeded in coasting the woods to the south-west, he would meet with Indians who would either relieve or destroy him; a speedy death at their hands seemed better than suffering the lingering agonies of famine. They had now been nine days in this dismal place, in the open air, for their huts could not exclude either the wind or the rain; and in the vessel which had abandoned them, they had suffered, for several months, hunger, thirst, and fatigue. For the enterprise, they collected as many oysters as would fill two quart bottles, which they boiled in their own liquor, and gave to Norwood for travelling provisions. Just at this time he heard the sound of geese, and taking his gun, shot one. He went to tell the cook, not intending to inform the rest, as it would give him more strength to swim across; but when he returned for his prize, found, to his mortification, that a fox or wolf, both of which were known to be on the island, had carried it off. Next day he was preparing to set off, when a canoe was found lying to the south of the island, and they heard that the Indians had been at the women's hut during the night, and had given them some shell-fish. The Indians pointed to the south-east, but they did not understand their signs, and supposed them to mean that they would come back next day.

These tidings somewhat cheered the forlorn party, and they began to consult about the best means of receiving the Indians, when they arrived. They agreed that they should have their loaded guns beside them in readiness, should they be hostile, in which case they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Every eye looked keenly to the avenues of the wood to see the strangers. Scouts wandered about all the forenoon of the day, but brought no tidings. This was their last hope, for the extreme cold rendered Norwood's proposed plan of swimming across the creek almost utterly desperate.

Between two and three, the Indians appeared from behind the trees, unarmed, and with kindness beaming in their countenances; men, women, and children were among them, and all seemed to pity the condition of the sufferers; repeating often the word *Nytop*, which they afterwards found to mean "My friend." They talked an unintelligible jargon. They gave the famished beings some Indian corn, to appease their pressing hunger. They remained two hours, and promised to return on the following day; some ribbons, and a few other trifling articles, were presented to the chief by the grateful English.

Next day, at the same hour, they all returned, bringing stores of bread and corn with them. They embarked in a small canoe to bring off a larger one which lay at some distance; in a short time the survivors were placed in it. They were carried to the house of an Indian, and were most hospitably entertained according to the manners of that people. Food was placed before them; a large fire was kindled, and their arms and powder were put in a safe place. Fur and deer-skins were wrapped round them for warmth. In short, they experienced the utmost attention and kindness from these children of nature. After a plentiful supper, they obtained a sound sleep, no longer harassed by the horrid dreams of want and misery.

After some time, they felt their strength much recruited, and were anxious to set out on their journey. Their kind entertainers endeavoured to dissuade them; conveying by signs, that the cold, rain, darkness, and swamps would destroy them, unless directed by persons who knew the route. In a little time Captain Norwood began to understand their language. The chief spoke of a plain which he called Achomack, and which they supposed to be Virginia. From one of the Indians they heard that the ship had entered James's River, where she had stranded.

They were impatient to take leave of their friendly hosts, to whom they presented such articles as they thought would gratify them. They then took a respectful leave of the chief. After passing numberless swamps and creeks, and being every where well treated by the Indians, they arrived in safety at the place of their destination, though much wearied by a journey which their feeble frames could ill support. It proved to be the county of Northampton, in Virginia. Here they were welcomed by the governor and the colonists, and Norwood obtained an advantageous settlement there.

LOSS OF THE DODDINGTON.

THE Doddington East Indiaman, commanded by Captain Samson, sailed from the Downs, April 23, 1755, in company with the Pelham, the Houghton, the Edgecourt, and the Streatham, all in the service of the East India Company. They cleared the channel in about a week from their departure, during which Captain Samson discovered that his ship sailed faster than any of the others; and, unwilling to lose the superiority by keeping company with them, he stood on alone and soon lost sight of them.

After doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and steering

between lat. $35^{\circ} 30'$ and 36° , the captain ordered the vessel to be kept E.N.E. In this course she continued till about a quarter before one on the morning of Thursday the 17th of July, when she struck.

The officer from whose journal were taken the materials of the narrative, was at the time of the accident asleep in his cabin; but being suddenly awakened by the shock, he started up in the utmost consternation, and hurried upon deck, where all the terrors of his situation rushed upon him at once. The men were dashed overboard by the violence of the sea rolling over them; the ship breaking to pieces at every stroke of the surge. On crawling over to the larboard side of the deck, which lay highest out of the water, he found the captain, who said, that in a very little time they must all perish; in a few minutes a sea parted them, and he saw him no more. He managed, by dint of great exertion, to get back to the quarter-deck, though he was very much bruised and had the small bone of his left arm broken; the other portion of the ship being under water, and completely shattered to pieces.

In this dreadful situation, when every minute he expected would be the last, he heard the welcome cry of "land!" and looked eagerly about him; but notwithstanding he saw something which he supposed had been taken for land, he believed it was only the surge of the sea on the other side of the breakers. At the same instant, the sea broke over him with such violence, that it not only forced him from his hold but stunned him by a violent blow in the eye. The effect of the blow was such, that he lay insensible till after daylight: but he still continued on the wreck, and on recovering found himself fixed to the plank by a nail that had been forced into his shoulder. Besides the pain of his wounds and bruises, he was so benumbed with cold, that he could scarcely move either hand or foot. He now observed that several of the crew had been enabled to get on the rocks which were near, and he called out to them as loud

as he could; but they were not able to give him any assistance, so that a considerable time elapsed before he was capable of disengaging himself from the wreck and getting ashore.

This shore was a barren, uninhabited rock, situate in $33^{\circ} 44'$ south lat. and distant about 250 leagues east of the Cape of Good Hope; and upon it were assembled twenty-three officers and seamen, the only survivors of 220 that were on board when the ship struck.

Their first care was to search for some covering among the things that had been thrown on the rocks from the wreck, and in this succeeded almost beyond their expectations; but the lighting a fire was not so easily accomplished. Some made an unsuccessful attempt to kindle two pieces of wood by rubbing them together, while others diligently searched in the rocks, in anxious endeavours to find a substitute for flint and steel. After some time, they found a box containing two gun-flints and a broken file, which was a most joyful acquisition, though they were still destitute of anything that would kindle from a spark, and until a substitute for tinder could be found, the flint and steel were useless. A further search became therefore absolutely necessary, when, by dint of great perseverance, they discovered a cask of gunpowder, which, to their great disappointment, proved to be wet; but on a more narrow inspection, they found a small quantity at the bottom that had suffered no damage: and some of this on a linen rag, served them very well for tinder.

A fire was soon made, and the bruised and wounded collected round it, while the others went in search of further necessaries, without which the rock would have afforded them but a very short respite from destruction. A box of wax-candles and a case of brandy were the first brought in, and soon afterwards another party returned, stating that they had discovered a cask almost full of fresh water, which was of greater consequence than the spirits. Mr. Jones brought in several pieces of

salt pork ; and others arrived driving seven hogs before them, which had come on shore alive. They could also see at some distance several casks of water, flour, and beer ; but it was not then possible to get them over the rocks.

It now being necessary to provide some shelter for the approaching night, all hands were employed in making a tent of some canvass that had been cast ashore ; but the quantity was so small that the tent would not hold them all, and for fear of being overflowed, they were obliged to erect it on the highest part of the island, which was covered with the dung of a water-fowl, a large species of gannet, that much frequented it. They had passed the day without food, and were now deprived of rest during the night ; for not only had they sunk a foot deep into the dung, but the wind was so tempestuous that their fire was scattered, and before they could collect the embers, the rain extinguished them. On renewing their search in the morning, they found, to their great mortification, that all the casks which they had seen the preceding night, with the exception of one of flour and another of beer, had been staved against the rocks. These, however, they secured ; but the tide flowing up soon after, interrupted their proceedings. They were therefore called together to eat their first meal, and some pork was boiled for their dinner.

Sitting down thus desolate and forlorn to a repast which they were wont to share in the convivial cheerfulness which is inspired by the consciousness of plenty, they were so struck by the sense of their present condition, that they burst into passionate exclamations, and wringing their hands, looked around them in all the wildness of despair. As their thoughts amidst such tumultuous emotions naturally hurried from one subject to another, in quest of some source of comfort, it was suggested by one of them, as a ground of hope for them all, that as the carpenter was among them he might build a strong sloop, provided he could obtain some tools

and materials. All attention was immediately directed towards the carpenter, who declared his belief that if tools and materials could be found, he should be able to build a sloop that would carry them to a port in safety; and though at that time they entertained no prospect of procuring either, nor of being able to victual such a vessel had it been built, yet no sooner did there seem to be a chance of deliverance than they determined to make the experiment; the boat engrossed their whole conversation, and they not only debated on her size and rigging, but to what port they should steer, whether to the Cape or De Lagoa.

As soon as their repast was finished, some remained to look after the tent, while the rest eagerly dispersed in search of materials for their projected sloop, but they did not succeed in finding any that day. On Saturday, the 19th, they secured four butts of water, one cask of flour, one hogshead of brandy, and a small boat, which had been thrown up by the tide in a shattered condition, but no tools were found, with the exception of a scraper. Next day they had the good fortune to discover a hamper containing files, gimlets, sail-needles, and an azimuth compass-card; also two quadrants, a carpenter's adze, a chisel, three sword blades, and a chest of treasure. As a prodigious surf was rolling in all the day before, it was reasonable to expect that something would be thrown up, and search was consequently made early in the morning. At ten o'clock, all assembled to prayers, and not going out again till after dinner they found most of the Government and Company's packets, which they carefully dried and laid aside.

On Monday, the 20th of July, they recovered some more water, and pork, and also some timber-plank, canvass, and cordage, which they joyfully secured for the projected boat, though still in want of many implements indispensable for the carpenter to proceed with his work. He had just completed a saw, though he had neither hammer or nails; it happened, however, that one of the

seamen, Hendrick Scanty, a native of Sweden, and who had been a smith by profession, having picked up an old pair of bellows, told his companions that by the aid of a forge, which they could build by his directions, he could furnish the carpenter with all necessary tools as well as nails, as plenty of iron could be obtained by burning it out of pieces of the wreck driven ashore. The smith began immediately to mend the bellows, and the three following days were occupied in building a tent and forge, and in collecting timber for the use of the carpenter, who was also employed in preparing the few tools already in his possession, that the boat might be begun as soon as possible.

On Thursday, the 24th, the carpenter, with the assistance of Chisholm, the quarter-master, began to work on the keel of the vessel, which it was determined should be a sloop thirty feet in length, by twelve in width. The smith also finished his forge, and laid in a quantity of fir for fuel; and he and the carpenter continued thenceforward to work with indefatigable diligence, except when prevented by the weather. The smith having fortunately found the ring and nut of a bower-anchor, which served him for an anvil, supplied chisels, axes, hammers, and nails, as they were required, and the carpenter used them with great dexterity and despatch until the 31st of the month, when he fell sick.

The lives of the company being so dependent on the carpenter's exertions, they watched his recovery with the utmost impatience and anxiety, and to their unspeakable joy he had so far recovered on the 2d of August, as to be able to resume his work. In the meantime the stores which had been saved from the wreck, had become so nearly exhausted, that it was necessary to restrict each man to an allowance of two ounces of bread a-day, as it was resolved to keep the salt pork to victual the new vessel which was preparing. Their water also fell so short, that they were obliged to have recourse to several expedients. In digging a

well, they were disappointed in their hopes of finding a spring. They succeeded in knocking down several of the gannets that settled on the top of the rock; their flesh, however, was of a rank, fishy taste, and as black as a sloe. As another expedient, they made a catamaran, or float, on which they proposed to go out fishing with such hooks and lines as had come ashore. They also killed several seals, but all who partook of them were seized with sickness. When driven to very great necessity, they killed a hog; but they were generally successful in fishing, and sometimes sent out two rafts at a time.

An accident made them afraid to venture any more upon a raft, and the carpenter set to work upon the boat and put her into complete repair. Their supplies, both from sea and shore, became now very precarious; the gannets would sometimes settle in amazing numbers, like a vast cloud, and then totally disappear for several days together, which made them very desirous of finding some way to preserve them from putrefaction, so that they might store up the surplus of a successful day to serve when they could catch neither gannets nor fish. They made several unsuccessful attempts to cure both fish and fowl, by smoking; they then tried to make salt, which experiment nearly proved fatal. The smith had made a copper vessel for the experiment, upon which they commenced operations, ignorant of the fact that in making salt they were making verdigris, a virulent poison. They, however, succeeded in making salt, which was so intolerably offensive to the taste, from the admixture of the poison, that they threw it away; some few, however, who ventured to swallow it, were seized with violent cholick, retchings, and cold sweat, which sufficiently convinced them of the danger they had escaped.

On September 3d, having been nearly seven weeks upon the rock, during which time they had frequently seen a great smoke upon the mainland, these unfortu-

nate people determined to send a boat thither to see what assistance could be obtained. For this purpose, Taylor, Bothwell, and Rosenbury, set out on a voyage of discovery, the people making a great fire at night on the highest part of the rock, as a signal to them.

During the absence of these adventurers, they were thrown into the greatest possible consternation by an accident which the carpenter met with. He cut his leg with an adze so severely, that there was great danger of his bleeding to death, particularly as they had no surgeon among them, nor anything to apply to the wound. With much difficulty the blood was at length staunched, and the wound healed without the intervention of any bad symptom.

The boat was impatiently expected on Saturday, the 6th of September, as there had been above forty hours of fair weather; but nothing being seen of her by noon, the people became very uneasy. Just as they were sitting down to dinner, they were agreeably surprised by two of their own number, who came running over the rocks to announce her approach. At this joyful intelligence they simultaneously started up and ran to the beach, in the confident hope that they had succeeded in their enterprise; but they soon discovered that the boat was rowed by only one man, who plied both oars, and consequently concluded that the other two had been lost or detained. Presently, however, another was seen to rise from the bottom of the boat, and their speed was a little increased.

Dinner was now entirely forgot, and all was impatience for the arrival of their companions, which took place about an hour afterwards. The two men were Rosenbury and Taylor, who, the instant they had landed, threw themselves on the ground, and in fervent ejaculations returned thanks to the Almighty for his providential care in bringing them back to the rock, which, barren and desolate as it was, they considered an asylum from a more distressing situation. They exerted their last

effort to bring the boat to the shore, when their strength forsook them at once, and they were unable to rise from the ground without assistance.

Every one was anxious to procure them refreshment as soon as they were brought into the tent, as they found the boat destitute both of provisions and water. Some fish was hastily cooked, and as soon as they had had their meal, they fell into a sound sleep.

The account which they gave, when they awoke, was to the following purport.

About three o'clock on the day of their departure, they got round a point about six leagues to the eastward of the rock, which, as they approached, had the appearance of a double point. This gave them some encouragement to hope that they should find a harbour between the two points; but they were disappointed, as a high surf ran all along the coast. About five o'clock they ventured to pull in for the shore, but the moment they got into the surf the boat was upset, by which Bothwell was unfortunately drowned. They reached the shore in a very exhausted condition, being destitute of everything but a small keg of brandy. On recovering a little, they crawled along the shore in search of the boat, as they had no other shelter from wild beasts—which might be expected to come abroad in the night—and after some search found her; but they were too weak to get her up, and were obliged to lie down on the sand with no other covering than the branches of a tree. In the morning they again searched for the boat, which the surf had driven from the place where they left her, and in walking along the coast, saw a man, who, on their approach, ran away into the woods. Soon afterwards they discovered their unfortunate companion, Bothwell, who had been dragged some distance up the sand and mangled by some wild beast; which so terrified them, that rather than undergo the dread of passing another night on shore, they resolved to return immediately.

They were, however, prevented by a fresh gale from the west, that, before they could put back, overset the boat and drove them along the shore; but once more, after much struggling and swimming, they got safe on land, exhausted by their exertions and faint with hunger. Soon afterwards they met with a fruit resembling an apple, which they eagerly devoured, without knowing either its name or quality; but, fortunately, it did them no harm: and somewhat refreshed by their repast, they managed to get the boat on shore, where, turning it keel upwards, they crept under it to sleep.

Wearied by their late fatigues, they slept till the dawn of day next morning, when peeping out from under the edge of the boat, they saw the feet of several animals, which, by their claws, they supposed to be tigers, and which induced them to remain till the day had well broke, when once more looking out they saw the feet of a man. On this discovery, they crept from below, to the great amazement of a poor savage, and two other men and a boy, who were at some distance. When they had all collected and were a little recovered from their surprise, the savages made signs to the sailors to go away, which they endeavoured to do, though they began to move very slowly; but they had not got far from the boat when a considerable number of the natives ran down upon them with their lances. Rosenbury, as he went along, had picked up the mast of the boat, and a pistol, which had been washed ashore, and thus armed he imprudently turned round upon the natives, and, exerting all his strength, advanced towards them in a threatening attitude, supposing they would have been frightened and retreat into the woods. It happened, however, that he was mistaken, for instead of running away, they began to whet their lances. Taylor thought it was now time to try what could be done by supplication, and throwing himself upon his knees piteously cried for mercy, while Rosenbury took refuge in the water. The savages commenced stripping Taylor, who

quietly permitted them to take his shoes and his shirt; but when they attempted to take his trousers, he entreated them by gestures not to leave him quite naked, on which they thought fit to desist. They then made signs to Rosenbury, who was all this time swimming about in the sea, to come to them, and on his refusal, from the fear of their killing him, they pointed to Taylor, to intimate that he had not been killed. On his coming up, they offered him no violence, but only held the boat's mast and the pistol to him, as deriding his attempt to frighten them. The clothes they seemed very much pleased with, and divided them among themselves as far as they would go; then beginning to rifle the boat, they took away all the rope they could find, the hook by which the rudder hung to the stern-post, and then began to knock the stern to pieces for the iron which they saw about it. With the exception of absolute destruction to these hapless mariners, this was the greatest calamity they could sustain; they burst into tears, and entreated the savages with such agony of distress to spare their only chance of regaining their friends, that they suffered the boat to remain without farther injury.

Encouraged by such an appearance of kindness, and impelled by hunger, they solicited for something to eat, with which request the natives complied; and having brought them some roots, again made signs for their departure. With the assistance of the savages, they once more launched the boat and got into it; but the wind blowing strong from the west, they could not put off. The natives, therefore, consented to their remaining another night under the boat; and the following morning proving fine, with an easterly wind, they launched the boat for the third time, and returned to their companions on the rock.

The carpenter and the smith continued with praiseworthy assiduity at work upon the vessel till Sunday, the 29th of September, the people, in the mean time, being busy in securing such stores as were from time to

time thrown up from the wreck. They also recovered some casks of fresh water, which they were solicitous to keep for sea store, as their escape depended as much upon fresh water as upon the vessel which was to carry them.

After prayers, which was a duty regularly and publicly performed every Sunday, the officers discovered that the chest of treasure had been broken open, and the greater part of it carried away.

On the 6th of October they found a fowling-piece, which was a valuable acquisition, although the barrel was much bent ; but this was soon made serviceable by the carpenter, and used with great success for shooting the birds, which before they could only take by knocking down with a stick.

On the 11th of October, the gannets, which had for some time forsaken the rock, were observed hovering around in great numbers, which made them hope that they would settle there and lay their eggs, in which they were not disappointed. For nearly three months they had a constant and plentiful supply, and then the laying season terminated.

On the 20th of October, Mr. Collet, Mr. Webb, and two others, once more ventured out on a raft ; but the wind springing up fresh, the raft broke loose, and they were driven to the other side of the rock, where they were obliged to remain all night among the seals, without any shelter or refreshment. The next day at noon the wind abated, when the boat ventured out, and brought them off, leaving the float behind.

Amidst all their privations, from the scanty supply of provisions and water, their health remained in a great measure entire ; and on the 16th of February 1756, they launched their little vessel, which they named the *Happy Deliverance*. Next day their little pittance of stores was put on board ; and on the 18th they left the rock, where they had lived just seven months, and which, at parting, they called Bird Island.

Their provisions consisted of six casks of water, two live hogs, a firkin of butter, about four pounds of biscuit for each man, and ten days' subsistence of salt provisions in bad condition, at the rate of two ounces a-day per man.

They weighed anchor at one in the afternoon, and set sail with a light breeze from the west for the river St. Lucia, on the coast of Natal; but misfortune still seemed to attend them. For five days they met with nothing but adversity, and during twenty-five in succession, their provisions were almost exhausted, and rapid currents carrying them so far out of their course, that a favourable wind was but little service to them. Despairing at last of being able to make the river St. Lucia, they resolved to change their course for the Cape of Good Hope, and, accordingly, on the 2d of March, they bore away for the west.

The three following days the wind increased to such prodigious violence that it blew a furious storm, and their frail bark shipped such heavy seas, that they expected each wave, as it rolled over, to dash her to pieces.

On the morning of the fifth, however, fine weather ensued, and on the seventh it was a perfect calm, when they cast anchor about three-quarters of a mile from a shore where they observed several natives coming down from the mountains towards them.

Encouraged by this sight they attempted to land, and Arnold, the black servant, was sent on shore, accompanied by two seamen, with a string of amber beads as a present to the Indians. After a mutual interchange of civilities, he obtained some Indian corn, fruit, and water, in a calabash, with a promise of sheep, oxen, and other necessaries; but the wind continuing westerly, the boat returned with a supply only sufficient for four days.

The vessel coasted along until the 10th of March, when the wind changed to the east, and they cast anchor

in twelve fathoms, about half a mile from the shore. Several Indians came down and invited them to land, but they considered it impracticable; and though they were tempted by the appearance of goats and bullocks, which were daily driven before their eyes to tempt them on shore, they were obliged to endure the tantalizing spectacle till the 14th, when two men were sent off in the boat, and succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the shore. The wind fell the same evening and seemed tending towards the west, which made them apprehensive that they should not be able to ride at anchor all night. Signals were therefore made, by showing lights, to induce their two comrades on shore to come down to the beach, and get off before the surf rose too high. No intelligence of them was obtained until six in the morning, when it was too late to get them on board; trusting, therefore, to find some more favourable place, they made signals for the men to proceed along the shore, while the vessel followed in the same direction. They had not advanced more than two leagues, when the vessel working close to the shore, anchored in five fathoms water.

A boat was sent out with four men, two of whom were employed in recovering those ashore, and the other two in sounding the mouth of the river, where they were in great hopes of finding sufficient water for the vessel to pass over the bar. About three hours afterwards, the two men on shore were seen with the four belonging to the boat, but they were afraid to embark on account of the height of the surf.

All night on board was spent in a state of the greatest uneasiness. At break of day they weighed anchor and stood still nearer the shore; but observing their companions were yet afraid to venture, they gave them to understand that if they did not immediately return, or show the possibility of entering the river, they should be obliged to abandon them for want of provisions.

These menaces produced the desired effect, and two of them braved the violence of the surf, and gained the bark in safety.

They weighed anchor at eleven o'clock the following forenoon, and at two o'clock in the afternoon crossed the bar, and cast anchor in two and a-half fathoms.

Their first consideration was, how to traffic for provisions and other necessaries; but this consultation did not last long, as the whole stock they had to offer in exchange consisted of brass buttons, nails, iron bolts, and copper hoops, of which the natives seemed extremely fond. These they carried on shore, and showing them to the natives, imitated the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, which the Indians quickly comprehended, and brought two small oxen, which were purchased for a piece of copper and three or four brass buttons. They also sold at the same time a quantity of grain, resembling Guinea corn, which they hoped to preserve; but to their great disappointment, it became mouldy in the course of three days.

They remained in this place for about fifteen days, during which they frequently penetrated for ten or twelve miles up the country. The inhabitants always testified great friendship for the English, often ate with them, and seemed to enjoy the European method of preparing food. Hunting was their principal occupation, their only weapons being lances, and two short clubs with a large knob at the end. They wore few clothes during the day-time, but at night covered themselves with a well-dried bullock's hide, which they had the art of rendering very pliant; they also wore pieces of skin round the ankles, knees, and arms. The activity and address of these men in throwing the spear was so great, that at the distance of thirty or forty yards, they could strike an ear of corn set up as a mark.

The sailors having thus, by the intervention of Divine Providence, collected a considerable quantity of provisions, they weighed anchor at five in the morning of the

29th, and stood over the bar. Here there was a dangerous surf running which almost stove the vessel, and their being becalmed put them in great hazard of being shipwrecked on the rocks. At last they succeeded in getting over the bar, and sailed for the river St. Lucia, where they arrived on the 6th of April, without any remarkable occurrence. The English remained here three weeks, being engaged in traversing the country, and endeavouring to obtain such articles as they wanted.

On the 18th of May, a favourable breeze springing up from the west, attended with good weather, they weighed anchor at seven in the morning, and set sail. About a quarter of an hour before high water, when almost on a bar which crossed the river, some of them were imprudent enough to lower the sail and cast anchor on a sand bank. Nine men then got into the boat and rowed towards the shore, declaring that they would rather run any risk among the savages, than be drowned to a certainty in endeavouring to cross the bar. Those on board hesitated whether to attempt the passage or return; but the wind and tide driving the vessel out of the river, made them apprehensive that if the tide fell, she would strike the bar and be dashed to pieces. At length they weighed the anchor, trusting that they should be able to save the vessel and preserve their lives, but were very soon carried among the breakers, when they were in the most alarming situation, there being only eight feet of water, while the vessel drew five. After being in this situation for more than half an hour, in momentary expectation of instant destruction, the surface of the sea suddenly became as smooth as glass, and they left the river St. Lucia in safety. Those who had gone ashore in the boat, and most of whom had nothing on but a shirt and a pair of trousers, followed along the coast on foot.

On the 20th of May, the *Happy Deliverance* arrived in Lagoa Bay, where they cast anchor in nine fathoms water.

SHIPWRECK OF THE SLOOP BETSY.

On the 1st August 1756, says Captain Aubin, I set sail for Surinam, from Barbadoes. On the 4th, being in twelve degrees north latitude, I reefed the sails. I then sat down on a hen-coop, to take a glass of beer; when the vessel turned with her broadside to windward, and the steersman put the helm a-weather. She then swung round with her head to the sea, filling so that she could not rise above the surf, which broke over to the height of the anchor-stocks, placing us up to our necks in water. Every thing in the cabin was washed away. Some of the crew were drowned in their hammocks without a groan. When the wave had passed, I seized the hatchet to cut away the shrouds to prevent her from upsetting, but in vain. She turned over, with her masts and sails in the water; the horses on board rolled one over the other and were drowned.

I had but one small boat, twelve feet long; but it did not rise to the surface of the water, owing to the weight of things above it. In this dreadful state, holding to the shrouds, I looked around for some plank or empty box to float on, and saw the mate and two seamen hanging by a rope, and imploring God to receive their souls. I told them to undress, and seize the first object that could assist them to preserve their lives. One followed my advice, stripped himself quite naked, and swam about. A moment afterwards he cried out—"Here is the boat, keel upmost." I swam to him, and found him holding the boat by the keel. We tried to turn her; at last Williams set his feet against the gunwale of the boat, laying hold of the keel with his hands, and by a violent united effort, we turned her. I got into her, and endeavoured by a rope attached to the rigging, to draw her to the mast of the vessel; which, between the waves, rose fifteen or twenty feet above the water. I passed the end of the rope fastened to the boat once round the head

of the mast, keeping hold of the end; each time the mast rose out of the water, it lifted up the boat and me; I then let go the rope, and by this expedient the boat was three-fourths emptied; but having nothing to enable me to disengage her from the mast and shrouds, they fell down upon me, driving the boat and me again under water.

After repeated attempts to empty her, in which I was cruelly wounded and bruised, I began to haul the boat, filled with water, towards the vessel, by the shrouds; but the bark had by this time sunk to such a depth, that only a small part of her stern could be seen, upon which the three seamen held fast by a rope. I threw myself into the water, with the rope of the boat in my mouth, in order to give them the end to lay hold of, hoping that we should then be able to haul the boat over the stern of the vessel; we exerted our utmost efforts, and I nearly had my thigh broken by a shock of the boat, being between her and the ship. At length we succeeded; but I had the misfortune to break a hole in her bottom. I jumped into her with one of the men, and stopped a leak with a piece of his coarse shirt; he had also preserved a knife and an enormous Dutch hat, which afterwards proved most useful in baling. No sooner was the boat fastened to the rigging, than a dog of mine came running along the gunwale; I took him in, thanking Providence for having thus sent provision for a time of necessity. A moment after the dog entered, the rope broke with a jerk of the vessel, and the boat drifted away. I called the men, who swam to me; the mate had fortunately found a small square topmast, which served as a rudder. We assisted the two others to get into the boat, and soon lost sight of our ill-fated bark.

It was then four in the morning, and two hours had elapsed since we abandoned her. What prevented her from foundering sooner was my having taken on board 150 barrels of biscuit, so many of flour, and 300

firkins of butter, all which helped to buoy her up. As soon as we had cleared the wreck, I got several articles that had floated from the vessel. I caught my box of clothes and linen, and a box containing some bottles of orange and lime water, a few pounds of chocolate, sugar, &c. But this last was so heavy, that we were obliged to abandon it, as we could not force open the lid. We picked up, however, thirteen onions, which, with my dog, were all we had to depend upon. We were fifty leagues from land, without masts, sails, or oars. We twisted the rest of the sailor's shirt into slips, and with the knife split up some of the planks that lined the boat, of which we made a kind of mast, which we tied to the foremost bench; a piece of board was our substitute for a yard, to which we fastened the two parts of the trousers, which served as a sort of sails. We were obliged constantly to bale, for the boat was very leaky.

In this melancholy plight we made the best of our way, and were eight days in reaching Tobago, during which time we suffered extremely from hunger and thirst. Two of our number having drunk salt-water, became delirious and died, and had the Caribs not kindly received and entertained us, neither the mate nor I would have been alive to tell the story. We carved our names with a knife on several boards, and gave them to different natives to shew to any ships that might chance to arrive on the coast. At length a sloop from Oronoko touched on the western side. The Indians shewed a plank on which my name was carved, and told them of our situation. When we departed, I gave them my boat as the only return I could make for their hospitality; and I shall remember them with gratitude as long as I live.

WRECK OF THE LITCHFIELD MAN-OF-WAR.

H.M.S. Litchfield sailed from Ireland on the 11th November 1758, in company with several other men-of-war and transports, under the command of Commodore Keppel, for the reduction of Goree. Till the 22d they had fine weather, and the voyage was prosperous. On that evening Lieutenant Sutherland had the charge of the deck. The weather was rainy and squally, the ship being under her courses and main-topsail. Thunder and lightning came on at nine, and the squall increased. Captain Burton came on deck, and directed them to keep in sight of the commodore, and then retired to his cabin. At one the next morning, a great shock was felt, and most of the men ran on deck. The ship struck violently on the ground, and the sea broke over the deck. Rocky and uneven land appeared at two cables' distance. The ship lay with her broadside to windward; her masts went over, carrying away some of the crew. The yards and sails hung in a confused heap, and the waves dashed so violently as almost to split the vessel to pieces. But the strength of the waves coming upon the larboard quarter, and the anchors having been cut away when she struck, they were enabled to bring her towards the sea. They exerted themselves to get every thing to the larboard side, to prevent the ship heeling off, and exposing the deck to the sea. They also threw over the starboard guns. Some of the crew, against advice, launched one of the boats, and eight of the best men jumped into her; they had hardly got to the stern when they were whirled to the bottom. The other boats were dashed to pieces on the deck.

A raft was formed of the davit, capstan-bars, and some boards. By this time the quarter-deck and the poop were the only places on which they could stand, the waves being much spent before they got to these parts

by breaking over the obstruction presented by the forepart of the ship. She was now so full of water that no provisions could be got out. By four in the afternoon the sea being much milder, some thought they could swim to land: one of the seamen tried the experiment and succeeded. The ship now began to break in pieces very fast.

Many Moors stood on the rocks, and beckoned them to come to the shore. Their motive for this was seen to be purely selfish, as they left the sailor who swam off to crawl up the rocks without help. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Sutherland, with about sixty-five seamen, got ashore before it was dark; but they soon began to doubt, whether, after having left their sinking ship they had made a happier exchange, in placing themselves at the mercy of the Moors. They were exposed to the weather on the cold sand, obliged to wander up and down the shore to pick up pieces of the wreck for a fire; if they chanced to get a shirt or handkerchief, and gave it not up to these savages on the first demand, a dagger was forthwith pointed at their breasts. The seamen were stripped before they were well out of the water, their plunderers wrangling and fighting among themselves about the division of the spoil. The only thing they were allowed to retain, was a piece of old sail-cloth, which the Moors did not think to be worth carrying off; of this two tents were made, which were crowded by the men and officers, and preserved a little warmth. In this situation, filled with the worst apprehensions concerning the fate of their unfortunate comrades, they spent a most dismal night, without even a drop of water, excepting what oozed through the sides of the tents.

At six next morning, a number went upon the rocks to help such of their comrades as came on shore, and found that the vessel had been much damaged during the night. It was low water, and many tried to swim ashore, but few succeeded. Fifteen got upon a raft, but had no sooner put off than they were upset; most

of them, however, regained it ; but the same accident happened four or five times, and eventually only four of the number were saved. By this time a good swimmer brought a rope ashore, after a severe struggle ; just as he was spent, and had almost lost his grasp, Lieutenant Sutherland, by running down some rocks into the water, caught hold of him ; by means of this rope, a larger one was got to land, and secured round a rock, and being hauled tight from the upper part of the stern, there was a descent provided for such as could either walk or slide upon it, another rope being placed above it to hold by, and thus they advanced half-way ashore. The under rope was intended to pull the people ashore, and was fastened to the larger one by an iron ring, to traverse backwards and forwards. They continued landing by this means till eleven o'clock, but numbers were washed off the rope and drowned. The flood now coming on, raised the surf, and rendered the ropes useless. Those on shore broiled for their meal some of the half-drowned poultry ; they found a well of fresh water about half a mile off. They had scarcely finished their repast when the Moors rushing upon them, drove them down the rocks, and beat them unmercifully, to compel them to drag up iron-bound casks, and other articles which had iron about them.

Some of them proceeded to search for the rest of the poultry on shore ; others erected a larger tent ; and the rest endeavoured to assist their comrades in landing. The surf increased greatly with the flood, and breaking on the forepart of the ship, divided her into three pieces ; the forepart was turned keel up, the middle dashed into many fragments, and the front of the poop with thirty men upon it fell, of whom eight got on shore, but so bruised as to be almost deprived of life. Nothing remained above water but the after part of the poop, and a very small portion of the upper decks. On this stood the captain and 130 seamen, who expected that every moment would be their last. The wreck seemed

as if it was going to throw them all to the bottom, and upset upon them; every shock threw some of the number off, of whom few reached the shore alive. All this time the fiendish Moors laughed loudly, appearing peculiarly delighted when any wave of uncommon size threatened to engulf the miserable tottering beings on the wreck.

