

The Just Vengeance of Heaven
Exemplify'd. 13,035
4

I N A
JOURNAL

Lately Found by

Captain MAWSON, 

(COMMANDER of the Ship COMPTON)

O N T H E

Island of Ascension.

As he was Homeward-bound from
India.

In which is a full and exact Relation of the Au-
THOR'S being fet on Shore there (by Order of
the Commodore and Captains of the Dutch
Fleet) for a most Enormous Crime he had been
guilty of, and the extreme and unparallel'd
Hardships, Sufferings, and Misery he endur'd,
from the Time of his being left there, to that
of his Death.

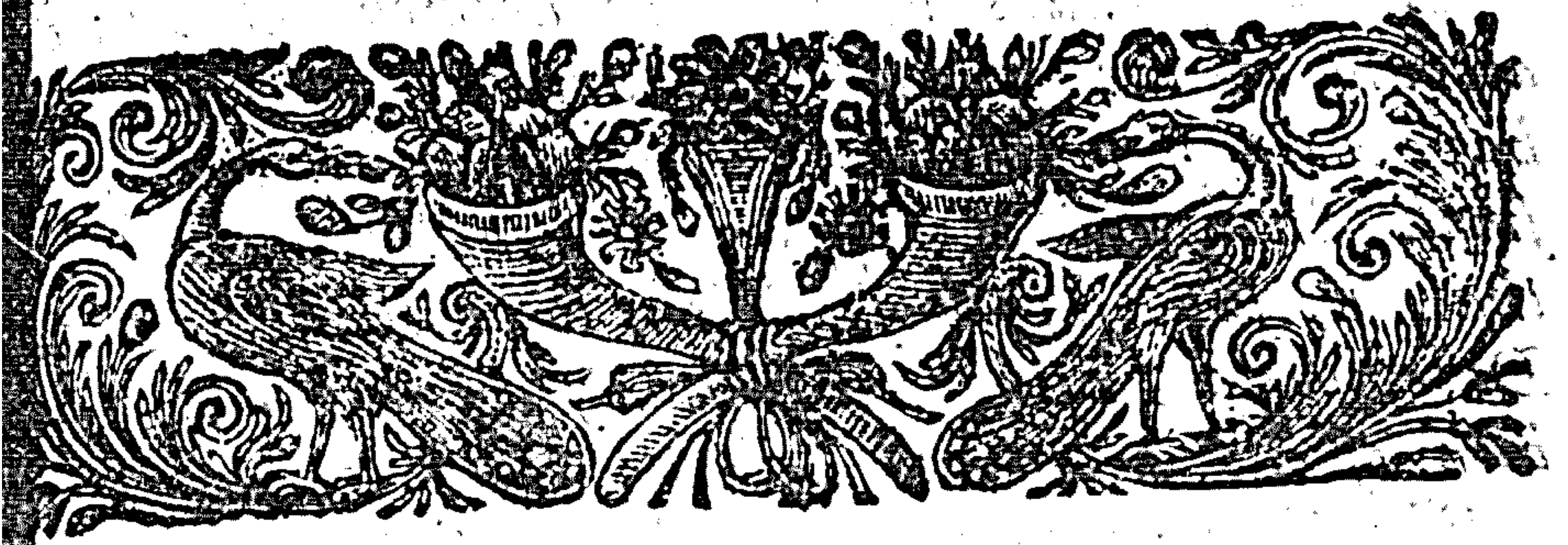
All Wrote with his own Hand, and found lying
near the SKELETON.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. Jenkins in Holbourn, and sold by
the Booksellers and at the Pamphlet-Shops of
Price 6d


1914

A H I

B L



THE P R E F A C E.

