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**A B S T R A C T**  
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**Conful *Dean's* NARRATIVE.**

*This poor Man cried, and the Lord heard him ; and saved him out of all his Troubles. Psalm xxxiv. 6.*

**M**R. JOHN DEAN, Commander of the *Nottingham Galley*, an hundred and twenty Tons, and fourteen Men, sailed *September 25, 1710.* for *New England* ; but meeting with contrary Winds, and bad Weather, discerned not the Land, then covered with Snow, till the 11<sup>th</sup> of *December* ; and then soon lost Sight of it again by a Fog and hazy  
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Weather. About eight or nine of the Clock that Night the Ship struck, with great Violence, against a Rock, called *Boon-Island*; upon which, having cut away their Shrouds, and the Masts being broke by the Violence of the Sea, those who could swim, having committed themselves to the Mercy of God in a short Prayer, flung themselves into the raging Element, and with great Difficulty got up the Rock, being sorely bruised by the Waves dashing them against it; and particularly, this was the Case of the Captain, who very narrowly escaped drowning, being obliged to catch hold of the Rock with such impetuous Force, as tore off the Flesh and Nails from his Fingers: However, it pleased God, that though the Night was exceeding dark, and the Storm violent, there was not one Life lost. But being got together about ten that Night, with joyful Hearts they returned their Thanks to God for their marvellous Deliverance: Upon which, in vain they look'd for Shelter from the Extremity of the Cold, Snow, and Rain; for the Rock was a mere Rock, without a Shovel-full of Earth, or a single Shrub growing upon it; not exceeding an hundred Yards in Length, and in Breadth, fifty, at high Water; and so very craggy, that they could not walk on it to keep themselves warm.

Next

Next Day the Captain went to the Place where the Wreck was, hoping to find some Provision; but met with nothing eatable but a few Pieces of Cheese, which, in the Whole, might amount to about two whole Cheeses. After many Attempts to get Fire, for eight or ten Days together, they found it impracticable; the few Materials they had being so much wetted by the Sea.

The second Night, they stowed one upon another, under some Canvas, if possible, to keep each other warm.

The third Day proved a clear Frost; when the Master began to be sensible where they were; and gave the Men all the Encouragement that he could, though he had very little Hope in himself; it being a Season of the Year when very few Vessels, if any, came that way.

The fourth Day the Cook of the Ship, not much used to the Hardships of the Sea, made great Complaints, and, about Noon, died; and they placed his Corps near low Water-Mark; and the next returning Tide carried it away.

The Master's Work, all this while, was to dress the Wounds of such who had Hurt from the Rock, or who had Ulcers arising from the Extremity of the Cold.

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The first Enterprize of Moment, was the erecting of a Tent, which they cover'd the best they could, with Sails and old Canvas.

The next Work was, an Attempt to build a Boat out of the Timber and Plank, collected from the Wreck; and after great Pain, and much Difficulty, they finished a small one, which they had no sooner launched, but it was dashed to Pieces by the swelling of the Sea. With the Boat they lost their Ax and Hammer, and very narrowly escaped drowning themselves.

By this Time their little Stock of Cheese was consumed, and nothing left to support them, but a little Rock-Weed, and a few Muscles, of which they had but three a Day for each Man, they were so very scarce.

Their next Work was to build a small Raft; upon which two Men venturing, were presently cast away, and one of them found, about two Days after, with a Paddle in his Hand, about a Mile distant from the Raft, which was drove ashore.

Their Necessity, with respect to Water, was pretty well supplied with Rain, and melted Snow; and in frosty Weather, with Ice, which was fresh, though congealed by salt Water. But Hunger was so exceeding  
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sharp, and all Provision now spent ; towards the latter End of *December*, the Carpenter dying, a young Gentleman, though delicately educated, was the first that proposed converting the human Carcass into the Matter of their Nourishment, with which, after great Debates, and much Reluctance, they all, at length, complied ; and continued eating this dreadful Provision till the second of *January* ; when the Master, to his great Joy and Surprize, saw a Shallop standing directly towards the Rock, under a brisk Gale of Wind : About Noon one of the Men came on Shore from the Shallop, and brought some Fire with him, but no Provision ; and the Weather being exceeding bad, the Shallop was obliged to weigh Anchor, and leave them that Night, with a Promise of coming the next Day better provided to carry them off. You may easily imagine they spent that Night, and the next Day (when no Shallop returned) between Hope and Despair ; though somewhat more comforted, as having now a little Fire.

In the Midst of this Extremity, and when all their Provision was so far spent as to be allotted for the next Meal, on the fourth of *January*, in the Morning, whilst at Prayer, they were surprized with the Report of a Musket ; and looking out, saw

a Vessel come to take them in, by which, that Day, they were carried up the River, and comfortably provided for by the Generosity and Benevolence of some worthy Gentlemen.

Upon which, in some Time, upon taking proper Physick, and limited Diet, they all recovered; though every one except the Master, by the Extremity of the Cold, lost the Use of Fingers or Toes; and particularly the Master's Boy lost the Use of his Feet.

This was the great Salvation which this pious Gentleman desires should be commemorated; and as it was altogether the Doing of the Lord, and at that Time exceedingly marvellous in their Eyes, so he is concerned that the Mercy should not be forgotten; but from Year to Year, be acknowledged with suitable Gratitude and Praise. Let us then join with him, who, I doubt not, is employ'd this Day in the same Service, saying, Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Praise, be to thee, O Lord, the great Creator and Preserver of Men; who was pleas'd to have Pity on thy Servant in his low Estate; and when many Sorrows compass'd him about, and Death, in every Shape, presented it self in the Time of his Extremity, thou hast made  
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bare thine Arm for his Salvation. We laud and magnify thy Name, and give thee that Glory which is thy Due; who hearest the Cries of the Humble, and savest him out of all his Troubles. To thee be Glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*F I N I S.*

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E R R A T A.

**P**A G E 50. Line 10. read, *furnished to be the Finisber, as he is to be the Author.* P. 81. last Line, for *the* r. *their.* P. 108. l. 19. for *do* r. *to.* P. 122. l. 28. for *Ears* r. *Ear.* P. 133. l. 28. for *aware* r. *were.* P. 135. l. 18. for *Saints* r. *Saint.* P. 156. l. 11. for *upon* r. *unto.* P. 196. l. 1. for *marvelous* r. *miraculous.*