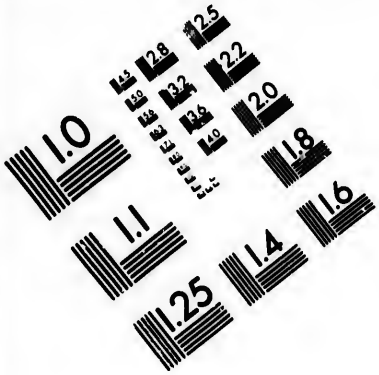

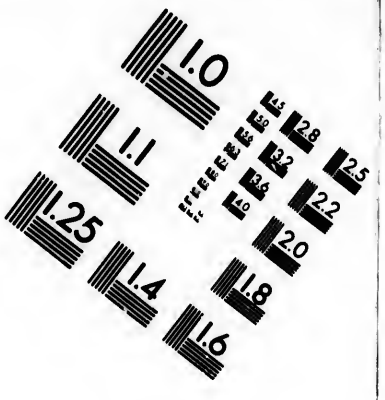

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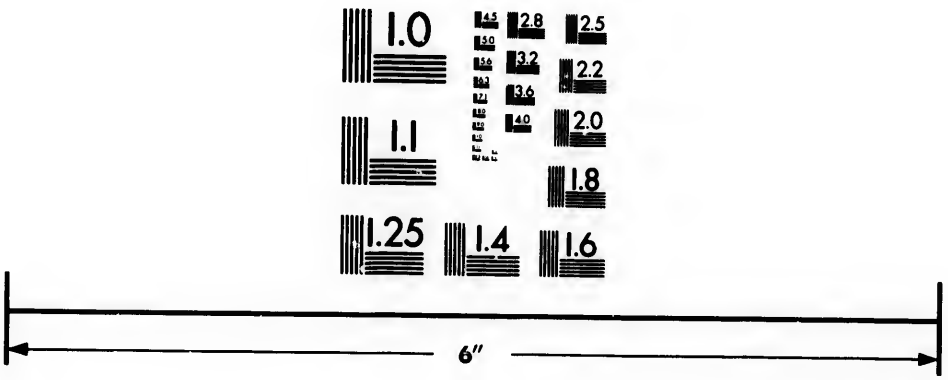

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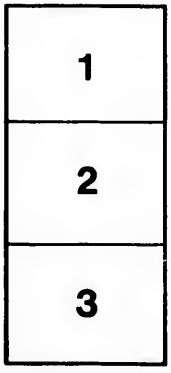

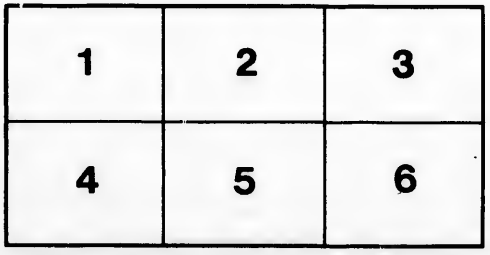

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NARRATIVE

OF THE

PASSAGE OF THE PIQUE

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

BY

LADY AYLMER.

Dedicated by Permission to Her Majesty.

LONDON:
J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.
1837.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY IBOTSON AND PALMER,
SAVOY STREET.

DEDICATION.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

MADAM,

Having received your Majesty's gracious permission to dedicate to you a little narrative of the passage of your Majesty's ship the Pique across the Atlantic, as drawn up by me, partly during that passage, and finished since, from memory, it becomes my duty to express my gratitude for such gracious permission.

Your Majesty's indulgence will secure my narrative being read by the younger part of your subjects, to whom its perusal may prove useful, by showing them how wonderful the interposition of Providence is, on occasions of the most awfully impending danger.

The humble testimony I am thereby enabled to give of the gallant conduct of the officers, marines, and ship's company of the Pique, will render my short account agreeable to your Majesty; and I need only add, that I put an entire reliance on your Majesty's goodness to excuse those defects and inaccuracies which my determination not to admit of any corrections from any other hand or memory, must render myself alone answerable for, as I have the honour to venture to lay before your Majesty my original feelings, such as they were noted down in the moment of our danger, from

Your Majesty's

Most Faithful Subject,

and Devoted Servant,

L. AYLMER.

Carlton Hotel.
Oct. 2, 1837.

"While the hoarse Ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dashed from the strand the flying waters roar,
Flush at the shock, and gathering in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep.

"But when 'the Almighty' from his throne surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas,
Stretched like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And the pitched vessel o'er the surface glides."

ANSWER TO THE FREQUENT CALLS ON ME TO NARRATE THE PARTICULARS OF OUR EVENTFUL PASSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

YES, I will write! and it shall be a simple narrative of our passage across the Atlantic,—not technically described, as a sailor would describe it; I could not attempt that,—no, my account can only be such as the voyage was to me—a weak, a helpless woman, who would have been less than useless in the dreadful trial, had she not breathed out her prayers to Heaven for mercy: but what human being shall dare to say, that such prayers are worthy to be heard by that high Power who alone rules our destiny?

Yet, we are permitted to pray: and if God gives me now the power to tell his goodness to us, my memory ought not to fail me—for how can I forget such scenes?—they need not the aid of tablets; gratitude should engrave them deeper on our hearts, than the terrors of which I shall have to speak.

I can only undertake to recall my own feelings as the events passed; may they prove useful to others—who may learn by this narration, how good the God of winds and waves is, and that even "in his wrath he thinketh on mercy." I speak here to hearts where feeling and religion dwell: to such, there is poetry in the storm, and love in the refuge which was given us. Who are those to whom I address myself when I write? First, to many dear to my friendship; to those who, I know, in following my narrative, will feel with me: there are such in America, in France, in Eng-

land! many whom I could name, but, that I should seem to boast of what the heart alone gives to the narrator of facts—the kindest sympathy. I feel that I have possessed this, and I shall again possess it; I therefore comply with wishes so often expressed that I would let others know what passed in a woman's trembling heart during so long a suspense between life and death. I cannot so often repeat these events—let them become a lasting record. I owe it to the Almighty hand, who so graciously guided our frail vessel, without a rudder, through the tremendous deep of waters!

NARRATIVE.

After receiving every demonstration of kind regret at our departure from Canada, which kind hearts could bestow, we embarked on the 17th of September, 1835, on board the Pique frigate, commanded by the Hon. Captain Rous, and sailed for England, from Quebec, which for five years had been our home. There is a feeling in leaving those whom you look on, probably, for the last time, which admits of more than seriousness, and which, not all the gratifying proofs of respect (however the heart may answer to them) can lessen. The

only thanks I could give were tears: and they were with difficulty restrained and concealed. Of Lord Aylmer I say nothing; with a conscience free from offence, he ended his government of Canada; and left, of course, some friends behind, who will not forget him.

