

The Centaur laboured so much that I had scarce a hope that she could swim till morning.—However, by great exertion of the chain pumps and baling, we held our own, but our sufferings, for want of water were very great, and many of the people could not be restrained from drinking salt water. At day light the 19th, there was no vessel in sight, and flashes from Guns having been seen in the night, we feared the ship we had seen the preceding day had foundered. Towards 10 o'clock in the forenoon the weather grew more moderate, the water diminished in the hold, and the people were encouraged to redouble their efforts to get the water low enough to break a cask of fresh water out of the ground tier, and some of the most resolute of the seamen were employed in the attempt: at noon we succeeded with one cask, which was a seasonable relief.

All the officers, passengers and boys, who were not of the profession of seamen, had been employed thrumming a sail, which was passed under the ship's bottom, and I thought it had some effect. The sheers were raised for the foremast; the weather looked promising, and the sea fell; and at night we were able to relieve at the pumps, and baling every two hours.

By the morning of the 20th, the fore hold was cleared of the water; and we had the comfortable promise of a fine day—it proved so, and I was determined to make use of it with every possible exertion. I divided the ship's company, with the