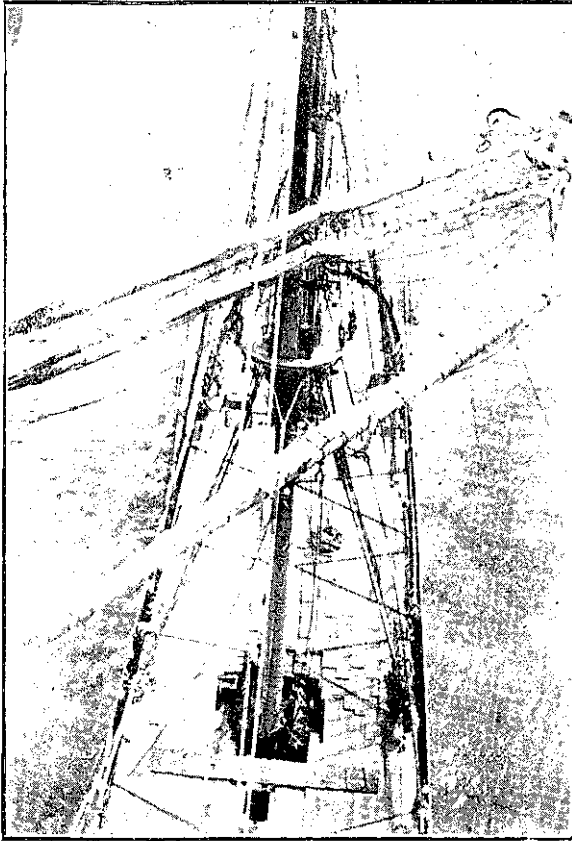


Captain Trent came up on deck and called out for me. 'She won't clear Cape Cod with this breeze, Mr. Frost,' he said, 'we shall have to take in all sail and let her drift.' 'Why not try and run for New York, captain, if you can't make Boston?' I asked. 'What! and get in among Nantucket shoals with an unmanageable ship. No; not me! We'll just let her drift, and wait till

and the steamboat captain brought his craft close alongside and stopped. She was a good-sized cargo-boat, called the 'Crescent City,' and bound from Galveston to Boston. Her skipper was looking quite jubilant to think that he had found a lame duck drifting around; and leaning over his bridge rail, he shouted out: 'Do you want any assistance?' All the steamer's



D. Macdiarmid

A View from Aloft.

Photo.

a steamer comes along and picks her up, and if she drifts into soundings, we'll have to anchor and trust to luck and fine weather!'

'Well, we furled all the sail there was left and waited, then, sure enough, before long we sighted a steamer, and as soon as they saw us the steamer's course was altered a little, and she made straight towards us. The weather was fine,

crew who were not on duty below crowded to the bulwarks to listen to the bargaining, and speculate on the amount of salvage money that would fall to their share. 'What will you tow me to Boston for?' asked Trent. 'Make it a low figure, because we've no cargo—nothing but sand ballast in the hold.' 'Oh, I'll tow you in for ten thousand dollars, captain; that's a fair