Wind and weather befriended us on our passage down the beautiful St. Lawrence, and across its often-to-be-dreaded gulf. It was decided about three o'clock on the fourth day of our voyage, (the 21st,) that we should pass through the Straits of Belleisle: Captain Rous had very good reasons for this decision, and I only mention my feelings on seeing a cloud coming after us, (as I may term it,) because they were very remarkable at the time: an officer, who was then walking on the deck, said, "Yes, that cloud is one which will envelope us in a thick fog very soon." We went below to dine, and not long after, the fog

enclosed us as in a veil; it brought with it a fearful destiny—for, owing to the darkness which it spread around, was our striking on the rocks that night, off the coast of Labrador.

Captain Rous had on every previous evening played whist, with the other gentlemen of our party, but, on this eventful evening, he had remained on deck, and till ten o'clock I had taken his place at the card-table.

I had been seriously unwell before our leaving Canada, and as the usual noises on board the best-regulated ship are always sufficient to disturb an indifferent sleeper, I had not enjoyed one good night's rest since embarking; and excusing myself from remaining longer up, was determined to take advantage of some arrangements which had been kindly made to ensure me a calm and quiet night, and was just composing myself to sleep, when the tremendous crash occasioned by the ship striking forcibly

against the rocks instantly roused me: as the ship was going her smooth and even course, eight knots an hour, with scarcely any motion, the shock was the more alarming. I jumped up, and rushed into the cabin I had left: my maid, who was undressing in the cabin next to mine, hurried in, and throwing herself on her knees beside me, tried immediately to comfort me, thereby bringing my scattered senses under control. Lord Aylmer had rushed on deck to discover, if possible, the extent of our danger; it was of a pitchy darkness, and none could judge where we had struck. One of the lieutenants came into the cabin, and tried to reassure those he found there, by saying the ship would soon be off; and with this attempt at inspiring hopes—which probably were felt by very few on board—he left us, to attend to his anxious duties. All the male part of those on board were soon engaged in what seemed to

be the first object, namely, to lighten the ship, by throwing the guns overboard—all were soon employed in obeying the orders which our captain gave, in that manly and distinct way, which probably was the chief cause of that admirable discipline, which was never for one moment during our more immediate danger, or afterwards, relaxed: and I have pleasure in giving my humble testimony, here, to the conduct of these brave men, during that night of awful trial. When they came to obey the orders they had received to go into the various cabins to examine the state of the ship, they never passed me—when they had occasion to disturb me from the only quiet corner, where I was seated on a chair awaiting our destiny—without the ceremony and civility they would have used under happier circumstances. I remembered it then, and such conduct strikes me more, now I reflect on it. How

often I envied these men their activity and occupation: all was bustle and effort, but not confusion; the exertion necessary towards throwing over the guns, and the necessity for using the pumps, occupied all hands.

Anxiously did we, who sat in the cabin, await the smallest glimmering of daybreak. Alas! it seemed awfully long in coming; and yet, as I look back, the eleven hours and a half so spent seem short. After coming a little to our senses, myself and my maid dressed ourselves, so as to be ready for any attempt which it might be thought best to make to reach the shore, should daylight present any such chance of escape for us—we then employed ourselves and our men-servants, in putting together such things as might be useful, if landing was accomplished. I have before said that all the gentlemen were working at the guns—the grand object being to get them overboard,

to ease the ship—while we females found relief in the occupations of such preparations as my state of nerves would permit me to think over, by getting together articles of clothing likely to be most required on the inhospitable coast on which our fate might throw us; and a variety of articles of utility, which I tried to think over, such as candles, coffee, a tinder-box, a coffee-boiler, our bedding, ready tied up, and a small trunk or two, of the warmest clothing; forbidding the servants to think of saving trinkets or jewels, and to keep their attention fixed on necessaries for ourselves and them: in such preparations I found the certain relief of occupation, and between the interval of a few seconds of the horrid striking of the ship—which never failed to inspire fresh terror —we were calm, and generally alone;—I mean myself, my maid, the steward and his boy, and now and then Lord Aylmer, or one of the offi-

cers, who as well as himself, I need not say, on all occasions did their utmost to support and encourage hope of final release from our awful position: though we often heard lamentations from the lips of the midshipmen and other officers—not for their own fate, but that the beautiful Pique should "lay her bones" on the rocky coast of Labrador. How curious, at such a moment of danger, was the unselfishness of such a regret! The fate of the Pique occupied those whose too certain destruction would have followed hers. There was something very fine and sailor-like in this; and it had its effect on us at the time.

As I am writing in the desultory way which such an unusual detail from a female pen may excuse, I shall just remark on what struck me at intervals during the night. With that instinct which all believe to be pre-eminent in dogs, the one belonging to Captain Doyle was

very uneasy that night; he had attached himself to me—probably, as being the most considered in the way of comfort, and as I was not permitted to go into our own cabin—as it was feared the ship might strike harder there—I sought relief by stretching myself on the mattress laid on the floor of Captain Doyle's cabin, where his favourite bull-dog terrier shared this convenience with me, which kept him more quiet. His master complained of fatigue, from hard labour at the guns, and no wonder; for, as he had the key of the only box among Lord Aylmer's luggage, containing money, he had the precaution, immediately on striking, to tie round his waist, after partially dressing himself, two bags of sovereigns and dollars containing £100 each, and with this weight about his limbs did the poor man uncomplainingly work away at the throwing over the guns. I entreated him to lay aside

his burden, and promised that the dog and I would guard the treasure. My brave attendant was planning her arrangements for my convenience on landing, and though I sighed when I answered her—yet, I could not find in my heart to discourage the buoyancy of spirits, which could make pleasure in anticipations which promised so little less than despair.

She arranged with any of the young officers who came to give and receive comfort, a hundred plans for our bivouac on shore—and in such attempts at encouraging each other we banished unavailing complaints.

When, at last, day-break came, this young woman added her entreaty to Lord Aylmer's that I would just go and look at the shore, by way of comforting and re-assuring me. I can only remember how dreadfully it had a contrary effect on me—and for once my imagination had fallen short of the reality; for I own I saw

no happy prospect of a landing when my eye rested on the irregular and rocky coast so near to us, where the sea was beating against it—and I turned from it, and retreated in more hopelessness than I had allowed myself before to entertain.

Whether it seems to creep or fly, time passes; and our daybreak soon became daylight; and I now look back with regret, that I did not see the sun rise on that beautiful morning, on that coast which my eyes shall never look on more: but I was below, and by orders confined to our dining cabin, and the one next to it. There was one fearful circumstance which I now call to mind, as I look back on these events: fearful, because it seemed unnatural;—it is this:—each time that the ship struck against the rocks, it caused a perpendicular motion of the lamp which hung over the table in the cabin, and which was occasionally nearly extinguished by this up-

and-down vibration. I could not support this patiently, and the steward's boy was much occupied in getting on the table to stop the motion, till the lamp was again disturbed by the next awful blow, which each time wounded the poor Pique's keel. The ship being wedged, as I may say, in a bed of rocks, she continued nearly in an upright position throughout the night.