Between four and five, the sea had decreased with the ebb. The rope still remaining fast many ventured upon its slippery and perilous line, but few succeeded in the enterprise. About five o'clock, those on shore beckoned as significantly as they could for the captain to leave the wreck, and try the rope, but he did not make the attempt at that time. They still continued to make signals for him to come ashore, and just before dark he stepped upon the rope. He was followed by an able seaman, who did all he could to encourage and assist him. As he could not swim, and was weak with long fasting, when the surf hurled him violently along, he was unable to resist the waves, and losing hold of the large rope, would assuredly have perished had not a wave thrown him within reach of the ropes on shore, which he grasped with all his remaining energy. After he came on shore, he dropped down insensible; but they pulled him up, and he came to himself, after sitting a little on the rocks. The Moors would have stripped him, but on the seamen showing their determination to resist they desisted and retired. Many of the crew still attempted to come on shore, for they saw plainly that the wreck would fall to pieces with the next flood. The Moors at length seemed to have grown tired with waiting for so little plunder, and molested them less.

Next morning, the wreck was scattered in pieces, and the shore strewn with the fragments. One individual who had been tossed about nearly two hours on a piece of timber, informed them that, about one in the morning, all those who were left on the wreck had perished. He

himself was thrown senseless on the rocks, but recovered and got to the tent by day-light, much bruised.

The Moors busily picked up every article of value; suffering the shipwrecked seamen to take nothing but pork, flour, and liquor, all of which they stowed in the tent. At one in the afternoon the survivors were mustered, and their number was found to be 220. Those drowned amounted to 130, including the first lieutenant, the captain and lieutenant of marines, purser, gunner, carpenter, and three midshipmen. The survivors then returned public thanks to God for their preservation.

After suffering various indignities from the Moors, and after a toilsome journey to Morocco, where many of them were compelled for a time to work as slaves, proposals were made for their restoration by the British governor at Gibraltar. They were soon after allowed to depart, attended by a Bashaw and 100 cavalry, and were taken off at Salee by a vessel sent for that purpose. On the 27th June 1766 they arrived at Gibraltar.

LOSS OF THE DUKE WILLIAM TRANSPORT.

On the 25th November 1758, the duke William transport, with some French passengers on board, in her way from North America, sailed from the Bay of Canso, in company with six transports. The third day they were at sea, thick weather coming on, they parted company with three of the other ships, and soon after, with the rest. The ship still went on well, and though the sea ran mountains high, she skimmed like a bird over the water. On the 10th December, Captain Nicholls saw a sail, which proved to be one of the transports, the Violet. On asking how they were on board, the captain replied they were in "a terrible situation, having shipped much water; the pumps were choked, and he was much afraid

they would sink before morning." Captain Nicholls exhorted him to cheer up, promising, if he could, to stay by him till the weather should become more moderate.

The main-topsail of the Duke William was taken in, and three pumps got out. A spare pump was thrust down an after-hatchway, and shipped in an empty butt; and all other precautions were taken. When they changed the watch, the carpenter told the captain that there was no water to strike a pump. Captain Nicholls therefore felt by no means anxious. Fatigued with walking the deck, he went below to smoke his pipe, and mixed a tumbler of grog. Scarcely had he tasted it, when he was thrown from his chair, while sitting in the state room, by a blow which the ship received from a terrible sea; on which he sent the boy to ask the mate whether anything was washed over. The mate answered that all was safe. The captain then wishing to sleep, lay down without undressing. Before he closed his eyes, the mate came down and told him that the carpenter had found water below the kelson, and that the ship had sprung a leak; he rose, and went to look down into the hold, and heard the water rushing in furiously. The people were set to work vigorously at the pumps, which were marked with chalk to shew how far the water rose upon them. The captain going to the Frenchmen's cabins, exhorted them to rise, and give their help at the pumps. By this time it was day-light. They looked about for their consort, and saw the Violet on her broadside, at a little distance, her foreyard broke in the slings, her fore-top-sail set, and the crew endeavouring to cut away the mizen-mast: she had just been broached-to by the foreyards giving way. A violent squall came on, and the unfortunate ship went to the bottom, with 400 souls on board.

The people on board the Duke William opened the hatches, and as the water flowed fast into the hold, they let down tubs, which they hauled up and emptied on the upper deck; in which operation the French passengers,

and even the women, assisted. Three pumps were constantly at work, and baling out of the gun-room scuttle, they discharged a great deal of water. The leak arose from the end of a large butt having pressed against and displaced one of the timbers. A seam would have done them little harm ; but a butt's end was more than they could manage. Every expedient they used to stop it proved vain ; though they quilted the sprit-sail with oakum and flax, to see whether it would sink into the leak.

In this state they remained three days. The vessel was full of water, and seemed likely to sink every minute. They had, however, got up both liquor and provisions. The ship was kept afloat solely through the buoyancy of the empty casks below. The people then came to Captain Nicholls and told him that they could do no more. He sorrowfully acquiesced, and went and told the priest their situation—that he expected the decks would break up every moment. The father was at first stunned by the intelligence ; he then told his beads, went over "*sancta Maria ora pro nobis,*" and said he would give them the absolution for the dying. In the words of Captain Nicholls, "it was most melancholy to see so many people, hearty, strong, and in good health, looking at each other, bewailing their unhappy condition. No fancy can picture the distraction of the poor unhappy children clinging to their mothers, and the wives hanging over their husbands, lamenting their miserable fate."

They hastened to get out the boats. The long-boat and the cutter were soon ready. But the sea was too high to lower them with tackles and runners ; they therefore arranged that the cutter should be got over the side, with a painter made fast to her before she dropped, and that those in her should have two axes, to cut the tackles, at what they might judge the proper moment. Accordingly the boat dropped very well into the water. They next tried the long-boat ; and daylight having set

in, their spirits were raised by the hope that a ship might come in time to save their lives, the weather being now much milder.

Men had been stationed at the main and fore-topmast heads to watch for a sail ; to the unspeakable joy of all, one cried out that he saw two ships right astern, making after them. The priest and an old gentleman on board were immediately told the good news by the captain ; the latter embraced him in his aged arms, and wept for joy. The ensign was hoisted to the main-topmast shrouds, and the guns got ready for firing. The weather was hazy, and the ships not far off ; when they saw the transport's signal of distress, they hoisted English colours, and seemed to be West Indiamen, of about 300 or 400 tons ; the Duke William's crew continued to fire guns of distress. They saw the two ships speak with each other ; they then set their foresails and topsails, hauled to the wind, and stood off. Thinking that, from the size of the Duke William, they might have taken her for a man-of-war, the captain ordered the mainmast to be cut away to undeceive them. One of the shrouds not being properly cut, checked the mainmast, and caused it to fall right upon the boats. On this they hastily cut the painters of both the boats, otherwise they would have been staved to pieces, and sunk. It was a dreadful thing to cut away what seemed their only refuge, and at the same time to see the ships basely desert them. They felt the deepest distress—despair supplanted their brief feelings of joy, in the prospect of rescue. The foresail hung in the brails, the yard flew backward and forward by the rolling of the ship, rendering them apprehensive that she would instantly upset. The few men who had been cut away in the boats were now out of sight, and made no effort to rejoin the ship, though each had oars, foremast and foresail. They agreed to bring the ship to. Men were placed in every fore shroud, and one with an axe to the foremast, to cut it away if necessary. In hauling out the mizen, which

had been greatly chafed, it split; a new stay-sail was bent to bring her too, which took place after some delay; and a heavy sea striking the larboard quarter, they began to fear lest they should have to cut away the mast. The men in the yawl seeing the ship lying-to for them, put up the foremast, and ran for her, holding the sheets in their hands because of the wind; and as soon as they arrived, some men were sent to row to the assistance of the long-boat. They soon joined her, and set the sail; the cutter also arrived in safety.

No sooner had the boats joined them, than the cheering cry was heard from the mast, "A sail! a sail!" The weather was hazy, but the strange vessel was soon near enough for them to hear and perceive her guns. She hoisted Danish colours, when her main-topsail sheet gave way; whereupon Captain Nicholls, conceiving that the main-topsail was to be clewed up, and that she would come down to their assistance, went to tell the news to the passengers. They hugged him in their arms, and called him their friend and deliverer. Alas! their joy was soon over;—no sooner had the vessel spliced her topsail sheet, than she stood away, and left them in their misery. "Who," says captain Nicholls, "can describe the despair that then reigned in the ship! The poor unhappy people wrung their hands, and cried out, that God had forsaken them."

About three, the oldest passenger came to the captain in tears, and said that he was sent by the rest, to request him and his crew to take to the boats, as they were satisfied that they had done all in their power to save them; the captain in vain remonstrated, and said that they should all stay and meet the same fate. After much hesitation, he acquainted the crew with the offer: they said, that did they think they could save the others, they would remain, but since that was impossible, they would yield to their request; and, followed by the tears of the rest, they prepared for the boats. As these were ranged up by the sea under the ship's counter, those who

went last cast themselves down, and were caught by the men in the boat. The captain having stated his determination to remain with the ship till dark, they all promised not to desert him. But before night came on, the people begged him to come away, as from the blows which the boats received from the ship's counter, they were in danger of being sunk.

The captain seeing the priest stretching his arms over the rails in great emotion, and apparently under strong apprehensions of death, asked him if he chose to take his chance in the boat. He said, he would do so, if there was room; he then went and saluted those left behind, giving them his benediction.

The boat was cast adrift as soon as the captain entered: it was pitch-dark, there being neither moon nor stars to guide them. They were twenty-seven in the long-boat, and nine in the cutter, without either food or drink; they knew not how far they were from the English coast, and resolved to keep as near as possible to the wreck.

It blew fresh, with sleet and snow. The boat's crew could scarcely move a limb with working so long at the pumps. They suffered severely from the wet and cold, and began to wish that they had remained on the wreck, as here there seemed nothing but a lingering death before them. They thought that one must be sacrificed to keep the others alive. The boats, too, began to let in water, and they were so weary, with four nights watching, that they could hardly lift an arm to bale them. At length it grew quite calm, and death seemed to stare them in the face. They were now a considerable distance from the ship. Soon after this, four of the French prisoners on board, launched from the wreck a small jolly-boat, with two small paddles, and swam to her; just as they left the ship, her decks blew up with a report like a gun. She sunk, and 360 perished in her.

Having some twine, they tied a ball to the end of it, and sounding, found forty-five fathoms water, which

made them think they could not be far from the land; and they anxiously wished that the fog might clear away, hoping then to see it. They suffered much from hunger and thirst. One of them produced about four pounds of bread, but when he took it from the bosom of his shirt, it was like dough. But it did them no good, for, being wet and clammy, it stuck to the roof of their mouths, having nothing to wash it down. Another had some allspice; this was almost useless; but they thrust it down their throats, which created some saliva, and so they were enabled to swallow it.

At noon, a light breeze arose from the south-west. They had fore-mast and fore-sails, but all their oars had been washed away, excepting two from each boat. They found a couple of blankets, which some one had brought with him; they erected one oar for a main-mast, and stretched the blanket upon the other as a yard.

About four in the afternoon, it cleared up, and they saw a brig about two miles distant. They gave chase, but the brig stood from them; probably taking them from their appearance, for the French lugsail boats, which, during the war, used to frequent the neighbourhood of Scilly.

Night came on, and the weather was foggy again. The crew, being almost dead with want of sleep, reposed themselves, sitting half-way in water, it being impossible for so many to find seats. The captain, anxious to provide for their safety, tried to keep his eyes open, though this was the fifth night that he had wanted sleep. About eleven, all being asleep but the helmsman and himself, he thought he saw land. But he was determined to be sure before he called out *Land*. He squeezed his eye-lids together to make the water run out of his eyes, as he found them very dim. Again he thought he saw land very plain, and was convinced that he was not deceived. By this time the steersman also had fallen asleep, and the captain took the tiller himself. He then awoke them by shouting out the cheering sound; and

indeed, there was need of activity, for they were close upon breakers. Every one awoke, and, with some difficulty, the boat cleared the rocks.

LOSS OF THE PHOENIX.

THE Phoenix of 44 guns, Captain Sir Hyde Parker, was lost in a hurricane, off Cuba, in the West Indies, in the year 1780. The same hurricane destroyed the Thunderer, 74; Stirling Castle, 64; La Blanche, 42; Laurel, 28; Andromeda, 28; Deas Castle, 24; Scarborough, 20; Beaver's Prize, 16; Barbadoes, 14; Cameleon, 14; Endeavour, 14; and Victor, 10 guns. Lieutenant Archer was first lieutenant of the Phoenix at the time she was lost. His narrative, in a letter to his mother, contains a most correct and animated account of the awful event. It is so simple and natural as to make the reader feel himself as on board the Phoenix. Every circumstance is detailed with deep feeling.

" At Sea, June 30, 1781.

" MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I am now going to give you an account of our last cruise in the Phoenix; and must premise, that should any one see it besides yourself, they must put this construction on it—that it was originally intended for the eyes of a mother, and a mother only—as, upon that supposition, my feelings may be tolerated. You will also meet with a number of sea terms, which, if you don't understand, why, I cannot help you, as I am unable to give a sea description in any other words.

"To begin then:—On the 2d of August, 1780, we weighed and sailed for Port Royal, bound for Pensacola, having two store-ships under convoy, and to see safe in; then to cruise off the Havanna and in the gulph of Mexico.

for six weeks. In a few days we made the two sandy islands, that look as if they had just risen out of the sea, or fallen from the sky; inhabited, nevertheless, by upwards of three hundred English, who get their bread by catching turtle and parrots, and raising vegetables, which they exchange with ships that pass, for clothing and a few of the luxuries of life, as rum, &c.

“About the 12th we arrived at Pensacola, without any thing remarkable happening, except our catching a vast quantity of fish, sharks, dolphins, and bonettes. On the 13th sailed singly, and on the 14th had a very heavy gale of wind at north, right off the land, so that we soon left the sweet place, Pensacola, a distance astern. We then looked into the Havanna, saw a number of ships there, and knowing that some of them were bound round the bay, we cruised in the track: a fortnight, however, passed, and not a single ship hove in sight to cheer our spirits. We then took a turn or two round the gulf, but not near enough to be seen from the shore. Vera Cruz, we expected, would have made us happy, but the same luck still continued—day followed day, and no sail. The dollar bag began to grow a little bulky, for every one had lost two or three times, and no one had one. This was a small gambling party entered into by Sir Hyde and ourselves: every one put a dollar into a bag, and fixed on a day when we should see a sail, but no two persons were to name the same day, and whoever guessed right first was to have the bag.

“Being now tired of our situation, and glad the cruise was almost out, for we found the navigation very dangerous, owing to unaccountable currents, we shaped our course for Cape Antonio. The next day the man at the mast-head, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, called out, ‘A sail upon the weather bow! Ha! Ha! Mr. Spaniard, I think we have you at last. Turn out all hands! make sail! All hands give chase!’ There was scarcely any occasion for this order, for the sound of a sail being in sight flew like wildfire through the

ship, and every sail was set in an instant, almost before the orders were given. A lieutenant at the mast-head with a spy glass. 'What is she?' 'A large ship studding athwart right before the wind. P-o-r-t! Keep her away; set the studding sails ready!' Up comes the little doctor, rubbing his hands, 'Ha! ha! I have won the bag.' 'Leave the bag alone; look, what's ahead will fill all our bags.' Mast-head again: 'Two more sail on the larboard beam!' 'Archer, go up, and see what you can make of them.' 'Upon deck there: I see a whole fleet of twenty sail coming right before the wind.' 'Confound the luck of it, this is some convoy or other, but we must try if we can pick some of them out.' 'Haul down the studding-sails! Luff! bring her to wind! Let us see what we can make of them.'

"About five we got pretty near them, and found them to be twenty-six sail of Spanish merchantmen, under convoy of three line-of-battle ships, one of which chased us; but when she found we were playing with her, (for the old Phoenix had heels), she left chase and joined the convoy, which they drew up into a lump, and placed themselves at the outside; but we still kept smelling about till after dark. O, for the Hector, the Albion, and a frigate, and we should take the whole fleet and convoy, worth some millions! About eight o'clock perceived three sail at some distance from the fleet; dashed in between them, and gave chase, and were happy to find they steered from the fleet. About twelve came up with a large ship of twenty-six guns. 'Archer, every man to his quarters! run the lower Jeck guns out, and light the ship up: show this fellow our force; it may prevent his firing into us and killing a man or two.' No sooner said than done. 'Hoa, the ship ahoy, lower all your sails down, and bring to instantly, or I'll sink you.' Clatter, clatter, went the blocks, and away flew all their sails in proper confusion. 'What ship is that?' 'The Polly.'

‘Whence come you?’ ‘From Jamaica.’ ‘Where are you bound?’ ‘To New York.’ ‘What ship is that?’ ‘The Phoenix.’ Huzza, three times, by the whole ship’s company. Upon examination, we found it to be as he reported, and that they had fallen in with the Spanish fleet that morning, and were chased the whole day, and that nothing saved them but our stepping in between; for the Spaniards took us for three consorts, and the Polly took the Phoenix for a Spanish frigate till we hailed them. The other vessel in company was likewise bound to New York. Thus was I, from being worth thousands in idea, reduced to the old 4s. 6d. a-day again: for the little doctor made the most prize money of us all that day, by winning the bag, which contained between thirty and forty dollars; but this is nothing to what we sailors sometimes undergo.

“After parting company, we steered south-south-east, to go round Antonio, and so to Jamaica (our cruise being out) with our fingers in our mouths, and all of us as green as you please. It happened to be my middle watch, and about three o’clock, when a man upon the fore-castle bawls out, ‘breakers ahead, and land upon the lee-bow.’ I looked out, and it was so sure enough. ‘Ready about! put the helm down! Helm a lee!’ Sir Hyde, hearing me put the ship about, jumped upon deck. ‘Archer, what’s the matter! you are putting the ship about without my orders!’ ‘Sir, ’tis time to go about; the ship is almost ashore, there’s the land,’ ‘Good God, so it is! Will the ship stay?’ ‘Yes, Sir, I believe she will, if we don’t make any confusion, she’s all aback—forward now!’ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘work the ship, I will not speak a single word.’ The ship stayed very well. ‘Then, heave the lead! see what water we have!’ ‘Three fathoms.’ ‘Keep the ship away, west-north-west.’—‘By the mark three.’ ‘This won’t do, Archer.’ ‘No, Sir, we had better haul more to the northward; we came south-south-east, and had better steer north-north-west.’ ‘Steady, and a quarter three.’

'This may do, as we deepen a little.' 'By the deep four.' 'Very well, my lad, heave quick.' 'Five fathoms.' 'That's a fine fellow! another cast nimbly.' 'Quarter less eight.' 'That will do, come, we shall get clear by and bye.' 'Mark under water five.' 'What's that!' 'Only five fathom, Sir.' 'Turn all hands up, bring the ship to an anchor, boy!' 'Are the anchors clear?' 'In a moment, Sir.' 'All clear!' 'What water have you in the chains now!' 'Eight, half nine.' 'Keep fast the anchors till I call you.' 'Ay, ay, Sir, all fast!' 'I have no ground with this line.' 'How many fathoms have you out? pass along the deep-sea line!' 'Ay, ay, Sir.' 'Come, are you all ready?' 'All ready, Sir!' 'Heave away, watch! watch! bear away, veer away, no ground, Sir, with a hundred fathom.' 'That's clever, come, Madam Phœnix, there is another squeak in you yet—all down but the watch; secure the anchor again; heave the main-top-sail to the mast; luff, and bring her to the wind!'

"I told you, Madam, you should have a little sea-jargon: if you can understand half of what is already said, I wonder at it, though it is nothing to what is to come yet, when the old hurricane begins. As soon as the ship was a little to rights, and all quiet again, Sir Hyde came to me in the most friendly manner, the tears almost starting from his eyes—'Archer, we ought all to be much obliged to you for the safety of the ship, and perhaps of ourselves. I am particularly so; nothing but that instantaneous presence of mind and calmness saved her: another ship's length and we should have been fast on shore; had you been the least diffident, or made the least confusion, so as to make the ship baulk in her stays, she must have been inevitably lost.' 'Sir, you are very good, but I have done nothing that I suppose any body else would not have done, in the same situation. I did not turn all the hands up, knowing the watch was able to work the ship; besides, had it spread immediately about the ship that she was almost

ashore, it might have created a confusion that was better avoided.' 'Well,' says he, 'tis well indeed.'

"At daylight we found that the current had set us between the Collarado rocks and Cape Antonio, and that we could not have got out any other way than we did; there was a chance, but Providence is the best pilot. We had sunset that day twenty leagues to the south-east of our reckoning by the current.

"After getting clear of this scrape, we thought ourselves fortunate, and made sail for Jamaica, but misfortune seemed to follow misfortune. The next night,—my watch upon deck too,—we were overtaken by a squall, like a hurricane while it lasted; for though I saw it coming, and prepared for it, yet, when it took the ship, it roared, and laid her down so, that I thought she would never get up again. However, by keeeping her away, and clewing up every thing, she righted. The remainder of the night we had very heavy squalls, and in the morning found the mainmast sprung half the way through: one hundred and twenty-three leagues to the leeward of Jamaica, the hurricane months coming on, the head of the mainmast almost off, and at a short allowance; well, we must make the best of it. The mainmast was well fished, but we were obliged to be very tender of carrying sail.

"Nothing remarkable happened for ten days afterwards, when we chased a Yankee man-of-war for six hours, but could not get near enough to her before it was dark to keep sight of her; so that we lost her because unable to carry any sail on the mainmast. In about twelve days more made the island of Jamaica, having weathered all the squalls, and put into Montego Bay for water; so that we had a strong party for kicking up a dust on shore, having found three men-of-war lying there. Dancing &c., &c., till two o'clock every morning, little thinking what was to happen in four days' time: for out of the four men-of-war that were there, not one was in being at the end of that time, and not a soul alive but those

left of our crew. Many of the houses where we had been so merry were so completely destroyed, that scarcely a vestige remained to mark where they stood.

“September the 30th, weighed; bound for Port Royal, round the eastward of the island; the Barbadoes and Victor had sailed the day before, and the Scarborough was to sail the next. Moderate weather until October the 2d. Spoke to the Barbadoes off Port Antonio in the evening. At eleven at night it began to snuffle, with a monstrous heavy appearance from the eastward. Close-reefed the top-sails. Sir Hyde sent for me: ‘What sort of weather have we, Archer?’ ‘It blows a little, and has a very ugly look: if in any other quarter but this, I should say we were going to have a gale of wind.’ ‘Ay, it looks so very often here when there is no wind at all; however, don’t hoist the top-sails till it clears a little, there is no trusting any country.’ At twelve I was relieved; the weather had the same rough look: however, they made sail upon her, but had a very dirty night. At eight in the morning I came up again, found it blowing hard from the east-north-east with close-reefed top-sails upon the ship, and heavy squalls at times. Sir Hyde came upon deck: ‘Well, Archer, what do you think of it?’ ‘O, Sir, ’tis only a touch of the times; we shall have an observation at twelve o’clock; the clouds are beginning to break; it will clear up at noon, or else—blow very hard afterwards.’ ‘I wish it would clear up, but I doubt it much. I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies, and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this. So take in the top-sails, we have plenty of sea-room.’

“At twelve, the gale still increasing, wore ship, to keep as near mid-channel between Jamaica and Cuba as possible; at one the gale increasing still; at two, harder yet; it still blows harder! Reefed the courses and furl-ed them; brought-to under a foul mizen stay-sail, head to the northward. In the evening no sign of the weather taking off, but every appearance of the storm increasing;

prepared for a proper gale of wind ; secured all the sails with spare gaskets ; good rolling tackles upon the yards ; squared the booms ; saw the boats all made fast ; new lashed the guns ; double breeched the lower deckers ; saw that the carpenters had the tarpaulings and battens all ready for hatchways ; got the top-gallant-mast down upon the deck ; jib-boom and sprit-sail-yard fore and aft ; in fact every thing we could think of to make a snug ship.

“The poor birds now began to find the uproar in the elements, for numbers, both of sea and land kinds, came on board of us. I took notice of some, which happened to be to leeward, turned to windward, like a ship, tack and tack, for they could not fly against it. When they came over the ship they dashed themselves down upon the deck, without attempting to stir till picked up, and when let go again they would not leave the ship, but endeavoured to hide themselves from the wind.

“At eight o'clock a hurricane ; the sea roaring, but wind still steady to a point ; did not ship a spoonful of water. However, got the hatchways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence should the wind shift ; placed the carpenters by the mainmast with broad axes, knowing, from experience, that at the moment you may want to cut it away to save the ship, an axe may not be found. Went to supper : bread, cheese, and porter. The purser frightened out of his wits about his bread bags ; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship's working so much, and the noise of the lower deck guns ; which, by this time, made a pretty screeching to people not used to it : it seemed as if the whole ship's side were going at each roll. Wooden, our carpenter, was all this time smoking his pipe and laughing at the doctor ; the second lieutenant upon deck, and the third in his hammock.

“At ten o'clock I thought to get a little sleep ; came to look into my cot ; it was full of water : for every seam, by the straining of the ship, had begun to leak. Stretched myself, therefore, upon deck between two chests, and

left orders to be called should the least thing happen. At twelve a midshipman came to me: 'Mr. Archer, we are just going to wear ship, Sir!' 'O, very well, I'll be up directly; what sort of weather have you got?' 'It blows a hurricane.' Went upon deck, found Sir Hyde there: 'It blows hard, Archer.' 'It does indeed, Sir.' 'I don't know that I ever remember it blowing so hard before; but the ship makes a very good weather of it upon this tack, as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the south-east, and we are drawing right upon Cuba; so do you go forward, and have some hands stand by; loose the lee yard-arm of the fore-sail, and when she is right before the wind, whip the clue-garnet close up, and roll up the sail.' 'Sir, there is no canvass can stand against this a moment; if we attempt to loose him he will fly into ribbands in an instant, and we may loose three or four of our people; she'll wear by manning the fore shrouds.' 'No, I don't think she will.' 'I'll answer for it, Sir; I have seen it tried several times on the coast of America with success.' 'Well, try it; if she does not wear, we can only loose the fore-sail afterwards.' This was a great condescension from such a man as Sir Hyde. However, by sending about two hundred people into the fore-rigging, after a hard struggle, she wore; found she did not make so good weather on this tack as on the other; for as the sea began to run across, she had not time to rise from one sea before another lashed against her. Began to think we should lose our masts, as the ship lay very much along, by the pressure of the wind constantly upon the yards and masts alone: for the poor mizen-stay-sail had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards through the gaskets into coach whips. To think that the wind could have such force!

"Sir Hyde now sent me to see what was the matter between decks, as there was a good deal of noise. As soon as I was below, one of the marine officers calls out,

‘Mr. Archer, we are sinking, the water is up to the bottom of my cot.’ ‘Pooh, pooh! as long as it is not over your mouth, you are well off; what do you make this noise for?’ I found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at; scuttled the deck, and let it run into the well; found we had only two feet of water in the well, but expected to be kept constantly at work now, as the ship laboured much, with scarcely a part of her above water but the quarter-deck, and that but seldom. ‘Come, pump away, my boys. Carpenters, get the weather chain-pump rigged.’ ‘All ready, Sir.’ ‘Then man it, and keep both pumps going.’

“At two o’clock the chain-pump was choked; set the carpenters at work to clear it; the two head pumps at work upon deck: the ship gained upon us while our chain-pumps were idle. In a quarter of an hour they were at work again, and we began to gain upon her. While I was standing at the pumps, cheering the people, the carpenter’s mate came running to me with a face as long as my arm: ‘O, Sir, the ship has sprung a leak in the gunner’s room.’ ‘Go, then, and tell the carpenter to come to me, but don’t speak a word to any one else.’ ‘Mr. Goodinoh, I am told there is a leak in the gunner’s room; go and see what is the matter, but don’t alarm any body, and come and make your report privately to me.’ In a short time he returned: ‘Sir, there’s nothing there, ’tis only the water washing up between the timbers that this booby has taken for a leak.’ ‘O, very well; go upon deck and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below.’ ‘Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchways secure, but there is such a weight of water upon the deck, that nobody can stand it when the ship rolls.’ The gunner soon afterwards came to me: ‘Mr. Archer, I should be glad if you would step this way into the magazine a moment.’ I thought something was the matter, and ran directly: ‘Well, what is the matter here?’ ‘The

ground-tier of powder is spoiled, and I want to show you that it is not out of carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed. Now, Sir, what am I to do? if you don't speak to Sir Hyde, he will be angry with me.' I could not forbear smiling to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him, 'Let us shake off this gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterwards.'

"At four we had gained upon the ship a little, and I went upon deck, it being my watch. The second lieutenant relieved me at the pumps. Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? If I was to write for ever I could not give you an idea of it—a total darkness all above; the sea on fire, running as it were in Alps, or Peaks of Teneriffe—(mountains are too common an idea); the wind roaring louder than thunder, (absolutely no flight of imagination); the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue lightning; the poor ship was very much pressed, yet doing what she could, shaking her sides, and groaning at every stroke. Sir Hyde upon deck, lashed to windward. I soon lashed myself alongside of him, and told him the situation of things below, saying the ship did not make more water than might be expected in such weather, and that I was only afraid of a gun breaking loose. 'I am not in the least afraid of that; I have commanded her six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her; so that her iron work, which always gives way first, is pretty well tried. Hold fast! that was an ugly sea; we must lower the yards, I believe, Archer; the ship is much pressed.' 'If we attempt it, Sir, we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing; besides, their being down would ease the ship very little; the mainmast is a sprung mast: I wish it was overboard without carrying anything else along with it; but that can soon be done, the gale cannot last for ever; 't will soon be daylight now.' Found by the master's watch that it was five o'clock, though but a little after four by

ours; glad it was so near daylight, and looked for it with much anxiety. Cuba, thou art much in our way! Another ugly sea. Sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps: the ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broken one of their chains, but it was almost mended again. News from the pump again: 'She still gains! a heavy lee!' Back-water from leeward, half-way up the quarter-deck; filled one of the cutters upon the booms, and tore her all to pieces; the ship lying almost on her beam-ends, and not attempting to right again. Word from below that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along. I said to Sir Hyde, 'This is no time, Sir, to think of saving the mast; shall we cut the mainmast away?' 'Ay, as fast as you can.' I accordingly went into the chains with a pole-axe to cut away the lanyards; the boatswain went to leeward, and the carpenters stood by the mast. We were all ready, when a very violent sea broke right on board of us, carried every thing upon deck away, filled the ship with water; the main and mizen-masts went; the ship righted, but was in the last struggle of sinking under us.

"As soon as we could shake our heads above water, Sir Hyde exclaimed, 'We are gone at last, Archer! foundered at sea!' 'Yes, Sir, farewell, and the Lord have mercy upon us!' I then turned about to look forward at the ship, and thought she was struggling to get rid of some of the water; but all in vain, she was almost full below.

"I then felt sorrow that I could swim, as by that means I might be a quarter of an hour longer dying than a man who could not, and it is impossible to divest ourselves of a wish to preserve life. At the end of these reflections I thought I heard the ship thump and grinding under our feet: it was so. 'Sir, the ship is ashore!' 'What do you say?' 'The ship is ashore; and we may save ourselves yet!' By this time the quarter-deck was full of men who had come up from below; and cries of

distress were heard from all quarters. The ship now made every body sensible that she was ashore, for every stroke threatened a total dissolution of her whole frame; found she was stern ashore, and the bow broke the sea a good deal, though it was washing clean over at every stroke. Sir Hyde cried out, 'Keep to the quarter-deck, my lads; when she goes to pieces 'tis your best chance!' Providentially got the foremast cut away, that she might not pay round the broadside. Lost five men in cutting away the foremast, by the breaking of a sea on board just as the mast went. That was nothing; every one expected it would be his own fate next. Looked for daybreak with the greatest impatience. At last it came; but what a scene did it show us! the ship upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side, and Cordilleras of water on the other; our poor ship grinding and crying out at every stroke between them, going away by piece-meal. However, to shew the unaccountable workings of Providence, that which often appears to be the greatest evil, proves to be the greatest good! That unmerciful sea lifted and beat us up so high among the rocks, that at last the ship scarcely moved. She was very strong, and did not go to pieces at the first thumping, though her decks tumbled in. We found afterwards that she had beat over a ledge of rocks almost a quarter of a mile in extent beyond us, where, if she had struck, every soul of us must have perished.

"I now began to think of getting on shore, so stripped off my coat and shoes for a swim, and looked for a line to carry the end with me. Luckily, I could not find one, which gave me time for recollection: 'This won't do for me, to be the first man out of the ship, and first lieutenant; we may get to England again, and people may think I paid a great deal of attention to myself, and did not care for any body else. No, that won't do; instead of being the first, I'll see every man, sick and well, out of her before me.'

"I now thought there was no probability of the ship's

soon going to pieces, therefore had not a thought of instant death: took a look round with a kind of philosophic eye, to see how the same situation affected my companions, and was surprised to find those who were the greatest bullies in fine weather, now the most pitiful wretches on earth, when death appeared before them. However, two got safe; by which means, with a line, we got a hawser on shore, and made fast to the rocks, upon which many ventured and arrived safe. There were some sick and wounded on board, who could not avail themselves of this method; we, therefore, got a spare top-sail-yard from the chains, and placed one end ashore and the other on the cabin window, so that most of the sick got ashore this way.

“As I had determined, so I was the last man out of the ship; this was about ten o’clock. The gale now began to break. Sir Hyde came to me, and taking me by the hand, was so affected that he was scarcely able to speak— ‘Archer, I am happy beyond expression to see you on shore, but look at our poor Phoenix!’ I turned about, but could not say a single word, being too full: my mind had been too intensely occupied before; but every thing now rushed upon me at once, so that I could not contain myself, and I indulged for a full quarter of an hour in tears.

“By twelve it was pretty moderate; got some nails on shore and made tents; found great quantities of fish driven up by the sea into holes of the rocks; knocked up a fire, and had a most comfortable dinner. In the afternoon made a stage from the cabin windows to the rocks, and got out some provisions and water, lest the ship should go to pieces, in which case we must all have perished of hunger and thirst; for we were upon a desolate part of the coast, and under a rocky mountain, that could not supply us with a single drop of water.

“Slept comfortably this night and the next day, the idea of death vanishing by degrees. The prospect of being prisoners, during the war, at Havanna, and walking three

hundred miles to it through the woods, was rather unpleasant. However, to save life for the present, we employed this day in getting more provisions and water on shore, which was not an easy matter on account of decks, guns, and rubbish, and ten feet water that lay over them. In the evening I proposed to Sir Hyde, to repair the remains of the only boat left, and to venture in her to Jamaica myself; and in case I arrived safe, to bring vessels to take them off; a proposal worthy of consideration. It was next day agreed to; therefore got the cutter on shore, and set the carpenters to work on her; in two days she was ready, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I embarked with four volunteers and a fortnight's provisions, hoisted English colours as we put from the shore, and received three cheers from the lads left behind, which we returned, and set sail with a light heart; having not the least doubt that we should come back again and bring them all off. Had a very squally night, and a very leaky boat, so as to keep two buckets constantly baling. Steering her myself the whole night by the stars, and in the morning saw the coast of Jamaica distant twelve leagues. At eight in the evening arrived at Montego Bay.

“I must now begin to leave off, particularly as I have but half an hour to conclude; else my pretty little short letter will lose its passage, which I would not like, after being ten days, at different times, writing it, beating up with the convoy to the northward, which is a reason that this epistle will never read well: for I never sat down with a proper disposition to go on with it; but as I knew something of the kind would please you, I was resolved to finish it: yet it will not bear an overhaul; so don't expose your son's nonsense.