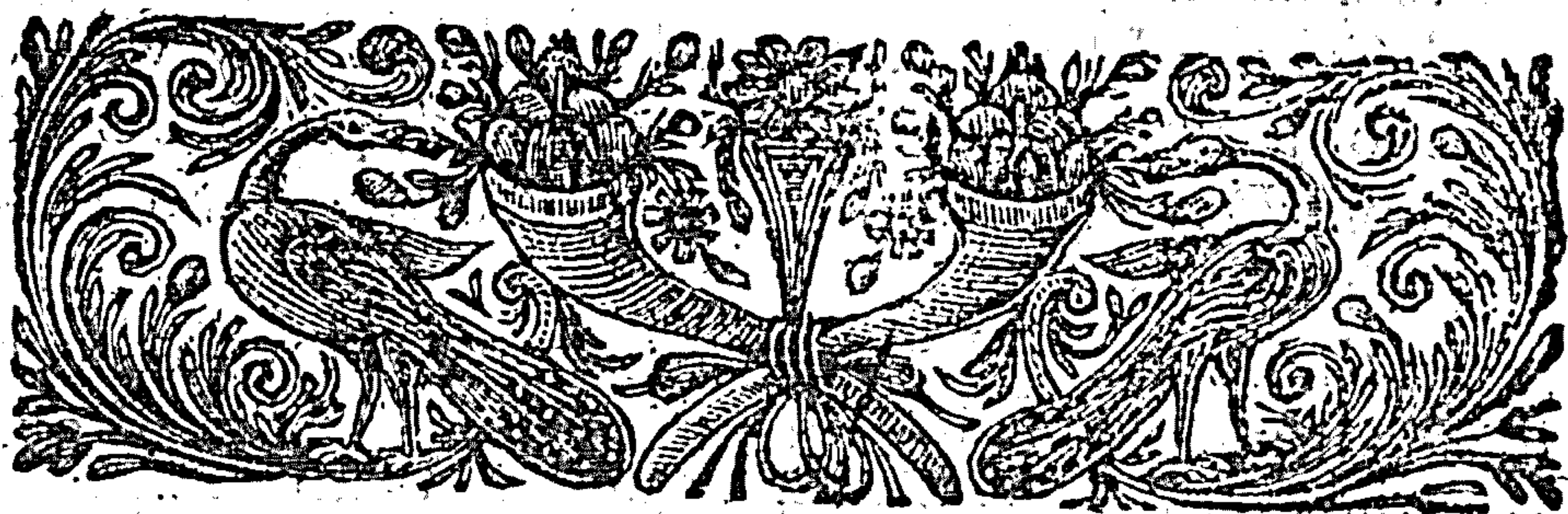
S it is necessary for every one who publishes a Book to make an Apology for what he thinks erroneous, the Publisher begs leave to inform the Reader, that the Person who is the supposed Author of this Journal, by whose Skeleton it was found, was a Sailor, and a Man of a very mean Capacity, as will appear, both by the false Orthography and Grammar, to any one who has Curiosity enough to see the Original. The Publisher has made as little Variation as possible, because he would not in the least deviate from the Original. It may be objected by some who delight in Rhetorical Expressions, that it is penn'd in too low a Stile; but that Objection will certainly be wav'd by every one who gives himself time to consider, that Sailors for the most part are far from being Orators.

The PREFACE.

It may perhaps by some be deemed fabulous on account of the frequent Apparitions mentioned to have been seen by the Author; but a Person of a small Share of Reason will readily account for that, by supposing those Visions to be the Effect of a Distemper'd Brain, occasioned by the violent Torture both of his Mind and Body.

The Copy was left in the Hands of two unhappy Gentlemen confined for Debt, and is now published for their sole Benefit; whoever therefore become Purchasers of this Piece, will not only afford a comfortable Relief to them during their Confinement, but perhaps contribute to their Enlargement.





The Just Vengeance of Heaven Exemplify'd.

BY Order of the Commodore and Captains of the *Dutch Fleet*, I was set on Shore the 5th of *May*, 1725, upon the Island of *Ascension*, which struck me with great Dread and Uneasiness, having no Hopes remaining but that the Almighty God would be my Protector. They put on Shore with me a Cask of Water, a Hatchet, two Buckets, an old Frying-pan, a Fowling-piece, Tea-Kettle, Tarpaulin, Onions, Pease, Calivances, Rice, &c. I pitch'd my Tent on the Beach, and put some of my Clothes on the Sand near a Rock, that I might the better know where to find them again.

On Sunday the 6th I went to the Top of a Hill, to see whether I could discover any living Creatures that were good for Food, or any Greens whereby I might satisfy my raging Hunger; but to my great Sorrow and Confusion found nothing. I began then seriously to reflect upon my mispent Life, and the Justice of the Almighty, who had thought

fit to punish me in so exemplary a manner, for the foul Crimes I had committed; and sincerely wish'd that some unforeseen Accident would put a Period to those Days which my Male-Practices had render'd miserable.

In the Evening I returned to my Tent with much Difficulty, not being acquainted with the Way, walking very melancholy along the Sand, praying to God to further my Escape from this desolate Island. When I was arrived at my Tent I fortify'd it with Stones, and covered it with a Tarpaulin to screen me from the Weather; about four or five o' Clock I kill'd three Birds, called Boobies, which I skinn'd, salted, and put in the Sun to dry, and were the first Birds I killed upon the Island.

