

“already dead.” He had brought a glass, and some water and drops in a phial, which he poured out instantly, and forced down her throat; then giving me some salts to hold to her nose, he proceeded to bleed her. Her arm had not bled long, before she began to revive; never was agitation equal to mine! I was on one knee behind her, to prevent her sinking; and when I perceived she had motion, I was myself ready to faint; I began to tremble at the thoughts of her seeing me, as much as if I had been the occasion of her accident, instead of the fortunate means of preserving her life. The moment her sense was restored, she fixed her eyes upon the servant, and

VOL. II

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with

*James Oglethorpe*

*Handwritten note in the right margin, partially obscured by a large circular scribble.*