

hurricane, and all the vessels in Port Royal shared the same fate. He tells how the corpses of the drowned sailors strewed the shores, and how, immediately after the subsidence of the hurricane, a pestilential sickness swept away thousands of the natives. "Every morning," he says, "I have observed between thirty and forty corpses carried past my window; being very near death myself, I expected every day to approach with the messenger of my dissolution."

During this time he appears to have been lying in a warehouse, with no person to take care of him except a negro, who brought him every day Jesuit's bark where he was laid in his hammock.

"At length," he says, "my master gave me up, and I wandered up and down the town, almost parched with the insufferable blaze of the sun, till I resolved to lay me down and die, as I had neither money nor friend; accordingly, I fixed upon a dunghill in the east end of the town of Kingston, and being in such a weak condition, I pondered much upon Job's case, and considered mine similar to that of his; however, I was fully resigned to death, nor had I the slightest expectation of relief from any quarter; yet the kind providence of God was over me, and raised me up a friend in an entire stranger. A London captain coming by was struck with the sordid object, came up to me, and, in a very compassionate manner, asked me if I was sensible of any friend upon the island from whom I could obtain relief; he likewise asked me to whom I belonged. I answered, to Captain Moses Lilly, and had been cast away in the late hurricane. This captain appeared to have some knowledge of my master, and, cursing him for a barbarous villain, told me he would compel him to take proper care of me. About a quarter of an hour after this, my master arrived, whom I had not seen before for six weeks, and took me to a public-house kept by a Mrs. Hutchinson, and there ordered me to be taken proper care of. However, he soon quitted the island, and directed his course for England, leaving me at his sick quarters, and, if it should please God to permit my recovery, I was commanded to take my passage for England in the 'Montserrat,' Captain David Jones, a very fatherly, tender-hearted man: this was the first alleviation of my misery. Now the captain sent his son on shore, in order to receive me on board. When I came alongside, Captain Jones, standing on the ship's gunwale, addressed me after a very humane and compassionate manner, with expressions to the following effect: 'Come, poor child, into the cabin, and you shall want nothing that the ship affords; go, and my son shall prepare for you, in the first place, a basin of good egg-flip, and any-