On the 7th in the Morning I went to my Water-Cask, which was full half a League from my Tent, and broached it, by which I lost a great Quantity of Water; but afterwards turning the Cask upon its head, with much Difficulty I saved the Rest: I then made a white Flag out of one of my old shirts, which I placed on the Top of a Hill very near the Sea, making my Fowling Peice as Part of the Standard, having nothing so proper, it being rendered intirely useles for want of Powder and Shot, and employ'd my self, the remaining part of the Evening, in carrying Stones to make my Tent the stronger.

On the 8th early in the Morning I took down my Flag, in order to place it on a Hill the other Side of the Island; in my Way thither I found a Turtle, which I killed with the Butt-End of my Piece, and returned back to my Tent to rest my Limbs, still flattering myself that some Ship or other would speedily come to my Deliverance; at Night I removed my Tent to the other side of the Rock, being

ing apprehensive of the Destruction threatned by the mouldring Stones that were impending, and unwilling to be accessary to my own Death, trusting that the Omnipotent would still permit me to see better Days; there was not a more commodious place on the Island where I could have pitched my Tent, which was no small satisfaction to one who laboured under such deplorable circumstances; and what illustrated more the Beauty of Divine Providence, I still enjoy'd my Health; in the Evening I killed more Birds.

On the 9th in the Morning I went to search for the Turtle I had killed the Day before, carrying my Axe with me, and split it down the Back, it being so large that I could not turn it whole; cut some of the flesh from off the fore Finn, which I carried to my Tent, salted, and dried in the Sun; and having a second time screened my Tent with a Tarpaulin, I began to build my Bulwark of Stones about it.

On the 10th in the Morning I took four or five Onions, and a few Pease, and carried them to the South Part of the Island, to find a proper Place to set them; looking carefully all the way on the Sand, in order to discover a Rivulet of Water, or the footsteps of some Beast, by whose Track I might in time find out the place where they drank: I also diligently sought after some Herbage, and after a tedious Walk over barren Sands, Hills, and Rocks almost inaccessible, I discovered a little Purslin, part of which I eat for my Refreshment; and being both weary and thirsty, and having no Water to drink, put the Remainder into a Sack which I had with me; in Return to my Tent I found some other Greens, but not knowing what they were, did not dare to eat of them.

On the 11th in the Morning I went into the country again, and found some Roots which had a Taste not unlike that of Potatoes, but was apprehensive they were not wholesome. I endeavoured to make other necessary Discoveries, but to no purpose, which made me very disconsolate; being almost choaked with Thirst I returned to my Tent, which was situated on the side of a Hill, near which was another Hill of a larger Size, and adjacent to that a Sandy Bay; upon the largest Hill in the Evening I boiled some Rice, being much disordered in Mind and Body.

On the 12th in the Morning I boiled some Rice again, and having eat a small Quantity, offered my Prayers to God for a speedy Deliverance. I then went towards the shore, in hopes of seeing some friendly Vessel approaching, but found none; then walking on the Beach till I was weary, seeing nothing but empty Shells, returned to my Tent; it was my usual custom to walk out every Day, in hopes of a distant View of Ships upon the Ocean, forced by Strefs of Weather to make towards this desolate Island to repair their Damages; afterwards I read till I was tired, and employed the Remainder of the Day in mending my Clothes, and the chief part of the Night in Meditations and dismal Reflections on my unhappy State.

On the 12th in the Afternoon I put the Onions, together with some Pease and Calivances into the Ground near my Tent, to try if they would grow. The 13th early in the Morning went in search of some Sea-Fowls, but found none; in my Return back I found a Turtle, with whose Eggs and Flesh I made an excellent Dinner, boiling them with some Rice, and buried the Remainder that could not be immediately used, for fear the Stench should offend me, the Turtles being of so large a Size, that it is impossible for one Man to eat a whole one
whilst

whilst sweet; I also found some Nests of Turtles Eggs, which I boiled, melting some of the Fat of the Turtle to mingle with them, burning the Remainder of it in the Night in a Sauce-pan, not having a Lamp. On the 14th after Prayers I took my Walk as usual, but finding nothing new returned to my tent, mended my Clothes, and continued writing this my Journal.

On the 15th before I took my Walk I eat some Rice, and then followed my usual Employment, *viz.* the catching of those Birds called Boobies; I afterwards amused myself with reading, and then endeavoured to ease my tortured Mind by a calm Repose. On the 16th and 17th I caught several of the before-mentioned Birds, one of which I kept alive for the space of eight Days, and then died; on the 18th two more; on the 19th and 20th nothing worth Note.

