

However, after about an hour spent in unutterable anxiety, we had the heart-felt pleasure of perceiving the schooner was fast approaching us, and in less than another, we most devoutly thanked God for our providential deliverance.

Tears ran down the cheeks of the kind-hearted master of this vessel when he beheld the miserable condition in which he found us. I endeavoured to induce him to take my shattered charge in tow, but he reasonably objected to so doing, being short of provisions and fearing such an incumbrance would delay his making the land, which he expected to do every hour. I was therefore compelled to abandon the ill-fated Postboy at a quarter before noon on Saturday, the 21st of January, 1815, and with Charles Paxton, and John Brown, went on board the Anne, of and bound to Bermuda, from Antigua, William George, master, from whom we received every possible kindness and attention in his power to bestow.

Thus terminated a period of forty days, or nearly six weeks of suffering, the severity of which for a considerable part of the time, has perhaps seldom been surpassed.

Such a degree of fatality seemed to follow us that I cannot avoid relating the events of the three following days. The Islands were not seen on the 21st as expected. On the 22nd and 23rd it blew a hard gale, which compelled the Anne to lie-to. On the 24th, steering East, and running between ten and eleven knots an hour, anxiously looking out for Bermuda, at noon a ship was seen from the mast-head. In less than an hour she was made out to be a frigate, and the master of the Anne was desirous for us to remain below, fearing he might be detained if so many men were observed on board,