The wind was freshening, the pumps constantly going, and increasing alarm prevailing, when, preceded by a brilliant aurora borealis, day at length dawned, and our position on the coast of Labrador was ascertained.

At the usual hour they piped for breakfast. What an inspiring sound was that! that anything should be going on in its usual course, was of more value to the alarmed feelings, than those who cannot follow our terrific position can

conceive. I knew the necessity for these poor men having their accustomed refreshment; they had laboured hard all night, and as theirs is usually a life of labour, they could the less spare their accustomed sleep: the steward saying, therefore, "The men must have their breakfast," had its full value on reflection, and when Captain Rous came down to the cabin for a moment, and stood drinking the cup of tea which the steward held to him, I thought I saw that sad anxiety on his manly face, which brought those tears into my eyes, which I should not have thought weakness at such a moment in his. I spoke for one moment to him, because I wished him to know that I could speak. He had few words to bestow—his time was too precious for words, and he was never from his post. But I must not dwell, even on such details. About a quarter past nine, I called the attention of the few in the cabin to

a difference in the manner of the ship's striking; and I observed a greater distance of time between the blows: this circumstance, as the tide was now flood, inspired hope; and I called out that I thought she was moving. There was nobody to answer questions: women were not allowed to go on deck, as every person not at work was in the way, and the danger from the expected fall of the masts was too apparent to all there. At last the confusion and noise on deck increased—and shall I ever forget—will any one on board ever forget—the sound of the words, "She's off! she's off!—hurrah! hurrah!" one long, one simultaneous hurrah: in which with clasped hands I joined—and tears flowed fast, and relieved me!

I think at this part of my narrative I cannot do better than turn to such extracts as I may have written on board, and which will, at least, be the original and actual feelings of the

moment. Where they are not sufficiently explanatory of our state, I will add such details as may serve to render this sort of journal of our voyage satisfactory to those who may wish to follow us through our perils.

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL WRITTEN ON BOARD.

" *Wednesday night*, 23*rd Sept.* God be praised that I am permitted once more to sit at peace in my cabin, and write in my journal, to my dear friend, after such a terrific eleven hours as the last have proved: it is indeed a luxury, to sit again in peace, and I cannot resist the sharing of it with you. We are at anchor in a little bay called *Anse au Loup*, in the straits of Belle-isle, about twelve miles from the spot where the ship had struck, and not far from the Labrador coast: look at your map: there lies the dear good Pique, and God in his mercy

grant that the injury sustained by her may not be fatal to your friends! If this letter ever reaches you, we shall have arrived probably safely in England: but, after eleven hours on a ledge of rocks—buffeting and thumping every second minute against them—the ship seeming, by her remaining nearly in an upright position, to be wedged in between the rocks,—after this, God only knows what we have to expect.

"The ship struck at half-past ten——I will not dwell on the past: I fear I was not half so self-possessed as I might have been and wished to be. Who that is a sinner can at such times be quite at ease?—innocence and goodness then tells: at such awful moments the soul looks at her own real state: and the hours passed heavily last night—in momentary expectation of worse—were, I pray my God, not unprofitable. I saw noble men acting like men; I saw none weak, or

wanting in moral courage; I admired these, as I should have pitied—without condemning—the reverse. I saw a woman, younger than myself, yet surpassing me far in courage, her mind rising to the circumstances—and I felt humbled and abashed, and said, inwardly, 'This comes of fearing death: shall I not grow better if permitted to arrive in England?' I thought also of those we had left behind, and rejoiced they had not been with us—and that they were ignorant of our danger. Other details you will get hereafter,—I cannot now give them." . .

. . . . . .

"No one can tell the injury the Pique has sustained, either in her ribs or keel: the latter is the most to be dreaded, as she never took in water before, and now seventeen inches of water is pumped every hour: this quantity they do not fear,—but the prospect of crossing the Atlantic in this uncertainty is fearful,

I confess. I heard the orders given for sailing at four in the morning. It blows fresh, even in the bay,—and God speed us on our voyage.

"A consultation has been held, and it is decided as best, that we should coast to St. John's; if necessary put in there, and either by communication with Halifax, procure some vessel to convey us to England, or consent to winter at St. John's. If the Pique is considered safe, we are to proceed in her: a trial of nerve this—is it not? but now I feel satisfied that all has been well considered—we must abide the result as bravely as a nervous being can do. Would to God that we were landed in dear old England! And now that I have indulged in this communication, while all who can, or may sleep, are fast asleep after their great fatigues, I can go more calmly to rest; for this night, at least, we are safely at anchor—when we shall be so again, God alone knows;

for in the midst of our glory yesterday, we fell, and now are humbled;—we may rise. It is no small addition to my comfort, as I sit writing, to have the luxury of a fire, while Eliza is trying to dry all our wet clothes,—a very difficult thing, having been wetted with the salt-water last night. We have been really in comparative comfort this evening, and I would not exchange this luxury for an attempt at sleep."

EXTRACT. "*Friday, Sept. 25th.*—We are going on well towards dear England; have accomplished more than a third of our way—a straight course now,—and if this delicious south-west wind lasts ten days longer, may see us, please God, safely landed at Portsmouth: but we must not expect this good fortune."

I here remark how far ignorance is often happiness—for on referring to the naval account, written long since my journal at sea,

from which I have extracted what goes before, I see this remark—

"22nd. *The leaks increased to two feet an hour: one was got at in the junk-room, under the gunner's store-room, and some attempts made to stop it: the cut-water bolts were found driven up a foot or more. Several ice-bergs were seen. The wind still fair, with a heavy N.W. swell. The foremast was discovered to work in the step,—or, rather, the step itself was loose.*"

So far, the difference between my calculations and the truth; which truth, I need not remark, whenever evil, could be kept from my knowledge it was invariably done—and when we assembled at dinner, the best report was always given, to keep up my spirits.

I had with me one, whom, however ill he might have thought of our position on that night of trial, I had rather to find fault with for

not seeming to appreciate the danger of our position—the rocky coast before us as our only resource, and the awful alternative of struggling to land there, in boats, during a swell;—he gave the fairest colouring to everything: he smiled at seeing all the goods collected together in preparation for our landing: such ridicule served much at the time to re-assure me, and I never could have guessed how justly he appreciated the extent of our danger, till we were off the rocks. Who can ever forget the hurrahs, the shouts? how heart-rending! and how unlike the hurrahs on that day week, when we were sitting, surrounded by brilliant decorations and a blaze of light, at the ball given to us by the citizens of Quebec on our departure!

