

About noon the pilot & Capt. M. went aboard the Martha. While there the wind hauled some enabling both ships to work well up to the land. They determined to make the attempt to get in at once, as it looked like a bad night outside. As we were the nearest the passage, we had the first chance. Capt. Smith, however, said his flying jib boom would be over our taffrail all the way in. About 5 P. M. the pilot came aboard of us. We tacked twice before we could fetch the passage, the Martha followed each time. At last a squall passed over that enabled us to head in on a tangt bow-line. This was risky. The Paragon was lost in this same passage, and under nearly the same circumstances, that I have before mentioned. But we were ready for an emergency. Our ground tackle was all ready to let go, and a kedge got up to be used in warping off. The passage into the harbor is through a reef, and is about a half dozen ships length, and cannot be safely performed with the wind from the westward. The wind was very unsteady, coming in squalls from the N. & W. Just as we got through the passage the passage a sudden puff struck us aback, when every thing was let go and clewed up; our larboard bow left the bow finding bottom at 40 fathoms.

The Martha was close behind us. I could see Capt. Smith standing on the fore topmast cross-tree coming the ship. Every eye in our ship was on her. As she neared the reef the wind knocked her off two points. We expected to see him tack and go to sea, but we were mistaken. On he came, braced up sharp on the wind, with his topgallant sails nearly aback. They could not weather us, and to attempt the passage between the reef and us was madness. Capt. Smith cried out at the top of his voice, "Where's your rocks?" The pilot waived his hand to keep off. On she came at a fearful rate, till she got into green water, with the breakers almost under her jib-boom. Capt. S. now saw the situation he was in, and cried out like a stentor, "Heard up your wheel, square in the main yard." I never saw a ship work prettier. She wore short round on her heel, and the next minute was standing off on the other tack with a raze full, their chance of setting anchor watches that night being small indeed. Our next job was to shift our berth farther up the harbor which we accomplished by kedging, in the midst