On the 22d I went to the other side of the island to try to make some Discovery, but to no purpose; in the Afternoon made a Line, and fished from off a Rock near four Hours, but had no success; judge then what Anxiety of Mind, what Midnight Horrors I must undergo, whilst the Night is an Emblem of my crimes, and each clear Day renews my Punishment: At my Return my tent was filled with Smoke, and remembering my Tinder-box was left upon the Quilt, I hastened to the Sea-side for a Bucket of Salt Water, and soon quench'd the Flames: I immediately returned. God thanks that all my wearing Apparel, &c. was not consumed, having lost nothing but a Banjan, a Shirt, the corner of the Quilt, and my Bible singed; intreating the Almighty to give me Patience to bear with these my present Afflictions

The 23d I spent the whole Day in admiring the
infinite

infinite Goodness of Almighty God, who had so miraculously preserved the small Remainder of my wordly treasure; and sometimes tortured myself with the melancholy Reflection of the inexpressible Punishments my crimes deserved, well knowing the Wages of Sin was inevitable Death, and that my crime was of the blackest Dye; nor could I possibly form an idea in my Mind of a Punishment that could make the least Atonement for so great an Offence.

On the 24th I walked to my Flag, and returned again to my tent, having caught one Bird only, which I broiled on the Embers and eat.

On the 25th after Breakfast I went to catch Sea-Fowls, then returned to my tent and dry'd them.

On the 26th I repeated my usual Endeavours, in order to descry some Ships sailing on the Ocean, but to my great Disappointment, found my hopes frustrated, neither could find any Fowls or Eggs that day; on the 27th met with the same ill Success. On the 28th I ascended a Hill so high, that had my Foot slipt, I had inevitably been lost, but found nothing remarkable, nor any food wherewith to satisfy my craving Appetite. On the 29th and 30th I met with the same Disappointment. On the 31st I secured the Provisions I had before salted and laid in the Sun to dry. From the 1st to the 4th of *June* it would be useless to relate how often I have strained my Eyes, misled with distant Objects, which the earnest Desire of my Delivery made me believe to be some Ships approaching, the roaring Torrent of the Ocean, intermixed with the Sun's bright Rays, presented to my View a yellow Gloom, not much unlike the Moon, when Part obscured the Streaks of the Element, and every Cloud seemed to me as a propitious Sail; but oh! reflect how dreadful was the

the Shock, when from my tired Eyes the Object flew and left behind sad Scenes of black Despair, when I was put on Shore the Captain told me it was the Time for Ships to pass that Way, which made me more diligent in my Search ; from the 5th to the 7th, I never failed to make my usual Walks, although in View.

On the 8th my Water grew so scanty that I had but two Quarts left and so thick that I was obliged to strain it thro' my Handkerchief, I then, too late began to dig in the Middle of the Island, and after digging 6 or 7 Foot deep, could find no Moisture, I then return'd to my Tent and endeavour'd to make a new Well, but found it impracticable, after having gone a Fathom deep, my Grief was inexpresible to find no Water near to relieve my raging Drought, nor any Vessel present to convey me from this desolate Island, where there is nothing left that can long subsist a human Creature. On the 9th finding no manner of Food, I spent my Time in meditating on a future State, and to appease the Wrath of Him I had so highly offended. On the 9th I boil'd some Rice in the little Water I had remaining ; having little Hopes of any Relief but perishing, I recommended my Soul to the Supreme Governour of all things ; but recollecting that I had formerly heard there was a Well of Water on this Island, whilst I was able to walk, I travelled over Hills and Rocks to the other Side, being determined to leave no place unsearched. After four tedious Hours search I began to grow thirsty, and the intolerable Heat of the Sun made my Life a Burthen to me, but was resolved to proceed, though very faint, and almost dead with Heat and excessive Fatigue ; but God of his gracious Goodness led me to a hollow place in a Rock, from whence
issued

issued forth a Stream of fresh Water ; it is impossible for me to express my great Joy and satisfaction at so agreeable a sight. I drank to that Excess as to almost burst myself, then sat down by the Current for some time, and drank again ; after which Refreshment I returned to my tent, having no Vessel to carry any Water away with me.

On the 11th in the Morning, after returning my sincere and humble thanks to the Maker of all things, I took my Tea-kettle, together with some Rice and Wood, to the place where the Spring was, and there boiled my Rice and eat it.