“But to proceed—I instantly sent off an express to the admiral, another to the Porcupine man-of-war, and went myself to Martha Bay to get vessels; for all their vessels here, as well as many of their houses, were gone to Moco. Got three small vessels, and set out back again

to Cuba, where I arrived the fourth day after leaving my companions. I thought the ship's crew would have devoured me on my landing; they presently whisked me up on their shoulders and carried me to the tent where Sir Hyde was.

"I must omit many little occurrences that happened on shore, for want of time; but I shall have a number of stories to tell when I get alongside of you; and the next time I visit you I shall not be in such a hurry to quit you as I was the last, for then I hoped my nest would have been pretty well feathered.—But my tale is forgotten.

"I found the Porcupine had arrived that day, and the lads had built a boat almost ready for launching, that would hold fifty of them, which was intended for another trial, in case I had foundered. Next day embarked all our people that were left, amounting to two hundred and fifty; for some had died of the wounds they received in getting on shore; others of drinking rum, and others had straggled into the country. All our vessels were so full of people, that we could not take away the few clothes that were saved from the wreck; but that was a trifle, since we had preserved our lives and liberty. To make short of my story, we all arrived safe at Montego Bay, and shortly after at Port Royal, in the Janus, which was sent on purpose for us, and were all honourably acquitted for the loss of the ship. I was made admiral's aid-de-camp, and a little time afterwards sent down to St Juan's as captain of the Resource, to bring what were left of the poor fellows to Blue Fields, on the Musquito shore, and then to Jamaica, where they arrived after three months' absence, and without a prize, though I looked out hard off Porto Bello and Carthage. Found in my absence that I had been appointed captain of the Tobago, where I remain his Majesty's most true and faithful servant, and my dear mother's most dutiful son,

" — ARCHER."

THE LOSS OF THE HALSEWELL.

THE Halsewell, East Indiaman, Captain Pearce, sailed through the Downs on the 1st of January 1786; and next morning, being abreast of Dunnose, a calm commenced. Next day, in the afternoon, a breeze sprang up from the south; and thick weather setting in towards evening, they were obliged to come to an anchor. Early next morning a strong gale came on, and the ship driving towards shore, they found themselves under the necessity of cutting the cables, and running off to sea. At noon they bore down the channel. About ten at night it blew a violent gale of wind from the south, and they were obliged to carry a press of sail to keep the ship off shore. Soon after they shipped a large quantity of water on the gun-deck; and on sounding the well, found the ship had sprung a leak, and had already five feet of water in her hold; on which all the pumps were set to work.

On Wednesday, the fourth, at two in the morning, they endeavoured to wear the ship without success; whereupon it was judged expedient for her preservation, to cut away the mizen mast, and after that the main-mast; on which occasion five men were drowned. The leak at this time was gaining fast on the pumps; but by ten o'clock the water was got somewhat under by constant exertion, and the wind considerably abated. The ship, however, laboured extremely, and began to be much disabled. Soon after, the weather clearing up, the Berry Head was distinguishable, about four or five leagues distant; and having erected jury-masts, they bore up for Portsmouth.

Early in the morning of the 5th, the wind blew fresh from the south, and the weather was very thick. At noon Portland bore north by east, distant two or three leagues. In the evening a strong gale set in, when the Portland lights were seen bearing north-west, at the distance of four or five leagues, on which they wore ship,

and got her head to the westward ; but finding they were losing ground on that tack, they kept stretching on to the eastward, in hopes of weathering Peverel Point, and reaching Studland Bay. At eleven at night it became clear, when they saw St. Alban's Head at less than two miles to the leeward of them ; they took in sail immediately, and let go the small bower anchor, and after that the sheet anchor ; but in a short time after each expedient the ship drove again.

In this alarming situation the captain sent for Mr. Henry Meriton, the second mate, in whom it seems he placed great confidence, and asked his opinion as to the probability of saving their lives ; to which he replied, with all the composure that could be expected under such alarming circumstances, that he feared there was little hope, as they were driving fast on the shore, and might expect every moment to strike. It was agreed that the boats at that time could be of no use ; but in case an opportunity should present itself of rendering them serviceable, it was proposed that the officers should be confidentially requested to reserve the long-boat for the use of the ladies and themselves, which precaution was immediately taken. The ship still driving and approaching to the shore, about two in the morning of the 6th, the fatal day, Mr. Meriton had another conference with the captain, who expressed extreme anxiety for the preservation of his beloved daughters, and earnestly asked the mate if he could devise any means of saving them. On his expressing his concern, that he feared it would be impossible, and that their only chance would be to wait till morning, the captain lifted up his hands in silent agony.

At this dreadful moment the ship struck with such violence, as to dash the heads of those who were standing in the cuddy against the deck above them ; and the fatal blow was accompanied by a shriek of horror, which burst in one instant from every quarter of the ship. The seamen, many of whom had been remarkably in-

attentive and remiss in their duty during a great part of the storm, and had actually skulked in their hammocks, and left the exertions of the pumps, and the other labours attending their situation, to the officers of the ship and the soldiers, roused by the tremendous blow to a sense of their danger, now poured upon the deck, to which no endeavours of their officers could keep them whilst their assistance might have been useful, and uttered frantic exclamations. The ship continued beating the rocks, and soon bilged, and fell with her broadside towards the shore. When she struck, a number of men climbed up the ensign staff, under the apprehension of her going to pieces immediately.

Mr. Meriton, at this crisis of horror, offered to those unhappy beings the last advice in his power. He recommended their coming all to that side of the ship which lay lowest on the rocks, and singly to take the opportunities which might then offer of escaping to the shore. And thus having attended to the safety of the desponding crew, he returned to the round-house, where, by this time, all the passengers and most of the officers had assembled; the latter employed in offering consolation to the unfortunate ladies.

In this humane work Mr. Meriton now joined, assuring them that the ship would hold together till morning, when they would all be safe; and Captain Pearce observing one of the young gentlemen loud in his expressions of terror, and hearing him frequently exclaim, that the ship was going to pieces, with an appearance of composure bade him hold his peace, observing to him, that though the ship should go to pieces, he would be safe enough.

The ship struck on the rocks at or near Seacombe, on the Island of Purbeck, between Peveril point and St. Alban's Head, at a part of the shore where the cliff is of vast height, and rises almost perpendicularly from its base. At this particular spot, the cliff is excavated at the bottom, and presents a cavern of ten or twelve yards

in depth, and of breadth equal to the length of a large ship, the sides of the cavern so nearly upright as to be extremely difficult of access; the roof formed of the stupendous cliff, and the bottom strewed with sharp and uneven rocks, which seem to have been rent from above. At the mouth of this cavern the unfortunate wreck lay stretched, offering her broadside to the chasm; but at the time she struck, it was too dark to discover the extent of their danger, and the extreme horror of their situation.

In addition to the company already in the round-house, they had admitted three black women and two soldier's wives, so that the number there was now increased to near fifty; Captain Pearce sitting on a chair, with a daughter on each side of him, each of whom he alternately pressed to his bosom. The rest of the melancholy group were seated on the deck, which was strewed with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture, trunks, boxes, and packages. Here Mr. Meriton, having cut several wax candles into pieces, and stuck them up in various parts of the round-house, and lighted up all the glass lanterns he could find, took his seat, intending to wait the dawn, that might present to him the means of effecting his own escape, and afford him an opportunity of giving assistance to the partners of his danger. But observing that the unhappy females appeared parched and exhausted, he fetched a basket of oranges from some part of the round-house, and prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves by sucking a little of the juice. At this time they were, in general, tolerably composed, trusting to the delusive hope of safety.

On his return to the company, he perceived a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship. The sides were visibly giving way, the decks seemed to be lifting, and he discovered other strong symptoms that she could not hold together much longer; he therefore attempted to go forward to look out; but immediately saw that the ship was separated in the middle, and that

the fore part had changed its position, and lay rather out towards the sea. In this awful crisis, when the next moment might be charged with his fate, he determined to seize the present, and to follow the example of the crew and the soldiers, who were now quitting the ship in numbers, and making their way to a shore, of which they knew not the horrors.

Among other measures adopted to favour these attempts, the ensign staff had been unshipped, and attempted to be laid from the ship's side to some of the rocks, but it snapped to pieces before it reached them. However, by the light of a lantern, which a seaman of the name of Burmaster handed through the sky-light of the round-house to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar, which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, on which he determined to attempt his escape. He soon found, however, that the spar had no communication with the rock. He reached to the end of it, and then slipped off, receiving a severe bruise in his fall; and before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge, in which he supported himself by swimming, till the returning wave dashed him against the back part of the cavern, where he laid hold of a small projecting piece of the rock; but was so benumbed, that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a footing, extended his hand, and assisted him till he could secure himself on a little shelf of the rock, from which he clambered still higher, till he was out of the reach of the surf.

Mr. Rodgers, the third mate, remained with the captain and the unfortunate ladies and their companions, nearly twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had quitted the ship; and from him the following particulars were collected.

As Mr. Meriton's escape was unknown, when he was missed they thought he was drowned, and expressed the most feeling concern for his loss. At this time the sea was breaking in at the fore part of the ship, and had

reached as far as the mainmast, when Captain Pearce gave Mr. Rodgers a nod; and they took a lamp and went together into the stern galley; and after viewing the rocks for some time, the captain asked Mr. Rodgers, if he thought there was a possibility of saving the girls; to which he replied, he feared there was not; for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who had escaped. They then returned to the round-house, and Mr. Rodgers hung up the lamp; and Captain Pearce, with his greatcoat on, sat down between his two daughters, and struggled to repress the parental tear which then filled his eye.

The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. M'Manus, a midshipman, and Mr. Shutz, a passenger, asked Mr. Rodgers what they could do to escape; who replied, "Follow me;" and then they all went into the stern galley, and from thence, by the weather upper-quarter-galley, upon the poop. Whilst they were there, a very heavy sea fell on board; and the round-house giving way, he heard the ladies shriek at intervals, as if the water had reached them, the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

Mr. Brimer, the fifth mate, had followed Mr. Rodgers to the poop, where they had remained together about five minutes, when, on the coming of the last-mentioned sea, they seized a hen-coop; and the same wave which proved fatal to some of those who remained below, happily carried him and his companions to the rock, on which they were dashed with such violence, as to be miserably bruised and hurt.

On this rock were twenty-seven men; but as it was low water, and they were convinced that, upon the flowing of the tide, they must all be washed off, many of them attempted to get to the back and sides of the cavern, out of the reach of the returning sea. In this attempt scarcely more than six, besides himself and Mr. Brimer, succeeded. Of the remainder, some shared the

fate which they apprehended, and the others perished in their efforts to get into the cavern. Both, however, reached the cavern, and scrambled up the rock, on narrow shelves of which they fixed themselves.

Mr. Rodgers got so near to his friend as to exchange congratulations with him; but he was prevented from joining him by at least twenty men who were between them, not one of whom could move without immediate peril of his life. At the time Mr. Rodgers reached his station of possible safety, his strength was so nearly exhausted, that, had the struggle continued a few minutes longer, he must have been inevitably lost.

They now found that a very considerable number of the crew, seamen, soldiers, and some petty officers, were in the same condition with themselves; though many who had reached the rocks below had perished in attempting to ascend. What that situation was they had yet to learn. At present they had escaped immediate death; but they were yet to encounter cold, nakedness, wind, rain, and the perpetual beating of the spray of the sea, for a difficult, precarious, and doubtful chance of escape.

They could yet discern some part of the ship, and so-laced themselves, in their dreary stations, with the hope of its remaining entire until daybreak; for in the midst of their own misfortunes, the sufferings of the females in particular affected them with the most acute anguish; and every sea that broke, brought with it terror for the fate of those amiable and helpless beings. Their apprehensions were soon realized. In a very few minutes after Mr. Rodgers gained the rock, a universal shriek, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguishable, announced the dreadful catastrophe. In a few moments all was hushed, except the warring winds and beating waves. The wreck was buried in the deep, and not an atom of her was ever after seen.

What sensations must this dreadful, this tremendous blow have excited in the yet trembling, and scarcely

half-saved wretches, who were hanging about the sides of the horrid cavern! They were themselves still in the most imminent danger; but their dearest friends, the pleasing companions of their voyage, were now no more.

Many of those who had gained the precarious stations which we have described, worn out with fatigue, smarting with bruises, battered by the tempest, and benumbed with the cold, were obliged to quit their hold, and tumbling headlong, either on the rocks below or into the surf, perished beneath the feet of their wretched associates, and, by their dying groans and unavailing calls for help, awakened terrific apprehensions in the survivors, of their own approaching fate. At length, after the bitterest three hours which misery ever lengthened into ages, the day broke on them; but, instead of bringing with it the relief with which they flattered themselves, served only to discover all the horrors of their situation. They now found that the country had not been alarmed by the guns of distress they had fired; which, from the violence of the storm, had been unheard. They could neither be observed by the people from above, as they were completely engulfed in the cavern, nor did any part of the wreck remain to point out their probable place of refuge. The only prospect which offered, was to creep along the sides of the cavern to its outward extremity; and on a ledge scarcely as broad as a man's hand, to turn the corner, and endeavour to clamber up the almost perpendicular precipice, whose summit was nearly two hundred feet from the base. In this desperate effort some succeeded, whilst others, trembling with apprehension, and exhausted by fatigue, lost their precarious footing, and perished in the attempt. The first who gained the summit of the cliff were the cook and James Thomson, a quarter-master. By their own intrepid exertions they made their way to the land; and the moment they reached it hastened to the nearest house, and made known the situation of their fellow-sufferers.

The house at which they first arrived was Eastington, the habitation of Mr. Garland, steward or agent to the proprietors of the Purbeck quarries, who immediately got together the men under his direction, and with the most zealous and animated humanity, exerted every effort for the preservation of the surviving crew of the unfortunate ship. Ropes were procured with all possible dispatch, and every precaution taken that assistance should be speedily and effectually given to deliver them from their perilous situation. Mr. Meriton made the attempt to gain the summit of the cliff, and almost reached the edge of the precipice. A soldier, who preceded him, had his feet on a small projecting rock or stone, and on the same stone Mr. Meriton had fastened his hands to help his progress. At this critical moment the quarry-men arrived; and seeing the soldier so near within their reach, they dropped a rope to him, of which he immediately laid hold, and in a vigorous effort to avail himself of this advantage, he loosened the stone on which he stood, which giving way, he must have been precipitated to the bottom; but a rope was providentially lowered to him at the instant, which he seized as he was in the act of falling, and was safely drawn to the summit.

The fate of Mr. Brimer was peculiarly severe. This gentleman, who had been married only nine days before the ship sailed, was a lieutenant in the royal navy, but was now on a voyage to visit an uncle at Madras. He came on shore, as we have already observed, with Mr. Rodgers, and, like him, got up the side of the cavern, where he remained till morning, when he crawled out; and a rope being thrown to him, he was either so benumbed with the cold as to fasten it about him improperly, or so agitated, as to neglect to fasten it at all. From whichever cause it arose, the effect was fatal to him. At the moment of his supposed preservation, he fell from his stand, and was unfortunately dashed to pieces, in the presence of those who could only lament his deplorable fate.

As the day advanced, more assistance was obtained; and as quickly as the life-preserving efforts of the survivors would admit, they crawled to the extremities of the cavern, and presented themselves to their preservers above, who stood prepared with the means to hoist them to the summit.

The method of affording this help was singular, and did honour to the humanity and intrepidity of the quarry-men. The distance from the rock to the quarry was at least one hundred feet, with a projection of the former of about eight feet. Ten of these formed a declivity to the edge, and the remainder of it was perpendicular. On the very brink of the precipice stood two daring fellows, a rope being tied around them, and fastened above to a strong iron bar fixed in the ground; behind them, in the like manner, two more, and farther on two more. A strong rope, properly secured, passed between them, by which they might hold and support themselves from falling. They then let down another rope, with a noose ready fixed, below the cavern; and the wind blowing hard, it was in some instances forced under the projecting rock, sufficiently for the sufferers to reach it without crawling to the extremity. In either case, whoever laid hold of it put the noose around his waist, and after escaping from one element, committed himself at full swing to another, in which he dangled till he was drawn up with great care and attention. But in this attempt many shared the fate of the unfortunate Brimer; and unable, through cold, weakness, or perturbation of mind, to avail themselves of the succour which was offered them, were at last precipitated from the stupendous cliff, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath; or, falling into the surge, perished in the waves. Among these unhappy sufferers, the destiny of a drummer, belonging to the military on board the *Halsewell*, was attended with circumstances of peculiar distress; being either washed off the rocks by the sea, or falling into the surf from above, he was carried by the

counter sea, or returning waves, beyond the breakers, within which his utmost efforts could never again bring him; but he was drawn farther out into the deep, and, as he swam remarkably well, continued to struggle with the waves, in sight of his pitying companions, till his strength was exhausted, and he sunk to rise no more.

It was not till late in the day that the survivors were conveyed to a place of safety. One, indeed, William Trenton, a soldier, remained in his perilous stand till the morning of the 6th of January, exposed to the united horrors of the extremest personal danger, and the most acute disquietude of mind; nor is it easy to conceive how his strength and spirits could have supported him for such a number of hours, under distress so poignant and complicated.

Though the remains of the wreck were no longer discoverable among the rocks, yet the surface of the sea was covered with fragments as far almost as the eye could reach; and even so late as ten o'clock on Friday morning, a sheep, part of the live stock of the passengers, was observed buffeting the waves.

The surviving officers, seamen, and soldiers, being now assembled at the house of their benevolent friend Mr. Garland, were mustered, and found to amount to seventy-four, out of rather more than two hundred and forty, which was about the number of the crew and passengers in the ship when she sailed from the Downs. Of the remainder, who unhappily lost their lives, upwards of seventy are supposed to have reached the rocks, but to have been washed off, or to have perished by falling from the cliff; and fifty or more to have sunk with the captain and the ladies in the round-house, when the after part of the ship went to pieces. All those who reached the summit survived except two or three, who were supposed to have expired in drawing up, and a black, who died in a few hours after he was brought to the house, though many of them were so miserably bruised that their lives seemed doubtful.

NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE CENTAUR MAN-OF-WAR.

THE greatest naval catastrophe that ever arose from the violence of the elements, occurred to the fleet under the command of Admiral Graves, in August 1782. All the trophies of Lord Rodney's victory, except the *Ardent*, perished in the storm; two British ships of the line foundered; a great many merchantmen under convoy were lost; and the number of lives that perished exceeded three thousand. Among the vessels which suffered most in the dreadful storm, was the *Centaur* man-of-war, commanded by Captain Inglefield, whose narrative we now present to our readers.

The *Centaur* left Jamaica rather in a leaky condition, keeping two hand-pumps going, and, when it blew fresh, sometimes a spell at the chain-pump. But I had no apprehension that she was unable to encounter a common gale of wind.

A storm came on in the evening of the 16th of September 1782, when the ship was prepared for the worst weather usually occurring in the same latitudes; the main-sail was reefed and set, the top-gallant-mast struck, and though it did not at that time blow very strong, the mizen-yard was lowered down.

But towards night it blew a gale of wind, and the ship made so much water that it was necessary to turn all hands up to the pumps. The leak continuing to increase, I entertained thoughts of trying the ship before the sea, but could not think of leaving the convoy, except in the last extremity.

About two in the morning the wind lulled, and we flattered ourselves that the gale was breaking. Soon after there was much thunder and lightning from the south-east, with rain, when strong gusts of wind began to blow, which obliged me to haul up the mainsail, the ship being then under bare poles. Scarcely was this done, when a gust, exceeding in violence every thing of the

kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, laid the ship on her beam ends. The water forsook the hold and appeared between decks, so as to fill the men's hammocks to leeward; the ship lay motionless, and, to all appearance, irrecoverably overset. The water fast increasing, forced through the cells of the ports, and scuttled the ports themselves inwards, from the pressure of the ship. Immediate directions were given to cut away the main and mizen-masts, that when the ship righted we might wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards, the mizen-mast went first over, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship, and, on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, the main-mast followed. I had next the mortification to see the foremast and bowsprit also go over. On this the ship immediately righted, with great violence, and the motion was so quick that it was difficult for the men to work the pumps. Three guns broke loose on the main deck, and it took some time to secure them. In attempting to do so several men were maimed, and every moveable was destroyed, either by shot thrown loose from the lockers, or the wreck of the deck. The officers, who had left their beds naked in the morning when the ship overset, had not an article of clothes to put on, nor could their friends supply them. Before the masts had been ten minutes over the side, I was informed that the tiller had broke short in the rudder-head, and, before the chocks could be placed, the rudder itself was gone. Thus we lay, at the mercy of the wind and sea, under accumulated disasters. Yet I had one comfort, in finding that the pumps, if any thing, reduced the water in the hold, and, as the morning of the 17th advanced, the weather became more moderate.

At day-break I saw two line-of-battle ships to leeward, one of which had lost her main-mast, and the other her foremast and bowsprit. It was the general opinion on board, that the latter was the *Canada*, and the former the *Glorieux*. The *Ramilies* was not in sight, and only about fifteen sail of merchantmen. About seven in the

morning, another line-of-battle ship was seen a-head, which I soon distinguished to be the *Ville de Paris*, with all her masts standing. I immediately ordered a signal of distress to be made, by hoisting the ensign on the stump of the mizen-mast, union downwards, and firing one of the fore-castle guns. But the ensign, which was the only one we had remaining, blew away soon after being hoisted; however, I had the satisfaction of seeing the *Ville de Paris* wear and stand towards us. Several of the merchant ships also approached, and those that could, hailed us, and offered their assistance. Depending on the king's ship I only thanked them, desiring, if they joined Admiral Graves, to acquaint him with our condition. I had not the smallest doubt of the *Ville de Paris* coming to us, as she appeared not to have suffered in the least by the storm, and having seen her wear, we knew that she was under the government of her helm. At this time also the weather was so moderate that the merchantmen set their topsails. But the *Ville de Paris* approaching within two miles to windward, passed us, which being observed by one of the merchantmen, she wore, and came under our stern, offering to carry any message to her. I desired the master to acquaint Captain Wilkinson, that the *Centaur* had lost her rudder, as well as her masts, that she made a great deal of water, and I requested him to remain with her until the weather became moderate. I afterwards saw this merchantman approach near enough to speak with the *Ville de Paris*, but I fear that the condition of the latter was much worse than it appeared to be, as she continued on the same tack.

Meantime all the quarter-deck guns were thrown overboard, and the whole of those of the main-deck, except six which had overset. The ship, lying in the trough of the sea, laboured prodigiously. I got over one of the small anchors with a boom and several gun-carriages, veered out from the head-door, with a large hawser to keep the ship's bow to the sea. But this, with

a top-gallant-sail set on the stump of the mizen-mast, had not the desired effect.

As the evening came on it grew hazy and blew in strong squalls. We lost sight of the *Ville de Paris*, but thought certainly to see her in the morning; and the night was passed in constant labour at the pumps. Sometimes, when the wind lulled, the water diminished, then blowing strong, and the sea rising, the water increased.

Towards the morning of the 18th I was informed that there was seven feet of water on the keelson; that one of the winches was broke; that the two spare ones would not fit, and that the hand-pumps were choked. These circumstances were sufficiently alarming, but, on opening the after-hold to get up some rum for the people, we found our condition much worse.

At this time the weather was more moderate, and a couple of spars were prepared for shears, to get up a jury-foremast; but as evening came on the gale increased. We had seen nothing through the day but the ship which had lost her main-mast, and she appeared to be in as great want of assistance as ourselves, having fired guns of distress. Before night, I was told that her fore-mast was gone.

At day-light of the 19th, there was no vessel in sight, and flashes from guns having been seen in the night, we apprehended that the ship we had seen the preceding day had foundered.

All the officers, passengers, and boys, who were not seamen by profession, had been employed in thrumming a sail which was passed under the ship's bottom, and I thought had some effect. The shears were raised for the fore-mast, the weather looked promising, and the sea fell; and at night we were able to relieve at the pumps and baling every two hours. By the morning of the 20th, the fore-hold was cleared of water, and we had the comfortable promise of a fine day. It proved so, and I

was determined to make use of it with every possible exertion.

I now gave orders that scuttles should be cut through the decks, to introduce more buckets into the hold; and all the sail-makers were employed night and day in making canvas buckets. The orlop-deck having fallen in on the larboard side, I ordered the sheet cable to be roused overboard.

The morning of the 22d arrived, without any thing being seen, or any change of the weather; and the day was spent in constant struggles to keep the ship above water, by pumping and baling at the hatchways and scuttles.

During the night the water increased; but about seven in the morning of the 23d, I was told that an unusual quantity had appeared all at once in the forehold, which, on going forward, I found but too true. The stowage of the hold ground-tier was all in motion, so that in a short time not a whole cask was to be seen. We were satisfied that the ship had sprung a fresh leak. Another sail had been thrumming all night, and I was giving directions to place it over the bows, when I perceived the ship settling by the head, the lower-deck bowports being even with the water.

Every time of visiting the hatchway I observed that the water had increased, and at noon it washed even with the orlop-deck. The carpenter assured me that the ship could not swim long, and proposed making rafts to float the ship's company, whom it was not in my power to encourage any longer with a prospect of safety. Some appeared perfectly resigned, went to their hammocks, and desired their messmates to lash them in; others were securing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most predominant idea was that of putting on their best and cleanest clothes.

During the course of these preparations, the ship was gradually sinking, the orlop-deck having been blown up by the water in the hold, and the cables floated to the gun-deck. The men had for some time quitted their

occupation of baling, and the ship was left to her fate. As evening approached she seemed little more than suspended in the water. There was no certainty that she could swim from one minute to another; and the love of life now began to level all distinctions. It was impossible, indeed, for any man to deceive himself with the hope of being saved on a raft in such a sea; besides, it was probable that the ship, in sinking, would, to a certain surrounding distance, carry every thing down with her in a vortex.

It was near five o'clock, when, coming from my cabin, I observed a number of people gazing very anxiously over the side; and looking myself, I saw that several men had forced the pinnace, and that more were attempting to get in. I had thoughts of securing this boat before she might be sunk by numbers; there appeared not a moment for consideration; to remain and perish with the ship's company, to whom I could no longer be of use, or seize the opportunity, which seemed the only one of escaping, and leave the people with whom, on a variety of occasions, I had been so well satisfied, that I thought I could give my life to preserve them. This was indeed a painful conflict, and of which, I believe, no man can form a just idea, who has not been placed in a similar situation.

The love of life prevailed: I called to Mr. Rainy, the master, the only officer on deck, desired him to follow me, and immediately descended into the boat at the after part of the chains. But it was not without great difficulty that we got her clear of the ship, twice the number that she could carry pushing in, and many leaping into the water. Mr. Bayles, a young gentleman of fifteen years of age, leaped from the chains after the boat had got off, and was taken in.

It was now near five o'clock in the evening, and in half an hour we lost sight of the ship. Before it was dark, a blanket was discovered in the boat; this was

immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it as a sail we scudded all night in expectation of being swallowed up by every wave : it being sometimes with great difficulty that we could clear the boat of the water before the return of the next great sea ; all of us half drowned, and sitting, except those who baled, at the bottom of the boat. Without actually perishing, I am sure no people ever endured more. In the morning the weather grew moderate, the wind having shifted to the southward, as we discovered by the sun. Having survived the night, we began to recollect ourselves, and think of future preservation.

When we quitted the ship the wind was at N.W. or W.N.W., and Fayal had bore E.S.E. 250 or 260 leagues. Had the wind continued for five or six days, there was a probability that, running before the sea, we might have fallen in with some one of the Western Islands. Its change was a death-blow to our hopes, for should it begin to blow we knew there would be no preserving life, but by running before the sea, which would carry us again to the northward, where we must soon afterwards perish.

On examining what means we had of subsistence, I found a bag of bread, a small ham, a single piece of pork, two quart bottles of water, and a few French cordials.

The wind continued to the southward for eight or nine days, and providentially never blew so strong but that we could keep the side of the boat to the sea ; yet we were always most miserably wet and cold. We kept a sort of reckoning ; but the sun and stars being sometimes hid from us for twenty-four hours, we had no very good opinion of our navigation. At this period we judged that we had made nearly an E.N.E. course, after the first night's run, which had carried us to the south-east, and we expected to see the island of Corvo. We were disappointed, however, in our expectations,

and dreaded that the southerly wind had driven us too far to the northward; we now prayed for a northerly wind.

Our condition began to be truly miserable both from hunger and cold, for on the fifth day we had discovered that our bread was nearly all spoiled by salt water, and it was necessary to go to very short allowance. One biscuit divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, and the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle broke off, with the cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours to each man. The partition was made without any sort of partiality or distinction; but we must have perished, had we not previously caught six quarts of rain water, and this we should not have been blessed with, had we not found a pair of sheets in the boat, which by accident had been put there. These were spread when it rained, and when thoroughly wet, wrung into the kidd with which we baled the boat. We began to grow very feeble on this short allowance, and our clothes being continually wet, our bodies were in many places chafed into sores.

Our sufferings were now as great as human strength could bear; but we were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength; for on this day Thomas Mathews, quarter-master, perished from hunger and cold. On the day before he had complained of want of strength in his throat, as he expressed it, to swallow his morsel, and in the night grew delirious, and died without a groan. As it became next to certainty that we should all perish in the same manner in a day or two, it was somewhat comfortable to reflect, that dying of hunger was not so dreadful as our imaginations had represented. Others had complained of the same symptoms in their throats; some had drank their own urine, and all but myself had drank salt water.

Hitherto despair and gloom had been successfully pro-

hibited, and, as the evening closed in, the men had been encouraged, by turns, to sing a song, or relate a story, instead of a supper; but this evening I found it impossible to raise either. As the night came on it fell calm, and, about midnight, a breeze sprung up from the westward, as we guessed by the swell; but there not being a star to be seen, we were afraid of running out of our way, and waited impatiently for the rising of the sun to be our compass.

As soon as the dawn appeared we found the wind to be exactly as we had wished, at west-south-west, and immediately spread our sail, running before the sea at the rate of four miles an hour.

Our last breakfast had been served with the bread and water remaining, when John Gregory, quartermaster, declared, with much confidence, that he saw land in the south-east. We had seen fog-banks so often bearing the appearance of land, that I did not trust myself to believe it, and cautioned the people, who were extravagantly elated, lest they should feel the effects of disappointment.

At length one of them broke out into a most immoderate fit of joy, which I could not restrain, and declared that he had never seen land in his life if what he now saw was not so.

We immediately shaped our course for it, though on my part, with very little faith. The wind freshened; the boat went through the water at the rate of five or six miles an hour; and, in two hours time, the land was plainly seen by every man in the boat, but at a very great distance, so that we did not reach it before ten at night.

On nearing the shore we discovered a fishing canoe, which conducted us into the road of Fayal about midnight. The English consul treated us with the greatest humanity.

Of the company of the *Centaur* were saved, Captain Inglefield; the master, Mr. Rainy; Robert Bayles, a

midshipman; James Clark, surgeon's mate; the captain's coxswain, two quarter-masters, one of whom died in the boat, and five seamen. There were lost five lieutenants, the captain of marines, purser, surgeon, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, ten mates and midshipmen, and all the rest on board. This calamity happened in 48° 33' north latitude and 43° 20' longitude.

CHAPTER VII.

REMARKABLE SHIPWRECKS (CONTINUED.)

A brave vessel,
That had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. SHAKESPEARE.

LOSS OF THE LADY HOBART.

WE sailed from Halifax on the 22d of June 1803, steering a course to the southward and eastward, to clear Sable Island. On the 24th we hauled to the northward, to pass over the northern part of the Grand Bank off Newfoundland, intending to keep well to the northward, and by that means avoid the enemy's cruisers.

At seven in the morning of the 26th, being then on the Grand Bank, Cape Race bearing north-northwest half-west, 120 miles distant, we discovered a large schooner under French colours, standing towards us, with her deck full of men. We concluded from her manner of bearing down, that she had been apprised of the war, and that she took us for a merchant brig; therefore we cleared our ship for action. At eight, being within

range of our guns, we fired a shot at her, when she struck her colours, and we sent on board and took possession of the vessel. She proved to be *P'Aimable Julie*, of Port Liberté, of eighty tons burden, new, and strong built, bound thither from Port St. Pierre. She was laden with salt fish, and commanded by Citizen Charles Rossé.

After taking out the captain and crew of the prize, I gave her in charge to Lieutenants John Little and William Hughes of his majesty's navy, who were passengers in the *Lady Hobart*, and most handsomely volunteered their services. Along with them I sent two of our own seamen and two prisoners, to assist in navigating the prize.

On Tuesday the 25th of June, it blew hard from the westward, with a heavy sea and hazy weather, and thick fog at intervals. About one in the morning, the ship then going at the rate of seven miles an hour by the log, struck against an island of ice, with such violence that several of the crew were pitched out of their hammocks. The suddenness of the shock roused me from my sleep, and I instantly ran upon deck. The helm being put hard a-port, the ship struck again about the chess-tree, and then swung round on her keel, her stern-post being stove in, and her rudder carried away, before we could succeed in our attempts to haul her off.

At this time the island of ice appeared to hang quite over the ship, forming a high peak, which must have been at least twice the height of our mast-head; and the length of the island was supposed to be from a quarter to half a mile.

The sea was now breaking over the ice in a dreadful manner, and the water rushing in so fast as to fill the ship's hold in a few minutes; we hove the guns overboard, cut away the anchors from the bows, and got two sails under her bottom. Both pumps were kept going, and we continued baling with buckets from the main-

hatchway, in hopes of preventing the ship from sinking. But, in less than a quarter of an hour, she settled down to her fore chains in the water.

Our situation was now become most perilous. Aware of the danger of a moment's delay in hoisting out the boats, I consulted Captain Thomas of the navy, and Mr. Bargas, my master, as to the propriety of making any further efforts to save the ship; and, as I was anxious to preserve the mail, I requested their opinion as to the possibility of taking it into the boats, in the event of our being able to get them over the ship's side. These gentlemen agreed with me that no time was to be lost in hoisting out the boats; and that, as the vessel was then settling fast, our first and only consideration was to endeavour to preserve the crew.

Having fortunately succeeded in hoisting out the cutter and jolly-boat, the sea then running high, we placed the ladies, three in number, in the former. One of them, Miss Cotenham, was so terrified, that she sprung from the gunwale, and pitched into the bottom of the boat with considerable violence. This, which might have been an accident productive of fatal consequences to herself, as well as to us all, was unattended by any bad effect. The few provisions which had been saved from the men's berths were then put into the boats, which were quickly veered a-stern.

By this time the main-deck forward was under water, and nothing but the quarter-deck appeared. I next ordered the men into the boats, and, having previously lashed iron pigs of ballast to the mail, it was thrown overboard.

I now perceived that the ship was sinking fast. Intending to drop myself from the end of the try-sail-boom into the cutter, but apprehensive that she might be stove under the counter, I called out to the men to haul up and receive me; and I desired Mr. Bargas, who continued with me in the wreck, to go over first. He replied, that in this instance he begged leave to disobey my

orders, that he must see me safe over before he attempted to go himself.

