

thing but present death was presented to our view; our vessel being full of water, and the sea breaking over her to such a degree, that she was in danger of breaking up in a thousand pieces every moment.

We now remained motionless, surrounded with all the hideous terrors of unavoidable destruction. By this time two of our crew, James Allan and Daniel Morrison, with Mr. Thomson our only passenger, got upon the boltsprit to make for the island, which was distant about a gunshot, but were all instantly whirled to the bottom, there being six of us remaining to meet our doom—to stay we could not—to proceed was death. At last finding our tempest-beaten vessel beginning to give way, uncertain of our doom, we took to the long boat, as the only resource for the preservation of our precious lives, and, under the sole protection of the Divine Being, reached the island about one hour after we first struck.

On attempting to land, the boat upset, and I, Neil Dewar, the most unfortunate, was precipitated on the rugged face of a rock which was naked by the repercussion of the surge: then dashed prostrate on the beach, where I lay for some time insensible, and on recovering a little, found both my knees and elbows severely wounded by the fall. Here we remained for three days, destitute of a morsel to eat, or any thing to cover us from the inclemency of the tempest, which, with frequent showers of snow and hail, kept pelting at us with redoubled violence. Meanwhile, our mate and one seaman died from fatigue and hunger. The bodies of the two men who leaped with Mr. Thom-