

disabled steamer ashore. The result of our delay on the sandbar was the saving of the lives of fifteen helpless men.

After rescuing the *Fortune Hunter* we proceeded on our journey for Dutch harbor, on one of the Aleutian islands. That night the equinoctial storm commenced its pranks in that almost unknown sea. Our captain had only once before been over the route, but our only dependence was upon him. The billows rolled like mountains; the space between was like valleys, while the ship was tossed about in every direction. Nearly all the passengers were seasick, and the vessel was a desolate, dreary-looking object.

The detention on the sandbar had caused us to run short of both water and provisions. During the storm the crew cursed, and threw up the little they had eaten. No wonder! for the food provided for both passengers and crew was unfit to set before human beings. The cooks were filthy in their habits, and the vessel was overrun with rats. The appearance of the food indicated that they had free access to everything edible on board.

Early in the morning of the fourth day out from Guluvan Bay, we were surprised to find ourselves drifting among the Aleutian Islands, fully fifty miles out of our course. Every time the vessel plunged down into the great valleys of water, we expected to be dashed upon the numerous shoals, which we were surely rapidly approaching. Our captain was a courageous fellow, and was reported to be one of the best sailors of the Pacific ocean. He did not appear to be at all frightened, but was very solicitous regarding our possible peril. By heaving the lead and examining his charts, he soon found his bearings, and breathed easier, as did we all, when he turned the vessel about, and continued on the proper course.

Before noon we were safely landed in Dutch harbor, where we took coal and remained until the terrible gale had somewhat subsided. After we landed, both captain and crew declared it was the most terrific storm in all