At the time we hoisted out the boats, the sea was running so high that I scarcely flattered myself we should get them over in safety, and indeed nothing but the steady and orderly conduct of the crew could have enabled us to accomplish so difficult and hazardous an undertaking; not a man in the ship attempted to make use of the liquor, which every one had in his power. While the cutter was getting out, I perceived John Tipper, one of the seamen, emptying a five gallon bottle, and on inquiry, found it to be of rum. He said that he was doing so for the purpose of filling it with water from the scuttle-cask, on the quarter-deck, which had generally been filled over night, and which was then the only fresh water that could be got at. It afterwards became our principal supply.

We had scarcely quitted the ship, when she gave a heavy lurch to port, and went down head foremost. I had ordered the colours to be hoisted at the main top-gallant mast-head with the union downwards, as a signal of distress, that if any vessel should happen to be near us at the dawn of day, our calamitous situation might attract observation from her, and relief be afforded us.

I cannot attempt to describe my own feelings, or the sensations of my people. Exposed as we were, in two open boats, on the great Atlantic Ocean; bereft of all assistance but that which our own exertions under Providence could afford us, we narrowly escaped being swallowed up in the vortex. Men accustomed to vicissitudes are not easily dejected, but there are trials which human nature alone cannot surmount. The consciousness of having done our duty, and reliance on a good Providence, enabled us to endure the calamity that had befallen us, and we reanimated each other with the hope of a better fate.

While we were employed in deliberating concerning our future arrangements, a singular incident occurred,

which occasioned considerable uneasiness among us. At the moment the ship was sinking, she was surrounded by what seamen call a school, or an incalculable number of whales, which can only be accounted for, by our knowing that at this particular season, they take a direction for the coast of Newfoundland in quest of a small fish called capelard, which they devour. From their near approach, we were extremely apprehensive that they might strike the boats and materially damage them; frequent instances having occurred in the fishery, of boats being cut in twain by the force of a single blow from a whale. We therefore shouted and used every effort to drive them away, but without effect; they continued, as it then seemed, to pursue us, and remained about the boats for half an hour, when they disappeared without having done us any injury.

An hour scarcely elapsed from the time the ship struck, until she foundered. The crew were already distributed in the following order, which was afterwards preserved. In the cutter, which was twenty feet long, six feet four inches broad, and two feet six inches deep, were embarked three ladies and myself; Captain Richard Thomas of the navy; the French commander of the schooner; the master's mate, gunner, steward, carpenter, and eight seamen,—in all eighteen people. These, together with the provisions, brought the boat's gunwale down to within six or seven inches of the water. Some idea of our crowded state may be formed from this; but it is scarcely possible for the imagination to conceive the extent of our sufferings in consequence of it.

In the jolly-boat, which was fourteen feet from stem to stern, five feet three inches broad, and two feet deep, were embarked Mr. Samuel Bargas, master; Lieutenant-colonel George Cook, of the first regiment of Guards; the boatswain, sailmaker, and seven seamen; in all eleven persons.

The only provisions which we were able to save, consisted of between forty and fifty pounds of biscuit, a ves-

sel containing five gallons of water, as also a small jug, and part of a barrel of spruce-beer, one five-gallon vessel of rum, a few bottles of port wine, with two compasses, a quadrant, a spy-glass, and a small tin mug. The deck-lantern, which had a few candles in it, had likewise been thrown into the boat; and the cook having had the precaution to secure his tinder-box and some matches that were kept in a bladder, we were enabled to steer by night.

The wind was now blowing strong from the westward, with a heavy sea, and the day had just dawned. Estimating ourselves 350 miles distant from St. John's in Newfoundland, with the prospect of westerly winds continuing, I found it necessary at once to use the strictest economy. This I represented to my companions in distress, that our resolution when adopted, should on no account be changed, and that we should begin by suffering privations, which, I foresaw, would be greater than I ventured to explain. To each person, therefore, were served out half a biscuit and a glass of wine, which was the only allowance for the ensuing twenty-four hours; we all agreed to leave the water untouched as long as possible.

Soon after daylight we made sail with the jolly-boat in tow, and stood closed hauled to the northward and westward, in hopes of reaching the coast of Newfoundland, or of being picked up by some vessel.

We sailed past two islands of ice nearly as large as the first; and now said prayers, and returned thanks to God for our deliverance. At noon we made an observation, in latitude $46^{\circ} 33'$ north, St. John's bearing west, three quarters north, distant 350 miles.

Wednesday the 29th of June was ushered in with light variable winds from the southward and eastward. We had passed a long and sleepless night, and I found myself, at dawn of day, with twenty-eight persons, anxiously looking up to me for the direction of our course, as well as for the distribution of their scanty allowance.

On examining our provisions, we found the bag of biscuit much damaged by salt water, on which account it became necessary to curtail the allowance. All cheerfully acquiesced in this precaution.

A thick fog soon after came on; it continued during the day with heavy rain, which, now being destitute of any means of collecting, afforded us no relief. Our crowded and exposed condition was rendered more distressing from being thoroughly wet, as no one had been permitted to take more than a great coat or a blanket, with the clothes on his back.

The oars of both boats were kept constantly going, and we steered a N.N.W. course. All hands were anxiously looking out for a strange sail. At noon, a quarter of a biscuit and a glass of rum were served to each person. St. John's bore 310 miles distant, but we made no observation. One of the ladies again read prayers to us, particularly those for delivery after a storm, and those for safety at sea.

Next morning we were all so benumbed with wet and extreme cold at daybreak, that half a glass of rum and a mouthful of biscuit were served out to each person. The ladies, who had hitherto refused the spirits, were now prevailed upon to take the stated allowance, which afforded them immediate relief, and enabled them the better to resist the severity of the weather. The sea was mostly calm, with thick fog and sleet; the air raw and cold. We had kept at our oars all night, and we continued to row the whole of this day. The jolly-boat having unfortunately put off from the ship with only three oars, and a small sail converted into a foresail from a top-gallant steering-sail, without needles or twine, we were obliged to keep her constantly in tow. The cutter also having lost two of her oars in hoisting out, was now so deep in the water, that with the least sea she made but little way, so that we were not enabled to profit much by the light winds.

Friday, 1st July. During the greater part of the last

twenty-four hours, it blew a hard gale of wind from W.S.W., with a heavy confused sea from the same quarter. Throughout there were thick fog and sleet, and the weather excessively cold; and the spray of the sea freezing as it flew over the boats, rendered our situation truly deplorable. At this time we all felt a most painful depression of spirits;—the want of nourishment, added to the continued cold and wet, had rendered us almost incapable of exertion. The very confined space in the boat, would not admit of our stretching our limbs; and several of the men, whose feet were considerably swelled, repeatedly called out for water. But on my reminding them of the resolution we had made, and of the absolute necessity of persevering in it, they acknowledged the justice and propriety of my refusal to comply with their desire; and the water remained untouched.

We stood to the northward and westward at the commencement of the gale; but the cutter was so low in the water, and had shipped so much sea, that we were obliged to cast off the jolly-boat tow-rope; and we very soon lost sight of her in the fog.

In the course of this day, there were repeated exclamations of a strange sail, although I knew that it was next to an impossibility to discover any thing, owing to the thickness of the fog. Yet these exclamations escaped from the several seamen, with such apparent certainty of the object being there, that I was induced to put the boat before the wind to convince them of their error. As I then saw, in a very strong point of view, the consequences of such deviation, I took occasion to remonstrate with them on the subject. I represented, with all the persuasion of which I was capable, that the depression arising from disappointment infinitely overbalanced the momentary relief proceeding from such delusive expectation, and exhorted them not to allow such fancies to break out into expression. Under all these circumstances, the ladies, with a heroism which no words can describe, particularly afforded to us the best examples of

patience and fortitude. Joining in prayer tranquillized our minds, and inspired the consolatory hope of bettering our condition. On such occasions we were all bare-headed, notwithstanding the incessant showers.

At half-past eleven in the forenoon, a sail standing to the north-west, was discovered in the eastward. Our joy at such a sight, with the immediate hope of deliverance, gave all new life. I immediately ordered the people to sit as close as possible, to prevent our having the appearance of an armed boat, and having tied a lady's shawl to the boat-hook, I raised myself as well as I could, and from the bow waved it as long as my strength would allow me. Having hauled close to the wind, we neared each other fast, and in less than a quarter of an hour, we perceived the jolly-boat.

The cold, wet, and hunger, which we experienced the following day are not to be described; they rendered our condition very deplorable. At eight in the evening, having a strong breeze from the southward, we stood on under all the canvass we could spread, the jolly-boat following in our wake, and rowing to keep up with us.

The French captain, who for some days had laboured under despondency, admitting of no consolation, leapt overboard in a fit of delirium, and instantly sunk. The cutter was at this time going so fast through the water, and the oars being lashed to the gunwale, it would have been impossible to save him even had he floated. One of the other prisoners in the jolly-boat became so outrageous, that it was necessary to tie him to the bottom of the boat.

The sea continued to break so much over the boats, that those who had strength enough were obliged to bale without intermission. Those who sat in the stern of the cutter were so confined that it was difficult for any one to put his hand into his pocket; and the greater part of the crew lay in water in the bottom of the boat. The next day a very heavy gale arose from the southward, accompanied with so tremendous a sea, that the

greatest vigilance was necessary in managing the helm, for the boats would have broached to from the slightest deviation, and occasioned our inevitable destruction. We scudded before the wind, expecting every returning wave to overwhelm us; but through the providence of God, we weathered the storm, which, towards night, began to abate.

Towards evening, we passed several pieces of rock-wood, and soon after Captain Thomas saw the wing of a hackdown, an aquatic bird frequenting the coast of Newfoundland, which is often ate by the fishermen. This afforded us great hopes of our approaching the land, and all hands were eagerly occupied in observing what passed the boats. About this time a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter; and notwithstanding the pitching of the boat frequently attempted to perch on it, and continued fluttering there until dark. Trifling as such an incident may appear, we all considered it a propitious omen. The impressive manner in which the bird left us, and then returned to gladden us with its presence, awakened that superstition in our minds to which sailors are at all times said to be prone. We indulged ourselves with the most consolatory assurances, that the same hand which had provided this solace to our distresses, would extricate us from the surrounding dangers.

We had been six days and nights constantly wet and cold, and without any other sustenance than a quarter of a biscuit, and one wine-glass of liquid for twenty-four hours. The men that had appeared totally indifferent respecting their fate, now summoned up resolution, and as many as were capable of moving from the bottom of the boats, betook themselves to the oars.

As the morning of Monday dawned, the fog became so thick that we could not see very far from the boat. During the night we had been under the necessity of casting off the jolly-boat's tow-rope to induce her crew

to exert themselves by rowing. We again lost sight of her, and I perceived that this unlucky accident was beginning to excite great uneasiness among us. We were at this period so much reduced, that the most trifling remark or exclamation agitated us very much. I therefore found it necessary to caution the people against being deceived by the appearance of land, or calling out until we were quite convinced of its reality, more especially as fog banks are often mistaken for land. Several of the poor fellows, nevertheless, repeatedly exclaimed they heard breakers, and some the firing of guns; and, to own the truth, the sounds we did hear bore such a resemblance to the latter, that I concluded some vessels had got on shore and were making signals of distress. The noise afterwards proved to be the blowing of whales, of which we saw a great number.

Soon after daylight the sun rose in view, for the second time since we quitted the wreck. It is worthy of remark, that, during the period of seven days that we were in the boats, we never had an opportunity of taking an observation, either of the sun, moon, or stars; neither could we once dry our clothes. The fog at length beginning to dispel, we instantly caught a glimpse of the land, within a mile's distance, between Kettle Cove and Island Cove, in Conception Bay, fourteen leagues from the harbour of St. John's. Almost at the same instant, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of discovering the jolly-boat and a schooner near the shore standing off towards us.

I wish that it were possible for me to describe our sensations at this interesting moment. From the constant watching and fatigue, and also from the langour and depression produced by our exhausted state, such accumulated irritability was brought on, that the joy at a speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw, while several were in such a lethargic condition,

that no consolation, no animating words, could rouse them to exertion.

At this affecting period, though overpowered by my own feelings, and impressed with the recollection of our sufferings, and the sight of so many deplorable objects, I proposed offering up our solemn thanks to Heaven for the miraculous deliverance. Every one cheerfully assented. As soon as I opened the prayer-book, which I had secured the last time I went down to my cabin, universal silence prevailed. A spirit of devotion was so singularly manifested on this occasion, that, to the benefits of a sense of religion in uncultivated minds, must be ascribed that discipline, good order, and exertion, which even the sight of land could scarcely produce.

The schooner being within hail, and our situation being made known, she hove to and received us on board, and our boats were taken in tow. The men could now, with difficulty, be restrained from taking large and repeated draughts of water, in consequence of which several felt great inconvenience from the sudden distension of the stomach; but, by preserving greater caution afterwards, no other sinister effects ensued.

It was most fortunate that we fell in with the land about Island Cove. A very few miles to the northward the coast is inaccessible, and with dangerous reefs of rocks, which we should have pushed for in the night had we seen them. Our situation had become so desperate, that I had resolved to land at the first place we could make, and in that case we must all have perished. Mr. Lilly, a planter, received us with much humanity; but we could neither get medical aid nor fresh provisions. I therefore hired a small schooner for St. John's.

LOSS OF THE ABERGAVENNY.

THE Earl of Abergavenny, East Indiaman, sailed from Portsmouth, in the beginning of February 1805, with forty passengers, and property to the value of £89,000, on board. On February 5th at ten A.M. when she was about ten leagues to the westward of Portland, the commodore gave a signal for her to bear up. At this time the wind was S.W.W.; she had the main top-mast struck, the fore and mizen top-gallant mast on deck, and the jib-boom in. At three a pilot came on board, when they were about two leagues west from Portland; the cables were ranged and bitted, and the jib-boom got out. The wind suddenly died away as she crossed the Shangles, a shoal of rock and shingle, about two miles from the land; and a strong tide setting the ship to westward, drifted her into the breakers. A sea taking her on the larboard quarter, brought her to, with her head to the northward, when she instantly struck the ground, at five in the afternoon. All the reefs were let out, and the top-sails hoisted up, in the hope that the ship might shoot across the reef; the wind shifting meanwhile to N.W., she remained there two hours and a half, with four feet of water in the hold, the tide alternately setting her on, and the surf driving her back, beating all the while with such violent shocks, that the men for some time could scarcely stand upon the decks. At length however she was got off the rocks.

The pumps were kept constantly going, and for fifteen minutes after clearing the rocks, kept the water at four feet; but the leak gaining upon them, all sails were set, with the view of running for the nearest port. But the water now rose so fast that she refused to answer the helm, and they resolved to run her on the first shore. The captain and officers still thought that she might be got off without material damage, and no signal guns of

distress were fired for three quarters of an hour; though sensible of some danger, they kept silent, lest they should alarm the passengers. Soon however the peril appeared but too manifest; the carpenter announced that a leak was at the bottom of the chain-pumps, through which the water gushed so fast, that they could not stop it. Eleven feet of water were already in the hold, and the crew were set to bale at the fore scuttle and hatchway. Though they could not keep the water under, they still hoped to preserve her afloat, till she could be run upon Weymouth sand.

The lashings of the boats were cut; but they could not get out the long-boat, without bending the mainsail aback, which would have retarded the vessel so much, as to deprive them of the chance of running her aground. At six in the afternoon they gave up all hope of preserving the vessel; other leaks had been sprung, and it became manifest, from the damage she had sustained that she must speedily go down. The captain and officers were still cool, and preserved perfect subordination. As night came on, and their situation became more terrible, several passengers insisted on being set on shore; and some small sloops being near, one of which sent off a skiff, two ladies, and three other passengers went away in her. More would have embarked had they not feared to encounter a tempestuous sea in so dark a night.

Several boats were heard at a short distance, about nine o'clock, but they rendered no assistance; being either engaged in plunder, or in rescuing some of those unfortunate individuals who hazarded themselves on pieces of wreck, to gain the land. Those on board baled and pumped without intermission; the cadets and passengers struggling with the rest. A midshipman was appointed to guard the spirit room. Some of the more disorderly sailors pressed upon him. "Give us some grog," they cried, "it will be all one an hour hence." "I know we must die," replied he coolly, "but let us die like men;"

and armed with a brace of pistols, he kept his post even while the ship was sinking.

At length the carpenter came up from below, and told those who worked at the pumps that he could do no more. Some gave themselves up to despair, others prayed; and some, resolved not to perish without a struggle, committed themselves on pieces of wreck to the waves. The chief mate came to the captain, and said, "We have done all we can, Sir, the ship will sink in a moment;" to which the captain replied, "it cannot be helped; God's will be done." The vessel gradually settled in the trough of the sea. The cries of the drowning rose above the sound of the waters, and were heard at a great distance. Some kept running about the deck as long as it kept above the waves. At eleven, when she went down, many hastened up the shrouds and masts. The captain was seen clinging to the ropes; the fourth mate tried to persuade him to exert himself, but he submitted without resistance to his fate.

The hull struck the ground, while part of the masts and rigging remained above water. On the last cast of the lead eleven fathoms had been found, and about one hundred and eighty men still clung to the rigging. The night was dark and frosty, the sea incessantly breaking upon them. Shocking scenes occurred, in the attempts made by some to obtain places of greater safety. One seaman had ascended to a considerable height, and endeavoured to climb yet higher; another seized hold of his leg; he drew his clasp-knife, and deliberately cut the miserable wretch's fingers asunder; he dropped and was killed by the fall. Many perished in the shrouds. A sergeant had secured his wife there; she lost her hold, and in her last struggle for life, bit a large piece from her husband's arm, which was dreadfully lacerated.

About half an hour after she went down, the survivors were cheered by hearing the sound of vessels beating the waves at a distance; they hailed a sloop-rigged vessel, with two boats astern of her. Their voices

must have been drowned by the waves. By twelve many more had perished. Some from cold and fatigue could no longer retain their hold; every instant those who still hung on, were shocked by the splash which told that another of their number had yielded to his fate. In a short time, boats were again heard near them; but they did not, though repeatedly hailed, come near enough to take any on board; an act of cold and calculating timidity, which could not be justified by the excuse, that they feared lest all, eager to be saved, should have jumped down, and borne them to the bottom.

At length two sloops, which had heard the guns of distress, anchored close to the wreck, took off the survivors, twenty at a time, from the shrouds, and in the morning conveyed them to Weymouth: so far from crowding into the boats, they got off one by one, as called upon by those who commanded the boats. One still remained; the sixth mate ascended the mast and found him in a state of insensibility; he bore him down on his back, and with his burden reached the boat in safety, but the delivered person died next day. When the awful words were heard, "The ship must go down," three of the cadets went into the cabin, where they stood for a little, looking at each other, without saying a word. At length one said, "Let us return to the deck;" two did so, but the other remained below. He opened his desk, took out his commission, his introductory letters, and some money, went on deck, but saw neither of his companions. Then looking forward, he saw the ship going down head foremost, and the sea rolling in an immense column along the deck. He tried to ascend the steps leading to the poop, but was launched among the waves encumbered by boots and a greatcoat, and unable to swim. Afterwards, finding himself on the opposite side, he conceived that when the stern of the ship sunk, he would be drawn into the vortex. Whilst struggling to keep himself afloat, he seized something which frequently struck the

back of his hand, and found it to be a rope hanging from the mizen-shrouds. Trying to ascend several feet by it, he fell into the sea; but by a sudden lurch from the ship, he was thrown into the mizen-shrouds, where he fixed himself as well as circumstances would allow.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE NAUTILUS.

THE sloop Nautilus, Captain Palmer, with important despatches for England, sailed from the Dardanelles, on the 30th of January 1807. Passing through the islands which abound in the Greek Archipelago, she approached the Negropont, where the navigation became both intricate and dangerous. The wind blew fresh, and the night was dark and squally; the pilot, a Greek, advised them to lay-to till morning; at daylight she again went on her course, passing in the evening Falconera and Anti-Milo. The pilot, who had never gone farther on this tack, here relinquished the management of the vessel to the captain; who, anxious to get on, resolved to proceed during the night, confidently expecting to clear the Archipelago by morning; he then went below, to take some rest, after pricking out on the chest the course which he meant to steer.

The night was extremely dark, vivid lightning at times flashing through the horizon. The wind increased; and though the ship carried but little sail, she went at the rate of nine miles an hour, borne on by a high sea, which, with the brightness of the lightning, made the night appear awful. At half past two in the morning they saw high land, which they took for the island of Cerigotto, and went confidently on, supposing that all danger was past. At half-past four, the man on the look-out cried *breakers a-head!* and instantly the vessel struck with a tremendous crash; the violence of the shock being such, that those below were thrown from their beds, and on

coming on deck, were compelled to cling to the cordage. All was confusion and alarm; scarcely had part of the crew time to hurry on deck, before the ladder gave way, leaving numbers struggling with the water, which rushed in at the bottom. The captain and lieutenant endeavoured to mitigate the fears of the people; and afterwards, going down to the cabin, burnt the papers and private signals. Meantime, every sea dashed the vessel against the rocks; and they were soon compelled to climb the rigging, where they remained an hour, the surge continually breaking upon them. The lightning had ceased, but so dark was the night, that they could not see a ship's length before them; their only hope rested in the falling of the main-mast, which they trusted would reach a small rock, which lay very near them. About half an hour before morning, the mast gave way, providentially falling towards the rock, and by means of it, they were enabled to gain the land. In this hasty struggle to get on to the rock, many accidents occurred; some were drowned, one man had his arm broke, and many were much hurt. The captain was the last man who left the vessel, refusing to quit it till all had gained the rock. All the boats but one had been staved in pieces; the jolly-boat indeed remained, but they could not haul it in. For a time the hull of the wreck sheltered them from the violence of the surf; but it soon broke up, and it became necessary to abandon the small rock on which they stood, and to wade to another somewhat larger. In their way they encountered many loose spars, dashing about in the channel; several in crossing were severely hurt by them. They felt grievously the loss of their shoes, for the sharp rocks tore their feet dreadfully, and their legs were covered with blood. In the morning they saw the sea covered with fragments of the wreck, and many of their comrades floating about on spars and timbers, to whom they could not give any assistance.

They saw that they were cast away on a coral rock almost on a level with the sea, about 400 yards long, and

300 broad. They were at least twelve miles from the nearest islands, which were afterwards found to be those of Cerigotto and Pera. In case any vessel should pass by, they hoisted a signal of distress on a long pole. The weather was very cold, and the day before they were wrecked, the deck had been covered with ice; with much difficulty they managed to kindle a fire, by means of a flint and some powder. They erected a small tent, composed of pieces of canvass and boards, and were thus enabled to dry their few clothes. The night was dreary and comfortless; but they consoled themselves with the hope that their fire might be descried in the dark, and taken for a signal of distress. Next day they were delighted at the approach of a small whale-boat, manned by ten of their comrades. When the vessel was wrecked, these men had lowered themselves into the water, and had reached the island of Pera, but finding no fresh water, were compelled to depart; and noticing the fire were enabled to join their shipmates. But the waves ran so high that the boat could not come to the shore, and some of those on the land endeavoured to reach it. One of the seamen called to Captain Palmer, inviting him to come to them, but he steadily refused, saying, "No, Smith, save your unfortunate shipmates; never mind me." After some consultation, they resolved to take the Greek pilot on board, intending to go to Cerigotto, where, he assured them, were a few families of fishermen, who might perhaps be able to afford them some relief.

After the boat departed, the wind increased; in about two hours, a fearful storm came on. The waves mounted up, and extinguished their fire; they swept over nearly the whole of the rock, compelling them to flee for refuge to the highest part. Thus did nearly ninety people pass a night of the utmost horror; being compelled, lest they should be washed off, to fasten a rope round the summit of the rock, and to clasp each other. Their fatigue had been so great that several of them

became delirious, and lost their hold. They were also in constant terror of the wind veering more to the north, in which case the waves would have dashed over their position.

They now began to sink under their hardships, and many had suffered deplorably. One had been so dashed against the rocks as to be nearly scalped, exhibiting a dreadful spectacle: he lingered out the night, but expired next morning. They were ill prepared to sustain famine, and they were almost hopeless of escape. They dreaded lest the storm should have come on before the boat could have reached the island, for on her safety their own depended. In the midst of these horrors the daylight broke, and they saw the bodies of their departed shipmates, some still writhing in the agonies of death. The sea had broken over them all night, and some, among whom was the carpenter, had perished from the intense cold.

Soon after, a vessel approached, and their hearts beat high with the hope of deliverance. All her sails were set, and she came down before the wind, steering right for the rock. They made repeated signals of distress, and the vessel hove to, and hoisted out her boat. They hastily prepared rafts to carry them through the surf, confident that the boat came provided with supplies to relieve them. The boat came within pistol-shot, full of men dressed in the European fashion. But what were their indignation and grief, when the person who steered, after gazing at them a few minutes, waved his hat, and then rowed off to the ship! Their misery was increased by seeing the crew of the stranger-vessel employed all day in collecting the floating fragments of the wreck. After this grievous disappointment, their only hope lay in the return of the boat. They looked in vain; not a glimpse of her was to be seen. A raging thirst tormented them; and some, in spite of warning, drank the salt water; raging madness soon followed, and their agonies were terminated by death. Another awful night was passed by

them. To preserve themselves from the cold, they huddled close together, and covered themselves with their few remaining rags. They were haunted by the ravings of those who had drunk the sea-water, whom they tried in vain to pacify. About twelve o'clock, the crew of the whale-boat hailed them; they cried out, in their agony, for water. They could not procure it, for those in the boat had none but earthen vessels, which could not be conveyed through the surf. They were assured that they would be taken off by a fishing vessel next morning; but there seemed to be little chance of their surviving till then.

In the morning, the sun for the first time shone upon the rock. They waited hour after hour, but there was no appearance either of the boat or the vessel. Famine consumed them; but they looked with loathing on the only means of appeasing it. When, however, the day wore on, after praying for forgiveness of the sinful act, they were compelled to feed on one of their number who had died the preceding night. Several expired towards evening; among whom were the captain and first lieutenant. During the night, some thought of constructing a raft which might carry them to Cerigotto. The wind seemed favourable; and to perish in the waters seemed preferable to remaining to die a lingering death from hunger and thirst. At daylight, as fast as their feeble strength permitted, they prepared to put their plan in execution, by lashing together a number of larger spars. Scarcely had they launched it, when it was destroyed. Five, rendered desperate, embarked on a few spars hastily lashed together, which gave them scarcely room to stand; they were soon carried away by unknown currents, and were no more heard of.

In the afternoon, the whale-boat again came in sight. The crew told them that they had experienced great difficulty in persuading the Greek fishermen of Cerigotto to venture to put to sea, because of the stormy weather; but they gave them hopes, that if the weather moderated,

the boats would come next day. Before they had done speaking, twelve men plunged from the rock into the sea, and nearly reached the boat; two were taken in, one was drowned, and the rest were so fortunate as to recover their former station.

As the day wore on, their weakness increased. One of the survivors described himself as feeling the approach of annihilation; his sight failed, and his senses were confused; his strength was exhausted; he looked towards the setting sun, expecting never to see it rise again. Suddenly the approach of the boats was announced; and from the depth of despair, they rose to the very summit of joy. Their parched frames were refreshed with copious draughts of water.

Immediate preparations were made for departure. Of 122 persons on board the *Nautilus* when she struck, fifty-eight had perished. Eighteen were drowned when she was wrecked, five were lost in the small boat, and thirty-four died of famine. About fifty now embarked in four fishing vessels, and landed the same evening at Cerigotto; making sixty-four in all, including those saved in the whale-boat. During their six days sojourn on the rock, they had nothing to subsist on, save human flesh.

They landed at a small creek. The Greeks received them with great hospitality, but had not skill to cure their wounds, and had no bandages but those procured by tearing up their shirts. Wishing to procure medical assistance, they desired to reach Cerigo, an island twenty-five miles distant, on which an English vice-consul resided. Fourteen days elapsed before they could set sail. They bade adieu to these kind preservers, and in six or eight hours reached Cerigo, where all possible help was afforded to them. Thence they were conveyed by a Russian ship to Corfu; where they arrived on the 2d of March 1807, about two months after their disaster.

CRUISE OF THE SALDANHA AND TALBOT.

By one of the Officers.*

At mid-day of Saturday the 30th November 1811, with a fair wind and a smooth sea, we weighed from our station here, in company with the Saldanha frigate of thirty-eight guns (Captain Pakenham, with a crew of three hundred men,) on a cruise, as was intended, of twenty days—the Saldanha taking a westerly course, while we stood in the opposite direction. We had scarcely got out of the lock and cleared the heads, however, when we plunged at once into all the miseries of a gale of wind blowing from the west. During the three following days it continued to increase in violence, when the islands of Coll and Tiree became visible to us. As the wind had now chopped round more to the north, and continued unabated in violence, the danger of getting involved among the numerous small islands and rugged headlands on the north-west coast of Inverness-shire, became evident. It was therefore deemed expedient to wear the ship round, and make a port with all expedition. With this view, and favoured by the wind, a course was shaped for Lochswilly, and away we scudded under close-reefed foresail and main-topsail, followed by a tremendous sea, which threatened every moment to overwhelm us, and accompanied by piercing showers of hail, and a gale which blew with incredible fury. The same course was steered until next day about noon, when land was seen on the lee-bow. The weather being thick, some time elapsed before it could be distinctly made out, and it was then ascertained to be the island of North Arran, on the coast of Donegal, westward of Lochswilly. The ship was therefore hauled up some points, and we yet entertained hopes of reaching an anchorage before

* From Chambers's Journal.

nightfall, when the weather gradually thickened, and the sea, now that we were upon a wind, broke over us in all directions. Its violence was such, that in a few minutes several of our ports were stove in, at which the water poured in in great abundance, until it was actually breast high on the lee-side of the main deck. Fortunately, but little got below, and the ship was relieved by taking in the foresail. But a dreadful addition was now made to the precariousness of our situation, by the cry of "land a-head!" which was seen from the fore-castle, and must have been very near. Not a moment was now lost in wearing the ship round on the other tack, and making what little sail could be carried, to weather the land we had already passed. This soon proved, however, to be a forlorn prospect, for it was found we should run our distance by ten o'clock. All the horrors of shipwreck now stared us in the face, aggravated tenfold by the extreme darkness of the night, and the tremendous force of the wind, which now blew a hurricane. Mountains are insignificant when speaking of the sea that kept pace with it; its violence was awful beyond description, and it frequently broke over all the poor little ship, that shivered and groaned, but behaved admirably.

The force of the sea may be guessed from the fact of the sheet-anchor, nearly a ton and a half in weight, being actually lifted on board, to say nothing of the fore-chain-plates' board broken, both gangways torn away, quarter-galleries stove in, &c. &c. In short, on getting into port, the vessel was found to be loosened through all her frame, and leaking at every seam. As far as depended on her good qualities, however, I felt assured at the time we were safe, for I had seen enough of the *Talbot* to be convinced we were in one of the finest sea-boats that ever swam. But what could all the skill of the shipbuilder avail in a situation like ours? With a night full fifteen hours long before us,

and knowing that we were fast driving on the land, anxiety and dread were on every face, and every mind felt the terrors of uncertainty and suspense. At length, about twelve o'clock, the dreadful truth was disclosed to us! Judge of my sensations when I saw the surf and the frowning rocks of Arran, scarcely half a mile distant, on our lee-bow. To our inexpressible relief, and not less to our surprise, we fairly weathered all, and were congratulating each other on our escape, when on looking forward I imagined I saw breakers at no great distance on our lee: and this suspicion was soon confirmed, when the moon, which shone at intervals, suddenly broke out from behind a cloud, and presented to us a most terrific spectacle. At not more than a quarter of a mile's distance on our lee-beam, appeared a range of tremendous breakers, amongst which it seemed as if every sea would throw us. Their height, it may be guessed, was prodigious, when they could be clearly distinguished from the foaming waters of the surrounding ocean. It was a scene seldom to be witnessed, and never forgotten! "Lord have mercy on us!" was now on the lips of every one—destruction seemed inevitable. Captain Swaine, whose coolness I have never seen surpassed, issued his orders clearly and collectedly when it was proposed as a last resource to drop the anchors, cut away the masts, and trust to the chance of riding out the gale. This scheme was actually determined on, and every thing was in readiness, but happily was deferred until an experiment was tried aloft. In addition to the close-reefed maintopsail and foresail, the fore-topsail and trysail were now set, and the result was almost magical. With a few plunges we cleared not only the reef, but a huge rock upon which I could with ease have tossed a biscuit, and in a few minutes we were inexpressibly rejoiced to observe both far astern.

We had now miraculously escaped all but certain destruction a second time, but much was yet to be

feared. We had still to pass Cape Jeller, and the moments dragged on in gloomy apprehension and anxious suspense. The ship carried sail most wonderfully, and we continued to go along at the rate of seven knots, shipping very heavy seas, and labouring much—all with much solicitude looking out for daylight. The dawn at length appeared, and to our great joy we saw the land several miles astern, having passed the Cape and many other hidden dangers during the darkness. Matters on the morning of the 5th assumed a very different aspect from the last two days' experience: the wind gradually subsided, and with it the sea, and a favourable breeze now springing up, we were enabled to make a good offing. I have nothing farther worth mentioning respecting ourselves, than that we anchored here this morning, all safe. Fortunately no accident of consequence occurred, although several of our people were severely bruised by falls. Poor fellows! they certainly suffered enough: not a dry stitch, not a dry hammock have they had since we sailed. Happily, however, their misfortunes are soon forgot in a dry shirt and a can of grog. Now they are singing as jovially as if they had just returned from a pleasure-cruise.

