

The Straits of Sunda were cleared in safety, and we found ourselves on the wide Indian Ocean, taking care to make every yard of canvas do its duty, to shorten, by every means in our power, the few months that must now elapse before we breathe those sighs which years have not forgotten. Words want power to trace and confess our feelings at this moment.

The Keelings or Cocos were just in sight, when all had again to deplore the loss of an accomplished and sincere friend and messmate. It was impossible that so long and arduous and trying a voyage could have been accomplished except by powerful constitutions. The weak, of course, gave way first ; but, among all who have been torn from us, no loss can be more deplored than the present. A cold was taken in our last voyage north, and it never left him ; nature became exhausted, and he gradually sank, regretted by all those who had been his messmates, now six years.

I was, myself, very ill at the time, and was lying close to him in my cot, when, about midnight, I heard the death-rattle in his throat, and in a few moments his heart had ceased to beat.

Next day his remains were committed to the deep. I was too ill to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory ; indeed, I hardly knew how soon I might be following him.

It is truly distressing to be cut off at a moment when all trials and troubles appear to be over, and when the anticipation of "home" is brightening us up ; occurring at the commencement of a voyage, with all our hardships in perspective, we do not think so much of ; but now he