

company better able to afford you nourishment than myself." At this juncture a sea-turtle appeared near their Shallops. They seized it, dragged it in, and sucked its blood, which sustained them for some little time. When the strength derived from this cold nutriment had passed away, they again talked of drawing lots to decide who should be eaten by the others. All agreed to this. [112] Finally, the lot fell to that good, stout youngster who had already offered himself. "There," said he to them, "did not I tell you that it was God's will that you should eat me?" There was the victim, then, all ready; but as the French are not Savages, their abhorrence of eating human flesh,—and raw at that (for it will readily be believed that they had neither wood nor fireplace),—made one of them climb to the mast-head, to take as wide a view as possible of the sea. By good luck, he saw a Vessel, and cried out, "A Ship, a Ship! I see a Ship!" At that word, all began to breathe new life; and they made straight for that Vessel, whose crew were greatly surprised at seeing so many men. The Frenchmen fell on their knees, and prayed that their lives might be saved. The others were Englishmen, who at first objected to receiving them, saying they had not enough food for so many. The French implored them, with clasped hands, only to give them daily a piece of biscuit as large as one's thumb, to keep them from dying. Some English women on board this Vessel threw themselves at their husbands' feet, and besought them [113] to take pity on those poor shipwrecked men,—offering even to fast a part of the time, for their sake. The men, moved by these good women's tenderness, received the suppliants;