The most melancholy part of my narrative is still to be told. On coming up to our anchorage here this morning, we observed an unusual degree of curiosity and bustle in the fort; crowds of people were congregated on both sides, running to and fro, examining us through spy-glasses; in short, an extraordinary commotion was apparent. The meaning of all this was but too soon made known to us by a boat coming alongside, from which we learned that the unfortunate Saldanha had gone to pieces, and every man perished! Our own destruction had likewise been reckoned inevitable from the time of the discovery of the unhappy fate of our consort, five days beforehand; and hence the astonishment excited at our unexpected return. From all that could be learned concerning the dreadful catastrophe, I am inclined to believe

that the *Saldanha* had been driven on the rocks about the time our doom appeared so certain in another quarter. Her lights were seen by the signal-tower at nine o'clock of that fearful Wednesday night, December 4, after which it is supposed she went ashore on the rocks at a small bay called Ballymastaker, almost at the entrance of Lochswilly harbour. Next morning the beach was strewed with fragments of the wreck, and upwards of two hundred of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were found washed ashore. One man—and one only—out of the three hundred, is ascertained to have come ashore alive, but almost in a state of insensibility. Unhappily there was no person present to administer to his wants judiciously, and upon craving something to drink, about half a pint of whisky was given him by the country people, which almost instantly killed him! Poor Pakenham's body was only recognised this morning amidst the others, and, like these, stripped quite naked by the inhuman wretches, who flocked to the wreck as to a blessing! It is even suspected that he came on shore alive, but was stripped and left to perish. Nothing could equal the audacity of the plunderers, although a party of the Lanark militia was doing duty around the wreck. But this is an ungracious and revolting subject, which no one of proper feeling would wish to dwell upon. Still less am I inclined to describe the heart-rending scene at Buncrana, where the widows of many of the sufferers are residing. The surgeon's wife, a native of Halifax, has never spoken since the dreadful tidings arrived. Consolation is inadmissible, and no one has yet ventured to offer it.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

ON the 17th of June 1816, the *Medusa*, French frigate commanded by Captain Chaumareys, and accompanied

by three smaller vessels, sailed from the island of Aix, for the coast of Africa, in order to take possession of some colonies. The first accident she encountered was off Cape Finisterre, when one of the crew fell into the sea; and from the apathy of his companions, their want of promptitude in manœuvring, with the want of every precaution, he was left to perish. On the tenth day of sailing, there appeared an error of thirty leagues in the reckoning. On the 1st July, they entered the tropics; and there, with a childish disregard to every danger, and knowing that she was surrounded by all the unseen perils of the ocean, her crew performed the ceremony usual to the occasion, while the vessel was running headlong on destruction. The captain presided over the disgraceful scene of merriment, leaving the ship to the command of a Mons. Richefort, who had passed the ten preceding years of his life in an English prison—a few persons on board remonstrated in vain; though it was ascertained that they were on the banks of Arguise, she continued her course, and heaved the lead, without slackening sail. Every thing denoted shallow water, but M. Richefort persisted in saying that they were in one hundred fathoms. At that very moment only six fathoms were found; and the vessel struck three times, being in about sixteen feet water, and the tide full flood. At ebb-tide, there remained but twelve feet water; and after some bungling manœuvres, all hope of getting the ship off was abandoned.

When the frigate struck, she had on board six boats, of various capacities, all of which could not contain the crew and passengers; and a raft was constructed. A dreadful scene ensued. All scrambled out of the wreck without order or precaution. The first who reached the boats refused to admit any of their fellow-sufferers into them, though there was ample room for more. Some, apprehending that a plot had been formed to abandon them in the vessel, flew to arms. No one assisted his companions; and Captain Chaumareys stole out of a

port-hole into his own boat, leaving a great part of his crew to shift for themselves. At length they put off to sea, intending to steer for the sandy coast of the desert, thence to land, and thence to proceed with a caravan to the island of St. Louis.

The raft had been constructed without foresight or intelligence. It was about sixty-five feet long and twenty-five broad, but the only part of it which could be depended upon was the middle; and that was so small, that fifteen persons could not lie down upon it. Those who stood on the floor were in constant danger of slipping through between the planks; the sea flowed in on all its sides. When the 150 passengers who were destined to be its burden, were on board, they stood like a solid parallelogram, without a possibility of moving; and they were up to their waists in water. The original plan was, that as much provisions as possible should be put upon this raft; that it should be taken in tow by the six boats; and that, at stated intervals, the crews should come on board to receive their rations. As they left the ship, M. Correard asked whether the charts, instruments, and sea-stores were on board; and was told by an officer, that nothing was wanting. "And who is to command us?" "I am to command you," answered he, "and will be with you in a moment." The officer with these words, the last in his mouth, went on board one of the boats, and returned no more.

This desperate squadron had only proceeded three leagues, when a faulty, if not treacherous manœuvre, broke the tow-line which fastened the captain's boat to the raft; and this became the signal to all to let loose their cables. The weather was calm. The coast was known to be but twelve or fifteen leagues distant; and the land was in fact discovered by the boats on the very evening on which they abandoned the raft. They were not therefore driven to this measure by any new perils; and the cry of "*Nous les abandonons!*" which resounded throughout the line, was the yell of a spontaneous and

instinctive impulse of cowardice, perfidy, and cruelty; and the impulse was as unanimous as it was diabolical. The raft was left to the mercy of the waves; one after another, the boats disappeared, and despair became general. *Not one of the promised articles*, no provisions, except a very few casks of wine, and some spoilt biscuit, sufficient for one single meal, were found. A small pocket compass, which chance had discovered—their last guide in a trackless ocean—fell between the beams into the sea. As the crew had taken no nourishment since morning, some wine and biscuit were distributed; and this day, the first of thirteen on the raft, was the last on which they tasted any solid food—except such as human nature shudders at. The only thing which kept them alive was the hope of revenge on those who had treacherously betrayed them.

The first night was stormy; and the waves, which had free access, committed dreadful ravages, and threatened worse. When day appeared, twelve miserable wretches were found crushed to death between the openings of the raft, and several more were missing; but the number could not be ascertained, as several soldiers had taken the billets of the dead, in order to obtain two, or even three rations. The second night was still more dreadful, and many were washed off; although the crew had so crowded together, that some were smothered by the mere pressure. To soothe their last moments, the soldiers drank immoderately; and one, who affected to rest himself upon the side, but was treacherously cutting the ropes, was thrown into the sea. Another whom M. Correard had snatched from the waves, turned traitor a second time, as soon as he had recovered his senses; but he too was killed. At length the revolted, who were chiefly soldiers, threw themselves upon their knees, and abjectly implored mercy. At midnight, however, they rebelled again. Those who had no arms, fought with their teeth, and thus many severe wounds were inflicted. One was most wantonly and dreadfully bitten

above the heel, while his companions were beating him upon the head with their carabines, before throwing him into the sea. The raft was strewed with dead bodies, after innumerable instances of treachery and cruelty; and from sixty to sixty-five perished that night. The force and courage of the strongest began to yield to their misfortunes; and even the most resolute laboured under mental derangement. In the conflict, the revolted had thrown two casks of wine, and all the remaining water into the sea; and it became necessary to diminish each man's allowance.

A day of comparative tranquillity succeeded. The survivors erected their mast again, which had been wantonly cut down in the battle of the night; and endeavoured to catch some fish, but in vain. They were reduced to feed on the dead bodies of their companions. A third night followed, broken by the plaintive cries of wretches, exposed to every kind of suffering, ten or twelve of whom died of want, and awfully foretold the fate of the remainder. The following day was fine. Some flying fish were caught in the raft; which, mixed up with human flesh, afforded one scanty meal.

A new insurrection to destroy the raft, broke out on the fourth night: this too, was marked by perfidy, and ended in blood. Most of the rebels were thrown into the sea. The fifth morning mustered but thirty men alive; and these sick and wounded, with the skin of their lower extremities corroded by the salt water. Two soldiers were detected drinking the wine of the only remaining cask; they were instantly thrown into the sea. One boy died, and there remained only twenty-seven; of whom fifteen only seemed likely to live. A council of war, preceded by the most horrid despair, was held; as the weak consumed a part of the common store, they determined to throw them into the sea. This sentence was put into immediate execution!—and all the arms on board, which now filled their minds with horror,

were, with the exception of a single sabre, committed to the deep.

Distress and misery increased with an accelerated ratio; and even after the desperate measure of destroying their companions, and eating the most nauseous aliments, the surviving fifteen could not hope for more than a few days' existence. A butterfly lighted on their sail the ninth day; and though it was held to be a messenger of good, yet many a greedy eye was cast upon it. Some sea-fowl also appeared; but it was impossible to catch them. The misery of the survivors increased with a rapidity which cannot be described; they even stole from each other little goblets of urine which had been set to cool in the sea water, and were now considered a luxury. The most trifling article of food, a lemon, a small bottle of spirituous dentrifice, a little garlic, became causes of contention; and every daily distribution of wine awakened a spirit of selfishness and ferocity, which common sufferings and common interest could not subdue into more social feelings.

Three days more passed over in expressible anguish, when they constructed a smaller and more manageable raft, in the hope of directing it to the shore; but, on trial, it was found insufficient. On the 17th a brig was seen; which, after exciting the vicissitudes of hope and fear, proved to be the *Argus*, sent out in quest of the *Medusa*. The inhabitants of the raft were all received on board the brig, and were again very nearly perishing, by a fire which broke out in the night. The six boats which had so cruelly cast them adrift, reached the coast of Africa in safety; and after many dangers among the Moors, the survivors arrived at St. Louis.

After this, a vessel was despatched to the wreck of the *Medusa*, to carry away the money and provisions; after beating about for eight days, she was forced to return. She again put to sea, but after being away five days, again came back. Ten days more were lost in repairing her; and she did not reach the spot till fifty-two days

after the vessel had been lost; and dreadful to relate, three miserable sufferers were found on board. *Sixty* men had been abandoned there by their magnanimous countrymen. All these had been carried off except seventeen, some of whom were drunk, and others refused to leave the vessel. They remained at peace as long as their provisions lasted. Twelve embarked on board a raft, for Sahara, and were never more heard of. Another put to sea on a hen-coop, and sunk immediately. Four remained behind, one of whom, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, perished. The other three lived in separate corners of the wreck, and never met but to *run at each other with drawn knives*. They were put on board the vessel, with all that could be saved from the Medusa.

This vessel was no sooner seen returning to St. Louis, than every heart beat high with joy, in the hope of recovering some property. The men and officers of the Medusa jumped on board, and asked whether any thing had been saved. "Yes," was the reply, "but it is all ours now;" and the naked Frenchmen, whose calamities had found pity from the Moors of the desert, were now deliberately plundered by their own countrymen. A fair was held in the town, which lasted eight days. The clothes, furniture, and necessary articles of life, belonging to the men and officers of the Medusa, were publicly sold before their faces. Such of the French as were able, proceeded to the camp at Daceard, and the sick remained at St. Louis. The French governor had promised them clothes and provisions, but sent none; and during five months, they owed their existence to strangers—TO THE BRITISH.

It will be impossible for the reader not to contrast the savage behaviour, and undisciplined ferocity of this crew of unhappy beings, during their dreadful sufferings, with the parallel case which we are about to relate of the conduct and behaviour of British seamen, under

circumstances fully as distressing, and indeed almost hopeless. In the conduct of the crew of the *Alceste*, British fortitude shone in its best lustre. The most regular discipline was established, and perfectly maintained. Though they saw their vessel burnt before their faces, though reduced to very short allowance, in great doubt of ever escaping from the island, exposed to daily attacks from merciless and perfidious savages, and annoyed by serpents and wild beasts; yet not a single breach of discipline, or instance of bad fellowship, occurred during their detention of nineteen days on a miserable island.

LOSS OF THE ALCESTE.

IN 1816, the frigates *Alceste* and *Lion* were commissioned to carry the British Ambassador, Lord Amherst, and suite to China. The *Alceste* was commanded by Captain Murray Maxwell, and the *Lion* by Captain Basil Hall. After Lord Amherst and suite had visited Peking, and had an audience with the Emperor, he re-embarked at Whampoa on his return to England on the 21st of January 1817. After exchanging salutes with the forts of the Bocca Tigris, the *Alceste* touched at the ancient Portuguese city of Macao.

At daylight, on the morning of February 18, they made Gaspar Island, exactly at the time expected, and, passing it, stood on for the Straits of Banca. The lead was kept going, and every precaution taken to guard against accident. Steering under these guarded circumstances, between Banca and Pulo Leat, about half-past seven o'clock in the morning, the ship struck with a horrid crash on a reef of sunken rocks, and remained immovable. It was found that any attempt to move her would be attended with the most fatal consequences; the best bower anchor was accordingly let go to keep her

fast, and the pumps abandoned, as large holes were evidently beat in her bottom. Notwithstanding the perilous situation of the ship's company, every one was cool and collected. The boats were hoisted out, and Lieutenant Hoppner, with a barge and cutter, proceeded with Lord Amherst and suite, to the nearest part of the island, which appeared to be about three miles distant; in the meantime every exertion was made to save what provisions and useful articles could be obtained from between decks by means of diving for them: a raft was also constructed, on which were placed the heavier stores and baggage. By the return of the boats which carried Lord Amherst on shore, they learnt the great difficulty of effecting a landing, the mangrove trees growing out to a great distance in the water; and it was not till ranging along the shore for three miles, that a small opening appeared, through which, by scrambling from rock to rock, they at last obtained a footing on *terra firma*. Here, by cutting away a quantity of the smaller jungle at the foot of a hill (for the island was completely overgrown with wood,) a space was cleared away, where, under the shade of the loftier trees, they bivouacked for that day and night. Parties were now despatched for water, but none could be found on the island; and the crew began to suffer terribly from thirst. A consultation was held, and it was determined to send Lord Amherst and suite in the two boats to Java; from which place he was to send a vessel immediately to rescue those who remained on the island. Those who went in the boats amounted to forty-seven, and had with them a very slender stock of provisions: consisting of a side of mutton, a ham, a tongue, about twenty pounds of coarse biscuit, and some few more of fine; seven gallons of water, the same of beer, as many of spruce, and thirty bottles of wine. After pulling outwards a little way to clear all the rocks, they made sail to the southward, attended by the best wishes of every man on the island, and were soon out of sight.

The number left behind was two hundred men and boys, and one woman. The first measure of Captain Maxwell, after fixing a party to dig a well in a spot which was judged, from a combination of circumstances, the most likely to find water, was to remove the bivouac to the top of the hill, where they could breathe a cooler and purer air—a place in all respects not only better adapted to the preservation of their health, but to their defence in case of attack. A path was cut upwards, and a party employed in clearing away and setting fire to the underwood on the summit. This last operation tended much to free them from myriads of ants, and of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and other reptiles, which, in such a place and climate, generally abound. Others were employed in removing upwards the small stock of provisions, which were deposited, under a strict guard, in a sort of natural magazine, formed by the tumbling together of some huge masses of rock on the highest part of this eminence. On board the wreck a party was stationed, endeavouring to gain any accession they could to the stock of provisions and arms, and to save any public stores that could be found. There was a communication for this purpose between the shore and the ship whenever the tide permitted. For the last two days every one had experienced much misery from thirst. A small cask of water, (the only one which could be obtained from the ship,) was scarcely equal to a pint each in the course of that period; and perhaps no question was ever so anxiously repeated as, "What hope from the well?" About eleven at night the diggers had got, by rather a tortuous direction, on account of large stones, as far down as twenty feet, when they came to a clayey or marly soil, that above it being a red earth, which seemed rather moist, and had nothing saline in the taste. At a little past midnight, a bottle of muddy water was brought to the captain as a specimen; and the moment that it was understood to be fresh, the rush to the well was such as to impede the workmen; it became necessary to plant

sentries to enable them to complete their task, and permit the water to settle a little. Fortunately, about this time a heavy shower of rain fell; and, by spreading sheets, table-cloths, &c., and wringing them, some relief was afforded. There are few situations in which men, exposed without shelter to a torrent of rain, would, as in the present instance, hail that circumstance as a blessing. Bathing in the sea was also resorted to by many, and they fancied it afforded relief.

Thursday, 20th.—During this day the well afforded a pint of water for each man. It had a sweetish milk-and-water taste, something like the juice of the cocoa-nut; but nobody found fault with it. On the contrary, it diffused that sort of happiness which they only can feel who have felt the horrible sensation of thirst under a vertical sun, subject at the same time to a harassing and fatiguing duty. This day was employed in getting up every thing from the foot of the hill—boats passing to the ship; but, unfortunately, almost every thing of real value to them in their present situation was under water. They were in hopes, however, that as no bad weather was likely to happen, they might be enabled, by scuttling at low water, or by burning her upper works, to acquire many useful articles.

On Friday (21st) the party stationed at the ship found themselves, soon after daylight, surrounded by a number of Malay proas, apparently well armed, and full of men. Without a single sword or musket for defence, they had just time to throw themselves into the boat alongside, and push for the shore, chased by the pirates, who finding two other boats sent out by the British to their assistance, returned to the ship and took possession of her. Soon afterwards it was reported from the look-out rock, that the savages, armed with spears, were landing at a point about two miles off. Under all the depressing circumstances attending shipwreck—of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and menaced by a ruthless foe, it was glorious to see the British spirit staunch and unsubdued.

The order was given for every man to arm himself in the best way he could; and it was obeyed with the utmost promptitude and alacrity. Rude pike-staves were formed by cutting down young trees—small swords, dirks, knives, chisels, and even large spike-nails sharpened, were firmly affixed to the ends of these poles; and those who could find nothing better, hardened the end of the wood in the fire, and bringing it to a sharp point, formed a tolerable weapon. There were, perhaps, a dozen cutlasses; the marines had about thirty muskets and bayonets, but could muster no more than seventy-five ball cartridges among the whole party. They had fortunately preserved some loose powder drawn from the upper deck guns after the ship had struck (for the magazine was under water in five minutes;) and the marines, by hammering their buttons round, and by rolling up pieces of broken bottles in cartridges, did their best to supply themselves with a sort of langrage which would have some effect at close quarters; and strict orders were given not to throw away a single shot until sure of their aim. Mr. Cheffy, the carpenter, and his crew, under the direction of the captain, were busied in forming a sort of *abattis*, by felling trees, and enclosing in a circular shape the ground they occupied; and, by interweaving loose branches with the stakes driven in among these, a breast-work was constructed, which afforded some cover, and naturally impeded the progress of any enemy unsupplied with artillery. That part of the island where they had landed was a narrow ridge not above a musket shot across, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by a creek, extending upwards of a mile inland, and nearly communicating with the sea at its head. The hill was the outer point of this tongue, and its shape might have been compared to an inverted punch bowl—the circle on which the bowl stands shewing the fortification, and the space within the citadel.

It appeared by the report of scouts, a short time after the first account, that the Malays had not actually

landed, but had taken possession of some rocks near this point, on which they deposited a quantity of plunder brought from the ship; and during the day they continued making these predatory trips.

In the evening all hands were mustered under arms, and a motley group they presented. It was gratifying, however, to observe that, rude as were their implements of defence, there seemed to be no want of spirit to use them, if occasion offered. The officers and men were now marshalled regularly into different divisions and companies, their various posts assigned, and other arrangements made. An officer and party were ordered to take charge of the boats for the night; and they were hauled closer into the landing-place. An alarm which occurred during the night showed the benefit of these regulations; for, on a sentry challenging a noise among the bushes, every one was at his post in an instant, and without the least confusion.

On Saturday morning (22d) some of the Malay boats approached the place where theirs were moored; and, with the view of ascertaining whether they had any inclination to communicate on friendly terms, the gig, with an officer and four hands, pulled gently towards them, waving the bough of a tree (a general symbol of peace every where,) showing the usual demonstrations of friendship, and of a desire to speak to them; but all was vain—for they were merely reconnoitring the position, and immediately pulled back to their rock.

The second lieutenant (Mr. Hay) was now ordered, with the barge, cutter, and gig, armed, to proceed to the ship, and regain possession of her, either by fair means or by force; the pirates not appearing at this time to have more than eighty men. Those on the rocks, seeing the boats approach, threw all their plunder into their vessels, and made off.

Two of their largest proas were now at work on the ship; but, on observing their comrades abandon the rock, and the advance of the boats, they also made sail

away, having previously set fire to the ship; which they did so effectually, that in a few minutes the flames burst from every port, and she was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The boats were unable to board her, and therefore returned.

Here was an end to every hope of accommodation with these people—if indeed, any reasonable hope could ever have been entertained on that head. The Malays, more especially those wandering and piratical tribes who roam about the coasts of Borneo, Billiton, and the wilder parts of Sumatra, are a race of savages, perhaps the most merciless and inhuman to be found in any part of the world. The Battas are literally cannibals. In setting fire to the ship, they gave a decided proof of their disposition towards us. But, although certainly with no good intention, they merely did what the British intended to do; for by burning her upper works and decks, every thing buoyant could float up from below, and be more easily laid hold of.

The ship continued burning during the whole of the night; and the flames, which could be seen through the openings of the trees, shed a melancholy glare around, and excited the most mournful ideas. This night also, all hands were suddenly under arms again, from a marine firing his musket at what he very properly considered a suspicious character near his post, who appeared advancing upon him, and refused to answer after being repeatedly hailed. It turned out afterwards, that the branch of a tree, half cut through the day before, had given way under one of a race of large baboons, which they found about that time disputing the possession of the island with them. At the well, where there generally was kept a good fire at night, on account of the mosquitoes, the sentries had more than once been alarmed by these gentlemen showing their black faces from behind the trees. They became so exceedingly troublesome to some ducks they had saved from the wreck (seizing and carrying them up the trees and letting them fall down again when

alarmed,) that, on several occasions, they left their little yard, and came up among the people, when the monkeys got among them; thus instinctively preferring the society of man for protection.

On Sunday morning (23d) the boats were sent to the still smoking wreck; and some flour, a few cases of wine, and a cask of beer had floated up. This last Godsend was announced just at the conclusion of divine service, which was that morning held in the mess-tent; and a pint was ordered to be immediately served out to each man, which called forth three cheers. This seems to be the only style in which a British seaman can give vent to the warmer feeling of his heart. It is his mode of thanksgiving for benefits received; and it equally serves him to honour his friend, to defy his enemy, or to proclaim victory. This day they continued improving their fence, and clearing away a glaciis immediately around it, that they might see and have fair play with these barbarians, should they approach. They had retired behind a little islet, called Pulo Chalacca, or Misfortune's Isle, about two miles off, and seemed waiting there for reinforcements; for some of their party had made sail towards Billiton.

Wednesday (26th), at daylight, two of the pirate proas, with each a canoe astern, were discovered close in with the cove where the boats were moored. Lieutenant Hay, who had the guard that night at the boats, and of course slept in them, immediately dashed at the Malays with the barge, cutter, and gig. On perceiving this, they cut adrift their canoes, and made all sail, chased by the boats. They rather distanced the cutter and gig, but the barge gained upon them. On closing, the Malays evinced every sign of defiance, placing themselves in the most threatening attitudes, and firing their swivels at the barge. This was returned by Mr. Hay with the only musket he had in the boat; and as they closed nearer, the Malays commenced throwing their javelins and darts, several falling into the barge, but without

wounding any of the men. Soon after they were grappled by the seamen ; when three of them having been shot, and a fourth knocked down with the butt-end of the musket, five more jumped overboard and drowned themselves, (evidently disdaining quarter), and two were taken prisoners, one of whom was severely wounded.

The Malays had taken some measure to sink their proa, for she went down almost immediately. Nothing could exceed the desperate ferocity of these people. One who had been shot through the body, but who was not quite dead, on his being removed into the barge with a view of saving him, as his own vessel was sinking, furiously grasped a cutlass which came within his reach, and it was not without a struggle wrenched from his hand. He died in a few minutes. The consort of this proa, firing a parting shot, bore up round the north part of the island, and escaped. The canoes (which they found very useful) were also brought on shore, containing several articles of plunder from the ship. They appeared to be the two identical proas that set fire to her. The prisoners (the one rather elderly, the other young) when brought on shore, seemed to have no hope of being permitted to live, and sullenly awaited their fate ; but, on the wounds of the younger being dressed, the hands of the other untied, and food offered to them, with other marks of kindness, they became more cheerful, and appeared especially gratified at seeing one of their dead companions, who had been brought on shore, decently buried.

In the forenoon, immediately after this rencounter, fourteen proas and smaller boats appeared standing across from the Banca side ; and soon after they anchored behind Pulo Chalacca. Several of their people landed, and carrying up some bundles on their shoulders, left them in the wood and returned for more. They had some hope, from the direction in which they first appeared, as well as their anchoring on this spot, (the rendezvous agreed upon at the departure of Lord

Amherst), that they might have been sent from Batavia to relieve them.

The morning of Thursday the 27th, however, perfectly relieved them from any further discussion on the subject, the rajah and his suite having proceeded to plunder the wreck, which by this time they had espied. It is probable they were not certain of their real situation on the first evening, but might have supposed, from seeing the uniforms, colours, and other military appearances, that some settlement, as at Minto, in the island of Bancho, had been established there. This may also account for their civility in the first instance; for, from the moment their desire of plunder was excited by the wreck, and they saw our real condition, there were no more offerings of fish or of cocoa-nut milk.

To have sent the boat openly to attack them was judged impolitic—it would only have driven them off for a moment, and put them on their guard against surprise by night, should it be thought necessary in a day or two to do so. They could deprive them of little; for the copper bolts and iron work, which they were now most interested about, were not of material importance.

They had the day before moved the boats into another cove, more out of sight, from the overspreading branches of the trees, and safer in case of attack, being commanded by two strong little forts, one having a rude drawbridge, erected on the rocks immediately above it, and wattled in, where an officer and piquet were nightly placed; and a new serpentine path was cut down to this inlet, communicating with the main position aloft.

On Friday, the 28th, the Malays were still employed on the wreck. A boat approached in the forenoon; but on the gig going out to meet it, they refused to correspond, and returned to their party. No relief having appeared from Batavia, and the period being elapsed, at which, as they now thought, they had reason to expect it, measures were taken, by repairing the launch and constructing a

fine raft, to secure an additional chance of departure from their present abode, before the stock of provisions was entirely exhausted.

On Saturday, the 1st of March, the Malays acquired a great accession of strength, by the arrival of fourteen more proas from the northward, probably of the old party, who joined in breaking up the remains of the wreck.

At daylight on Sunday, the 2d, a still greater force having joined them during the night, the pirates, leaving a number at work on the wreck, advanced with upwards of twenty of their heaviest vessels towards the landing place, fired one of their patereroes, beat their gongs, and making a hideous yelling noise, anchored in a line about a cable's length from the cove. The British were instantly under arms, the party covering the boats strengthened, and scouts sent out to watch their motions, at the back of the position, as some of their boats had gone up the creek, and to beat about, lest any should be lying in ambush from the land. About this time the old Malay prisoner, who was under charge of the sentries at the well, and who had been incautiously trusted by them to cut some wood for the fire, hearing the howling of his tribe, left his wounded comrade to shift for himself, ran off into the woods, and escaped, carrying with him his hatchet. Finding, after waiting a short time in this state of preparation, that they made no attempt to land, an officer was sent a little outside the cove, waving in a friendly manner, to try how they would act. After some deliberation, one of their boats, with several men armed with creeses, or their crooked daggers, approached. Here, as usual, little could be made out, except a display of their marauding spirit, by taking a fancy to the shirt and trousers of one of the young gentlemen in the canoe; but, on his refusing to give them up, they used no force.

In the afternoon some of the rajah's people, whom they at first considered their friends, made their appearance, as if seeking a parley; and, on communicating with them,

gave them to understand by signs, and as many words as could be made out, that all the Malays, except their party, were extremely hostile; that it was their determination to attack them that night; and urging, also, that some of their people should sleep up the hill, in order to protect the British. Their former conduct and present connexions displayed so evidently the treachery of this offer, that it was of course rejected. They immediately returned to their gang, who assumed a most menacing attitude. In the evening, when the officers and men were assembled as usual under arms, in order to inspect them and settle the watches for the night, the captain spoke to them with much animation, to the following effect:—

“My lads, you must all have observed this day, as well as myself, the great increase of the enemy’s force (for enemies we must now consider them,) and the threatening posture they have assumed. I have, on various grounds, strong reason to believe they will attack us this night. I do not wish to conceal our real state, because I do not think there is a man here who is afraid to face any sort of danger. We are now strongly fenced in, and our position is in all respects so good, that, armed as we are, we ought to make a formidable defence against even regular troops. What, then, would be thought of us, if we allowed ourselves to be surprised by a set of naked savages, with their spears and creeses; it is true they have swivels in their boats, but they cannot act here. I have not observed that they have any matchlocks or muskets; but if they have, so have we. I do not wish to deceive you as to the means of resistance in our power. When we were first thrown together on shore, we were almost defenceless—only seventy-five ball cartridges could be mustered—we have now sixteen hundred. They cannot, I believe, send up more than five hundred men; but with two hundred such as now stand around me, I do not fear a thousand, nay, fifteen hundred of them. I have the fullest confidence we shall beat

them. The pike-men standing firm, we can give them such a volley of musketry as they will be little prepared for; and when we find they are thrown into confusion, we will sally out among them, chase them into the water, and ten to one but we secure their vessels. Let every man, therefore, be on the alert, with his arms in his hands; and should these barbarians this night attempt our hill, I trust we will convince them that they are dealing with Britons."

Three jolly hurrahs were given at the conclusion of this short but well-timed address. The woods fairly echoed again; whilst the piquet at the cove, and those stationed at the wells, the instant it caught their ear, instinctively joined their sympathetic cheers to the general chorus. There was something like unity and concord in such a sound (one neither resembling the feeble shout and savage yell,) which, ringing in the ears of these gentlemen, no doubt had its effect; for about this time (8 P.M.) they were observed making signals with lights to some of their tribe behind the islet. If ever seamen or marines had a strong inducement to fight, it was on the present occasion, for every thing conduced to animate them. The feeling excited by a savage, cruel, and inhospitable aggression on the part of the Malays—an aggression adding calamity to misfortune—roused every mind to a spirit of just revenge; and the appeal now made to them on the score of national character was not likely to let that feeling cool. That they might come, seemed to be the anxious wish of every heart. After a slender but cheerful repast, the men lay down as usual on their arms, whilst the captain remained with those on guard to superintend his arrangements. An alarm during the night showed the effect of preparation on the people's minds; for all, like lightning, were at their posts, and returned disappointed because the alarm was false.

Daylight, on Monday the 3d, discovered the pirates exactly in the same position in front; ten more vessels

having joined them during the night, making their number now at least six hundred men. The plot thickened, and their situation became hourly more critical. The enemies' force rapidly accumulating, and the little stock of provisions daily shortening, rendered some desperate measure immediately necessary.

That which seemed most feasible was, by a sudden night attack, with the four boats well armed, to carry by boarding some of their vessels; and by manning them, to repeat the attack with increased force, taking more, or dispersing them. The possession of some of their proas, in addition to the boats, taking into consideration that the numbers would be thinned on the occasion, might enable them to shove off for Java, in defiance of the Malays. Any attempt to move on a raft, with their vessels playing round it armed with swivels, was evidently impossible. Awful as their situation now was, and every hour becoming moreso, starvation staring them in the face on one hand, and without a hope of mercy from the savages on the other, yet were there no symptoms of depression or gloomy despair; every mind seemed buoyant, and, if any estimate of the general feeling which prevailed could be collected from countenances, from the manner and expressions of all, there appeared to be formed in every breast a calm determination to dash at them, and be successful; or to fall as became men, in the attempt to be free.

About noon on this day, whilst schemes and proposals were agitated as to the mode of executing the measures in view, Mr. Johnstone, who had mounted the look-out tree, one of the loftiest on the summit of our hill, descried a sail at a great distance to the southward, which he thought larger than a Malay vessel. The buzz of conversation was in a moment hushed, and every eye fixed anxiously on the tree for the next report—a signal man and telescope being instantly sent up. She was now lost sight of from a dark squall overspreading that part of the horizon; but, in about twenty minutes, she

emerged from the cloud, and was decidedly announced to be a square-rigged vessel. "Are you quite sure of that?" was eagerly inquired. "Quite certain," was the reply; "it is either a ship or a brig, standing towards the island under all sail." The joy this happy sight infused, and the gratitude of every heart at this prospect of deliverance, may be more easily conceived than described. It occasioned a sudden transition of the mind from one train of thinking to another, as if waking from a disagreeable dream. They displayed the colours on the highest branch of the tree, to attract attention, lest she should only be a passing stranger.

The pirates soon after discovered the ship (a signal having been made with a gun by those anchored behind Pula Chalacca,) which occasioned an evident stir among them. As the water was ebbing fast, it was thought possible, by an unexpected rush out to the edge of the reef, to get some of them under fire, and secure them. They seemed, however, to have their suspicions roused, for the moment the seamen and marines appeared from under the mangroves, the nearest proa let fly her swivel among a party of the officers, who had been previously wading outwards; and the whole instantly getting under weigh, made sail, fired at by our people; but unfortunately without effect; for, in addition to the dexterous management of their boats, the wind enabled them to weather the rocks. Two only, in tacking, struck upon a reef to windward, but got off again. The marines to keep their powder dry, buckled their cartouch boxes on their breasts, and swivelled their muskets above that level, as they loaded and fired, whilst the seamen with their pikes, like water dogs, pushed out to board them. It was fortunate, however, that this attack on them took place, and that it had the effect of driving them away; for had they stood their ground, our men were as much in their power as ever, as the vessel was obliged to anchor to the leeward of the island twelve miles distant. The vessel sent to relieve them proved to be the

Ternate, one of the company's cruisers, which was dispatched by Lord Amherst, on the day of his fortunate arrival at Batavia. Mr. Ellis, who came back in the Ternate, and his companions, on their arrival at Fort Maxwell, were received with heartfelt acclamation by the whole garrison under arms. This fortification, and its inhabitants, had altogether a very singular and romantic look. The wigwams, or dens, as they were called, of some, neatly formed by branches, and thatched with the palm-leaf, scattered about at the feet of the lofty and majestic trees which pleasantly shaded the circle—the rude tents of others—the wrecked, unshaven, ragged appearance of the men, with pikes and cutlasses in their hands, gave, more especially by fire-light at night, a wild and picturesque effect to this spot, far beyond any robber-scene the imagination can pourtray. The ship's company were now embarked as soon as practicable, and reached Batavia in safety, where their necessities were provided for.

The ship *Cæsar* was chartered to take the ambassador, Lord Amherst and suite, together with the crew, to England. After touching at the Cape of Good Hope, they reached St. Helena on the 27th of June. The Emperor Napoleon was there in exile. The party had an interview with him, and were received with great courtesy; and were highly gratified with their reception. Lord Amherst presented to him the several gentlemen, beginning with Captain Maxwell, to whom he bowed with great dignity, and said his name was not unknown to him; observing that he had commanded on an occasion where one of his frigates, *La Pomone*, was taken in the Mediterranean: "Your government must not blame you for the loss of the *Alceste*, for you have taken one of my frigates." To each one of the party he had something to say; and they retired highly gratified with the visit. On the arrival of Captain Maxwell in England, he was honourably acquitted of the loss of the *Alceste*, and his conduct highly applauded. In the court, Lord

Amherst being examined, stated, "that he had selected Captain Maxwell, on the occasion of the embassy, from motives of personal friendship, as well as from the high opinion he entertained of his professional character; which opinion had been much increased by the events of this voyage." Since then, Captain (now Sir) Murray Maxwell has received the honour of knighthood.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BLENDEHALL.*

In the year 1821, the *Blendenhall*, free trader, bound from England for Bombay, partly laden with broad-cloths, was prosecuting her voyage with every prospect of a successful issue. While thus pursuing her way through the Atlantic, she was unfortunately driven from her course, by adverse winds and currents, more to the southward and westward than was required, and it became desirable to reach the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. This island, which is called after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered it, is one of a group of three, the others being the Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, situated many hundreds of miles from any land, and in a south-westerly direction from the Cape of Good Hope. The shores are rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and form, perhaps, the most dangerous coast upon which any vessel could be driven.

It was while steering to reach this group of islands, that, one morning, a passenger on board the *Blendenhall*, who chanced to be upon deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately sent aloft to keep a good look-out. The weather was then extremely hazy, though moderate; the weeds continued; all were on the alert; they

* From Chambers's Journal.

shortened sail, and the boatswain piped for breakfast. In less than ten minutes, "Breakers ahead!" startled every soul, and in a moment all were on deck. "Breakers starboard! breakers larboard! breakers all around!" was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarcely uttered, when, and before the helm was up, the ill-fated ship struck, and after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about mid-ship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward, as if instinctively, and had barely reached the forecastle, when the stern and quarter broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished—the rest, including officers, passengers, and crew, held on about the head and bows—the struggle was for life!