On the 11th I boiled some Rice for my Breakfast, and afterwards with much trouble carried two Buckets of Water to my tent, my Shoes being worn out, the Rocks cut my Feet in a terrible manner, insomuch that I was often in Danger of falling and breaking my Buckets, without which I could not possibly live.

On the 13th I went out to look for Food, but found none, but chanced to meet with some small Weeds like Birch, which I brought to my tent, and boiled some Rice for my Dinner ; after which I walked to the Sea-shore to look out as usual, but my flatter'd Hopes created in me a deep Melancholy.

On the 14th and 15th I took my Tea-kettle and some Rice to the place abovementioned, and after having refreshed myself return'd to my tent, mended my Clothes, and spent the Remainder of the Day in reading.

On the 16th I took my Walk on the Beach as usual, and with as little Success as ever, then returned to my tent to repose myself, where in the solemn Gloom and Dead of Night I was surprized by

by an uncommon Noise that surrounded me, of bitter Cursing and Swearing, mix'd with the most blasphemous and libidinous Expressions I ever heard : My Hair stood an End with Horror, and cold Sweats trickled down my pallid Checks : Trembling I lay, fearful to speak, lest some vile Fiend, more wicked than the rest, should make a Prey of me ; Food fit for Devils after my Revolt from the just Laws of Heaven : For no Man living but would have thought the Devil had forsok his dark Abode, and come attended by infernal Spirits to keep his Hell on Earth ; being very certain there was not a human Creature on the island except myself, having never observed the Footsteps of a Man since my being there. Their Discourse and their Actions was such, that nothing but Devils could be guilty of ; and one more busy than the rest kept such a continual whisking of his tail about my Face, that I expected nothing less than to be instantly torn to Pieces by them. Among the rest I imagined to have heard a Voice, with which some years before I was acquainted ; it resembling much the Voice of a Friend of mine, with whom in his Life-time I was very conversant. Sometimes I imagined myself to be agitated by an Evil Spirit, which made me apply to the Almighty for succour, and Forgiveness of my sins. I believe it was near three o' Clock in the Morning before this hellish tumult ceased, and then being quite weary and spent I fell asleep : About seven I arose, and returned God thanks for my safe Deliverance, but still heard bitter shrieks near my tent, yet could see nothing ; then taking my Prayer-Book, read those Prayers proper for a Person in my Condition ; and at the same

time heard a Voice, saying, *Bouger, Bouger*: I cannot afford Paper sufficient to set down every Particular of this unhappy Day.

On the 17th I fetched two Buckets of Water, but dreaded the ensuing Night, and interceded that God would not suffer me to be haunted any more with Evil Spirits: I believe my Petition was heard, not being troubled with them that Night. The Day following an Apparition came to me in the Likeness of a Man that I perfectly knew; he conversed with me, and touched me so sensibly in exposing the Diabolical Use of Nature, for which I was then a Sufferer, and sincerely repented of, that I wish'd the Shock would have then ended my miserable Life.

On the 18th, after my Devotions, I went to look out as usual, and took my Hatchet with me, but finding myself disappointed, made all possible Haste to the other part of the island, where to my great satisfaction I found a Tree, which I believe Providence had thrown on shore in some measure to alleviate my present Misery: I divided it with my Hatchet, the whole being more than I was capable of carrying at once: I took part of it on my Shoulder, and having carried it half way to my Tent, laid it down, and rested myself thereon. Alas! how wretched is that Man whose Bestial Pleasures have render'd him odious to the rest of his Fellow-Creatures, and turned him loose on a barren island, *Nebuchadnezzar* like, to herd and graze with Beasts, till loathsome to himself, and spurn'd by Man, he prays to end his wretched Days! His guilty Conscience checks him, his Crimes stare him full in the Face, and his mispent Life calls aloud for Vengeance from on high!

Such

Such was the Case of me unhappy Wretch, which proves the Justice of All-gracious Heaven; and whilst I was resting my wearied Limbs, and seriously reflecting with myself, the Apparition again appeared to me, which gave me Horror inexpressible; his Name I am unwilling to mention, not knowing what the Consequence may be; he haunted me so long, that he began to be familiar with me: After I had rested some time I carried my Burthen to the Tent, and returned to fetch the other part.

