

taking needful refreshment, a cry aloft was raised—"The ship has gone down"! A rush was simultaneously made, from both the cabin and the 'tween-decks, by the sympathizing crew of the *Ann*, and every anxious eye naturally directed to the quarter which the ill-fated vessel had previously occupied. No tall mast was to be seen, now pointing into the heavens, and anon sinking to the verge of the wave; but only the shattered remains of the wreck, becoming momentarily visible, as one spar or another, with various human beings clinging thereunto, was successively poised on the top of the rolling mountainous waves! The thought was providentially suggested to the spirited Captain of the *Ann*, that it was unmanly and cruel to suffer so many fellow-adventurers to perish, without an effort, at least, for their rescue. And the generous impulse was promptly obeyed. The wreck being at some distance on the lee quarter, the order was instantaneously given "to wear ship:" the order, however, involved an attempt exceedingly doubtful as to its practicability, and, if found practicable, in no small degree hazardous. But the predominance of the feeling of humanity excited to the most vigorous efforts to accomplish the object. The storm fore-stay-sail was forthwith hoisted,—not a stitch of canvas being