

that they could not get forward to assist the four men below, owing to the fury of the sea which broke over them. Paxton once made the attempt and was washed from the side, but fortunately became entangled in the rigging and regained the main-chains; that the third man on deck (Christopher Christophinson, a Dane), in about an hour after the vessel was upset, complained of great cold, and said they must all perish very soon, as the officer (meaning myself) and men below had already, and proposed that, as they were only prolonging their sufferings, they should let go from the wreck and submit to their fate.

Paxton bade him keep up his spirits and pray to God—they were yet alive, and, if they survived until daylight, might be saved by some friendly sail passing. He replied he had prayed to God, but that there was no hope or chance for them, and cast off the rope by which he was lashed, immediately after which he was swept from the wreck, and they never saw him more. They assured me the poor fellow's voluntary fate added much to the distress of their already dreadful situation; and now supposing that all the crew except themselves had perished, they determined to cut away the starboard main rigging, which, with much difficulty, they at length accomplished with their pocket-knives. Soon after doing so, both the masts were carried away close by the board, and the vessel righted.

The fate of the poor men in the fore-cabin was no longer doubtful, and our own appeared fast approaching. A frightful sea every few moments broke over our shattered bark, and inevitable death stared us in the face. Had all my little crew