On the 19th I went in the Morning to see my Colours, where for some time I fed my longing Eyes with the Ocean, in hopes to see some Ship approaching; but being deny'd so agreeable a Prospect, when Night came on I laid me down to Rest, and found no interruption by those Evil Voices which had before disturbed me; nor heard any thing of them the next Day, which made me hope the Damned had re-assumed their dismal Caves; but when Night came on, to my great Surprize the restless Apparitions grew more enraged, and doubled their Fury, tumbling me up and down so in my Tent, that in the Morning my Flesh appeared like an *Egyptian* Mummy: The Person I had formerly been acquainted with spoke several times to me, nor could I think he meant any harm; for when he was living we were as friendly as Brothers; he was a soldier in *Batavia*: The Sauce-pan was thrown down, the Light put out, and all my things left in a strange Disorder: I then began to hope, that if just Heaven did not think fit to end my present torments, these Punishments would serve as an Atonement for my heinous crimes, in making use of Man to satisfy my
hellish

hellish and ungovernable Lust ; despising Woman, which his Hand had made a far more worthy Object : My Death begins to draw near, my strength decays, and Life is now become an insupportable Burthen.

On the 21st I lifted up my Voice to Heaven, imploring Mercy ; then went abroad to search for Daily Food, but found the Hand of Providence withdrawn ; insuperable Grief and Care oppress'd my anxious Soul ; my Senses were overwhelm'd in Depth of thought, and every moment threatened my Destruction. What Pangs, alas ! do wretched Mortals feel, who headstrong tread the giddy Maze of Life, and leave the beautiful Paths of Life of Righteousness, pleased to increase the number of the Damned.

On the 22d I took my Buckets to fetch more Water to my Tent, which I could not accomplish till the Day was far spent, being forc'd to travel in great Misery bare-footed over the Rocks ; the 23d I spent my Time in Prayer, view'd with eager Eyes the raging Main, and from the 24th to the 27th incessantly continued my Prayers. On the 28th in the Morning I went to see whether my Flag was standing, and after having humbled myself before God, and desired his Mercy and Forgiveness, I returned to my Tent, took my Bedding and some other Necessaries and went to the middle of the Island, where I fix'd a new Habitation in the Cavity of a Rock ; it being much nearer the Rivulet of Water before-mentioned, but to my great Astonishment, when I went to get some, there was not one Drop. I fetch'd a few Eggs and boil'd them in my Tea-Kettle with some of the Water I had left, then went to the South-Side of the Island, where
there

there is a large Hill of Sand and Rocks, upon which I found more Purflin, which I gather'd and put into my Sack, together with some Eggs, I fry'd both, and eat them with a good Appetite; but was oblig'd to return lest I should be belated and not be able to find my new Abode; before I arriv'd at the Rock I was almost dead for want of Drink, and my skin blister'd in a terrible manner with the scorching Heat of the Sun, so that it was ready to peel from my Flesh.

On the 29th I went to the Top of the Hill to look out for shipping; afterwards walking on the Sea Shore, I perceiv'd a Piece of Wood sinking in the Sand, at first I took it for a Tree, but coming nearer I found it to be a Cross: I embrac'd it in my Arms, and pray'd fervently to God to deliver me. I believe there had been a Man buried there belonging to some Ship; in my Return to my Cave my Feet were miserably cut with the sharp Stones, that I had lik'd to have perish'd in coming down the Hill, when I had got to my Tent I rested and then went out again, and in my Walk found a Piece of Glass Bottle with which I descended into a deep Pit, and found some Water of a brackish Taste, so that my Search prov'd of no Effect: As I was returning to my Cave in a disconsolate Manner, bemoaning my wretched Fate, I found some scatter'd Wood, which I made up into a Bundle, and carry'd with me: I was no sooner come to my Cavern, but I heard a dreadful Noise, resembling many Copper-Smiths at work. I went again to get some Greens and Eggs, with which I eat and drank the last of the Water I had left.

On the 30th I went in Search of Water, but could
find

find none, and now all Hopes were lost, a ghastly Skeleton appear'd to me with his Hand uplifted, pointed to his Throat, and seem'd to tell me I should die with Drought.

July the 1st, The Water being dry'd up in every Place where I was used to get it, I was ready to perish with Thirst, therefore offer'd up my Prayers to God to deliver and preserve me as he did *Moses* and the Children of *Israel* by causing the Water to gush out of the Rock, esteeming their sufferings not to equal mine; seeing that I was not only bereft of Food and Rayment, but banish'd from all human society, and left to be devoured by the Birds of Prey, who infest this desolate Island, my Conscience still daily preying on me. Whilst I was rambling up and down in Quest, ascending the top of a Hill, I esp'yd, a great Number of Goats, a Grazing at Distance, which I chased with all the speed I was able, but to my Sorrow found they were too swift for me; I still followed them at a Distance, in Hopes of finding the place where they watered, when, after a long pursuit, I came to a Pit five or six Fathom deep, which I descended, but found no Water; I believe by the Goats frequenting it there is sometimes Water, chiefly occasioned by the Fall of Rain; it is a Miracle to me how the Goats keep themselves alive in a dry Season, since Water is so scarce throughout the whole island. I should long before this have perished, had it not been for a Gallon of Water that I had before preserved, with a full Resolution not to make use of it, unless compell'd by dire Necessity.

