

ing companions, expressing to them my confidence that relief was nigh, and

“Hope now revived, that we once more,
Should see our longed for native shore ;
And all the powers of science fail,
The raptures of my soul to tell.”

Early in the morning of the 7th March, a sail was discovered to windward—the ship’s crew (with my assistance) made all the signals of distress that the little remaining strength of their bodies would enable them to do ; they were indeed the last efforts of expiring nature—but, praised be God, yea, ever ought we to praise Him, for his mercy endureth forever—the hour of our deliverance had now arrived ! the ship was soon within hail (which proved to be his Majesty’s ship *Blonde*, Lord Byron) when her boat was manned and sent to our relief

It would be in vain (as my christian readers must suppose) for me to attempt to describe our feelings at this moment, or those manifested by our deliverers, when they discovered who we were, and what our miserable situation, and that they had arrived in season to rescue six of their fellow creatures from a most awful but certain death ! My companions in misery, who for three or four of the preceding days had been only able to crawl about the deck upon their hands and knees, now became so animated at the prospect of relief, as to raise themselves erect, and with uplifted hands returned thanks to their Almighty preserver ! And O. the mingled sounds of prayer and praise, from those whose hearts had probably until within a few weeks been at enmity with God, was to me more pleasing than the “music of the spheres.”

When relieved, but a small part of the body of the last person deceased remained, and this I had cut a