Can any of us ever forget the contrast? One of the young lieutenants, I remember,

observed to another, "Oh! how I wish I was where I was last Tuesday, waltzing with that pretty girl, at that beautiful ball!" Well might such recollections come across the youthful sailor in our dark hours of horror on that night of danger, when all behaved so well! My husband, all manly feeling, yet calm: Captain Doyle worked hard, and was always good-humoured: Colonel Craig also assisted, but he had been unwell: Captain Rous quite self-possessed, only once a little moved, when I saw him, but soon recovered himself. But I am repeating myself . . . . . .

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. . . . . Here there is a lapse in my journal from the 26th of September, to the 6th of October, and I now take it up to account for that lapse.

EXTRACT. "*October 6, Tuesday evening.*—To sit down again at ease is indeed a luxury, which none, perhaps, but those who have undergone what we have, during the last ten days, can duly appreciate."

On Sunday, the 27th of September—having been much confined by weather for some days—I was walking on deck with Captain Rous; the weather was fine, the wind fair, and the ship, under a press of canvass, was making her way rapidly through the water—the officer's dinner going on—Lord Aylmer below asleep in his cabin, as also was Captain Doyle. Divine service was to be performed at three, and being then half-past two, I proposed remaining on deck, and joining with the other passengers, and with all the ship's company, in thanksgiving to Heaven for our deliverance from the peril we had been in, off the coast of Labrador, on the preceding Tuesday.

I was enjoying the air, and the pleasure of being again on deck, when suddenly Captain Rous, on whose arm I was leaning, loosened my arm from his, and I tottered back to the gun carriage on which I had been sitting; the officer on watch had whispered something to Captain Rous in passing us. I did not hear what he said, but Captain Rous immediately called out "All hands on deck—shorten sail!" I felt faint, and felt thunder-struck. I knew that something serious must have happened, though I knew not what. One of the lieutenants came up, and sat down by me; he said, "I really don't know what has happened. I suppose the captain thinks a squall is coming on," he added, addressing another; "send for Captain Doyle." I looked round; there seemed no appearance of change of weather. All was bustle on deck obeying orders. I sat still, and as they passed heard one of the sailors say to

another, "A sad job this!" Another said, "What is to become of us now?" These words sounded awful to me then, and I had my anticipations that we were sinking, and the leaks past management. Captain Doyle had been wakened, and came up to me to support me down. At last we learnt that the rudder had broken short off at the head, and was gone clean away, and we on deck had never remarked it; the day we were on the rocks it had been injured, and now it had failed us. Here the officer's journal remarks that "*the ship came up right to the wind;* he adds, "*a severe trial for the tottering foremast.*" I only now, as I copy out this in looking back, remember how quickly Captain Rous caused them to shorten sail, and how instantly he began to steer the ship by the sails. It was vain to seem anything but discouraged. What was to be done? Merciful God befriended us,

and a fair wind enabled Captain Rous to steer by the trimming of the sails. A temporary rudder was to be attempted, and day and night was employed in its fabrication. An awful time, while waiting for its being put down! it blew so hard, the ship's leaks had increased, but I know not to what amount, and on the 28th the new contrivance for a rudder was shipped in the evening. A brig had appeared in sight, signals of distress were exhibited; which I here remark, is done, by lowering the colours and turning them upside down, I believe: but the cruel brig, whether by accident or design, made all sail, and left the poor Pique to her fate.

Captain Rous became at this critical time extremely anxious to take advantage of any vessel which might approach us, (wherever bound,) to get rid of his passengers, and all the useless hands. One of the boats was

lost, being stove; but I was at this time ignorant of this untoward accident, as well as of the extent of our danger, or of Captain Rous's proposal, that if any opportunity presented itself we should at any risk quit the Pique.

On the 29th another brig was seen and hailed: she approached us; and it was decided, that if she would receive us on board, ourselves and suite, with the few passengers, and useless hands, should seek our safety there. Captain Doyle, the carpenter, and two men, I think, went towards her, to make the necessary arrangements, should our quitting the Pique be possible: her condition was becoming, in Captain Rous's opinion, every moment more critical; and as I now look back, I can justly understand his anxiety on this point at the time. I was very unwilling to make the attempt; the sea

was tremendous, and the gale was expected to increase—our rudder was little to be depended on, and the increase in the leaks, added to the state of the foremast, altogether our situation was, to those who could weigh the danger, very awful. Here Captain Rous's character rose—he gave all the necessary orders preparatory to our quitting him; provisions were prepared, sheep killed, and a proper quantity of spirits, wine, &c., to send on board the brig; no very easy task was before us to accomplish, should it be feasible.

I hardly knew at the time, and on reflexion since, I hardly know, what were the nature of those feelings which made me rather averse than otherwise to the prospect of quitting the poor Pique; it could not be that sort of affection, if I may so term the predilection, which we often feel towards an inanimate object, and

which I can readily conceive sailors feel for the ship to which they belong—feelings so useful, I imagine, that they should be respected and encouraged, by not moving men who have so much hardship to support, from the local habitation which these interesting sympathies of our nature makes a home—their home indeed it is, for there they live, and act, and suffer, or enjoy. These are the associations that form home everywhere—but mine did not bind me to the Pique: yet, as I sat opposite to Captain Rous, while I read in the manly seriousness of his countenance that he was engaged in writing what he might consider as his last dispatch to the Admiralty—words were few that passed between us. We were alone, excepting indeed one of our servants, who was engaged in collecting such things as we had ordered to be put up ready for our quitting the Pique to go on board the French brig; when I saw

Captain Rous closing this letter, I ventured to address him,—I named some boxes with letters, valuables, &c., &c., what I wished done with them, should he reach England, which I hoped he would, before us. I added, "Remember, Captain Rous, it is much against my inclination that we leave you." He answered, "You have no choice left, for I would not keep you here five minutes if I could get rid of you; besides, you are not aware that we have lost one of our boats, and if it should be necessary to take to them, the fewer we have to fill them the better." The footman who attended me, had offered to remain, could he be useful in working the ship: Captain Rous thanking him for this offer, answered with a decided negative; and on my naming my determination not to quit the ship, unless, besides Lord Aylmer's suite, the few other passengers were included, he said, that all this had been contemplated,

and provided for by Lord Aylmer and himself. After these few words I rose, and went round to take leave of him; he then said, "If you reach England before me, you will go and see my mother." I need not add my reply—I made him some similar request, and then adding a few directions about other things, put into his hands a little book, which I held in mine—and this most awful conversation ended! Nothing could have been better devised to reconcile us to leaving the Pique—remaining, was adding to Captain Rous's difficulties and anxiety: his duties, and ours, were in this case opposite—ours to go,—his, of course, to remain. But we were doomed to stay. I had watched, from my cabin window, for the return of the boat: it blew very hard, and the reaching the brig had not been without danger to those, who were making the effort. Captain Doyle was nearly drowned in getting