I afterwards went to the Strand, but could discover

cover nothing that would be of any service to me: I then proceeded farther up the island, and having ascended a lofty Hill, espy'd a greater number of Goats, with their Kids accompanying them, which I pursued with the like ill Success. As there are so many on the island, it is surprizing I had not discovered them sooner, but believe they give their young ones suck in the Holes of the Rocks, till the Sun has drawn the Moisture thence, then fall out abroad in search of more: Here I found about two Gallons of Water more in a Rock.

July the 4th, I moved my things from my Cave and went to the other side of the island to settle my Abode, being sure there was no Water on this side. I pray'd to God to send a plenteous Rain, but waiting from the 5th to the 8th, found my Prayers ineffectual.

On the 9th, as I was walking pensively on the Sand, half dead with Thirst, I heard a dismal Noise of cursing and swearing in my own Language, during which time a Cloud of Birds obscured the Light of the Sun: On the 10th I ascended another steep Hill, but found nothing but a Piece of Wood, which I took with me to prop my new Habitation. From the 11th to the 18th nothing remarkable happened: On the 19th I went out in search of Water, but found none: I found some Birds Eggs, and brought them home to eat, using my Water very sparingly, which lasted me only the next Day. From the 21st to the 31st Tongue can't express, nor Thought devise, the wretched Torments I endured.

From the 1st to the 3d of *August* I walk'd out with my Bucket, and found a little water which the

Goats

Goats had left in the Hollow of a Rock, which I carried to my Tent. On the 4th I went to the Sands, and found a broken Oar, and three or four small Pieces of wood, which was very acceptable; proceeding a little further I espy'd something which appeared to me at a distance like a House, and calling to mind that I had heard the *Portuguese* formerly inhabited this island, made all the Haste possible thither, and to my great Surprize found it to be a white hollow Rock, in the Cavity of which were some Nails and broken Glass Bottles; these were but of little service to me, therefore I took my wood and went home.

On the 5th I went abroad again to seek for Food, but return'd overwhelmed with Grief and Want; on the 6th I went to the Beach, and observed three or four of the Callivances which I had before set, were coming up, but upon a strict Enquiry found the Vermin had devoured all the rest, which damp'd my former Joy. There has not been half an hour's Rain for the space of three Months, neither is there one Drop of water to be found on the whole island, except what I have preserved in my Cask, and if God of his great Goodness does not speedily refresh the Earth with a plentiful Rain, I must inevitably perish.

From the 8th to the 10th could find no water, therefore endeavoured to prepare myself for that great and terrible Change, which I was sufficiently convinced was near at hand; begging for Salvation through the Merits of my blessed Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*, who shall change our vile Bodies, and make them like unto his.

On the 11th I went to my Tent on the Strand, where I again heard a terrible Noise, but could not
tell

tell from whence it proceeded: I was resolved to go up the Hill to endeavour to inform myself, but saw nothing there but a Cloud of Birds (of which mention has been made before) and am therefore fully persuaded the Noise was made by them.

From the 12th to the 17th I could get no Water, tho' I lost no time in search after it; I had not now above six Gallons left in my Cask, which made me boil nothing, and drink but little. On the 18th and 19th the same; but being near Sun-set, and I a great distance from my Tent on the other side of the island, I lost my way; therefore was compell'd to lay all Night between two Rocks; where I was disturbed with so great a Number of Rats, that I was afraid of being devoured by them, heartily wishing myself on the Strand again.

On the 20th I prayed incessantly to Almighty God to send Rain, then took my Spade and dug two fathoms, but found no Moisture: I viewed the Motions of the Heaven, in hopes to see some friendly Cloud o'ercharged with water, that might disgorge itself upon the barren Rocks, and grant Relief to me in this Distress, but my hopes were vain; then wildly wandered over the sterile Hills, and begg'd the Rocks and Sands might cover me, deeming the Goats that brouzed about the island far happier than that Man whose boundless Lust had been the Occasion of his suffering.

On the 21st I went rambling about the island with my Scoop in hand, but found no Refreshment; the small Quantity of Water I had left being almost exhausted, I was forced to make water in my Scoop, and drank my Urine, thinking it wholesomer than salt Water; I was so extream thirsty that my Lips stuck together.

