

have been the result, especially serious because of the fact that there was no place on board where clothes could be dried.

Still the gale grew worse, until it seemed almost a hurricane. Day after day went by with no sign of a break in the storm. The rain and sleet, with occasional scurries of snow, fell almost incessantly. And even without the supply from the clouds, the air was filled with flying spray. As the ship, hove to, was struck on the buff of the bow by the charging billows, the water was dashed into the air to a fearful height. What seemed to be a solid wall of water, could frequently be seen over the fore-topsail yard by one standing on the quarter-deck. When the storm was over the rigging was found coated with salt to the very trucks.

But it was not over yet. The fury of the gale, and the tempestuous sea made it imperative that something more should be done to protect the ship from the great combers which were now sweeping her decks with increasing frequency. The efficacy of oil upon the troubled waters was tested. Large canvas bags were filled with oakum soaked with wave-oil, which was carried for the purpose. These were attached to lines and thrown overboard at different points. The oil as it leaked out, and spread over the water in the vicinity of the ship, proved wonderfully effective. For the distance of about a rod from the ship the water became smooth, and for a while no more combers came aboard. Of course the oil had no effect upon the huge fundamental waves, so the ship still pitched and rolled as before. There was as yet no let up to the gale. Indeed, the wind now began to work more into the Southwest, and to gather fresh energy for a final onslaught. For two full weeks it had been blowing from the West, and now with a change of but a few degrees it was heaping up the seas like stupendous mountains. The scene from the deck was appalling. The seas capped by white combers tossed the Landseer about like a cork. All nature seemed to be at war. Not a ship was in sight. The hope of speedy deliverance from the Cape, that had upheld everyone hitherto, was now gone. The days, divided as they were into watches of four hours each, seemed like weeks; the watches were like days. The time on deck was usually passed in shivering and wistful watchfulness for some signs of an abatement of the gale. For nothing could be done, but occasionally to wear ship and hope for better weather. The time below was spent in sleep when it could be obtained in spite of the discomforts of cold, wet clothing, the men being required to sleep in their clothing in order to respond to a call on deck at a moment's notice.

Conditions were becoming serious, indeed. It was discovered that the ship was leaking. The pumps amidships were kept going without apparent avail. The men at the pumps, too, were in great danger of being washed overboard by the seas that again began to sweep across the waist in spite of the oil. But just at this point the