

until we reached St. Johns' the port of our destination.

On the 18th January, 1826, (Capt. Kendall having obtained a cargo of Timber and made every necessary preparation for our departure) we set sail for Liverpool, with a favorable wind, and with the prospect and joyful expectations of an expeditious passage—on board of the ship were 21 souls, including Mrs. Kendall, and myself—many of the seamen were married men, and had left in Europe numerous families, dependent on them for support—Alas! poor mortals, little do they probably think, when they bid their loving companions and their tender little ones the last adieu, that it was to be a final one, and that they were to behold their faces no more, forever in this frail world—no, we must not charge an infinitely wise and good and foolishly, who cannot err, but orders every even for the best.

We enjoyed favorable weather until about the 1st Feb. when a severe gale was experienced, which blew off the main and fore yards and spars of our vessel, and carried away one of the boats off the deck, and wounded some of the seamen—early in the morning, the gale having somewhat abated, Mrs. Kendall and myself employed ourselves in dressing the wounds of the poor fellows that were most injured while those who had escaped injury, were employed in clearing the deck of the broken spars, and in disengaging the rigging, &c. so that in a few hours they were enabled again to make sail, and with the pleasing hope that they should encounter no more boisterous and contrary winds to impede their passage—but, in this they were soon sadly disappointed, for on the 5th, they were visited with a still more severe gale, from E. S. E. which indeed caused the sea to run "mountains high." The captain gave orders to his men to do every thing in their