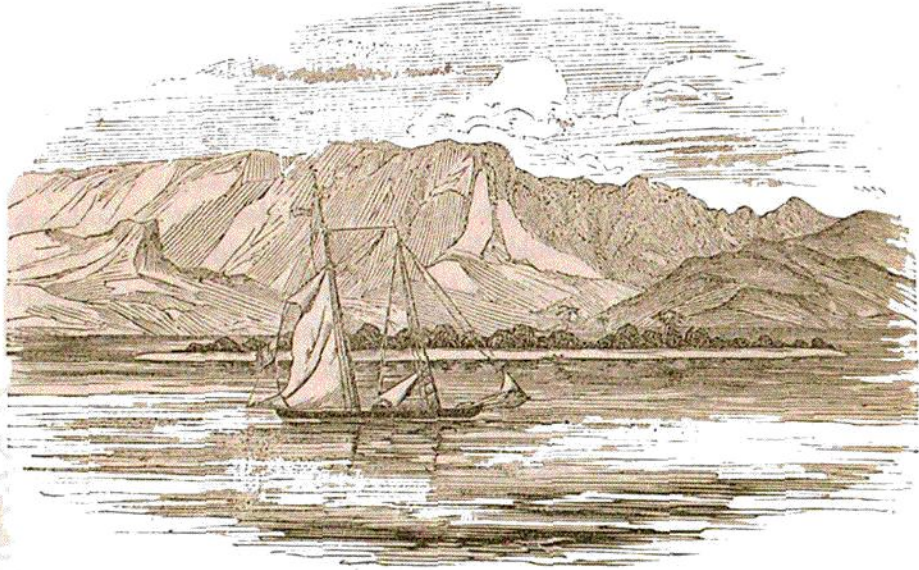


on shore to select a place, and dig a common grave for both the victims. About nine o'clock they came off, and reported to me that all was ready. The bodies were now placed in my gig, side by side, wrapped in their country's flag, and I pulled on shore, followed by Mr. Sinclair and the officers in the tender's boat.



HENRY'S ISLAND.

Only twenty sailors, (all dressed in white,) with myself and officers, landed to pay this last mark of affection and respect to those who had gone through so many toils, and shared so many dangers with us, and of whom we had been so suddenly bereaved. The quiet of the scene, the solemnity of the occasion, and the smallness of the number who assisted, were all calculated to produce an unbroken silence. The bodies were quietly taken up and borne along to the centre of the island, where stood a grove of ficus trees, whose limbs were entwined in all directions by running vines. It was a lonely and suitable spot that had been chosen, in a shade so dense that scarce a ray of the sun could penetrate it.

The grave was dug deep in the pure white sand, and sufficiently wide for the two corpses. Mr. Agate read the funeral service so calmly and yet with such feeling, that none who were present will forget the impression of that sad half hour. After the bodies had been closed in, three volleys were fired over the grave. We then used every