on board. The appearance of the little boat, now visible and now lost to sight between the mountain waves, was an intensely interesting object. Lord Aylmer had watched her motions from the deck, and on their return from their unsuccessful mission, requested Captain Doyle and the carpenter to report the cause of the failure to me; fearing that I might be terribly disappointed at the prospect of escape being at an end. They found those in the cabin waiting the result of their treaty quite reconciled, and even relieved, by the decision. This reception of their mission was a great relief, I doubt not, to all parties, for, had we been building on this hope of going on board a safer vessel, the disappointment experienced by the weaker part of the passengers would have added to the anxiety of the braver sex. The carpenter's account of the unsafe and leaky state of the vessel, which proved to be a merchant vessel

of about 200 tons, and in the most disgusting state of uncleanliness—having been engaged in the illicit trading for cod-fish off the coast of Labrador—seventeen men on board, crowded, and all inhabiting the only cabin there was,—drinking and smoking, noisy and irregular in their habits! Imagine what a prospect for females in any position of life: and without the least claim to heroism—for I am a great coward—I may safely aver, that I think of the two evils, the least appeared to me then—as it does now on calmer reflection—to be obliged to the alternative of remaining on board the "Pique," with our brave, and well-conducted crew, rather than to be condemned to the horror and inconvenience of such an association. The crew on board the French vessel were, besides this, decided against changing their course for any sum

offered them; they were bound to Marseilles, and were averse to taking us at all on board. The risk in attempting to board her would have been very great: we had two soldiers' wives, and three children on board to be saved—and altogether there was little chance, considering the weather, of our ever being put safely on board. So ended this attempt for saving ourselves from the impending danger; and this was the only attempt ever made for quitting the Pique, till our landing at Portsmouth."

On the 29th, the temporary rudder, which had proved anything but useful, was cut away: our situation increased in discomfort; all the officers' cabins constantly wet, and hardly habitable. But no complaints were made, and all was submitted to with good temper and good feeling. Captain Rous spared the men when he could, and when he could not

he seemed to have no cause for complaint —officers, marines, and seamen, did their duty cheerfully.

The 30th, a heavy gale, and the ship's head the wrong way; the leaks increased to thirty inches—and all looked gloomy enough. I seldom had any lengthened sleep, and the nights were consequently more horrid than the day. I changed my cabin, and would not be separated from Lord Aylmer during the long night, but had recourse, after much effort, to the swing-cot, which, from the nervous feeling of being so helplessly far from the ground, I had till then resisted. But the night of the 30th can never be forgotten by me; though every effort was made by Lord Aylmer and Captain Doyle, aided by the medical gentlemen on board, to calm my agitated nerves, yet I seemed awfully aware of the danger of our position on that fearful

night; and I may note down here, from my few remarks written while on board, what these horrors were.

On the night of the 30th of September, we had been what was called laid to for the night; the top-gallant mast taken down, and I believe two more guns thrown overboard—the *trysail*, a name I can never forget, set,*—and I was assured we were as snug as if we were at anchor.

Alas! I could not be brought to be satisfied of this assumed fact, and the tremendous dipping of the ship into the tremendous sea, while I could hardly preserve myself from being thrown out of the standing cot which I had till then occupied, was not calculated to re-assure me. The timbers of the vessel

* Since writing this I have been assured by an officer on board that there was not on that awful night, to use his words, "a stitch of canvass up."

creaking under the stroke of each billow, making a fearful noise, to which nothing singly could be compared. It was like the shrieks of wild birds—the dying groans of animals—the roaring of the only lion I ever heard roar—and the howling of the only wolf I ever heard howl; joined to the cracking kind of noise peculiar to the heaving of a ship in a gale of wind, and which is caused by the separating of the boards termed "bulk-heads:" then the creaking of the masts, the whistling of the wind in the sails, the spray of the foam,—which being thrown with violence over the deck, hisses as it falls: let imagination try to mix all these opposing and terrible sounds,—not any one of a pleasing nature,—and then it may yet fall far short of the tremendous crash of inharmonious and unnatural noises, which overpowered the senses and irritated the nerves to a frightful degree of suffering.

I was distracted by these at the time,—and as I look back, they form a very prominent part in the distressing circumstances of our eventful three weeks of danger.

On Thursday the 1st of October, the weather was more moderate, but alas! the ship's head the wrong way still, and no chance of reaching England while that was the case. The Pakenham rudder was completed, which had night and day occupied the carpenters—but the sea ran too high to attempt fixing it. A brig was seen, and hailed: she approached, and the wind moderating, at length a hawser (a rope) was sent on board, which broke in an attempt to wear (turn) our ship. The friendly brig proved to be the "Suffrien," of St. Maloes, from Cape Rouge, in the straits of Belleisle, employed also in the cod-fishery carried on by the French to the injury of our commerce. This may be one reason for the averseness of

these small vessels to approach an English frigate; and the Suffrien, having done so, was the more praiseworthy in her. She did her best to aid us. Some think the Pique wore round at length by the management of the sails, and by sending the whole ship's company to one end of the ship. What joyful acclamations when her head was the right way and Captain Rous relieved from the wretched feeling that we were losing ground and had no help for it! During the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th, the ship was steered by the sails, assisted by cables astern, and we were within five hundred miles of the Scilly Islands. At length the effort was to be made, and the Pakenham rudder fixed.

October 7th.—It is woman's part and portion to suffer, not to act; she therefore requires to be patient in order that she may endure with calmness. Man! noble man!

is born to resist, and in resisting to overcome: active, he braves the danger—his first thought is not only how to meet it, but to overcome it. Happier lot, I thought, as I sat below, with clasped hands, and painfully attentive ear, listening to the united efforts of every male on board towards the accomplishment of our vitally important object of getting down, and fixing the Pakenham rudder before evening; for the weather was at last favourable, and God only knew how long it might remain so. With that false estimate of human power, which the will is apt to give, I had been told that a few hours would be sufficient to fix this much-desired rudder. Oh! how I longed for once to change my sex: how I wished to be bodily, actively employed! Alas! it was fearfully painful to sit and listen. I could only pray: my heart alone could bow, my body could not. I was not sufficiently at

ease to kneel. But time passes, however heavily. It took nearly the whole day to complete the placing of this rudder; the greatest anxiety prevailed: it was at last fixed, and pronounced to work well. None but those situated as we were could judge of how important a relief the certainty of success proved. The night was more tranquilly passed by all —and I dare say sleep visited my eyes more favourably than before. Seldom indeed could I be said to have slept profoundly during the whole voyage, for I well remember, whenever the watch was changed, I was awake to note it, and to hear every word that passed, when the report was made to Captain Rous, whose cot was slung in the only habitable cabin, the dining cabin, next to ours; his own being, as the others were, under water, whenever the pumps were at work, which was every hour during the day and night.

