

ebb tide had begun to run strong, and meeting, not only the ocean waves, but an opposing wind, in a short time formed breakers which completely enveloped the ship. These breakers soon stove in the first cutter, and rendered her useless. Such was the fury of the sea, that it was with great difficulty Lieutenant Emmons reached the ship, and the boat was secured.

With every sea the ship lifted and struck heavily, and much solicitude was therefore felt lest it should be impracticable to get the launch afloat; but no boat could have lived alongside of the vessel for more than a few moments.

The lighter spars were now sent down, and the pumps were rigged; every exertion was made to save the masts and lower yards, by which the launch might be hoisted out as soon as the sea would permit it.

Captain Hudson, finding that the ship was leaking badly, ordered the watches in gangs to the pumps, which were thenceforward kept in action until the vessel was abandoned. Every possible exertion was made to bring the ship's head to the sea, but without much effect, for the rudder was soon disabled in consequence of the iron tiller being broken off. The rudder was thus left to thresh about with such violence as to threaten to tear away the stern-frame.

At last, by heaving the shot overboard, and starting the water, the ship was so much lightened that, by means of the larboard anchor, which had been cast free of the ship, she was hove round with her head to the sea. At low water, which occurred about dark, there was only nine feet depth of water alongside. At 8<sup>h</sup> 45<sup>m</sup> the chain-cable parted, the ship was again thrown broadside to the sea, and began again to strike heavily.

At 11<sup>h</sup> 30<sup>m</sup> it was high water; at 1 P. M. the sea was rapidly increasing; and at 2 A. M., the breakers were making a continued breach over the vessel, by which the bulwarks were stove in, and the spar-deck flooded. The water was knee-deep on the gun-deck, and the shot-lockers were buried in it. The night passed heavily, with little hope of the ship's holding together till morning. At last the day dawned, and with the coming light, and at the extreme fall of the tide, the sea providentially abated.

At six o'clock in the morning, a large canoe boarded the vessel, manned by a crew of Chinook Indians, and having on board old Ramsey, the pilot, with a coloured boy belonging to the Vincennes, of the name of John Dean. The latter, who had been left by me with Mr. Waldron at Astoria, had persuaded Ramsey and the Indians to come off, for the purpose of rendering assistance. The launch and boats were also hoisted out, a few provisions put in them, and a part