At this moment the Inaccessible Island, which till then had been veiled in clouds and thick mist, appeared frowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity, one was for cutting away the anchor, which had been got up to the cat-head in time of need; another was for cutting down the foremast (the foretopmast being already by the board). The fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes. Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom—death, arrayed in all its terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. But exertion was required, and every thing that human energy could devise was effected. The wreck, on which all eagerly clung, was fortunately drifted by the tide and wind between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, after the lapse of six hours, it entered the only spot on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite, rising from

amidst the deafening surf to the height of twenty, forty, and sixty feet. As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove. At last the wreck drove right in: ropes were instantly thrown out, and the crew and passengers (except two who had been crushed in the wreck), including three ladies and a female attendant, were snatched from the watery grave, which a few short hours before had appeared inevitable, and safely landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck. Bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcase of a milch cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest (containing a tinder-box and needles and thread), with a number of elegant mahogany turned bed-posts, and part of an investment for the India market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents—all hands were busily at work to procure shelter from the weather; and with the bed-posts and broadcloths, and part of the foresail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals in the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain, hungry, cold, and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated,—the shipwrecked voyagers retired to their tents. In the morning the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks, and spars, and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land; and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over—there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen! All was barren and desolate! The low parts were scattered

over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, reeds, ferns, and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese, were consumed; and from one end of the island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security, had been secreted under ground, only remained. Famine now began to threaten. Every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain.

In this dreadful extremity, and while the half-famished seamen were at night squatting in sullen dejection round their fires, a large flock of sea-birds, allured by the flames, rushed into the midst of them, and were greedily laid hold of as fast as they could be seized. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in; and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured. These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were exposed again to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild-fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food to the rest, no alternative remains. While horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins alighted on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the number of eggs; which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth. The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and

were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected, and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company after their stock of eggs were exhausted; they had now been without food for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected; when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracles, a man came running up to the encampment with the unexpected and joyful tidings that "millions of sea-cows had come on shore." The crew climbed over the ledge of rocks that flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber, and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach; but the liver was excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meantime, the carpenter with his gang had constructed a boat, and four of the men had ventured in her for Tristan d'Acunha, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known, for no vestige of the boat or the crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, a second boat was launched; and in this an officer and some seamen made a second attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting a landing, after much labour, on the island, where they were received with much cordiality and humanity by Governor Glass—a personage whom it will be necessary to describe.

Tristan d'Acunha is believed to have been uninhabited until 1811, when three Americans took up their residence

upon it, for the purpose of cultivating vegetables, and selling the produce, particularly potatoes, to vessels which might touch there on their way to India, the Cape, or other parts in the southern ocean. These Americans remained its only inhabitants till 1816, when, on Bonaparte being sent to St. Helena, the British government deemed it expedient to garrison the island, and sent the Falmouth man-of-war with a colony of forty persons, which arrived in the month of August. At this time the chief of the American settlers was dead, and two only survived; but what finally became of these we are not informed. The British garrison was soon given up, the colony abandoned, and all returned to the Cape of Good Hope, except a person named Glass, a Scotchman, who had been corporal of artillery, and his wife, a Cape creole. One or two other families afterwards joined them, and thus the foundation of a nation on a small scale was formed; Mr. Glass, with the title and character of governor, like a second Robinson Crusoe, being the undisputed chief and lawgiver of the whole. On being visited in 1824 by Mr. Augustus Earle, the little colony was found to be on the increase, a considerable number of children having been born since the period of settlement. The different families inhabited a small village, consisting of cottages covered with thatch made of the long grass of the island, and exhibiting an air of comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, truly English.

It was to this island that the boat's crew of the *Blendenhall* had bent their course, and its principal inhabitant, Governor Glass, showed them every mark of attention, not only on the score of humanity, but because they were fellow-subjects of the same power—for, be it known, Glass did not lay claim to independent monarchy, but always prayed publicly for King George as his lawful sovereign. On learning the situation of the crew on *Inaccessible Island*, he instantly launched his boat, and, unawed by considerations of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked country-

men from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparralleled in the recorded sufferings of seafaring men.

After being hospitably treated by Glass and his company for three months, the survivors obtained a passage to the Cape, all, except a young sailor named White, who had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board, and who, in all the miseries which had been endured, had been her constant protector and companion; whilst gratitude on her part prevented her wishing to leave him. Both chose to remain, and were forthwith adopted as free citizens of the little community.

NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE COMET STEAM-BOAT.

THE Comet steam-boat, commanded by Captain M'Innes, sailed from Inverness for Glasgow *via* the Caledonian Canal, at six o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 18th of October 1825. The number of passengers on board, at the time she sailed, cannot be accurately ascertained, as the steward, the only person who kept any record, was one of those who perished. There is good reason, however, to conclude, that at least sixty individuals took their departure in her from Inverness; and the number, by all accounts, was considerably augmented before she arrived in the Clyde.

On Tuesday evening, the Comet arrived at the western extremity of the Caledonian Canal; and the passengers, as usual, debarked, and remained for the night at Fort-William. On Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, she proceeded on her voyage; and arrived at the Crinan Canal, which obviates the necessity of doubling that long tongue of land which terminates in the Mull

of Cantyre, late the same evening. At Crinan, as at Fort-William, the passengers slept on shore, at a small and inconvenient inn at the entrance into the canal. On Thursday morning, at six o'clock, they again got under weigh; but as the limited scale on which the canal is constructed precludes rapid progress, and a great number of locks occur on the line to increase the delay, the vessel did not reach Lochgilphead, at the other extremity, though only nine miles distant, till ten o'clock in the forenoon. Here it was discovered, that, owing to some miscalculation or unexpected interruption in passing through the canal, they had not arrived in time to find a sufficient depth of water to float the packet out of the basin into the open loch; and, in consequence, they were compelled to wait the reflowing of the tide. At six in the evening, there was water on the bar sufficient to float the vessel over; and they again set sail. At this time, Captain M'Innes expressed a confident hope of being enabled, by favour of wind and tide, to reach Greenock by midnight, where he proposed to stay till daybreak, and then run up to Glasgow early next morning. From the subsequent progress which the vessel made through Loch Fyne and the Kyles of Bute, and her proximity to Greenock, when her course was so fatally arrested, it would appear that he calculated with tolerable accuracy. On emerging from the Kyles of Bute, a narrow and romantic strait which separates the island of Bute from the mainland, the wind blew freshly; and the captain, when urged by several English gentlemen on board to touch at Rothesay, where they wished to land, manifested at first a disinclination to do so, on account of the great lee-way which he would have to work up, but at length he was prevailed on to comply with their request.

From Rothesay the Comet proceeded directly on her voyage up the Clyde. The wind blew freshly, and there was some sea, but not so much as to occasion annoyance. In the course of the evening, which was

exceedingly cold, a party of the passengers amused, and at the same time endeavoured to keep themselves warm, by dancing on deck. On the approach of morning their mirth abated, and the majority went below. In the early part of the night there was moon-light; but, at twenty minutes before one o'clock, the moon set; and the darkness gradually increased, though it never became so intense as to prevent those on board from descrying the hills on both sides of the river. About two o'clock the Comet was off Kempock Point, a headland on the south side of the river, between the Cloch Lighthouse and the village of Gourock, and close to which vessels bound for Greenock usually steer. The important precaution of displaying a light had been neglected; and a jib-sail was set, which, in a great measure, precluded any person but the man on the look-out from seeing directly a-head. Captain M'Innes, according to the most credible statement, was on the cabin-deck, conversing with such individuals as were near him. Suddenly the man forward called aft, "A steam-boat—helm a-port!" The next moment the Comet received a tremendous shock on her bow; and before her startled crew were almost aware of the quarter from which danger was to be apprehended, she received a second blow, equally terrific, near the larboard paddle-box. The vessels then drifted asunder in mutual consternation; and, shortly after, a cry of despair was heard to proceed from the Comet. The devoted crowd on her deck had discovered that she was sinking; and, in three minutes after the concussion, she went down, bow foremost, in $17\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms water, and about 165 yards from the shore.

The vessel which occasioned this horrible catastrophe, was the Ayr steam luggage-boat, a vessel of great power, M'Clelland, master, bound to Ayr. As far as can be ascertained, the two boats were doubling the point at the same moment. The Ayr had a light displayed in the usual manner, and kept a regular look-out. The Captain, according to his own statement, had, immediately

preceding the disaster, been enjoining his crew to be vigilant. Both vessels were running with prodigious velocity; and for a time after the concussion took place, the consternation on board the *Ayr* fully equalled that which prevailed on board the *Comet*. Two seamen belonging to the *Harmony*, who happened to be on board the *Ayr*, were the only individuals who appear to have escaped the general stupefaction. These men, with the promptitude and intrepidity of British sailors, instantly prepared to launch the boat, with a view to succour the multitude, whose drowning cries came to their ears. Unhappily, they were not seconded, but interrupted, in their generous attempt. At the moment the boat, with one of them in it, had reached the water, and while the tackling was yet unloosed, the engine began to play, and boat and man were nearly lost. Captain M'Clelland, finding that his vessel had suffered damage, and robbed of all self-possession by the personal peril to which he fancied himself exposed, and the extent of the general calamity, determined to steer from the place without delay, and return to Greenock. In this resolution he was supported by his crew; and the *Ayr* bore away, passing in her course over the very spot where the *Comet* had but a few minutes before been engulfed, and while the death-shrieks of many of her devoted crew yet echoed over the waves!

The scene which was exhibited on board the *Comet*, during the short space she remained above water after the two vessels came in contact, is described by all the survivors as truly heart-rending, and must have included the condensed sufferings of a protracted life. All who could force their way from the cabins to the deck, hurried there in the extremity of terror,—many roused from sleep, as if by the trumpet of the Archangel, all doomed to experience the fallacy of those dreams of home, which voyagers naturally indulge when near their destined port. Captain M'Innes was instantly aware of the damaged state of his vessel; but suspecting the

injury was foreships, he called to the passengers, as a last resource, to come aft, trusting the packet would right. At the same time, he ordered the engine to be set on, and the boat to be run ashore. Unhappily, neither of these expedients availed. An attempt, equally unsuccessful, was made to get out the yawl, which was hung astern; but, in the hurry, the tackling could not be unloosed. The ropes were then cut; and, in consequence, about twenty-six or thirty people, who had crowded into her, were precipitated into the water, and she fell into it, keel uppermost. The sea rushed into every part of the vessel with frightful rapidity, and quickly stopped the engine; and she soon sank from under the feet of the miserable multitude on her deck, who fell in groups on each other, and unquestionably contributed to increase the general calamity by the manner in which they clustered together.

The first assistance tendered to such of the sufferers as were enabled to struggle successfully with the merciless element came from Gourock. On the alarm being given, several wherries immediately put off; and their crews exerted themselves to the utmost in the cause of humanity.

The subjoined narrative of one of the survivors presents an affecting picture of the consternation that prevailed on board the Comet at the awful moment she went down.

“At the moment the fatal accident took place, Mr. C. A. Anderson, the only cabin-passenger saved, was below. Such of the passengers as were awake were in high spirits, narrating and listening to diverting tales. When the concussion took place, he, with others, instantly rushed upon deck, to learn the cause. In the panic that ensued, he in obedience to the captain's orders to all on board, repaired aft. He was an excellent swimmer, and calculated upon that resource in the last extremity. While standing on the deck, holding by a rope, he was seized round the arm with a convulsive grasp by a

person behind him, lamenting their fate. In his perilous situation, he endeavoured to shake the person off, exclaiming, 'Let me go;' when, turning round to disentangle himself, he perceived that the person who had seized hold of him was Mrs. Sutherland. His heart smote him at the sight; and he immediately apologized to her in the kindest manner for having accosted her so roughly, being ignorant who it was that addressed him. At that moment, he perceived Captain Sutherland in the act of throwing off his coat, or cloak, to prepare himself for swimming. Mr. Anderson, not thinking it advisable to let go his hold of the rope, yet wishing to serve the lady, gave her a strong shove forward in the direction of the boat astern, as her only chance of safety. What became of the unfortunate couple afterwards he saw not, as he was immediately compelled to attend to his own safety, by finding the water covering the deck. He retained his hold of the rope till the water reached his middle, when a wave rolling over the Comet, carried him off his feet. The packet went down, bow foremost; and the drowning multitude sent forth the most appalling screams, imploring the Ayr to return and save them. A second wave threw his great-coat over his head and almost suffocated him. For a time he swam about, ignorant of the direction in which the shore lay, and greatly exhausted. In this state he was seized by the engineman of the Comet, who held him so closely, that he found it impossible to disentangle himself. They were on the point of sinking, when they fortunately came in contact with the packet's yawl, which was floating about, keel uppermost, with several individuals clinging to it. In consequence of their struggles, the yawl righted, when they got into it, though it was full of water. Being without oars, they were unable to make any effort to gain the shore. They remained in this situation about twenty minutes, when a pilot-boat discovered them. In the struggle to get into the pilot-boat, they nearly upset it. They were obliged to cling

to the sides of it; and in this manner reached the shore greatly exhausted." As far as can be ascertained nearly seventy individuals lost their lives on this melancholy occasion.

CHAPTER VIII.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATIONS.

High o'er it's summit through the gloom of night
The glistening watch-tower casts a welcome light.

FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."

THE "DEATH."

On the evening of the 1st March 1816, one of his Majesty's vessels employed for the detection of smuggling in the British Channel, of which I was the first lieutenant, was lying safely moored in Dartmouth. We had just put in from a short cruise, and the work of the day was finished, and preparations made by most of the officers and men for spending a day or two on shore. All was fun and frolic on board, at the expectation of this pleasure, when I received a letter from the captain, informing me that a smuggling vessel was expected on the coast, and directing me to send the second lieutenant, with the galley armed, to look out between Torbay and Dartmouth during the night. Now, my brother officer had that night resolved to go on shore, to see a sweetheart of his; and not being in love myself, I volunteered to take his place. Before going off, I put on a suit of "Flushing," over my jacket and trousers. The galley was soon hauled alongside, and the arms, bittacle, and

other necessary articles being deposited in her, six seamen, one marine, and myself, took our places;—the painter was cast off, and with muffled oars we commenced paddling her out of the harbour. We were soon at a distance from the “Dart,” which lay like a sea-mew on the water;—her rigging gradually disappeared: the lights of the near and overhanging houses shone for a minute or two between her masts and yards;—and nought remained in view astern, save the lofty black land, and the glittering lights of the elevated town; for the bark had vanished from our sight, never to be again beheld by the greater part of my crew.

We entered the harbour of Torbay. On arriving off Brixham, (the place where I thought it likely the smuggler would attempt,) we kept a bright look-out, occasionally lying-to on our oars, in order to catch the sound of the flapping canvass, or of the rippling water under the bows of the expected vessel; we were exposed to the cold night, and successive heavy showers. We then pulled further out, but having neither seen nor heard any thing to excite suspicion, we determined on shaping our course homewards, and in the event of reaching “Dartmouth Range” before daylight, to remain there on the look-out during the remainder of the night. As we pulled towards “Berry Head,” a heavy ground-swell seemed to indicate an approaching gale. We had some difficulty in rounding the pitch of the “Berry,” for a heavy sea was running off it; and we shipped several seas over the stern head, before we accomplished our purpose. On clearing it, the sea ran clearer and the breeze seemed to have died away. Our situation was melancholy enough, for nought was to be heard, save the roar of the breakers around us. A solitary star occasionally gleamed through the heavy clouds that sailed past it. The galley rose slowly over the mountain swell, under her muffled oars. Following the lay of the coast, we pulled to the westward; with, on our larboard side, nothing but a dirty horizon, and on the other side breakers, and an iron-bound

shore ; and even these were occasionally lost sight of as the boat slowly sunk in the deep hollow of the swell. At half-past one, we reached the entrance of the Sound that separates the "Mewstone" from the main ; and not having seen any thing peculiarly dangerous in the passage before, I steered directly through it, ordering the bowman to keep a good look-out, and of course, very careful myself. In this manner we half threaded the passage ; and the "Ay, ay, sir !" of the bowman, to my oft-repeated order of "keep a good look-out forward," was still ringing in my ears, when to my great surprise, the boat struck on something forward, the bowman crying out, "There's a rock under the bow, sir!" "Back off all!" "Jump out bowman, and shove the boat astern!"—were the orders instantly given. Neither, however, could be obeyed ; for the descending swell immediately left the boat suspended by the gripe ; and she being of that class appropriately called "DEATHS!" instantly fell on her broadside. The next sea rushed over the starboard quarter, and with the last words of the order—"Throw the ballast-bags overboard!" on my lips, she sank under me ; while for a second or two, the men forwards appeared high and dry out of the water. It was but for a second or two ! she shipped off the rock, sank, and not a splinter of her was ever again seen.

On first feeling the boat sink under me, I knew our case was desperate ; and that it was "every man for himself, and God for us all." I could swim much better than most people, and had great confidence in the water ; but benumbed as I was with cold, at such a distance from the land—on such a coast—and with such a sea on the shore—it appeared that little short of a miracle could save me ; and all thoughts of assisting others were entirely out of the question. My first object was to avoid the grasp of my drowning crew, (more particularly that of the unfortunate marine, whom but a few seconds before I had seen comfortably nestled, and apparently fast asleep, behind me) ; therefore, while the poor fellow

sprang and clung instinctively to that part of the boat that was still above water, with an idea of finding footing on the rock, I seized the strokeman's oar that lay on the water near me, and giving myself what little impetus my sinking footing would admit of, I struck out of the starboard quarter of the boat, in the opposite direction. After a few hasty strokes, I looked behind me to see if the poor marine was near, when a scene presented itself, that may have been the lot of many to behold, but few have lived to describe. The "*Death*" was gone! But as I rode on the crest of the wave, the sparkling of the sea beneath me, and the wild shrieks that rose from the watery hollow, too plainly pointed out the fatal spot where the poor fellows were sinking in each others' embrace. For a few seconds a sea rose, and hid the place from my view; and on again getting a glimpse of it, the sparkling of the water was scarcely discernible, and a faint murmur only crept along the surface of the waves,—another sea followed. As it rose between me and heaven, I saw on its black outline a hand clutching at the clouds above it—a faint gurgle followed, the sea rolled sullenly by,—and all was dark and silent around me!

I had just beheld within a few yards of me the dying struggle of—as I then thought—my whole crew; and every thing seemed to announce that my own life was prolonged for only a few short minutes; for allowing I succeeded in reaching the shore, the surf threatened my destruction on the rocks. And should I weather this danger, the precipitous coast only promised a more lingering death at the cliff's foot. But, thanks to the Almighty!—my presence of mind never deserted me; a ray of hope flashed across my mind in spite of the apparent hopelessness of my situation; I as calmly weighed all the chances against my reaching the shore, and prepared for the attempt, as if I had been a looker-on, instead of an actor in the dreadful scenc.

In addition to the suit of "*Flushing*" over my jacket and trousers, I was enveloped in a large boat-cloak,

which it became my first object to get rid of. Accordingly, with the help of the oar, (that supported me while doing so,) I stripped off my two jackets and waistcoat; and my two pair of trousers would have followed also, had I not dreaded lest the heavy "Flushing" should be entangled round my ankles in the first place,—and in the second, considered that both them and my shoes would preserve me from being cut by the rocks should I succeed in reaching them. Thus lightened, and with the oar held fore-and-aft-wise under my left arm, I struck out boldly for the shore; and being, God only knows how long, in the water—for to me it appeared an age,—I got into the wash of the breakers; and after receiving several heavy blows, and experiencing the good effects of my "*Flushing fenders*," I secured a footing, and scrambled up above the break of the waves.

As I lay on the rock, panting, breathless, and nearly insensible, the words "Save me, save me, I am sinking!" appeared to rise with the spray that flew over me. At first, stupified with exertion and fatigue as I was, I fancied that the wild shriek that had accompanied the sinking boat still rung in my ears; till the repeated cry, with the addition of my own name, aroused me from my state of insensibility, and on glancing towards the surf, I saw a man struggling hard to gain the shore. Never shall I forget the sensation of that moment,—I could not lift up a finger to save him. At this moment, the oar that had saved my life fortunately floated into the exhausted man's hands; and after a hard struggle, he appeared to gain a footing;—he lost it!—Again he grasped the rock! The next moment saw him floating at some distance in the foam! once more he approached and clung to the shore. My anxiety was dreadful—till, rising slowly from the water, and scrambling towards me, the poor fellow's embrace informed me that I was not the only survivor; while his faltering exclamation, "They are all drowned, sir!" too plainly assured me

that we alone were saved. After a time we managed to gain the use of our legs; and then, what with stamping upon the rock, and flapping our arms across our chests, we contrived to knock a little warmth into ourselves; and that point gained, we commenced our attempt to scale the face of the cliff that hung lowering over our heads. By mutual assistance, and with some difficulty, we mounted about twenty or thirty feet; and I had just begun to solace myself with the idea that the undertaking was not so difficult as I had supposed it, when, on reaching out my arms to catch a fresh hold of the rock before me, I found my eyes had deceived me as to its distance. and falling forwards, I with great difficulty saved myself from pitching headlong into a chasm that yawned beneath me, and through which the sea dashed violently. In fact, the high land had deceived us. *We were only on a rock!*

I was almost struck with consternation at this discovery. There was no alternative but to remain where I was till chance sent a boat to my relief, or death took that office on itself. My heart sunk within me. For a few minutes I gazed eagerly around me from the peak of the rock, in hopes of seeing some possible way of extricating myself, when, observing nothing but a circle of foam, I descended to the nearest ledge in the deepest despondency, and casting myself alongside of my companion, sat in silent despair. My shirt clung with icy coldness to my body, and notwithstanding we huddled as closely as possible, my shivering frame told me that it was rapidly losing the little strength I had gained through my late exertion,—I felt assured, that if I remained where I was, day-light would find me a corpse. What then was to be done! To remain was certain death. Death appeared equally certain should I try to leave the rock; still, however, by the latter course, there was a slight chance in my favour, and drowning I preferred to dying by inches where I was.

I therefore resolved to gain the main, or sink in the

attempt; but, on asking my fellow-sufferer whether he would accompany me, he seemed thunderstruck at the proposal, so earnestly pointed out the danger of the attempt, and his own weakness, and clinging to me, so pathetically entreated me that I should remain where I was, that we might at least have the consolation of dying together, that I not only ceased from urging him, but appeared to give up the idea of leaving the rock myself. This, however, was only done to elude his grasp; for a few minutes after, under the pretence of looking for a more sheltered place, I left him, and descending the rock, reached the edge of the channel that separated me from the main.

There a scene presented itself that plainly pointed out the danger of the undertaking. The distance across, indeed, was not very great; but the whole channel was one sheet of foam, along the edges of which appeared the long black tangle that adhered to the rocks, except when a heavy black sea, rolling through the passage, drove the one before it, and flowed over the other; an apparently perpendicular cliff hung over the whole. It was an awful sight! For a moment my heart failed me. There was, however, no alternative; for my own fate, and the fate of the poor man above me depended on my reaching the opposite side; so, watching a "smooth," and committing my spirit to the Almighty, I sprang forward, and found myself nearly in the middle of the channel. A few strokes brought me to the cliff's foot; but neither holding nor footing could I gain, except what the tangle afforded. Again and again did I seize the pendant slippery weeds, and as often did the drawback of the sea, and my own weight drag me with a giant's force from my hold, and rolling down the face of the rock, I sank several feet under water.

Bruised, battered, and nearly exhausted, with the sea whizzing in my ears, and rattling in my throat, I thought my last moment had arrived. Once more I rose to the surface, and digging my nails into the rock, I

seized the sea-weed with my teeth, and clang in the agonies of death. Another tremendous sea rose, and as it violently rushed over me, I lost my hold, and rose on its surface up the face of the rock. It reached its greatest height; and in the act of descending, I caught a projecting point above the weeds, and at the same instant my left leg was thrown over another. The sea again left me, and gasping for life, I hung over the abyss once more; successive seas followed, but only lashed the rocks beneath me, as if enraged at having lost their prey. I once more breathed free; hope revived; the dread of being forced away caused me to make an almost superhuman effort. I gained a footing; and climbing upwards, in a short time even the spray fell short of me. God be praised! I was safe.

Having ascended about thirty or forty feet, (for then only did I consider myself above the reach of the waves,) I stopped to take rest. There I remained a short time, and between the roar of the breakers, occasionally heard distinctly the shrill shrieks of the poor isolated wretch beneath me; and the frantic, oft-repeated exclamation of "Mr. —, for the love of God, don't leave me!" I endeavoured to console him, by telling him that if I succeeded in getting up the cliff, I would procure immediate help; but as the cries continued as loud and frantic as before, I presumed I was neither seen nor heard, and again commenced my ascent. Panting, and almost breathless—sometimes with tolerable ease, and at others clinging to the perpendicular face of the cliff, and hanging over the pitch-black ocean, I continued ascending, till not only the cries of the man were lost, but even the roar of the sea was only faintly heard, and at length reached the summit of the cliff. At that critical moment, exhausted nature sunk under the fatigue of the night. On suddenly seeing the heavens all around me, I appeared for an instant air-borne—my legs sunk under me. I fell rapidly, head foremost, I knew not where. I believe I shrieked. My senses left me.

How long I lay insensible, I know not. On opening my eyes I was agreeably surprised to find myself in the centre of a furze bush, and felt much inclined to sleep. Fortunately I recollected that this would probably prove fatal to me; I aroused from my lethargy, but felt as if in the night-mare, for my body would not move for some time, and I felt as if an ice-berg lay on my bosom. The ground beneath me had a rapid descent from the sea, (which had occasioned my heavy fall, and led me to believe I was falling down the cliff,) and with some struggling, I worked myself out of the furze bush, and rolled downwards for some distance. This broke the spell, and turning my head inshore, I kept tumbling about till the blood began to circulate, and I was conscious of that acute pain, which none but those who have been frost-bitten can form any idea of. At length I felt the prickles of the furze bush, with which I was covered over like a porcupine, and can with truth say, that that was the happiest moment of my life.

Resolving to travel inland, I came on the track of cart wheels, which brought me to a respectable house; and after narrowly escaping being shot for a robber, was admitted, and made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. My wet clothes were shifted, and a capital supper placed before me. I made known who I was, and the circumstances of the disaster, and the need my fellow-sufferer stood in of assistance. Men were placed along the shore with lights, to keep up his spirits, and tell him, that help would be forthcoming in the morning. Those on the cliffs showed their lights the whole night; but as I afterwards heard, were not seen by the seaman. At daylight, however, a boat pulled to the westward, the very one which we had spoken with in Torbay during the night; the crew having landed, had not gone far before they saw something like a bundle lying on the rocks. It was my unfortunate shipmate. As they could not reach him, he was towed off by a rope, and after three days' care and nursing recovered.

I have already said that not a splinter of the boat was ever picked up, that I knew of; some of the gear, however, was; for a day or two after, the crew of a Torbay boat were rather surprised at seeing a spar floating *on end* in the water near them. On sending their punt to pick it up, they found that it was a boat's mast, with a corpse hanging to the end of it, by one hand firmly clenched round the tie. The body was buried in Brixham churchyard.

THE CABALVA.

THE Cabalva sailed from Gravesend on the 14th of April 1818, being bound for China, in company with the East India Company's ship, the Lady Melville, with a fair wind and hazy sky; the ship being in charge of an experienced pilot. On the 17th of April, at 11 A.M., while we were sailing at the rate of seven miles an hour, the Owen-light vessel then bearing N.N.E., the ship touched the ground with four or five shocks. The pilot was alarmed at this unexpected disaster, but ordered the helm to be put about, and we got into deep water. The carpenter reported "four inches;" shortly after "nine inches of water in the well."

A consultation of officers was held to consider whether we should get into port to repair, or proceed on our voyage; and unfortunately the latter was agreed upon, for the leak increased so much, that we were obliged to keep the pumps going day and night without intermission.

We continued our voyage with a fair wind, and off the Cape of Good Hope we spoke the Scalesby Castle, which informed us, that the Owen-light vessel had been drifting in shore several miles when we passed it, which at once explained the cause of our accident, and took

away any blame that might have attached to the pilot, captain, or officers, on that account.

A few days after, we parted company with the *Scalesby Castle* and the *Lady Melville*, in a gale of wind, which increased our leak to twenty inches an hour. A consultation of officers was again held, and it was determined to put into Bombay, in order to repair the ship in dock.

Wind and weather favoured us after doubling the Cape; and on the 5th of July, we were, according to the ship's reckoning, very near the Mauritius. We kept a good look-out that night and the next morning, but the weather was hazy and rainy, and seeing no land, we continued our course.

Tuesday, July 7th.—At 4 o'clock in the morning, the watch was relieved as usual, and I was called on deck to keep the morning watch, under the second officer. I received orders to keep a good look-out, and having relieved the fourth officer, I stationed two men on the fore-yard, and one on each cat's-head, and mustered the fore-castle watch.

It was now the darkest part of the night, but the stars were shining, the sky was clear, and the wind moderate, and we were going under easy sail, at the rate of seven miles and a half an hour.

I had been walking the waist nearly half an hour, when the men that were stationed aloft sang out repeatedly "Breakers on the larboard bow! hard a-port! hard a-port! it is too late! it is all over! hard a-port!"

I was instantly aware that there was no time to lose, and having repeated the words to the officer on the watch, I ran aft to the wheel. The helm flew a-port, the ship rounded to, and then stopped at once with a shock that affected her whole frame; shaking the masts, and spinning the wheel round, till the helm was hard a-starboard again. Every body ran up from below; the last shock had thrown most of them out of their hammocks and cots; and the upper deck was crowded

with people, most of them half-naked. The loud voices of the captain and officers were heard now and then, amid a horrid noise of crashing and parting beams, ribs, masts, and yards, and the overwhelming roar of the surf.

“Clear away the boats” was the cry; but few set to work, for the surf was knocking the ship about so dreadfully that we could scarcely keep our feet. “Cut away the main-mast; cut away the fore-mast; stand clear the masts.” An awful silence ensued for a few minutes; and then by repeated blows, they tumbled, masts, yards, and sails, with a tremendous crash.

The break of day was hailed with three cheers. Then some of the officers and sailors were employed in clearing away the large cutter, which was at length effected; and, as soon as she was afloat, a number of active young men jumped into her, pushing back some weak and helpless wretches, and leaving them to shift for themselves. Captain Dalrymple was asked to go in her, but refused. I crawled on the fore-castle, and took a good hold round the best bower anchor-stock. The ship was now washed quite in two, the poop and fore-castle being the only parts out of the water, and over these the surf was continually breaking. I saw the captain, and most of those that had been left, swimming to leeward of the wreck, between a variety of timber, ribs, yards, and spars, half afloat and half drowning. The large cutter, with about thirty people in her, danced over the surf with wonderful lightness, till she touched the rocks, when a tremendous surf broke over her, and washed every person out, dashing them against the rocks.

The number of people to leeward of the wreck was fast diminishing; some were drowned, and others reached the rocks singly, or on rafts, and on pieces of wreck. I only saw twenty or thirty, and these nearly overcome with fatigue. Amongst them were Captain Dalrymple, the fifth mate, and two midshipmen. In contrast with

these, I heard three or four sailors making merry in the captain's cabin over some bottles of wine and brandy.

In the meantime the long-boat, which was large enough to hold all that were left behind, got clear of the wreck. The captain, the fifth mate, and about twenty men, with myself, sought refuge in her, but she was soon stove to pieces, close to the wreck, and then every one tried to save himself as well as he could. Several were drowned in the attempt.

Shortly after I got on a large raft made of booms, which was now breaking adrift from the wreck. The captain with much difficulty reached this raft, and two midshipmen, with about twenty sailors, managed also to get on it. The spars unfortunately turned broadside to the surf, which rolled them about so furiously, that few could keep their hold. Several had their limbs broken. After several succeeding surfs, the raft was thrown on the rock. The captain and several sailors were washed away, and the rest reached the rock, quite exhausted and dreadfully bruised. We found there many sitting in a state of inactivity, instead of trying to better their situation.

The reef was covered with pieces of wreck, and bales of cloth, casks, chests, &c., were strewed about in great abundance; the people were in a state of unruly confusion, though the officers endeavoured to maintain some sort of order. Meanwhile the water was rising fast, and it was evident that the rock would soon be overflowed. Perceiving that nothing was to be done where we were, I walked off towards the sand banks, without well knowing for what purpose. Five or six sailors followed me. We walked on very slowly over hard rocks, barefooted, and up to our middle in water, and were fortunate enough to meet with a young shark on our passage, which was killed after half an hour's chase, and promised to make a good meal for ten or twenty persons. We dragged it along behind us, and arrived about noon on a little sand bank, where part of

our people were already assembled. They were all provided with a fair allowance of cherry brandy or wine; the effects of which most of them had begun to feel. Some were asleep, some quarrelling and fighting, some skylarking, some catching birds, but I could prevail on none of them to return to the wreck, and endeavour to save some provisions and water before the ship went totally to pieces. They answered me in such fine terms, and made such long harangues, that I gave over the task, convinced that there was not a sober man amongst them! Tired, and bruised all over, I lay down on the sand, and slept comfortably for some time. When I awoke, I found almost all the ship's company collected round me; they had brought from the wreck some pork, wine, and fresh water; which, with the shark, and two or three lobsters, afforded a meal for upwards of 100 people. The tide flowing in the afternoon, completely inundated the rock, and the wind drove every thing light and floatable over to the sand-bank. We employed ourselves busily in picking up whatever useful articles we could meet with. A fire was now lighted by striking a razor against a piece of glass, with the assistance of some rags and some gunpowder which had been thrown on the rock quite dry.

In the evening we built a tent out of a part of the wreck and covered it with pieces of cloth. But this did not accommodate above 35 or 40 of us.

Wednesday, July 8th.—An early breakfast was served out this morning, consisting of a small slice of pork, and a dram of beer to each person. We then set out in different parties; some volunteered to wade to the wreck, partly to get provisions and water, but principally to secure the large cutter. Another party went to the adjoining sand-bank, where a variety of casks, cases, and pieces of wreck, were cast up. Some remained to erect a flag-staff, to enlarge the tent, and to spread a sufficient quantity of cloth out to the sun to dry against night. We set out for the wreck, and after having

waded for two hours, up to our middles in water, fell in with the large cutter, with the people who had been left behind. She contained some provisions, and we got some also from the wreck, which we carried back with us, and were received with great joy by our companions on account of our success. From the success of this excursion, our hopes and spirits began to revive. Our stock of provisions consisted of 5 sheep, 6 pigs, 24 dead fowls, 50 pieces of pork and beef, a keg of flour, 3 casks of beer, 4 dozen of wine, 1 dozen of cherry brandy, and 5 pine-cheeses, but no biscuits, and no water. The party that had gone to the sand-bank returned with 20 pieces of pork, but nothing else. An officer's watch was set at eight o'clock P.M., partly to watch the motion of the water, to look out for ships, and keep the fire in, but chiefly to guard the provisions.