Extract from notes made on board, which as the weather permitted writing, I occasionally made, and I conceive more interesting as written at the time and on the spot.

" Yesterday our rudder was put down, being the first day since its completion on which it could have been shipped: you would be horrified could you peep at us now—to see the state of the beautiful Pique, every cabin's separating walls destroyed. We are sitting in the after-cabin, with the tiller brought through the cabin, the ropes quite round it, so that—as the ship is always rolling awfully, in consequence of her lightness—it is difficult to get across the cabin, without danger of being thrown down by some impediment, not to mention the carpenter's tools, which have been lying about; and whenever the ship rolls, the whole apparatus comes rolling from one side to the other, at the risk of breaking shins, or crushing feet,

should an iron crow, or other implement, come in contact with any unfortunate leg or foot. How we have hitherto escaped fractures I know not; but, God be praised, we have little sickness or serious accident on board, and I here remark that none of our party have ever suffered from sea-sickness. Colonel Craig has been very unwell, but from other causes, and confined to his cabin, which must be truly uncomfortable; and I have not been able to see him, or afford him any consolation for many days, but he bears all this suffering very patiently. The chaplain is also indisposed. To proceed, all the carpets, sofas, and elegancies, gone; our cabins, when the men are at work at the pumps, are generally more or less wet every day, and our meals taken as we best can, holding on.

"I only touch on three comparative trifles *en passant*: here, they are hardly thought of,

and never discussed, though the officers and myself do compare notes as to the variety and additional horrors of the noises, which each night seem to increase. It does my heart good to be sitting now, at the dining-table, writing, while the rest are playing whist, laughing, and really joyous. Wind in our favour—our rudder succeeding, and three hundred and nine miles from Scilly.

"Seven knots an hour is as much as Captain Rous wishes to go, for fear of wearing the rudder or straining the ship in her present leaky state; for several leaks, I understand, have been discovered lately, by our intelligent carpenter, and have been stopped, and I am assured that the ship takes in less water than she did. I named thirteen inches, but it was twenty-three. I had been deceived for kind motives. I believe I do not yet know the extent of our danger—but I forbear to

ask questions now, for often, what is intended to encourage me, sets my imagination at work.

"Last Sunday we received the sacrament, in this cabin; it was a very interesting, and, as you may believe, a very affecting ceremony. None could kneel, but we received it as we could best contrive to do, and we have an excellent and pious chaplain on board. To day has been delicious repose; I have passed it in a comparatively happy manner—that is, I could take my salt-water bath, (for the doors could be kept closed by holding them.) I could read, write, sit on deck, and after dinner, Lord Aylmer and Captain Doyle came into my little boudoir cabin, which is now comfortable again: and we sat looking out of the cabin window, and had a nice chat about Canada—those we had left behind—the present politics there, &c.

All this was enjoyable; it breathed of peace, and calmed the mind: how valuable this, to us poor, forlorn mariners! Our spirits rise again—for our dear rudder works well, and they have ventured the top-gallant sail up again. If this wind lasts, she may make Portsmouth after all, and be under a month on our passage. Three weeks, this day, since we parted,—and what an awful three weeks!"

As I have undertaken to try and remember all that was interesting in our passage across the Atlantic, during our month spent on board the Pique, I ought not to omit mentioning that on one occasion—I think it was on the morning of the 21st when the top-gallant yards were to be taken down, and the orders for so doing were issued, but no one particularly named to execute this very hazardous duty, in the then state of the masts: two young aspirants for glory were zealous

in volunteering for this service, and disputed who should go up first. I heard this mentioned on the day it happened, but I am sorry to say I do not know the names of those young boys; but time will not make me forget the action, any more than the danger which called forth qualities so worthy of British seamen.

From that day of tranquillity to the 12th of October, I could never take my pen in my hand; and I must make out my narrative of events from what I wrote afterwards, and from memory.

On the 8th the wind came from the north-west, and gradually increased to a hurricane: and now I may be said to be describing the most awful part of our extraordinary passage across the Atlantic; and here I must fail. The little day of peaceful calm, which I have described from my journal, was followed by

tremendous weather; and I recur again to those notes made when at anchor off the Casket rocks, where we anchored on the 12th.

"Monday 12th, at anchor off the isle of Guernsey. Very formidable position! here, as a resource against worse, we anchored last night. To recount the variety of misfortunes which have happened to us, on the one hand, and the providential escapes on the other, would be an endless task. Such tremendous nights since I last noted down anything in this curious kind of journal; among our misfortunes, one of the principal chain pumps broke: this was dreadful, at the time, I well remember.—The carpenters tried to repair the mischief, but in vain: it was then undertaken by the sailors, who with various contrivances of oakum, and other materials, succeeded in making the precious pump do its duty again: another testimony this, to the

useful kind of practical knowledge to which a sailor's life leads him. During one of the most awful nights, in point of gale, the newly made Pakenham rudder, our only hope, gave way, and broke short off. This wretched event was, I confess, expected by me, for I had sat below, and watched the rising of the tiller, and irregularity of the rope's motions, which as they were brought through the cabin where we sat, I had full leisure to observe; but I was ridiculed for my fears, and I well remember, when Captain Doyle warned me not to support my feet on the ropes, as I was sitting on the ground, which I often did, when the ship rolled so unmercifully, I answered in a truly desponding voice, 'They will not long be useful to us.' The carpenter came in often, to examine the tiller, and I thought each time his counte-

nance looked more suspicious of all not working well. At last, on his making some observations on the subject of the working of the rudder to Captain Rous, he answered, 'Never mind, don't talk any more about the rudder.' O how unwillingly I went to my swing cot on that night I well remember: I had taken to this as a last resource for getting repose, but in vain; and I may here remark, that such constant sleepless nights added many hours of suffering, when compared with those who, wonderful to say, slept profoundly during most of the long nights which I passed in loneliness. To omit bearing testimony to the consolations which I derived from frequently hearing the most appropriate and beautiful Psalms read to me, would be ingratitude to such divine resource. The happy choice of those so suited to our position was my constant comfort.

