

**AN ACCOUNT OF THE WRECK OF H. M.
SLOOP "OSPREY": WITH THE
ENCAMPMENT OF HER CREW, AND
THEIR MARCH ACROSS THE ISLAND OF
NEW ZEALAND: BLENDED WITH MORAL
AND SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS**

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HENRY MOON

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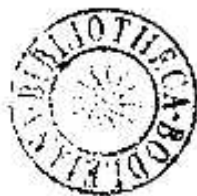
BY
ONE OF HER CREW.

"For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when
Thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not
come nigh unto Him."—Psalm xxxiii. 6.

Landport:

PUBLISHED BY ANNETT AND ROBINSON.

1858.



EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE preparation for publication of this "Memoir of the Loss of the *Ocepsy,*" has been undertaken, at the request of the friends of the Compiler, for the benefit of his Widow, who is left in indigent circumstances.

Care has been taken, where correction was necessary, not to alter the style of the language generally used by the writer, who, though one of the humbler classes, and probably self-taught, exhibits, in his mode of expression, not only a cultivated mind, but a mind deeply imbued with, and responsive to, the poetry of religious truth; and a piety, which, being the sure work of the Holy Spirit, only shone brighter in the hour of trial and in the days of adversity.

His observations on, and description of the manners and customs of the New Zealanders, and of the scenery of that beautiful Island, are very remarkable; and a phenomenon in its natural history, but little known, yet

verified by Professor Owen, relative to the transformation of a caterpillar into a plant, has not escaped his observant eye and enquiring mind.

God's mercies and blessings, *because they came day by day*, and were "new every morning," were not lost upon him, but were always *most thankfully* acknowledged.

In the hope that his bright example may be made influential on the hearts of those for whose spiritual good he yearned, and for whom, to the day of his death, it may be said, his language was, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for *Seamen* is, that they might be saved," this Memoir is published. In death, as in life, *his* voice may be heard *by them*, exclaiming, "Be careful for nothing, but *in every thing*, by prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep *your* hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv. 5, 6.

PREFACE.

IN the publication of this work I may be treading on dangerous ground, but it was the wish of my shipmates that it should be published. In detailing the various circumstances relative to the loss of this beautiful and most efficient vessel, the truth has been strictly adhered to. The catastrophe and subsequent occurrences shew the goodness of God's all-seeing wisdom, which has been exercised in countless instances. I have endeavoured to blend such repeated mercies, which must have been evident to the most thoughtless of its objects, with our daily employment on a barren sand; how far I have succeeded I leave to the indulgent reader. And now I launch this my literary first-born on the sea of existence, leaving it to battle the waves of opinions as may best please its various readers; and I can only hope, that, unlike the *Osprey*, the bar of censure may not thwart its humble course.

LINES ON H.M. SLOOP "OSPREY."

Oh! mark the gallant *Osprey* careering o'er the sea,
She cleaves the waters swiftly with her bow of symmetry;
And far to leeward flies the spray, beyond her curls the foam,
She sails majestic o'er the deep, the ocean is her home.
On deck, a hundred gallant souls her triumph seem to share,
As, onward to her destin'd port, she speeds like frightened hare;
Old Albion's shores are dimly seen; the Lizard lights, afar,
Beam on her wake, and quickly fade, like morning's brilliant star.
But mark, alas! the mournful change, that gallant vessel view,
That late in conscious pride had borne her brave and hardy crew;
False Hokianga's treacherous bar has wreck'd her sylph-like form,
On which the surf loud roaring beats, discordant howls the storm,
And, shrieking wild around her wreck, their course the sea-mews
 wend,
As if in triumph at her fate, exulting in her end:
No more she'll brave the raging gale, or mount the crested billow,
Her course is run, her trial's* o'er, the beach her last sad pillow!
And so with thee, poor BENTALL;† from England's shore you
 came,
Thy heart beat high with joyous hope, for honour and for fame;

* One of the experimental brigs.

† Lately promoted to lieutenant.