Thursday, July 9th.—At day-break all went again to work, except the sick, lazy, and drunken. The carpenter and his mates began to repair the large cutter. The sailmaker began to make sails, and the boatswain to make ropes, by twisting three pieces of muslin together. The chief mate, with a party, set out for the sand-banks, and I took a party to the wreck. All that we met with was some sail-ropes, and two or three dozen of wine. We found to our great joy the captain's cutter, which we took back with us. It was dragged to the tents for the carpenter to repair. We found that in the course of the day the following articles had been collected—4 butts of fresh water, 4 casks of beer, 3 dozen of wine, 50 pieces of pork and beef, a drowned pig, and some sails and ropes.

Friday, July 10th.—The carpenter and sailmakers continued their work in fitting out the large cutter. We determined the latitude and longitude of our situation, and found that this shoal was the "Cargados Garryos reef," and we calculated that the Isle of France was the nearest inhabited land, bearing S.W. by S., distant 250 miles. Parties set out in different direc-

tions to collect provisions, while some tried their luck in fishing, and others employed themselves in repairing the tents, and preparing the victuals. The chief mate and myself, with a party of sailors, set out for a neighbouring sand-bank to see what we could pick up, and built a raft of some spars we found along the beach, which we loaded with 30 pieces of pork, and about three dozen of wine, which we brought home with us.

Saturday, July 11th.—This day passed in similar occupations. The number of tents had increased to sixteen, and the people divided themselves into messes, every mess having a tent of its own. Two allowances of provisions were served out each day, one at 7 A.M. the other at 6 P.M., each consisting of about two ounces of meat, and a coffee-cup of beer. About 5 o'clock P.M. the parties returned from their excursions, having been very unsuccessful. While we were at dinner, we heard three cheers outside the tent, and ran out to see what was the matter; when we found that one of the sailors had been digging a hole in the sand, and fresh water sprung up, to the surprise and joy of all. It was of a milky colour, and rather brackish, but a great blessing notwithstanding.

Sunday, July 12th.—No work was done to-day, and in the afternoon, the people assembled round the cutter, when Mr. Ayres, the purser, delivered a religious address to them.

Monday, July 13th.—The boat was now nearly ready for sea, and it was determined that she should be launched the next morning, and sail for the Mauritius. I was appointed to command her, and Mr. Ayres and eight seamen were appointed to accompany me. The day passed in the necessary preparations for the voyage. Our provisions for the boat consisted of 4 pieces of pork, 20 cakes made of flour and water, a pine-cheese, 8 gallons of porter, 16 gallons of water, 6 bottles of wine, and 3 of cherry brandy. We had 3 masts with lug sails, 8 oars, 2 buckets for baling out any water that might

get into the boat, 2 or 3 muskets, and some gunpowder. A quadrant, 2 watches, and a long seal, were the only instruments to navigate her, as neither compass nor chart could be found.

Tuesday, July 14th.—The morning of our departure having arrived, we of the boats's crew had a more substantial meal than usual, and at five o'clock, we set off amidst the repeated cheers and prayers of the Cabalva's crew.

The weather being very squally and rainy all day, we could not get an observation at noon, and were often obliged to take in the fore-sail, and heave-to under a close-reefed mizen. At sunset we were enabled to make a tolerably accurate estimation of our course, which we judged to be S.W. by S. A long night now followed, in which we sought in vain for sleep, as the sea was constantly washing over, and kept us employed in baling out the water.

Wednesday, July 15th.—The sun rising clear this morning our course appeared to be S.W. by S., and the rate of sailing about five knots an hour. At noon we got a pretty accurate observation: lat. $18^{\circ} 30'$. We continued our course under a close-reefed fore-sail and mizen, keeping the boat's head to the wind, as near as the sea would allow us, which often rose to a prodigious height in the squalls, so as to require the whole attention of the man at the helm, for the least inattention would have caused the shipping of heavy seas, and probably the swamping of the boat. Indeed, the helm, during the continuance of the squalls, was obliged to be put down every four or five minutes, to turn her head to the billows, which would have sunk her at once if they had struck her on the side. The waves wet us continually, so that three hands were employed constantly day and night, in baling.

The sun not setting clear, and the night being squally and rainy, we could only guess our course by the wind to be S.W. by S. till it cleared up for a while about two

o'clock, when I perceived, by the bearing of the Southern Cross, that we had broken off to S.W. by W., and I was afraid of getting to leeward of the Mauritius. The discovery of our real course was a sore disappointment, for we began to despair of regaining our ground, and were on the point of giving up all hope of reaching Port Louis, and bearing away for Bourbon.

Thursday, July 16th.—The breaking of day-light filled us with new hope and vigour, although the weather continued squally, and the sky cloudy and hazy. But it is impossible to describe our sensations, when, in about half an hour, we saw land on the larboard bow, which we knew to be Round Island, close to the Mauritius. We found ourselves abreast of Port Louis at noon, although twelve or fourteen miles to leeward. The wind drawing round to the south, right in our teeth, we could gain no way by working to windward. We therefore took in the sails, got the oars out, and pulled hard for two hours; but the sea running high, we did little good, and set the three lugs with all reefs out. Night coming on, our situation became alarming, for we feared, not without reason, that we should be blown off the island, and be obliged to make for Bourbon. Happily for us, we got a slant wind after sunset, which enabled us to work in shore, but not knowing the entrance of the harbour, and the night becoming hazy, we made a rope fast to one of the ballast bags, and came to an anchor, in nine feet water, close to the land, at two in the morning.

Friday, July 17th.—At daybreak we weighed anchor, and pulled four miles along shore, when we discovered the harbour, and got safe in about eight o'clock.

When we got to the landing place, a crowd of people gathered round us. Our appearance was truly ludicrous. Only one of us had a hat; the rest wore muslin turbans, or ladies' fancy caps; three had jackets; the rest wore mantles of different coloured cloth, with holes for the naked arms; two or three had trousers, but

there was no shirt, stockings, or shoes among the party! Our faces and arms had been so exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, that we had more the appearance of savages than of Europeans. The people who crowded round us were very kind to us. They brought us bread, coffee, grog, and fruit; and many of them invited us to their houses.

Mr. Ayres went ashore to state our case to the Company's agent, while I got the boat secured. I then went with one of the inhabitants, a kind-hearted Frenchman, who urged me to go and breakfast with him. After breakfast I went in search of Mr. Ayres, and was happy to find that our wishes were most readily met by the Company's agent, and the commanding naval officer. The *Magicienne* frigate was ready an hour after our arrival, to go to the relief of the *Cabalva's* crew.

Mr. Ayres, two of the boat's crew, and myself, went on board the frigate; the rest remained at Port Louis; his Majesty's brig the *Challenger* was appointed to accompany us. We met with a very hearty reception on board the *Magicienne*, from Captain Purves and his officers. The account which we gave of our misfortunes and sufferings surprised and interested every one in a high degree. The officers were never tired of hearing our adventures over and over again; and in return, they supplied all our wants, and made us as comfortable as possible.

On Sunday the 20th July, the men that were on the look-out at the mast head got a sight of the breakers, and sung out "Breakers on the larboard bow! Hard a-port!" These portentous words remained impressed on my mind still, from the first morning of our disaster; and I thought we were again on the rocks; but we happily escaped all danger this time, and worked into leeward of the sand; and, to our great joy, we soon after descried the flag-staff of our shipmates. The chief officer, with eight hands, met us at the entrance of the bay, in the captain's cutter, and was heartily con-

gratulated on board the frigate; when he gave us a short account of what had occurred on the sand-bank, since we left them, which was to the following effect:

“We were not able to save anything from the wreck, on the sand-bank, after you left us, but we became more expert and successful in fishing. The captain’s cutter was repaired with all expedition, to make discoveries northward, and endeavour to find some spot more elevated above the sea; for we had almost given up the large cutter and her crew as lost, on account of the boisterous and squally weather. We were assembled at prayers to-day, when the boatswain looking towards the sea, interrupted the service with the words, ‘A sail! a sail!’ and ran capering about like a mad fellow. The whole congregation ran to the beach immediately, when they cheered for some time; and some few fell on their knees, thanking God for the deliverance.”

The frigate brought up for the night in twelve fathoms water, and weighed again on Monday morning and got safely to an anchor the same evening, within a mile of the sand-bank. Several of the Cabalva’s officers and midshipmen came off in one of the frigate’s boats which had been sent for them; and we were mutually rejoiced at meeting after a short, but eventful and trying separation of seven days.

Captain Purves went on shore the following morning, and took along with him some bags of biscuit, which were a great treat to the poor fellows. All the Cabalva’s crew were embarked in the course of the day; most of the sailors had some valuables about them, concealed in the most ingenious manner; but they were so strictly overhauled, as they came on board, that they were all deprived of their plunder. Cloth, muslin, and linen were afterwards served out to them according as they had behaved.

We safely reached Port Louis on the 23th of July; and thus our misfortunes terminated in a manner surpassing our most sanguine expectations: and may we be

ever thankful to the gracious Providence which protected us so wonderfully, from the morning of the wreck till our arrival at the Isle of France.

THE WELLINGTON.

WE sailed from the Cove of Cork for St. Andrews, on the 6th of October 1833. During a passage of sixty days, all which time we struggled against adverse winds, nothing material occurred, save the shifting of our ballast, (limestone,) which caused some alarm; but the promptitude and alacrity of the crew soon set it all right. On reaching the ballast-ground we discharged our ballast; and after we had repaired the rigging, we took in a cargo of deals. Here four of the men left us, and we had to wait for others to supply their place. On the 23d December we sailed on our return to Cork; mustering in all seventeen persons, including one male and one female passenger. With a fine stiff breeze down the bay, we soon lost sight of land, and nothing of note occurred till the 30th, when the wind got up from the N.W., and soon blew so heavy a gale, that we were obliged to take in every thing but a close-reefed main top-sail, under which we scudded till the 5th January. All this time it blew a hurricane, principally from the N.W., but occasionally, after a short lull, flying round to the S.W. with a fury that nothing could resist. The sea threatened to overwhelm our little craft. It was several times proposed to lay her too; but the fatal opinion prevailed, that she did better in scudding. On the night of the 6th a tremendous sea struck her on the stern, stove in all the dead-lights and washed them into the cabin, lifted the taffrail a foot or more out of its place, carried away the afterpart of the larboard bulwark, shattered the whole of the stern frame, and washed one of the steersmen away from the wheel. The car-

penter and crew with much labour secured the stern as well as they could for the night, and next morning the wind moderating a little, new dead-lights were put in, and the damages further repaired.

Every stitch of canvass, but the main top-sail, jib, and trysail, were split into ribbons, so that we became anxious to know how we should reach port when the gale subsided. But we were soon spared further care on that head. As the day closed in, the tempest resumed its fury, and by the following morning (the 8th) raged with such appalling violence, that we laid her to. From her straining, the brig had now begun to make so much water, as to require all hands in succession at the pumps till the following morning at two, when the larboard watch went below, the watch on deck, by constant exertion, sufficing to keep her free.

At seven in the morning of the 9th, a tremendous sea broke over the starboard bow, overwhelming all, and sweeping caboose, boats, planks, casks, every thing before it, to the afterpart of the deck; even the starboard anchor was lifted on to the forecastle; and the cook, who was in the galley, washed with all his culinary apparatus into the lee-scuppers, where he remained for some time in a very perilous situation, jammed in among the loose spars and other portions of the wreck, until extricated by the watch on deck, who, being aft at the moment of the occurrence, escaped unhurt. Before we could recover from this shock, the watch below rushed on deck, with the appalling intelligence, that the water had found its way below, and was pouring in like a torrent. We found that the coppers, forced along the deck with irresistible violence, had, by striking a stancheon fixed firmly in the deck, split the covering board fore and aft, and let in the water. The captain thought it time to prepare for the worst. As the ship, from her buoyant cargo, could not sink, he ordered the crew to store the top with provisions. And as all exerted themselves with the energy of despair, two barrels of beef, some hams,

pork, butter, cheese, and a large jar of brandy, were handed in a trice up from below, but not before the water had nearly filled the cabin, and forced those employed there to cease their operations, and with the two unfortunate passengers to fly to the deck. Fortunately for the latter, they knew not the full horror of our situation. The poor lady—whose name I have forgotten—young and delicate, already suffering from confinement below and sea sickness, pale and shivering, but patient and resigned, had but a short time taken her seat beside her fellow-passenger on some planks near the taffrail, on which lay extended the unfortunate cook, unable to move from his bruises, when the vessel, a heavy lurch having shifted her cargo, was laid on her beams-end, and the water rushing in, carried everything off the deck—provisions, stores, planks, all went adrift—and with the latter, the poor lady, who, with the cook, floated away on them, without the possibility of our saving either of them. But such was the indescribable horror of those who were left, that had we been able to reason or reflect, we might well have envied our departed shipmates.

A few minutes before we went over, two of the crew, invalids, having gone to the maintop, one of them was forced into the belly of the main top-sail, and there found a watery grave. The rest of the crew, and the male passenger, got upon her side. In this hopeless situation, secured, and clinging to the channels and rigging, the sea every instant dashing over us, and threatening destruction, we remained some hours. Then the vessel once more righted, and we crawled on board. The deck having blown up, and the stern gone the same way, we had now the prospect of perishing with cold and hunger. For our ultimate preservation I conceive we were mainly indebted to the carpenter's having providentially retained his axe. With it, the foremast was cut away. While doing this, we found a piece of pork about four pounds weight; and even the possession of this morsel raised our drooping spirits. It would at

least prolong existence a few hours, and in that interval, the gale might abate, some friendly sail heave in sight, and the elements relent. Such were our reflections. Oh! how our eye-balls strained, as, emerging from the trough of the sea on the crest of a liquid mountain, we gazed on the misty horizon, until, from time to time, we fancied, nay, felt assured, we saw the object of our search, but the evening closed in, and with it, hope almost expired. That day, not a morsel passed our lips. The pork, our only supply, given in charge to the captain, it was thought prudent to husband as long as possible.

Meanwhile, with a top-gallant studding-sail remaining in the top, which was stretched over the mast-head, we contrived to procure a partial shelter from the inclemency of the weather. Under this, drenched as we were and shivering with cold, some of us crouched for the night; but others of the crew remained all that night in the rigging. In the morning we all—fourteen in number—mustered on deck, and received from the mate a small piece of pork, (about two ounces), the remainder being carefully put away, and reserved for the next day. This, and some water, the only article of which—a cask had been discovered forward, well stowed away among the planks—we had abundance, constituted our only meal that day. Somewhat refreshed, we all went to work, and as the studding-sail afforded but a scanty shelter, we fitted the try-sail for this purpose, on opening which we found the cat drowned, and much as our stomachs might have revolted against such food on ordinary occasions, yet poor puss was instantly skinned, and her carcass hung up in the maintop.

This night we were somewhat better lodged; and the following day, having received our scanty ration of pork, now nearly consumed, we got three swiftsures round the hull of the vessel, to prevent her from going to pieces. Foraging daily for food, we sought incessantly in every crevice, hole, and corner, but in vain. We were now

approaching that state of suffering beyond which nature cannot carry us. With some, indeed, they were already past endurance; and one individual, who had left a wife and family dependant upon him for support in London, unable any longer to bear up against them, and the almost certain prospect of starvation, went down out of the top, and we saw him no more. Having eked out the pork until the fourth day, we commenced on the cat—fortunately, both large and in good condition—a mouthful of which, with some water, furnished our daily allowance. Sickness and debility had now made such ravages among us all, that although we had a tolerable stock of water, we found great difficulty in procuring it. We had hitherto, in rotation, taken our turn to fill a small beaker at the cask, wedged in among the cargo of deals; but now, scarcely able to keep our feet along the planks, and still less so to haul the vessel up to the top, we were in danger of even this resource being cut off from us. In this manner, incredible as it may seem, we managed to keep body and soul together till the eleventh day, our only sustenance, the pork, the cat, water, and the bark of some young birch trees, which latter, in searching for a keg of tamarinds, which we had hoped to find, we had latterly come athwart.

On the twelfth morning, at daybreak, the hailing of some one from the deck electrified us all. Supposing, as we had missed none of our shipmates from the top, that it must be some boat or vessel, we all eagerly made a movement to answer our supposed deliverers, and such was our excitement that it well nigh upset what little reason we had left. We soon found out our mistake. We saw that one of the party was missing; and from this individual, whom we had found without shoes, hat, or jacket, had the voice proceeded.

Despair had now taken such complete hold, that, suspended between life and death, a torpor had seized us, and, resigned to our fate, we had scarcely sufficient energy to lift our heads, and exercise the only faculty on

which depended our safety. The delirium of our unfortunate shipmate had, however, reanimated us, and by this means, through Providence, he was made instrumental to our deliverance. Not long after, one of the men suddenly exclaimed, "This is Sunday morning!—The Lord will relieve us from our distress!—at any rate, I will take a look round." With this he arose, and having looked about him a few minutes, the cheering cry of "A sail!" announced the fulfilment of this singular prophecy. "Yes," he repeated in answer to our doubts, "a sail! and bearing right down upon us!" We all eagerly got up, and looking in the direction indicated to us, the welcome certainty that we were not cheated of our hopes almost turned our brains. The vessel, which proved to be a Boston brig, bound to London, ran down across our bows, hove to, sent the boats alongside, and by ten o'clock we were all safe on board. Singularly enough, our brig, which had been lying-to with her head to the northward and westward, since the commencement of our disasters, went about the evening previous to our quitting her as well as if she had been under sail,—another providential occurrence, for had she remained with her head to the northward, we should have seen nothing of our deliverers. From the latter, we experienced all the care and attention our deplorable condition required; and with the exception of two of the party, who were frost-bitten, and who died two days after our quitting the wreck, we were soon restored to health, and reached St. Catherine's Dock on the 30th of the following month.

CHAPTER IX.

POLAR REGIONS.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around.

COLERIDGE.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S VOYAGE.

THE late expedition undertaken by Captain Ross in search of a north-west passage was very protracted; and from the length of time during which no tidings were heard of him, serious apprehensions were entertained concerning his safety. Various unsuccessful and hazardous expeditions had been fitted out by the British government without any satisfactory result to compensate for their trouble and expense; and the project of this voyage was formed by Captain Ross and his nephew, assisted by a private patron, Felix Booth, a rich London merchant, who advanced £18,000 to purchase and equip a vessel. An unfortunate choice was made; the *Victory* was hurriedly fitted up with a steam-engine and paddles, and her machinery was very imperfect. A smaller vessel, the *John*, was to have accompanied them as a provision-tender; but the crew mutinied, and the *Victory* went forth alone. She sailed from Woolwich, May 23, 1829. On the 23d July they reached a Danish settlement in Davis' Straits, where they purchased stores from a wrecked vessel, and procured six Esquimaux dogs, which were afterwards of great use in drawing the sledges. On the 5th August they entered Lancaster Sound; and on the 11th steered direct for the south-west side of Prince Regent's Inlet; and having passed Batty Bay, saw the spot where the *Fury* had been wrecked in 1825. Cap

tain Ross had from the first resolved to avail himself of the stores of the *Fury*, and the plan completely succeeded. He gives the following account of the wreck and the stores :—

“ We found the coast almost lined with coal, and it was with no common interest that we proceeded to the only tent that remained entire. This had been the mess-tent of the *Fury*'s officers; but it was too evident that the bears had been making frequent visits. Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found every thing entire. The canisters were piled up in two heaps; but though exposed to all the chances of climate for two years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. The meats were neither frozen nor altered in taste. The wines, spirits, sugar, bread, flour, were all good, excepting a part of the latter which had been lodged in provision casks. The lime juice and pickles had not suffered much; even the sails were quite dry, though all appearance of tar had vanished. We went to the beach where the *Fury* had been abandoned, but could not find a trace of her hull. We therefore returned on board, having now provisions for two years and three months. Yet all we could stow away seemed scarcely to diminish the piles of canisters, of which we embarked whatever we could, together with such flour, cocoa, and sugar, as we wanted, all in excellent condition. We found the spare topmast of the *Fury*, of which the carpenter made a new boom, in place of that we had lost. We also got some anchors and hawsers, together with some boatswains' and carpenter's stores.” To this coast they gave the name of Boothia Felix. Their progress was much impeded by large masses and floes of ice, and by contrary winds, while their miserable engines could not bring them on more than a mile in an hour. Sometimes they had to make fast to an iceberg, and drift with it

They sailed on 150 miles to the south of Cape Parry, and fixed their winter-quarters in Felix Harbour. The first thing they did was to lighten the ship, by throwing overboard the unserviceable engines. They then made such arrangements and preparations for the winter as seemed proper. By cutting away the ice from the sides, the ship rose nine inches in the water and reached her natural level. They then built an embankment of snow and ice all around her, to keep off the cold. The upper deck was covered with two feet and a half of snow, which, after being trod down, was covered with sand, and made as smooth as a gravel road. A roofing was constructed of the spare sails, the canvass being drawn down so as to cover the sides of the ship down to the embankment of snow at the gunwale. The lower deck was made the floor of this house, and was covered with hot sand every morning, and scrubbed with it till eight o'clock, the breakfast hour. Copper flues were placed around to carry off the vapour; iron tanks, with the open side downmost, were placed over the openings on the upper deck, to receive the flues from the steam-kitchen, oven, and other parts of the lower deck. Thus all was kept dry and warm, and all was comfort within. Though the exterior temperature was 37 *minus*, yet, if there was no wind, the men could exercise, and make hunting excursions. When confined to the house, they were made to walk several hours on the deck every day. No spirits were given out, as this was supposed to be conducive to scurvy; but tea was served every evening at five o'clock. They did not, like Parry's crew, organize a dramatic corps; but they had an evening school. On Saturday nights they were always allowed to dance, and drink to sweethearts and wives. Sunday was strictly and piously observed. Christmas was kept with due forms, the minced pie and cherry brandy from the Fury's stores enabling them to do this in a most satisfactory manner. On the 9th January, they were visited by about thirty Esquimaux. One man, who seemed the most intelligent

among them, drew with a pencil a sketch of several large lakes close to that part of the country—showed the spots where his countrymen lived, and told them that the land might be crossed in nine days to the ocean. One of them who had lost a limb, was presented, to his great delight, with a wooden leg.

In April, Commander Ross set out on a land expedition, accompanied by the chief mate, and two Esquimaux guides, with sledges and provisions. His researches threw considerable light upon the geography of the ports where they were; and he found that Prince Regent's Inlet was shut in with land. The next point therefore was to ascertain whether the land to the south of the isthmus was part of the continent of America. But after travelling 210 miles from the ship, they were forced to return in consequence of the scarcity of provisions. They had reached a point which they called Victory Point; and there they erected a cairn six feet high, as a memorial of their enterprise, inclosing in it an account of their proceedings, contained in a canister. During August, September, and October, attempts were made to put out to sea; but the season was unpropitious, and the ice formed early; so that they were obliged to pass in the same place another winter; once more, therefore, they covered over the ship, and built embankments.

In the second year another travelling expedition was made, in order to fix the position of the magnetic pole; but it does not seem very likely that they fixed on the exact spot. They were again obliged to resume their winter preparations. During the third year the crew began to suffer in health, the medical report bearing that they were much enfeebled. They formed the project of abandoning the ship and taking to the boats; and at the end of April commenced carrying forward with the sledges a quantity of provisions, and the boats. The labour of conveying these over the snow and ice was very severe, and was increased by the occasional wind and

snow-drift. The ship was finally abandoned on the 29th May 1832.

After a month's hard labour, every attempt to escape was abandoned, and they once more fixed themselves in winter quarters, at Fury Beach, where a house was built thirty-one feet long and sixteen broad, to which they gave the name of Somerset House. The carpenter proceeded to repair the three boats belonging to the Fury. On the 1st August, the ice unexpectedly breaking up, they set off in the boats in the hope of reaching Baffin's Bay before the departure of the whalers; but the closing in of the ice compelled them to desist. After a toilsome march, they returned to their house on the 7th October. They had still plenty of flour, sugar, soup, pease, vegetables, pickles, and lemon-juice; but of preserved meat no more than could suffice for another voyage in the boats, during the next season.

In the fourth year the carpenter died; and some of the seamen suffered much from scurvy. The following melancholy sentences convey some idea of their feelings:—"Snow was our decks, snow our coverings, snow our observatories, snow our larders, snow our salt, and when all the other uses should be at last of no avail, our coffins and our graves seemed destined to be coffins and graves of snow. Its tormenting, chilling, odious presence, was ever before the eye."

But they were soon to be released from this dismal situation. They finally left Fury Beach on the 8th July 1833, with their boats. They succeeded in gaining the eastern side of Prince Regent's Inlet, and then stood along the shore of Barrow's Strait. On the 26th August, a sail appeared. Their signals were at length visible to the crew of one of her boats. "She was soon alongside," says Captain Ross, "when the mate in command asked if we had lost our ship. I was told that the ship's name was the 'Isabella of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross;' on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the

crew of the *Victory*. The mate was much astonished; and with the usual blunder-headedness of men on such an occasion, assured me that I had been dead two years. I convinced him that this was a premature conclusion, as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to discover that we were not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable evidence of our being true men, and no impostors, on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style; and, after a few natural inquiries, he added, that the *Isabella* was commanded by Captain Humphreys; when he immediately went off in his boat, to communicate his information on board, repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England.

“As we approached slowly after him to the ship, he jumped up the side, and in a moment the rigging was manned; while we were saluted with three cheers as we came within cable’s length, and were not long in getting on board my old vessel, where we were all received by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman’s welcome. The ludicrous soon took place of all other feelings; in such a crowd and such confusion, all serious thought was impossible, while the new buoyancy of our spirits made us abundantly willing to be amused by the scene which now opened. Every man was hungry, and was to be fed; all were ragged, and were to be clothed; there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance. All, every thing too, was to be done at once; it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating intermingled; it was all the materials of each jumbled together, while in the midst of all, interminable questions were to be asked and answered on both sides; the adventures of the *Victory*, the politics of England, and the news, which was four years old. But all subsided into peace at last. The sick were accommodated, the seamen disposed of, and

all was done to all of us which care and kindness could perform."

The news of Captain Ross's arrival in England caused general rejoicing; and the nation was not slow to show its liberality. The crew, though having no claim on government, received double pay for the time spent in the expedition; the sum given to the men amounted to £4580. Captain Ross was voted by Parliament £5000; his patron and he were knighted; and his nephew, Commander Ross, was appointed to a ship, and afterwards received the rank of post-captain.

CAPTAIN BACK'S VOYAGE IN THE TERROR.

THE latest voyage of discovery to the Arctic regions is that of Captain Back, which was fitted out by government in 1836, for the purpose of completing the coasting line between Regent's Inlet and Point Turnagain, along which no navigator had before sailed. H.M.S. *Terror* was equipped, and strengthened in the most careful manner, and provisioned with large supplies of preserved meats, soups, and anti-scorbutics. A liberal stock of warm clothing was provided for the crew, and every thing was done which the most anxious foresight could point out. On the 22d June, they shaped their course for Cape Farewell, the north-eastern point of Greenland; on the 10th July, the crew were put on two-thirds allowance of provisions, with the exception of oatmeal and spirits. On the 30th they fell in with several large ice-bergs, one of which was 300 feet high; they entered a stream of ice with all sails set, and the water being calm, threaded their intricate course without difficulty; but next day the ice was much closer, and on the 2d August their progress was completely stopped. About a quarter of a mile from them was a large berg, which lost for a time its equilibrium, and before it settled, gave

them a striking idea of the peculiar danger of Polar navigation. A partial opening allowed them to force their way for a little distance, but they were soon compelled to fasten the ship by an anchor to a berg, which required to be continually watched, lest it should come down upon them; as it had already received a shock, men were placed in readiness to cut the hawsers. They were at length compelled to cast off, to avoid being hemmed in by the floating ice which the berg attracted around them. Another ice-berg to which the *Terror* was then fastened drifted them southward. On the 13th they again attempted to disentangle themselves; but could not make way among masses of ice more than half a mile in length, which closed up and formed an impenetrable barrier behind them. On the 18th they met a solid mass of ice, which it was impossible to pierce; "it glared in one undivided mass to the utmost limits of sight." A short time after this, they were again able to resume their course; but just when their spirits were raised by the prospect, they were compelled to stop. "Had there been a channel as wide as a brook, they might have gone on; but, excepting within a few feet of the ship, where the black streaks of water glared like inky lines on a fair sheet of paper, far as the eye could reach, was all ice." The wind changed on the 25th, and they went on a mile or two, encountering shocks which would have crushed any vessel merely of the ordinary strength—the ice closing in upon their late passage, ere the ship had advanced twice its length. On the 1st September an earlier winter than usual set in; and the difficulties of the way may be estimated, when Captain Back states it as his opinion, that the ice of the preceding year had not all broken up. They were confined for about nine months in sight of a point which they were most anxious to reach; during this dreary period, the visit of a raven, or the flight of a snow-bunting, formed a remarkable incident in their dreary and monotonous existence. But they were compelled to exertion

by the perilous position of the ship, which at times creaked dreadfully from the pressure of the ice. The cabin doors would not shut, and the water oozed through the strained timbers. They might be compelled to quit her in an instant; and provisions and stores were heaped upon the deck, to place upon the ice in case they should be wrecked. The ice was bearing rapidly down upon them in tremendous heaving masses; but just when their fate seemed certain, Providence changed the direction of the wind. In the ice around them, "the mould of the ship was stamped as perfectly as a die." They proceeded to cut out a passage for her with axes, but no sooner had they cleared a small space, then it was presently filled with ice. In this position they remained a month. They used ice saws fixed to large triangles, and worked by pulleys, to cut out a dock to remove the enormous pressure from the sides; and in ten days it seemed likely they would be enabled to do this; but on the 25th September, a partial separation of the masses took place, and they drifted on with one of the broken fragments. Though on the 27th they were not three miles from the shore, yet the ship was blocked up, and in great danger of being wrecked. A piece of ice dashed against her so violently, as to raise the stern seven feet and a half from the water; there was no ice to which the boats could be safely fastened, and they were kept slung out to be in constant readiness. The expedition seemed doomed to be without result; no experiments or observations could be made; and it was probable that the long and dreary winter would be peculiarly comfortless.

But they determined to make the best of their situation. Winter amusements were planned by the officers and crew, consisting of sixty individuals. One evening there was a masquerade, and their dangerous situation prevented them not from enjoying abundance of frolic. On the 29th November the officers performed a play. Six hours every day were generally devoted to some easy work out of the ships. Snow-walls and galleries

from the ship were built; and they played at leap-frog and foot-ball on the ice. These amusements and wholesome exercises had a most beneficial influence upon the general health. Every method was tried to divert and occupy their minds. The days were sometimes so cold that they could not enjoy exercise in the open air; on one occasion at night, a person who crossed from one part of the ship to the other, had his face frost-bitten—so rapid was the loss of heat consequent on exposure to the air. A pistol ball of frozen mercury was fired into a plank of wood. When the weather grew milder, the thermometer rose to zero. For twelve days the sun deserted them altogether.

The perils of this dreary winter were very great, and demanded the constant exercise of all their resources to meet them. At one time the disruption of the ice made them hope for a safe anchorage; at another, they drifted within two miles of an iron-bound coast, against which the ice made a dismal grinding sound, as it was forced about forty feet up. Their sole chance of safety lay at this time in the integrity of the "floe" in which they were imbedded; it withstood the storms and spring-tides, but at length, without any apparent external cause, many miles of the ice of which it was composed were crushed to pieces within a short distance of them. Captain Back then describes his feelings at this strange sight: "What a multitude of reflections rushed into the mind!—the might of nature—the physical feebleness of man—yet again the triumph of spirit over matter—man trusting in his own unquenchable energy, and the protection of an omnipresent Providence, braving nature in the very strongholds of her empire, and if not successful in the encounter, yet standing up unvanquished and undismayed!"

Large bergs at times threatened them with perfect annihilation, and the intense pressure made the turpentine ooze out of the timbers. Occasionally when the

danger seemed instant, the crews were exhorted to prepare for the worst; while these perils lasted, few slept, and none ventured to put off the enormous and cumbersome quantity of clothes which the cold rendered necessary. They made thirty-six sledges, in case of being obliged to leave the ship; the hands were often hurriedly turned up, and the sick dressed, in expectation of the catastrophe. Appalling sounds accompanied the working of the ice. It ground against the rocks; then came on a thundering crash, and a prolonged noise; and each fracture had its peculiar sharp grinding sound. Masses of nodding ice would press on high above the ship, threatening immediate ruin, and advancing with thundering reports. On the 16th June 1837, there was not the slightest appearance of an open space; wherever the eye roamed, there was one glare of dazzling white. A consultation of the officers was held as to the probability of their weathering another Arctic winter; they resolved to return, for the ship had sustained such damage as to render her very unsafe; another season, also, was likely to prove fatal to many of the officers and crew. On the 1st July, the temperature became extremely intolerable; ice was formed; their situation seemed worse than it had been during the previous month. On the 11th, however, the ship righted amid hearty cheers, and the masses of ice which had hemmed her in for nine months floated away. Three men had died during their dismal imprisonment. On the 13th they were in a situation of as extreme peril as they had been at any former period. The boats were unhooked and provisioned with calmness and promptitude; in spite of their danger the ordinary duties were carried on; the pumps were worked, and regular returns made of the state of the well. They endeavoured to saw through the berg, though it was five fathoms thick. They persevered till the men worked mechanically with their eyes shut; upon which Captain Back ordered that they

should repose for two hours; they had just retired, when she once more righted, and the crew, though half-dead with fatigue, again gave three hearty cheers.

On the 15th July they were on their passage home; their crazy vessel still exposing them to great difficulties and perils. A squall must infallibly have sunk her; for the water rushed through her strained and battered planks, and every hour she became more water-logged. On the 31st August, at midnight, she seemed sinking, and the crew, worn out and weary, could no longer work the pumps. The exhortations and manual aid of the officers, however, rallied them, and they kept the leak from increasing. The ship moved slowly and heavily forward, and they made for the nearest land; on the 3d September, at midnight, they anchored in the harbour of Lough Swilly, on the Irish coast, the first time for fifteen months, that the pleasing sound of a falling anchor had cheered them. Captain Back says, "when morning came, with what indescribable delight did we inhale the fragrance and contemplate the beauty of the land. Imagination could scarcely picture a scene so enchanting as to our weary and frost-dazzled sight, appeared that soft and lonely landscape, with its fresh green tints, and beautiful variety of hill and dale. It was an enjoyment to be felt but once in a life; and how much was that enjoyment enhanced, when the wind suddenly changed, and blew a gale off shore, which, but a few hours earlier must have driven us back to sea, and in all probability terminated our labours in a different way." It was found impossible, even with the aid of the coast-guard, to keep the *Terror* from sinking, and, as the only means of saving her, she was run on shore. When the injuries she had sustained were visible, it seemed almost impossible that her gallant crew could have crossed the Atlantic in her. Thus ended this unsuccessful expedition, after a combination of the greatest difficulties and perils; giving a conspicuous proof of the

bravery, prudence, and skill of British seamen, when led by a commander of capacity and worth.

