

"I sat for a moment on the rock, kissing him, till I looked round and reflected on the awful scene before me, and beheld (with what emotion I leave you to guess) the dreadful destruction which was going on.

"Previously to my jumping on the rock I observed Mrs. Lawe on the quarter-deck on her knees, frantic, without her cap, her hair dishevelled all around her shoulders, in dreadful anguish, striking the deck with one hand, while she held on with the other. Mr. Lawe, her husband, was at this time drowned.

"About this period the midships of the vessel were thrown by the terrific sea and raging storm into a position favourable for those yet on board to make their escape upon the rock; thus it was with comparative ease the surviving remnant on board now forsook the vessel.

"In short, if the sufferers could have anticipated and waited for this opportunity, the lives of many who were lost might have been saved. They would, at least, have been fortunate enough to have reached the rock, and would have had the same chance of existence as others, provided their constitution were sufficiently strong to bear the dreadful privations that there awaited them.

"I stretched forth my hand and assisted several as they approached, taking hold of the first that presented, making, of course, no distinction of persons, and continued to act thus till I saw a female in the last gasp, still holding by the rock after the receding of a wave—it was Mrs. Lawe. Then, with all the force I could command, I dragged her forwards one or two paces. She was, indeed, poor good lady! in the last stage of exhaustion, and fell on my arm, and her weight caused me to slip, by which we were both precipitated towards a frightful chasm; but luckily I again seized the rock ere the wave retired, or we might both have been swept away, and I held fast by one hand, while with the other I supported the lady, during which two or three waves washed over us. Neither she nor I could breathe.

"I collected all my remaining strength for this the last effort I was equal to in order to save her, and folding her in my arms, I crept up the rock quite above the surge, where the spray only could reach us.

"She was speechless, but sufficiently sensible to acknowledge my attention with looks of fervent gratitude. I then left her, anxious to return to my child. But judge of my sensations—I found him not! He, alas! was gone! I could not tell where, or what had become of him." The poor boy had been drowned, and no traces of him were ever discovered.

Their sufferings on the rock are well described:—"To such dreadful shifts were we driven that during the night I was obliged to hold on with one hand, while with the other I grasped the hand of a fellow-sufferer, in order that each might receive some portion of vital heat; this we did alternately with right and left hand. But we were all so depressed in spirits and suffering so grievously from the cold and the rain as the night advanced, that we did little else than turn our thoughts to the Most High, and calmly await the approach of day, and with it some hope of relief. My face, nose, and particularly the inside of my mouth, were dreadfully mangled, and my teeth loosened, being so repeatedly forced by the billows against the rock to which I was clinging. In short, I think no human endurance equalled ours; for towards morning, when my fingers became so benumbed from wet and cold that I lost the use of them, and I found that it was impossible to hold on longer, I twice felt resigned to