I never knew half their poetical beauty before, and I hope I shall not forget them under happier circumstances.* How truly I then estimated everything human! What was the world itself to us out of that ship? and if we did not then make our peace with God, could we ever dare hope to make it? How do we know what the suffering of a death-bed may permit us to do? Surely we ought to value the being capable to the last hour, of reflection and prayer; to a pious and good person, with a self-approving conscience, this in itself is

* Ps. iii. iv. viii. xviii. xix. xxii. xxiii. xxix. xxxix. xlii. xliii. li. lv. lvi.

lxix. in our deep distress, lxxvii.; both appropriate.

xc. xciii. xcviii.; rejoicing and praise; xciii. particularly suited: xcviii. rejoicing: ciii. ditto.

civ. the most beautiful of all.

cvii. particularly suited.

cxxiii. cxxx. cxxxvi. and cxxxviii. quite beautiful.

comfort; and had the distracting noises and motion of the ship been less, I could have imagined death in many a worse form than that in which it was threatening us. And I can look on many hours of my past life, at which I shudder more, as I look back at them, than I do on those which I passed on board the Pique.

"It was on the night of the 9th, that the anxiety about the working of the rudder prevailed: these fears were justified; and during that awful night, as the officer on watch passed my cabin, I lay listening anxiously for his approach. Having counted the bells most regularly, I did not fail to hear when the awful event occurred. *Our rudder gone!* and there we were again in a heavy gale, and the ship's head come to the westward, and within a hundred miles of the Lizard Point. Fearful this! Again the deception was attempted of

being better off without a rudder; but this will not answer twice. However, thank God, the wind was still favourable, and Captain Rous, prompt and energetic as usual, had again recourse to the sails, and the Almighty arm directing us, we actually sailed up mid channel. How often, on that, and every night, were all the anxious heads poring over the chart, as it lay extended on the only table, and under the only lamp in the cabin. It seems that no reliance could be placed on the chronometers after the ship had struck on the rocks, but I believe I have not remarked, among our other mercies, that, however foul the weather, each day at twelve there had been a gleam, so as to admit of an observation being taken, and I am glad I have thought of this circumstance among the other merciful assistance which was given us.

"The night of the 10th was most anxiously passed by all who knew the danger. Captain Rous had a fall about this time, I think, of which, however, he made very light: he remained up on that night.* We had made one hundred and sixty miles in the twenty-four hours, without a rudder; and passing, between the Lizard point on the coast of Cornwall, and Ushant on the French coast, without nearing either, found ourselves last night bearing for the only dangerous rocks in this part of the channel. Wind north, and driving us too much on shore, blowing fresh, when Captain Rous, with his usual promptitude, decided on anchoring off the coast of Guernsey. I shall not easily forget his finger placed on that evening, at the point on the chart where he proposed to anchor, and saying to me,

* On our landing it was discovered that Captain Rous had broken in this fall two of his ribs.

"I will anchor you to night about there." He made all the necessary arrangements: sounded unceasingly, till he found what he considered good anchorage, and then letting out one hundred and forty fathoms of cable, anchored in forty-two fathoms, I believe. So we remained all night, but I cannot say I slept, or felt easy in our position. The rolling of the ship continued, and she was very uneasy. Having out so much cable was considered safer, in order that in her present disabled state she might not strain. And now that I am writing this at two o'clock, P.M., the tide turning in our favour, the men having dined and pumped' which has been done every hour during the day and night since our misfortune, and their well known chorus, to keep time as the poor fellows pump, sounding in my ears pleasingly, and yet producing tears—having done all this business, we are now heaving

anchor, and about to try our fortunes once again. We are about eighty miles from St. Helen's: I pray God we may be there to-morrow. The barometer is rising, the sea calming, and all looks better for us. Another rudder is preparing. All were too sanguine as to the success of our Pakenham rudder, but such seas would have destroyed anything. I have been on deck for the first time for many days, during which the dead lights were all in: the air, though cold, refreshed me; as I am, I confess, beginning to fail. I am very weak in body and mind, hardly able to stand, and sometimes making more alarm for myself than perhaps there is cause for, as I did this morning, before I rose, when I fancied, being alone in my cot, that some strange noise, which I suddenly heard near the pumps, was caused by the leaks having burst and become unmanageable,

and the ship sinking. Such fears of instant destruction are awful at the moment, but my nerves are weakened."

At anchor at St. Helen's. October 17th, 1835. "Since four o'clock this morning, and after a most anxious night, the last ever spent by us on board the Pique, God be praised, we anchored! After a sort of living death of three weeks' duration, the gratitude attending personal safety, is in itself delicious. I have found a corner of the cabin in the midst of confusion, and noises of all kinds; here I have sat quietly down to write, my thoughts fully occupied.

Once again, before I quit this eventful habitation, I write: the brave Captain Rous took advantage of a favourable wind yester-

day, and brought us up through a misty and rainy night to St. Helen's; few went to bed during this most anxious night. It rained hard, but the gentlemen of our party remained round Captain Rous the whole night: it was too exciting for any one to remain below, who could be on deck. I had been particularly uneasy, dreading the darkness, and the chance of our being driven on the many dangerous places on the coast of the Isle of Wight—Captain Rous having at one time an idea of anchoring in St. Catherine's bay: he however did better for us, for he steered by the sails as he had done before, and anchored, at four o'clock in the morning, at St. Helen's!

How can I ever forget the tearful joy of their all coming down to congratulate me, who was lying on the sofa in my small cabin, which I had succeeded in lighting up in

every possible way, in order to banish the terror and nervous excitement I was in, and taking a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, my maid read aloud, to try and draw our attention from the lengthened suspense. The sea was calm, and I had contrived to compose my mind by the reasoning powers of the medical gentleman on board, who had been very kind and attentive to me during our passage. He was an old sailor, and I had some confidence in his reasoning, so I detained him an hour in conversation, which did me much good.

Oh! the joy of hearing them all in the adjoining cabin, taking some coffee, which Captain Doyle had been very busy making; and over this truly delicious repast, as they thought it, they were all talking together, and as happy and joyous as people just saved from destruction could be. Our minor

miseries were, however, not quite over, but all appeared trifling, after what we had undergone.

I shall give a brief detail of our landing. Captain Rous went early on shore, to report himself. Having at day-break telegraphed the sinking state of the Pique, some of the dock-yard people were soon round the ship, and one of them, who came on board to examine her state, on going round one side turned to the head carpenter, and asked if the other side was in the same condition as the part he was then examining, where he found the bolts had sprung, and the whole in a lamentable condition. The carpenter answered "*It is worse, sir, on the other side.*" The shipwright said, raising his hands in astonishment, "*It is enough, do not show me any more; I never saw any ship enter port in such a state.*"

It was expected that a steamer would be sent to tow us into Portsmouth harbour; but in this we were disappointed: but our good friend Captain Rous did not forget us, and the port-admiral very kindly again sent the yacht, she had been once and dismissed; in the expectation that the steamer would arrive, and secure the Pique being safe in harbour early in the day. I began to look anxiously about me, fearing, after all, that our long-discussed, delightful dinner on shore would not take place on that day,—of what this feast should consist had been often the subject of our efforts to raise each other's spirits during our awful voyage, and now that this seemed within our reach, it was not patiently to be borne, and we were quite determined to get on shore, some how or other. The ship was all confusion, our goods separating from those belonging to

Captain Rous, and everything would have appeared truly miserable could we have been ungrateful enough to think anything miserable after what we had escaped from.

