

their unhappy Sufferings into his serious Consideration, and order such Relief, in regard to their Provision, Necessaries for their Vessels, and their speedy Dispatch, as to his Honour should seem most meet.

Instead, however, of meeting with any Favour or Indulgence, by Virtue of the above Petition, all the Cartells were order'd to unbend their Sails; their Sails were carried on shore into the Garrisons, and the Guards directed to shoot every *Englishman* that attempted to go on Shore, without asking any Questions whatsoever. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

JAMES GIBSON.