NARRATIVE OF THE DEE, A MISSING WHALER.*

THE *Dee*, one of the lately returned missing whalers, as they were called, sailed from Aberdeen on its northern expedition, on the 2d of April 1836, having on board a crew of thirty-three persons, including officers, and commanded by Captain Gamblin. The ship was freighted with the usual quantity of provisions, and possessed a most attentive surgeon in Mr. Littlejohn. Having sailed northward, sixteen additional hands were taken on board at Stromness in Orkney, and thence proceeding to Davis' Straits, ice was reached on the 15th of May.

Being thus arrived near the fishing ground, preparations were made for capturing any whales which might make their appearance. The hopes of the crew, however, were in this respect baffled. For two or three weeks the weather was rather unsteady, and the progress of the vessel was considerably obstructed by loose ice and icebergs. On attaining latitude 66°, the icebergs were so numerous and dangerous, that serious fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel. After some delays, North-East Bay was gained, and the vessel was allowed to proceed as far as Frow Islands. An attempt was then made to move forward in a westerly direction, but the difficulties in this quarter proved so formidable, that the course was changed to about east-north-east, and, after several days' sailing, the *Dee* was fortunate enough to reach the north water in safety, accompanied by the *Swan of Hull*, and ten other vessels. Captain Gamblin now steered for Pond's Bay, (on the west coast of Baffin's Bay), where he arrived on the 12th of August,

* From Chambers's Journal.

without having encountered any material obstruction, one heavy patch of ice excepted. On the 13th, the first whale was seen, and the weather being fine, it was easily struck and secured. The fish were found to be plentiful in Pond's Bay, and, during the remainder of the month, other three were killed, and three dead ones picked up. The *Dee* then moved a little to the south, but was necessitated to return, having met with very heavy ice, and seen no fish. A number of vessels were at this time in Pond's Bay, one of which, the *Friendship of Dundee*, had been fortunate in killing fifteen whales. Finding the fish getting scarce, and the season being well advanced, Captain Gamblin thought it prudent to return homeward. He had gone but a short way, when he fell in with the *Grenville Bay*, the captain of which stated that he had tried a passage to the east, and had found it impracticable from the ice. It was now the 13th of September, and the crew of the *Dee*, beginning to entertain serious fears, went on short allowance. The captain then resolved to try the north passage, and succeeded in getting as far as 75° , in company with the *Grenville Bay* and the *Norfolk*. Cape Melville (on the north-east coast of Baffin's Bay) was now in sight; but the bay ice was "making too strong" to admit of further progress, and, after a consultation, the three vessels, on the 20th of September, bore away to the south. On the 23d, they were in latitude 71° , with heavy bay ice around them. Here they fell in with the *Thomas* and the *Advice of Dundee*, which had also made an unsuccessful attempt to find a passage along the north-east coast, and had discovered that eight other vessels at least must have done the same, from the marks of as many ice-anchors seen on an ice-berg. On the night of the 23d, the five ships had to be fastened, for greater security, to blocks of ice, called sconce-pieces. The three following days were spent in fruitless endeavours to find an opening to the south.

Though the weather had all along been rather easy,

it appeared now but too plain to the unfortunate seamen, that the ice surrounded them on all sides. They submitted to a further reduction of allowance, three pounds of bread a-week, with a proportionably small quantity of other provisions, being their mess. Again the five captains, after due deliberation, bore away to the north. On the 1st of October, the weather had become bad, with east-north-east winds, and snow, strong ice, and a heavy swell. Signals were once more hoisted for a consultation; but the Dundee vessels, though at this time in sight, did not observe the call. The determination come to by the other vessels was, to move as far south as possible for a wintering station. The falling of the wind, however, kept them nearly in the same place; and, on the 8th, the whole five vessels were fast locked in ice, within sight of each other, in latitude $73^{\circ} 12'$, at the mouth of Baffin's Bay. On the 10th, it was found that the drift had carried them two and a half miles to the south, the wind being from the north and north-east. At this time the ice was so strong that the men could pass between the ships, but in the immediate locality of the *Dee*, the swell caused frequent and dangerous disruptions.

From this date, the peculiar sufferings of the crew of the *Dee* may be said to have commenced. Their allowance remained the same, but, from the scarcity of fuel, their beds became wretchedly damp. At first, to preserve the health of the men, and to keep their shivering bodies in heat, the most praiseworthy precautions were taken. A variety of exercise was allotted to them, such as the unbending of the sails, unshipping the rudder, and other toils of no utility now, unhappily, to the ship. But the crew of the *Dee* had not long to resort to unprofitable labours to maintain the vital warmth of their frames. Notwithstanding the increasing hardness of the frost, the ice still remained in a loose state, and a fatal crush on the ship became the subject of continued alarm. On the 16th the latitude was $72^{\circ} 50'$, wind strong, and

large icebergs floating past. The ice began to press hard, and on the night of the 16th, the vessel was crushed up till it hung by the quarter, the ice squeezing all along as high as the guard boards. At daylight, all hands were called up to get out the provisions. At eight P.M., the wind fell off, but the ship still hung by the quarter. The ice, however, was at rest till 11 P.M., when there was another dreadful crush, which passed off with less harm than could have been anticipated. On the 18th, the ice gave way in several places, and opened up so far that a warp had to be got out to secure the *Dee*. The other vessels, meanwhile, lay comparatively undisturbed. On the 20th, the ice closed again, with some severe squeezes, around the *Dee*. To strengthen the ship, its casks were placed in a peculiar way, and ten strong beams put in aft. This was done most seasonably, for, shortly after, two successive shocks took place, within half an hour of each other, of such tremendous severity, that the crew fled to the ice with their bags, chests, and every thing that could be lifted, under the impression that all was over with the timbers of the *Dee*. The sufferings of the night that followed were awful. Without fire, or shelter from the biting elements, the crew lay on the ice, gazing on their reeling and groaning vessel, while around them were extended vast fields of ice, studded with icebergs towering to the clouds, and threatening destruction to all that came in the way of their motions. Miserable as their position was, the crew could not go on board for two days, during which time the ship experienced crushes still more severe than formerly. On the 22d, the men went on board to take out the remaining provisions, but had again to fly for their lives. The ice, however, fell quiet on the same night, and they again took back their provisions to the ship. On the 23d, a good many lanes opened up in the water—a most discouraging prospect, for this was always the time of greatest peril. Once more the crew took to the ice, and, by cutting the nearest parts into small pieces, cleared the vessel a few feet.

The men then went for a few hours to rest, but were roused by another crush—the signal that their labours had been in vain. On the 24th, the ice broke up to a considerable extent, and the crew managed to heave the *Dee* backwards for a hundred yards to a point where the ice seemed to be thinner. Great difficulties were experienced in conveying the chests and other articles left in the ship, but at length every thing was again on board.

Warned by late dangers, and fearful of the wind, which blew from the most unpromising quarter, the north-east, Captain Gamblin resolved to cut a dock for the *Dee*. This was effected by the crew, aided by several men from the *Grenville Bay*, by means of heavy ice-saws, driven through the ice, as piles are sunk into the earth, and afterwards moved up and down by the men. In working the ice-saws, the crew suffered terribly from the frosting of their feet, consequent upon their standing in water. The *Dee*, when stationed in the cut dock, seemed to be in comparative safety. From the 26th till the 29th, the crew were chiefly employed in dragging ice in boats from the nearest bergs, to dissolve into water—the ice of the bergs being fresh. As the nearest berg was three miles distant, the severity of this labour may be imagined. A bear had been seen on the 26th, and on the 30th, other three were seen and fired at, but without effect. Indeed, two of the men had a narrow escape from the animals.

Though comfort is a word that can scarcely be applied to the situation of the *Dee*'s crew—placed in a latitude of $72^{\circ} 50'$ —subsisting, to the number of forty-nine men, on a miserable pittance of provisions—with beds freezing, and little or no fire to dispel the cold—yet the position of the whalers on the 1st of November may be termed comparatively comfortable. The ice was firm around them, and the men might hope not to be overwrought, as well as under-fed. Alas! things did not long remain thus. On the 2d of the month, the dock gave way, and

the ice again threatened to crush the vessel to pieces. This sad reverse did not overcome Captain Gamblin's firmness. He again got assistance from the Grenville Bay, and also from the Norfolk, and cut a new dock, in which, with much difficulty, the *Dee* was got moored. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th, the weather was very boisterous and snowy, and the sufferings of the crew were very great, their supply of coals being nearly exhausted. One boat was broken up for fuel, and another soon followed. On the 6th, the dock again gave indications of rending, and at night the destruction of the ship seemed so inevitable, that the men had to leave it. By an observation taken, it appeared that the *Dee* had drifted with the surrounding masses from $72^{\circ} 50'$ to $72^{\circ} 23'$.

A great advantage at this time was derived by the crew from a yard of canvass, given to each of them by the captain, and made into boots with wooden soles. Consolation, also, of a higher nature, was not wanting to the distressed mariners. On Sunday the 13th, Mr. Littlejohn, the surgeon, at the request of almost all on board, began to read sermons and prayers—a duty frequently repeated afterwards, on week-days as well as Sabbath-days. The worship offered up by the crew was simple but sincere, and deeply consoling to themselves. The daylight had been for some time gradually becoming weaker, and on the 15th the sun was not visible—a thing novel to all on board, and rendered more depressing in its influence on their spirits, by the threatening appearance of the ice which the wind, and the current, called the north-east water, still continued to keep in dangerous motion. An observation of the 16th, showed the ships to be in latitude $71^{\circ} 57'$. Up till the 30th, nothing occurred worthy of observation, excepting the great change, beginning to be visible, on the healths of the men. Coughs, swelled limbs, and general debility, with small red discolourations on the skin, sharp pains and stiffness, were the common

symptoms. On the 5th, the latitude was found to be $71^{\circ} 12'$ —showing the drift to be still continuing.

On the 12th, when the frost was very severe, and the daylight nearly gone, the *Thomas of Dundee*, which lay farthest of the five ships from the *Dee*, was almost heeled over, by a heavy pressure of ice, and the men reduced to a sad condition. On the 13th, the *Thomas* was a total wreck. Two of the crew died on the ice—the first deaths that had taken place. With great toil and hardship, the provisions were carried from the wreck by the men of the *Dee* and the *Advice*, and were subsequently distributed, as were also the sailors of the *Thomas*, in equal divisions among the remaining ships. Unfortunately the wrecked ship was too far off to supply firewood. Three days were spent in this labour, and the cold and wet to which the seamen were exposed in performing it, laid the seeds of that disease which now began to show its fatal power. This disease was scurvy, and it was marked chiefly by an excruciating pain in the mouth, and swelled gums, rendering eating a torture. On the 18th of December, twenty-one men were affected with scurvy. To add to their distress, the ice again gave way, and threatened to crush every one of the miserable vessels.

The 1st of January 1837, was a day of sorrowful remembrance, it being customary for the sailors of whaling vessels to be at that period in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of home, in the bosoms of their families. On the 2d, 3d, and 4th, scurvy was making rapid strides among the *Dee's* men; fresh provisions, the only cure for the complaint, being out of the attentive surgeon's reach. On the 5th, the men applied to Captain Gamblin for an increased allowance of provisions. This he declined to grant, expressing at the same time his hope that they knew their duty better than to use force, which might certainly procure them their wish. To their credit, the crew disclaimed all desire to employ coercive means, and the gratified commander rewarded their forbearance, by

giving each man a little additional flour to his mess. On the 6th, a brilliant sky gave hopes of the sun's speedy reappearance, and a large sheet of water on the starboard brought anticipations of release to the ships. A sad damp was thrown next day on these prospects, by the greater number of the crew of the *Dee* being unable to leave their beds, which were in a deplorable state from the intense cold, and also from vermin. On the 11th, the first death in the *Dee* took place, the sufferer being William Curryall, of Stromness. The funeral prayer was read over the body by Mr. Littlejohn, and the crew then, with hearts full of inexpressible sadness, carried it to a distant opening in the ice, where it was consigned to the deep. The daylight was now showing signs of return, and on the 16th, the sun, a joyful spectacle, made his reappearance in the heavens. Captain Gamblin, unhappily, did not long enjoy the sight of it. His health began to fail, and he was unable to make his customary observations. Under these depressing circumstances, the mate, finding the crew to become weaker day by day, prudently resolved to take in two reefs of the topsails, from the fear that all hands would be ineffective, if the vessel should get out to sea, and a gale come on. Only fifteen men were found able to go aloft on this duty, which was performed, according to an observation made by the mate, in latitude $69^{\circ} 71'$, the drift still continuing southward. Four of the men died between the 19th of the month and the 1st of February, and two days after, the heaviest stroke of all befell the *Dee*, in the death of its beloved commander. Captain Gamblin's body was placed in a coffin, to be carried home, at the desire of his friend Captain Taylor of the *Grenville Bay*; the other bodies were laid beneath the polar ice. To quote a solemn and expressive line of a humorous ballad,

"The iceberg is the monument that lies upon their grave."

Though the whalers were at this time three or four degrees farther south than at first, the frost was even

more severe than ever. Every liquid was frozen; and while the snow was being melted to cook the victuals, the icicles were hanging on the water-cask, at the distance of six feet from the fire. The beds were covered with solid ice—the pillows frozen in every part but where the head lay, the very hairs of which were in some cases stiff with cold—and vermin of a most rapacious kind began to swarm among the blankets; creatures that ate their way through the skin, and fed on the raw flesh. And the men all the while bowed down with mortal sickness, and incapable of defending or cleaning themselves! So scarce was fuel, besides, that it could only be used for the melting of ice and cooking of victuals. Can we wonder that ere the 12th of February, six others of the crew sank under their distresses! On the 13th, a good deal of water was seen not far off, but the bay ice was still strong. The latitude, according to an observation on this day, was $67^{\circ} 32'$, and on the 16th it was $63^{\circ} 33'$, showing the Dee to be moving rapidly to the south. The other vessels were advancing more slowly, the Advice being at this time not less than twenty miles farther north than the Dee. Between the 23d and 27th, six of the survivors of the latter vessel died, and, by the 7th of March, other five had followed their departed mates. So many deaths as these enabled the remainder to enjoy full allowance of provisions. Six hands only were able at this time to do duty, and the ship was in great danger of a fatal squeeze from the state of the ice, which was loose, and rapidly breaking up. It was still so entire, however, as to permit the mate of the Dee to go over to the Grenville Bay, at this time not far off, and ask if Captain Taylor could render any assistance should the Dee get out into the open sea. Twenty of his men being on the sick list, Captain Taylor could promise no help. The Norfolk and Advice were about seven miles distant from the Dee on the 9th, and on the 11th, the whaler of Dundee was seen moving with her sails set, into the open sea. Between the 11th

and 15th, three more of the Dee's crew died, and they were the last that were buried below the ice, which was now broken up in all directions. On the 16th, after being locked up for five months and eight days, the Dee entered into open water.

Great was the joy of the unhappy mariners on this occasion, but, alas! many of those yet alive were destined never to see their native shores. Fortunately, light and favourable breezes attended, in general, the passage of the ship homewards, otherwise not one man of the Dee's crew could ever have reached his home. The scurvy raged so fearfully on board, that, between the 16th of March and the 22d of April, twenty more of the men had fallen victims to it. A ship was seen on the 20th, but it does not seem to have perceived the signals of distress that were hoisted by the whaler. On the 25th, a fishing boat was hailed, and it was found that the Dee was then off the Butt of Lewis. The fishermen in the boat cruelly refused to give any assistance, suspecting a case of plague, it is supposed. The barque *Washington* of Dundee, Barnett master, bound for New York, bore down upon the miserable whaler on the evening of the same day, and inquired if any assistance was wanted. On being informed of the state of matters, and that only three hands of the Dee were able to go aloft, Mr. Barnett instantly sent four men on board, and followed in person, carrying with him wine, porter, and other provisions. He then took the Dee in tow, and enabled her to come to anchor, on the 27th of April, in the harbour of Stromness. Every attention was here paid to the survivors of the crew, and on the 5th of May, the owners having sent effective hands, the Dee was again put to sea and carried into the harbour of Aberdeen, after an absence of thirteen months and three days. A heart-rending scene took place on the quay, which was crowded with the relatives of the deceased seamen—with weeping widows, children, and parents. Forty-six men had died on board the Dee,

nine of whom belonged to the Thomas of Dundee. Fourteen men only survived of the Dee's own complement.

CHAPTER X.

THE SOLITARY AND THE KIND ISLANDERS.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

COWPER.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

THE interest of Alexander Selkirk's narrative arises, not merely from the singular life which he spent for several years on an uninhabited island, but also from its having formed the groundwork of Defoe's beautiful romance of Robinson Crusoe, the delight of our childhood, which is certainly, in many respects, one of the most extraordinary efforts of human genius. The merit of the author is shown in the startling air of reality which his fiction wears: we seem to share with Crusoe in all his difficulties; to sympathize with his solitary condition; and follow eagerly the ingeniously minute and well-conceived train of circumstances and adventures through which the inhabitant of the lonely isle passes. The simple, natural pathos with which De Foe clothes the narrative of a plain unsophisticated seaman, placed in perfect solitude,—the way in which he expresses his feelings, and denotes the workings of his mind, affect the

heart more than all the elaborate eloquence of Rousseau could have done, had he attempted the story. The narrative of Selkirk's adventures on the island of Juan Fernandez wants, of course, the excitement of the romance, but still it is abundantly interesting and beautiful. We shall extract it from a well-written life of Selkirk, published in Chambers' Journal.

The celebrated Captain Dampier had projected an enterprise with two armed vessels, under the commission of the Admiralty, designing to sail up the river La Plata, and seize a few of the rich galleons which usually sailed once a-year from that port to the mother country. His vessels were called the *St. George*, and the *Cinque Ports*, of 26 and 16 guns; and Selkirk was appointed sailing-master of the latter. They sailed in September 1703, but were too late for the galleons, which had got into port before they arrived at Madeira. Dampier then resolved to attack some rich towns on the Spanish Main, but dissensions broke out, and by Dampier's orders, the first lieutenant of the *St. George* left the ship at *St. Jago*. After they had reached the coast of Brazil, the commander of the *Cinque Ports* died, and Stradling, a man of brutal and violent character, was appointed in his room. Stradling and Selkirk had for some time been on very bad terms, and the latter resolved to remain upon Juan Fernandez, off which they then lay; and when the vessel was about to weigh, he went into a boat with all his effects, and was rowed ashore, by the captain's consent. His first sensation on landing was that of joy, from the thought that he was now freed from the annoyance which had so long oppressed him; but no sooner did he hear the sound of the retreating oars, than the sense of solitude and helplessness fell upon his mind, and made him rush into the water, to entreat his companions to take him once more on board; but the commander made this change of resolution a subject of mockery, and told him that it would be best for the re-

mainder of the crew, that so troublesome a fellow should remain where he was.

Thus was he left to provide for his own subsistence upon an uninhabited and uncultivated isle, far from the haunts of his kind, and with but slender hope of ever again mingling with his fellow-creatures. His mind sunk for some days under the horrors of his situation, and he could do nothing but sit upon his chest, gazing in the direction in which the ship had vanished, vainly hoping for its return. But it was necessary for him to consider how he might provide the means of subsistence. He had brought ashore, besides his clothes and bedding, a fire-lock, a pound of gunpowder, a quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a flip-can, a Bible, some books of devotion, one or two works on navigation, and his mathematical instruments. The island he knew to contain wild-goats ; but hoping to observe a passing sail, he preferred for a long time feeding on shell-fish and seals, which he found upon the shore. The island, which is rugged and picturesque, covered by luxuriant vegetation, and clothed to the tops of the hills with wood, was now in all the bloom and freshness of spring ; but upon the dejected solitary its charms were spent in vain. He could only wander along the beach, pining for the approach of some friendly vessel which might restore him to the converse of his fellow-creatures.

To procure shelter from the weather, he built two huts with the wood of the pimento tree, thatching them with the long grass of the island ; one being meant for a kitchen, and the other a bed-room. Yet every day, for the first eighteen months, he spent much time on the beach, watching for the appearance of a sail on the horizon. At length, partly from habit, partly from the influence of religion, he grew more reconciled to his situation. Every morning after rising, he read a portion of Scripture, sang a psalm, and prayed, speaking aloud in

order to preserve the use of his voice. He afterwards remarked, that he would probably never be such a good Christian again, as he was when on the island. He at first lived much upon turtles, which abounded upon the shores, but afterwards ran down the wild-goats, whose flesh he either roasted or stewed; and of which he kept a small stock tamed around his dwelling, in case he should be disabled by sickness. His greatest inconvenience was the want of salt, but in time he never missed it. As a substitute for bread he had turnips, parsnips, and the cabbage palm, all of excellent quality, and also radishes and water-cresses. When his clothes were worn out, he supplied their place with goat-skins, which made him look more uncouth than any wild animal. He had a piece of linen, from which he made new shirts, by means of a nail, and the thread of his stockings. Every physical want being thus supplied, and his mind soothed by devotional feeling, he began positively to enjoy his existence, often lying for whole days in the delicious bowers which he had formed for himself, abandoned to the most pleasing sensations.

Being much annoyed by rats, which swarmed on the island, he found it necessary to enter upon a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the cats, of which there were numbers. He caught and tamed some; and these useful animals soon rid him of the rats. He amused himself by teaching them to dance, and perform many antic feats. Another of his amusements was hunting on foot, and by exercise and habit, he could run down the swiftest goat. Some of the kids he taught to dance in company with his kittens; and he afterwards declared, that he never danced with a lighter heart or greater spirit, than to the sound of his own voice in the midst of these dumb animals.

During his residence, Selkirk was careful to measure time, and to distinguish Sunday from the other days of the week. Anxious, that in case he should die in solitude, his having lived there might not be unknown to his

fellow-creatures, he carved his name on a number of trees, adding the date when he was left, and the period of time which had since elapsed. When his knife was worn out, he made a new one, and even a cleaver for his meat, out of some hoops he found on the shore. He several times saw vessels pass, but only two cast anchor. Afraid of being taken prisoner by the Spaniards, he endeavoured to ascertain who they were before he discovered himself. In both cases they were enemies; on one occasion he was chased, and only escaped by taking refuge in a tree. At length on the 31st January 1709, after four years and two months' solitude, he saw two British vessels approach. The night having come on, he kindled a large fire on the beach, to inform the strangers that a human being was there. Hope having banished all desire of sleep, he employed himself in killing goats, and preparing a feast of fresh meat, for those whom he expected to be his deliverers. In the morning, he found that the vessels had removed to a greater distance, but, ere long, a boat left the side of one, and came near the shore. Selkirk ran joyfully to meet his countrymen, waving a linen rag to attract their attention; and having pointed out to them a proper landing-place, soon clasped them in his arms. Joy at first deprived him of that imperfect power of utterance which solitude had left to him; and the strangers, for a time, so surprised by his rude habiliment, long beard, and savage appearance, as to be in much the same condition. When they came to explanations, it appeared that the two vessels were the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, with Dampier as a pilot. Diver, the second captain, and Fry, the lieutenant of Rogers' vessel, were of the boat party; and after partaking of Selkirk's hospitality, invited him on board; but so little eager was he to leave his solitude, that he would not consent to do so, till assured that Dampier had no situation of command in the expedition. He was then brought on board the *Duke*, along with his principal effects; and upon Dam-

pier's recommendation, who said he had been the best man in the Cinque Ports, he was made a mate. He now found that, had he remained on board the Cinque Ports, he must have experienced a worse fate than his late solitude, for soon after leaving Juan Fernandez, Stradling and his crew had been obliged to surrender to the Spaniards, on account of the leaky state of the vessel, and had ever since been in prison.

SHIPWRECK OF THE ANTELOPE.

THE Antelope, Captain Wilson, 300 tons burden, sailed from Macao in China, in her passage homeward, on Sunday the 20th July 1783. They had squally and unsettled weather till the 8th of August, after which they thought that all difficulty and danger were past, having no foresight of the heavy misfortunes that were to come upon them.

On the 10th October a strong breeze sprung up, attended by thunder, lightning, and rain. The captain had gone to bed, leaving the chief mate to command the deck. Suddenly the man on watch cried out, *breakers!* and immediately the ship struck. Alarmed at the cry, those who were in bed immediately rushed upon deck; in less than an hour the ship bulged and filled with water up to the lower deck hatchways.

The captain ordered them to secure the gunpowder and small arms; to get the bread up, and such other provisions as the sea-water was likely to spoil, covering them with tarpaulins to protect them from the wet. They cut away the mizen, main, and fore-top masts to lighten the ship. The boats were next hoisted out and filled with provisions: two men with a compass, some small arms, and ammunition, being placed in each, with directions to keep under the lee of the ship, and be in readiness to receive their mess-mates. They had now

done all that then lay in their power to mitigate the evils of their situation. The officers and people assembled on the quarter-deck, anxiously waiting for the daylight, that they might see the shore on which they were cast. The captain endeavoured to revive the drooping spirits of his crew, endeavouring to impress upon them the conviction that their only chance of safety lay in active and united exertion. Two glasses of wine and some biscuit were given to each, as they were almost exhausted with their exertions.

At day-break a small island became visible, lying about three or four miles to the southward; as the light grew stronger, more islands were seen to the eastward. They began now to fear the hostility of the natives. The boats were manned, loaded, and dispatched to the small island, under command of the mate, who was enjoined to establish, if possible, a friendly intercourse with the natives. When they were gone, the remainder of the crew began to get the booms overboard, to make a raft, as they expected every hour that the *Antelope* would go to pieces. In the afternoon, when the boats returned, they rejoiced to hear that no inhabitants had been seen on the island; that they had found a secure and commodious harbour, and also some fresh water. The stores were landed, and put under the charge of five of the seamen. In good spirits they made haste to complete the raft, which, along with the boat, they loaded with as many stores and provisions as they could safely carry. Yet did they feel dispirited on quitting the *Antelope*, because of the uncertainty of their fortunes. On landing they found a tent erected, and a spot of ground cleared for the stores. Their passage had been dangerous; and till those on board the raft had cleared the reef, they were obliged to lash themselves with ropes to the planks. At length, however, all obstacles were surmounted, and they congratulated one another on their safe arrival. They supped on cheese, biscuit, and water, and having lighted a match by the discharge of a pistol,

they kindled a fire in the cove, by which they dried their clothes and warmed themselves. The night was stormy, and they feared that the ship would go to pieces before they could get the rest of the stores out of her. Lest the natives should surprise them, they set a watch, and slept on the ground by turns. On the second day the wind blew so strong that the boats could not go off to the wreck, and they employed themselves in drying their provisions, and erecting better tents with the materials which had been brought from the ship the day before. About eight in the morning, as they were clearing the ground from the wood that was behind the tents, Captain Wilson, with Tom Rose, a Malay, whom they had taken on board at Macao, being on the beach collecting the fresh water which dropped from the rocks, they saw two canoes with men in them, coming round the point into the bay. The natives were few in number, and had evidently seen the captain and his companion, for they conversed together, fixing their eyes steadily on that part of the shore where the Englishmen were. They advanced cautiously towards the captain, and when they were near enough to speak, he directed Rose to address them in the Malay tongue. At first they did not seem to understand, but afterwards they asked, in the same tongue, who they were, and whether they came, as friends or enemies? They replied, that they were unfortunate Englishmen, who had lost their ship on the reef, but had escaped with their lives; and that they were friends. After conferring together a short time, they stepped out of their canoes into the water and went on shore: Captain Wilson wading into the surf to meet them, and embracing them most cordially, led them to the shore, and presented them to his companions. The visitors were eight in number, and two were afterwards found to be brothers of the rupack or king; one was a Malay, who had likewise been shipwrecked on these islands, and who spoke highly of the king's character for kindness and courtesy. He said that a canoe having

gone out fishing, had seen the ship's mast ; and that the king, when he heard of this, sent the two canoes to discover who the strangers were.

The natives were of a moderate size, but well proportioned and muscular ; their hair was long and black, rolled up close to their heads ; they had no beards, as they plucked out the hairs by the roots. They were perfectly naked, and their skin was of a deep copper colour ; their thighs appeared darker, being closely tattooed. Cocoa oil was rubbed on their skins, and gave them a shining and glossy appearance. They asked one of the English to visit their king, and the captain's brother was sent ; and Raa Kook, the king's brother, agreed to remain with them during his absence. They had thus an opportunity of getting better acquainted with Raa Kook, whom they found to be a very amiable character. He was much delighted with the present of a uniform coat and trousers, and put them on with much glee. Their other visitor, Arra Kooker, was a most extraordinary character, possessing high powers of mimicry ; his features were shrewd and expressive.

In a day or two the king paid them a visit. His canoe advanced between four others, two being on each side, the rowers splashing the foam about with their paddles, flourishing them dexterously over their heads. As his majesty passed, the other canoes that had lain to, followed in his train, sounding their conch shells. When they had advanced as far as the tide permitted, it was signified to Captain Wilson that he should go forward and meet him. Two of his own men carried him on their shoulders through the shallow water to the royal canoe, where the king sat on a stage erected on the middle. He invited Captain Wilson into the canoe, and embraced him, assuring him of his protection and aid. The king was then presented with a scarlet coat, and signified his intention of landing. He bore an iron hatchet on his shoulder, and, like his subjects, was perfectly naked. He declined entering into the tents, and a sail

was spread for him on the ground ; his chiefs assembled about him ; and his followers, to the number of three hundred, squatted round in a circle. Some trifling presents were also given to his attendants. Each of the officers, and then of the crew, was presented to the king in his turn. The king expressed a desire to see them use their fire-arms, with which request they cheerfully complied. The surprise of the natives was unbounded ; and their cries almost drowned the reports of the muskets. This gave them a high opinion of the dexterity and skill of the English. They were particularly struck with the implements of cookery used by the strangers. The king intimated his intention of sleeping upon the island, and two tents were erected for the accommodation of him and his retinue. The next day he took his departure, expressing, through the medium of the Malay interpreter, his high satisfaction with the reception he had met with.

After the departure of the natives, the English busied themselves in recovering all the planks and stores they could carry off from the wreck ; intending to build a schooner to carry them home. A great variety of provisions and stores were collected, and all exerted themselves to the utmost. A barricade was also formed in front of the tents, towards the sea, fortified by a double row of strong posts, interlaced with branches of trees, and filled up with logs of wood, stones, and sand, on which were mounted a six-pounder and two large swivels. Notwithstanding the intense heat, they continued to make progress in building the vessel.

Shortly after this, the captain's brother, and a Chinese sailor, visited the king. They were treated with the utmost friendship and hospitality ; the inhabitants constantly praising the power and exploits of the English. Their houses were tolerably good, with plantations of yams and cocoa-nuts before them ; the soil was rich and fertile ; but they saw no corn, nor cattle of any kind, nor any fruit or produce of much utility or value. Mean-

while, the jolly-boat had been sent to seek a passage through the reef. There was a narrow one, in which at low water, was three feet and a half of water; they therefore judged, that as it rose eight or nine feet at a spring-tide, there must be then twelve feet of water; which would be almost double the draught of the schooner when finished. Seven fathoms water were found without the reef, and three within in the shoalest part, which was a narrow bank of sand that formed a bar. This intelligence revived the spirits of all. The day after, the captain went to pay a visit to the king, accompanied by three of his officers; as they came in sight of Pelew, the jolly-boat hoisted English colours, and three muskets were fired; they were answered from the shore by a white flag stuck on a pole. On landing, another salute was given, and the colours were hoisted and fixed in the ground opposite a house close to the water-side, at the end of the causeway; and to this house they were conducted by the king's immediate attendants, to await his arrival. Before he came, refreshments were brought, consisting of a kind of sweet drink, sweetmeats garnished with oranges, boiled yams, and cocoa-nuts. The king soon arrived, and signified to his guests, that he would conduct them to the town, which was situated little more than a quarter of a mile from the shore; they ascended a bank into a wood, followed by a great concourse of people, and at length found themselves on a fine broad pavement, with rows of trees on each side, which was the entrance to the town. Having reached Pelew, they came to a large square pavement, round which were several houses; they were conducted to the king's, which was in the centre of one of the sides, where they were invited to dwell as long as they chose to stay at Pelew. They were then introduced to the queen, who commanded them to sit down before her, and caused refreshments to be brought. Having declined to remain in the king's house, they were conducted to his general's, where no forms or ceremonies

were observed. They remained for several days, during one of which a council was held, and then returned.

Soon after, the king came over to inspect the progress made in building the new vessel. He was perfectly amazed when he saw how much had been done, and the magnitude of the object. He examined every thing, pointing out to the notice of his attendants the most remarkable. They were lost in wonder at the use and power of the iron work; and the king crossed frequently between the ribs of the vessel, wondering how they could be made to exclude the water, not knowing that they were to be planked. They visited the barricade, and examined the guns; but what attracted their chief attention was seeing the smith at work on the anvil, who happened to be beating out a piece of hot iron, upon a pig of the same metal, which he had made his anvil. They kept so close to the anvil, as to receive hot sparks on their naked bodies; and even caught with their hands the luminous particles which were dispersed by the strokes of the hammer. They requested to see the six-pounder fired, minutely attending to the process of loading, and seeming for a time to be completely stunned and terrified by the report. Observing the ball fall into the water at a great distance, they were unable to conceive how the effect was produced.

All hands were now busily employed in completing the schooner. An unlucky accident, however, had nearly baffled their expectations. One night, the tide rose to a great height, and almost washed away the blocks under her; and the damage took several days to repair. By the 26th October, the vessel was beamed, and the outside caulking completed. At length, after some delays, she was nearly ready. A consultation was held respecting the safest mode of launching her, which they resolved to do by laying ways, rather than by large rollers. They had neither pitch nor rosin to pay her with; this defect they supplied by burning coral-stone into a lime; which, after being thoroughly sifted and mixed up with

grease, was found to be an excellent substitute. She was launched one morning at day-break, after great pains had been taken to put everything in the best train. The king and his attendants were on the beach; and in a short time the schooner was safely launched, to the joy of all the spectators. Every eye sparkled with lustre; every countenance beamed with joy and animation; for there was now a prospect of once more embracing their wives, their children, and their friends. The hearts of the kind islanders seemed to participate in the general happiness. After breakfast, they proceeded to carry every thing on board with all possible expedition, and in the afternoon, the flood-tide coming in, the schooner was hauled into the basin, in four or five fathoms water. During the day, all the provisions and stores were got on board, excepting such as were intended for presents to the king; they also conveyed to her the anchors, cables, &c., and then made bitts, and fitted a rail across the stern.

In a day or two the old dwellings at the cove were cleared, and their contents carried on board the *Oroolong* (for such was the vessel's name, after the island). The natives crowded round to admire her in their canoes; and would have thronged the deck, but for the king's order, that none but chiefs should go on board. The weather and wind being favourable, Captain Wilson announced that they should sail next day. The king and all his people were distressed, but would not detain them with vain importunities. They were to carry with them Lee Boo, the king's second son, on a visit to England; the fond father, after many affecting farewells, entrusting him to Captain Wilson's care. On Wednesday, the 12th November, an English jack was hoisted at the mast-head, and a swivel fired as a signal for sailing, the canoes of the islanders putting off to them, loaded with presents. The schooner cleared the reef in safety, and after a pleasant voyage, arrived at her destination.





X