At length, to my no small joy, preparations were made for getting on board the yacht; it blew very fresh, and Lord Aylmer requested that the cutter might be lowered, for our getting from the Pique on board the yacht: our minor misfortunes pursued us, for on lowering the cutter the accommodation-ladder was nearly carried away, a few steps only remained, but as I declined having a chair to whip me down, which I always think a nervous operation, I preferred the other mode of descending, and notwithstanding my extreme weakness, we were, with some care, all safely deposited in the boat, and from thence put on board the yacht, and glided from the poor Pique, too thankful that she

had not been our grave. We had been, while on board, towed by boats from St. Helen's to Spithead, where they soon anchored for the night, and we landed at the Custom-house, but were not permitted any kind of privilege, but were obliged to send even our writing-boxes to be inspected. This made us a little angry, but resistance would have been troublesome, and we were too happy to allow any thing to annoy us long, and the keys were given to Captain Doyle; while the rest of our party proceeded in a carriage, sent for us from the George Hotel, where apartments had been taken when Captain Rous landed in the morning,—and it would be utterly impossible to describe the joy with which we took possession of them in the comfortable hotel, and the excitement of that and the following days. Dinner was ordered, and the promised dinner proved as good as we had anticipated

I also found that I could sleep eight or ten hours, and from that moment I ate, drank, and slept, while each in turn seemed to give me additional strength and happiness.

Everybody was kindly anxious and interested in our escape. The following morning we walked down to see the Pique towed past the look out: she was received with hurrahs! Did I not shed tears again at that sound! many and grateful tears they were; and the same tune came to my ear, as the poor sailors were pumping, as the Pique was towed past us; that was the last time I heard those sounds; but shall I ever forget them? never, I believe!

And now how did the scene change! We remained at Portsmouth till Saturday, in the hopes of seeing the state of the Pique, after she should be in dock: I was not sorry for those days of repose, or rather amusement;

we were kindly entertained everywhere; Sir Thomas Mac Mahan's family were particularly friendly and attentive to us, though we had no previous acquaintance with them. We went also in company with Captain Rous, to dine at Mr. Thistlewaite's, at Southall Park,—had the honour of meeting the Duke of Sussex on a visit there: as I sat opposite to his Royal Highness, and saw all sparkling and brilliant in the jewels and plate around me, and looked at the handsomely-arranged and well-lighted rooms, I could not help feeling how delightful a contrast to our position on board the Pique! After all, there is nothing to be compared for comfort or luxury to an establishment at an English country-house,—we may have a national pride in these things, as they are not, I really believe, to be found in the same perfection in any other country. Money is the only thing wanted:

the taste for living well is certainly understood here. These remarks were suggested by my having been many years absent from England before I went to Canada. We were kindly and hospitably received at Admiral Sir Thomas Williams's, who has an excellent house in the dock-yard, which was formerly the commissioner's; we were delighted with seeing the biscuit-baking, and there I had the pleasure of making an acquaintance with one, whom I have continued to like more and more, on every subsequent meeting. I found in this person, what I do sometimes find, a most intelligent, and really interested listener; she made me detail to her the particulars of our passage, encouraged and entreated me to write down and publish these, just in the simple way in which I had narrated them to her; but fatigued in mind, and indolent, for the time, as I really felt, I wanted courage for the exertion.

On our arrival in London, I found my time so entirely occupied with answering letters of congratulation on our miraculous escape—some, indeed, written by persons whom I had not met for twenty years—that my pen had sufficient employment, touching, as of course I was so often obliged to do, on the eventful history of our passage across the Atlantic, in a leaky ship, without a rudder!

Added in the Isle of Wight, August 22, 1837. —Looking over the foregoing sheets, now that I have had the opportunity of paying a visit to the Pique, and recalling to my eye, as well as my mind, past scenes, I again regret the idleness or the shyness which has prevented my having these sheets copied and circulated among those whom interest or

curiosity might lead to desire their perusal. In their present form, they are almost useless; the scrawl I have indulged in allowing myself, will make the perusal troublesome to many; and I cannot bear to explain to a copyist my illegible writing, now that one of our party on board has just perused this statement, and pronounces it to be very correct as to facts, and most interesting to him as to recollections: while another who has read it, being a young connexion in the Navy, seems to think that it can be very well understood; I really do regret that I have kept it so long in my own desk, and I think I will have it fairly copied out, and let it be read by others.

When on board the Pique, I had the pleasure of meeting two of the officers who were on board with us during our voyage; and I was told the following circumstance.

One of these gentlemen said, "*I believe there never were so many persons before saved by a sack of biscuit.*" On my requesting an explanation, he told me, that on the ship's stores being removed after she came into dock, it was discovered, that the water had penetrated the sack of biscuits, and by being saturated with the wet they had swollen, and positively proved a sufficient security against the leak which was discovered to be under this store of bread. I make no comments on this additional proof of mercy, but I record it here. How many other circumstances, trifling in themselves, but full of importance to us, have I not probably omitted, but my tale is already sufficiently long, and I have done!

CONCLUSION.

As there is, or always ought to be, a moral to be deduced from every tale, may we not find one in mine? First, it proves that we never should despair of the Divine assistance under any circumstances, for we cannot know what fate God has prepared for us: next, as woman, I may observe, though we seem privileged to be cowards, by the very weakness of our nature, and that our lives may, in fact, be often of less value to the community at large than those of the other sex, yet we have to admire, and should be grateful for, that attention and care, which is usually bestowed on us, in order to spare our feelings on all occasions where danger is to be appre-

hended; and we should therefore look up to those, who are not only our superiors in natural courage,—as indeed nature herself points out the other sex should be,—but who, while they are themselves aware of the extent of the peril, and meet every difficulty with prompt and proper exertion, guard their language and their countenances from betraying the alarming truth to those whom they would protect and preserve, at the hazard of their own lives. Such moral courage should meet with a suitable return, and to the younger part of my readers I venture to point out these things, for I have seen some of my sex inclined to take for granted, and as a matter of course, that they are always to be considered and saved in any danger, at the risk of life itself to the braver sex: this may be true, but then it should not be forgotten, that such privilege, while it proves to

woman her natural dependence on man, and marks the distinctive relations between the sexes of protector and protected,—this should also suggest that gratitude should be one of our virtues, and that, next to the Almighty, we are often called upon to be thankful to brave and noble men for our safety and consolation in difficulty or danger.

THE END.

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