

LOSS OF THE BRIG QUIXOTE.

Clement Noel, the mate, and a seaman named Philip Athua, lately belonging to the brig *Quixote*, Bailachete, Master, of Jersey, were landed here from the smack *Three Brothers*, from Havre; and being ill and in distress, were, by desire of the Magistrates, taken into the Hospital of the Poor's Portion, and placed in a ward, where every attention was shown them. Understanding that these men had been in the most imminent danger of their lives, and had suffered very great hardships, we visited them, when Noel, who appeared an intelligent man, gave us, in presence of his shipmate, the following detail:

"They belonged to the *Quixote* brig, the crew of which consisted of nine hands, including the master. Several months since she sailed for Newfoundland; from thence she proceeded to Cadiz, and afterwards to St. Lucie, in Spain, where they took in a cargo of oil for Liverpool. The brig sailed from St. Lucie, on the 23d Oct. and, after being at sea a few days, experienced very bad weather, the brig laboring greatly. The storm continued, with but little intermission, till the 5th December, when the gale increased almost to a hurricane, and they were obliged to leave the vessel to, being then in lat. 48 N. and long. 9, 13 W. After lying to some time, they attempted to scud under the main-topsail, when about half-past six in the evening, being dark, the brig was struck about midships by a tremendous sea, and thrown on her beam ends, the cargo shifting at the same moment. The watch (two men only,) being on the deck at the time, cut away the lanyards of the rigging, and the masts going over the side, the vessel righted, but she was full of water, the hatches having broken up by the concussion.—When the sea struck her, four of the crew were in the fore cuddy, only one of whom was enabled to escape on deck; the other three poor fellows were unfortunately drowned.—The master and our narrator were in the cabin, and with difficulty reached the deck. The brig was now a complete wreck, the fore part being entirely buried in the water; the sea, which was making a fair sweep from stem to stern, was running mountains high, and continually breaking over her. The remainder of the crew, expecting

every moment would be their last, with difficulty held on;—the weather was intensely cold, and they were all completely drenched, and nearly exhausted with their previous exertions. About two hours after the accident took place the master died, and on the following morning another of the crew, worn out with cold and fatigue, after uttering a few feeble expressions, yielded up his breath into the hands of his Maker. The misery and deplorable situation of the four unfortunate men who still clung to life when the morning dawned cannot be described—within a few short hours they had witnessed the loss of five of their companions; the sea was still running tremendously high; they were on a wreck which they expected every moment "the mighty waters" would overwhelm; in addition to which they could procure no food, and their strength wasted by the sufferings they had endured. Trusting, however, that some vessel would descry them, they encouraged each other, and strained every eye over the wide expanse of the horizon, in hopes of seeing a sail; but their hopes were not soon to be realized. On the 9th December another of the crew died, and the remainder, with the little strength they had left, lashed his body to prevent it being washed away, in order that they might feed on it!—being

nearly famished, as they had had nothing to eat since the vessel had become a wreck. On the following day, being driven to despair, they gnawed part of the arm of their dead shipmate; and on the 11th they were again driven to the same dreadful alternative, of either eating a portion of the body, or perishing with hunger;—nature could no longer be sustained without some sort of nourishment. On the 12th the storm considerably abated, but still no relief was at hand; they were getting weaker and weaker, and the body on which they had sustained themselves was become nearly putrid. When the morning of the 13th opened on them, our narrator and another of the remaining three were completely exhausted, and could use no further exertions; they had indulged in that hope which "still deferred makes the heart sick," and they could do no more; they accordingly laid down on the deck with a humble resignation to the Divine will.—Athua, who had yet a little strength remaining, looking over the side, caught sight of a sail, and, in the best manner he could, made a signal, which providentially was noticed by the vessel; she bore down, and proved to be the French brig *Ceres*, bound to Harfleur. They took off the three men from the wreck (being then in lat. 46 0, N. long. 10 30, W.) and treated them with great humanity; but on the 14th one of them died, leaving the two now in this place out of all the crew. On landing at Harfleur, our narrator and his companion, being in a very weak condition, were placed in the hospital, where they remained 17 days, and at the expiration of that period, being somewhat recovered, they were sent here by the British Consul, from which place they will sail by the first ship for Jersey. The poor fellows, though greatly recovered from their famished condition, still remain weak. They said in our presence that they had not wanted for any thing since they had been under the care of the Governor and Guardians. Lieutenant Derriman, the Governor, instantly consented to their admission into the house, and, with the true characteristic of a British sailor, ordered them to be taken the utmost care of—commiserating their misfortunes, and endeavouring, by giving them all the comforts the establishment afforded, to alleviate their distress."— *Plymouth Herald*.