

were all on deck awaiting orders, quite aware of their danger. It was blowing a hard gale with a big following sea, and I saw a tug and pilot-boat trying to come off to us, but they couldn't face it, but had to turn back. It was summer time, and crowds of people were grouped on Nantasket beach, watching the ship as she approached the harbour.

"It must have been a grand as well as an unusual sight, to see a big two thousand ton ship, with smashed and battered sides and bulwarks, and with only her foremast left standing, flying dead before the gale in towards the harbour mouth at the speed of thirteen miles an hour! On she flew, two men with sweat-streaming faces, heaving the wheel over to keep her straight, as the mountainous following seas lifted her stern high in air, and then raced forward along her sides to break in a thunder of foam amidships as they passed under! Captain Trent, watching every swoop and swing of her dripping bows, stood by the wheel directing the steering. He knew Boston harbour well, but without the help of sails on the main and mizenmasts it was impossible to sail her through the main channel, so he headed the ship for the Black Rock Passage, which is seldom used except by small vessels in fine weather. It was narrow and exceedingly dangerous, and to take a big, crippled ship through in a heavy gale required great nerve and skill.

"With clanging trusses and straining canvas the ship came sweeping round Hull Point, and into the comparatively smooth water of Black Rock passage. Here Trent grasped the wheel himself, and sent one of the helmsmen forward to assist me

with the sails, as we were very short-handed. Then, with rocks and broken water close alongside, on she flew through the passage, where, had she struck, she would have torn her bottom out, and sank or capsized in the swift current, but Trent rushed her clear through into the open bay, and then shortening sail he ran her in behind Deer Island and dropped anchor.

"After the ship was safely anchored, the steam pilot-boat came alongside and hailed us. 'You came in through the wrong channel, Captain!' shouted the pilot. 'Well, I guess I'm not going out again to come in through the right one!' retorted Captain Trent, who was not without some humour.

"When the gale moderated, several hours later, the 'Crescent City' came steaming slowly in through the main channel, and as she passed the 'Oregon' the steamer's crew clustered at the rail, staring in amazement at the lame duck that had flown away from them in the night, and threaded her way through a narrow, dangerous channel that even the local pilots dreaded to navigate in fine weather. Of course the ten thousand dollar bargain didn't hold good, because the tow-rope had broken, and only Captain Trent and myself knew why it broke.

"The Salvage Court certainly awarded the 'Crescent City' nine hundred dollars for towing the 'Oregon' to windward of Cape Cod, at the same time Captain Trent saved himself and the other owners of the 'Oregon' over nine thousand dollars by his smartness and skill, and considering the risk he took, I guess he deserved all he saved."