On the 22d I took a Walk (after having offered up my sacrifice of Prayer) on the Strand, where I found a Turtle, which I kill'd, and drank near a Gallon of the Blood instead of Water, and took some of the Fat and Eggs and fry'd them together, and eat them; but the Blood did not agree with me, neither did it quench my raging thirst, so that I was forced to drink a large Quantity of my Wine.

On the 23d, having no hopes of finding any more Water, I took some of the Turtles Blood, which I had killed the Day before, after letting it settle all Night, which I mix'd with my own Urine and boiled some Tea in it, and thought it far preferable to raw Blood; about four in the Afternoon I returned to my Tent, having nothing to drink but Turtles Blood, but presently was taken so violently with the Flux, occasioned by the Drinking it, that I could hardly stand; this was rather a Satisfaction to me than a shock, hoping the sooner to end my miserable Days, desiring nothing more, I with great Difficulty got to my tent.

From the 24th to the 27th I had no thought of any thing but Death, continuing very ill, but pray'd earnestly that God would put an End to my Misery; the Fowls Eggs no ways relieving my Thirst, I was therefore forc'd to boil me some more Tea in my Urine and settled Blood, there being plenty of the Turles on the island. On the 28th at 3 in the Morning I went out and killed one Turtle with my Hatchet, and put the Blood in my Bucket; there was a great Quantity of water in the Bladder which I drank, it being much better than the Blood, but it did not continue long upon my Stomach. I then Cut off some of the Flesh and carried

carried it to my tent, and being very dry, I boiled Some more Tea in the Turtles Blood, but my Stomach being weak' required greater Nourishment; and the Blood being bitter, proved a strong Emetick, and could no longer retain it. On the 29th I could not sleep, occasioned by a Drought and Dizziness in my Head, which afflicted me to that Degree that I thought I should have run Mad. I once more went to search for Water, but found none.

On the 30th, I prayed to be dissolved, and be with Christ, for most part of the Day, thinking my sufferings exceeded that of *Job*, I being debarr'd the pleasure of human Conversation, sick and had no Relief; Thirsty, and no Drink; Naked, and no Cloathing; my Actions unjustifiable, my Torments inexpressible and my Destruction unavoidable: I tryd to compose my self, after I had pray'd to the Almighty for Rain or that I might dye before-Morning; in the Afternoon I endeavoured to get out of my tent, but could not walk I was so weak, therefore dressed some Turtles Eggs; I had some Turtles Flesh in my Tent, but it was not sweet, but was in such Agony for want of Water, that Tongue can't exprefs; I caught three Boobies and drank the Blood of them.

On the 31st as I was crawling on the Sand, for I could not walk three steps, I espy'd a Turtle, and being so weak that I could not carry my Buckets, I cut off his Head with my Hatchet, then laid myself on my Side, and suck'd the Blood as it ran out; afterwards put my Arm into the Body and plucked his Bladder out, which I crawl'd away with to my Tent, and put the Water into a Tea-Kettle; then returned back and cut it up, in order

der to get the Eggs, in doing of which the Helve of my Hatchet broke; this was still an Addition to my Misfortunes; but I got out some of the Eggs carried them to my Tent and fry'd them, then boiled me some Tea in my own Urine, which was very nauseous to me, but revived me very much.

September the 1st I killed another Turtle; but having broke my Hatchet I crushed it to Pieces and raking among the Entrails broke the Gault, which made the Blood very bitter, but was forced to drink it, or should instantly have died. My Thoughts were bent upon another World, and the ardent Desire to meet approaching Death, both cherished and tortured my departing Soul; drank a Quart of Salt Water, and expecting nothing but an immediate Dissolution; I prostrate, begging to taste the bitter Cup, till oppressed and harrassed out with Care afforded some interrupted Slumbers. On the 3d I awoke and finding myself something better, employ'd my Time in fitting a Helve to my Hatchet and Eat some of the Turtle, which I had killed the Night before. From the 5th to the 8th I lived upon Turtles Blood and Eggs, from the 8th to the 14th I linger'd on with no other Food to subsist me. I am become a moving Skeleton, my Strength is intirely decayed, I cannot write much longer: I sincerely repent of the sins I committed and pray, henceforth, no Man may ever merit the Misery which I have undergone. For the Sake of which, leaving this Narrative behind me to deter Mankind from following such Diabolical Inventions. I now resign my Soul to him that gave it, hoping for Mercy in—

F I N I S.

B  L