

in the soft mud in the safest part of the bay. No lives were lost. The waters poured over her all during the night, but the only damage they did was to flood her decks with water and carry away several boats. The *Trenton* was not able to get into the bay again after her collision with the *Olga*. She was now about 208 feet from the wreck of the *Vandalia*, and was slowly drifting toward the shore. A new danger now arose. The *Trenton* was sure to strike the *Vandalia*, and to those on shore it seemed that the huge hull of the flagship would crush the *Vandalia* to pieces and throw the hundred men still clinging to the rigging into the water. It was now after five o'clock and the light was beginning to fade away. In half an hour the *Trenton* had drifted on to within a few yards of the *Vandalia's* bow, and the men who were in the rigging of the latter vessel trembled with fear as they saw the *Trenton* approach. The feeling was hard to describe that came over the hundreds who watched the vessels from the shore. Presently, the last ray of light faded away, and night came down upon the awful scene. The *Olga* was almost upon the reef where the *Eber* had struck. The *Trenton* was coming down upon her and a collision seemed inevitable. The condition of the American flagship was very bad; at 10 o'clock her propeller had been carried away by fouling with the wreckage. When the rudder came into contact with the wreckage, so great was the force that the pilot wheel on deck was whirled around like lightning and every spoke broken. The two men at the wheel were thrown violently to the deck and seriously injured. The water poured in through the hawse pipes in the bow in torrents, and efforts were made to close the pipes, but the force of the water was so strong that the coverings were blown off. The water rushed in the berth deck to the hatches and poured down into the fire room. All attempts to keep it out failed, and in a short time the firemen were up to their waists in water and all fires extinguished. From 10 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening, when she sank, the *Trenton* went out against the storm without steam or rudder, and the skilful management of her navigating officer, Lieut. Brown, was all that saved the lives of every man on board. Captain Farquhar, in his official report to Admiral Kimberly a few days after the storm, paid a high tribute to Lieut. Brown's skill. As soon as the steam gave out the mizzen storm sail was set with the greatest difficulty. Oil was also poured overboard, but it had no effect in stilling the waves. The *Trenton* was manoeuvred in this way all the time, and succeeded in keeping clear of the reef until the middle of the afternoon, when the wind and waves bore her down almost upon it. She came broadside on toward the reef and it seemed as if the great vessel, with her 450 men, were lost. Lieutenant Brown or-

dered every man into the mizzen rigging, so that the compact mass of humanity could be used as sails, and at the same time keep the weight of the vessel on the side next the storm. The noble experiment was all that saved the *Trenton* from destruction. The wind struck against the men in the rigging and forced the vessel out into the bay again. She remained there for only a short time, however, and soon commenced to drift back against the *Olga*, which was standing off from the reef and holding up against the storm better than any other vessel in the harbor had done. The *Trenton* came slowly down on the *Olga*, and this time it seemed as if both vessels would be dashed to pieces. The crowds on shore rushed down towards the water's edge, and through the blinding storm waited for the crash. Suddenly the stars and stripes were seen floating from the staff on the *Trenton*. Previous to this no vessel in the harbor had raised her flag, as the storm was raging so furiously at sunrise that the ceremony was neglected. It seemed the gallant ship knew she was doomed and determined to go down with the flag of her country floating above the storm. The stern of the *Trenton* was nearing the *Olga's* bow and Captain Von Erhardt, believing sure destruction was upon him, let go his anchors and attempted to steam away. He was too late, however, for just as the *Olga* commenced to move against the wind her bow came in contact with the starboard quarter of the flag-ship. The storm was still running with as much fury as at any time during the day. The poor creatures who had been clinging for hours to the rigging of the *Vandalia* were bruised and bleeding, but they held on with the desperation of men that hang between life and death. The ropes cut the flesh on their arms and legs, and their eyes were blinded by the salt spray which swept over them. Weak and exhausted as they were, they would be unable to stand the terrible strain much longer. They looked down into the angry waters below them and knew they had no strength left to battle with the waves. The final hour seemed to be upon them. The great black hull of the *Trenton* could be seen through the darkness, almost ready to crush the *Vandalia* and break her to atoms. Suddenly a shout was heard across the waters. The *Trenton* was cheering the *Vandalia*. The sound of 450 voices broke upon the air and was heard above the roar of the tempest. "Three cheers for the *Vandalia*!" was the cry that warmed the hearts of the dying men in the rigging. The shout died away in the storm, and there arose from the quivering masts of the sinking ship a response so feeble that it was scarcely heard upon the shore. The men, who fell through and were looking death in the face, aroused themselves by an effort to give a firm cheer for the flag-ship. Those who were standing on the shore listened in silence, for that feeble cry was the saddest they ever heard.

Every heart was melted to pity. "God help them!" was passed from one man to another. The sound of music next came across the water. The *Trenton's* band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner." The thousand men on the sea shore had never before heard the strains of music at such a time as this. An indescribable feeling came over the hundred Americans on the beach who listened to the notes of the national anthem mingled with the howl of the storm. For a moment they were silent, and then they broke forth with a cry that rent the air and reached the struggling men on the rigging of the *Vandalia*. The men who had exhausted every means during the whole of that awful day of rendering some assistance to their comrades now seemed inspired to greater efforts. They ran about the beach eager to do something, even at the risk of life itself. They looked despairingly at the roaring torrent of water that broke upon the shore and knew that no boat could live in such a sea. Bravely as the Samoans had acted, there was not one of them who would again venture into such a surf, where certain death would befall them. The three officers who had been untiring in their efforts during the day, Lieut. Sherman and Ensigns Purcell and Jones, procured a boat and got it ready to launch at a moment when the sea should subside. Several natives and one or two *Nipic* sailors volunteered to go in the boat, and with the three officers a sufficient number of men were secured to man the oars, but the storm did not abate in the least, and there was no opportunity during the whole night to take the boat out to the vessels. The collision of the *Trenton* and *Vandalia*, which everyone thought would crush the latter vessel to pieces, proved to be the salvation of the men in the rigging. Notwithstanding the tremendous force of the waves the *Trenton* dragged back slowly, and when her stern finally struck the *Vandalia* with a great shock, she gradually swung around broadside to the sunken ship. As soon as the vessels touched, the men in the mizzen rigging crawled out on the yards and jumped on the deck of the *Trenton*. The men escaped just in time, for as the last left the yards the mizzen-mast of the *Vandalia* fell with a crash on the side next the shore. The men of the main-mast escaped in the same way. The main-mast fell soon after the mizzen, and it is believed that several men were killed in the rigging. If so, they were killed by the fall, or drowned before the men escaped from the rigging. The men who had escaped to the deck of the *Trenton* had clung to the *Vandalia's* rigging nearly twelve hours; all were weak and exhausted and many had received severe injuries. The *Trenton* was rapidly filling with water and but little could be done for the rescued men. The storm was raging furiously at midnight and the stern of the *Trenton* was forced back against the reef. The waves continued to beat over the deck, but the