

thirty-seven persons, strove to check this flow,— some working the pump, others dipping water with buckets, while still others threw overboard the cannon and the Ship's cargo; but with all their efforts they could not overcome that torrent of water, and it soon sank the Vessel. As they were intending to fish, they had lowered three Shallops, into which they leaped without being able to take any provisions with them,—only a little brandy being saved, as we were told. Behold them, then, with no biscuit or fresh water, in three small boats floating at the mercy of the winds, and of the waves which had just swallowed up their Ship. They saw nothing but Sky and sea, being more than a hundred leagues from the nearest land. One of these three Shallops became separated from the two others in the night, or in some storm, and we do not yet know what became of it. The occupants of the two others, having recourse to vows and prayers, appealed to the most holy Virgin, as to the [III] usual refuge of poor forsaken mortals. Thirteen days they pursued their way over those watery depths, accomplishing about three hundred and forty leagues, eating nothing, and drinking naught but a mere drop of brandy,—often contenting themselves, as some say, with wetting a stick in that liquor, and sucking it twice a day as their sole nourishment. I know not which is more marvelous, their living so long without eating, or their continuing so many days on the broad Ocean without perishing. When they felt their strength ebbing away, they talked of drawing lots to see which of them should serve the others for food. One of the number, who was rather stout and fleshy, said to them: “Do not resort to chance; I see no one in the