

More invalids were crammed into us; and our ship was now certainly an "hospital" adrift, floating about and endeavouring to resuscitate unfortunates in their last stages of life, by change of air. The anchor was again weighed—for the *last time*.

Several vessels were passed and spoken with, but from none did we get any important, or even interesting news. Passing through the Azores, we struck a porpoise, which was indeed a treat; our provisions were already getting both short and bad, boiling away in cooking to less than half their weight.

Before arriving in the Channel, the invalids from China and the Coast of Africa were the best-looking and most healthy men in the vessel; they looked strong and robust when placed in contrast by our poor fellows, who had undergone such changes and extremes of climate—now in their *seventh* year.

An unfortunate accident occurred to one of the boys, while reefing the mizen-topsail. He fell from the yard on the poop—horribly mangled! When I looked in his face, I really did not know who it was; I could recognize no feature. This was the second, under exactly similar circumstances.

On nearing the Channel, with a pleasant W.N.W. wind, and lots of company, vessels of all rigs and sizes, our first indication of land was off the Irish coast, when we rounded to and sounded, in eighty fathoms, bringing up "fine sand and shells." We gazed even on these particles of the shores of Europe with delight, considering ourselves now fairly within reach of our homes, and could think of nothing else. At daylight next morning, beheld