

in the race that is formed on the Staten Land side, but we passed through without difficulty or accident. When we got under the lee of that island we had smooth water, almost a calm, and moderate weather. The contrast was great indeed, from the violent gale we had just left.

On the 22d and 23d we had light winds, and were drifted to the northward some thirty miles, occasionally passing through rips and tide eddies. We had generally between fifty and sixty fathoms water, with soundings of sand, shells, and coral.

On the 24th, it being calm, we anchored in forty-four fathoms, off Cape St. Diego, to await the tide, and found the current running at the greatest strength two and a half miles per hour.

We did not again reach Good Success Bay until the night of the 25th, after five days' absence, when we found the party had got the provisions, and were all well. At daylight on the 26th they came on board. On the 27th we recovered our anchor, and on the 28th set sail for Orange Harbour.

On the evening of the 29th, having entered Nassau Bay, (it being quite dark), as we were standing as we supposed over for Orange Harbour, when we heard the surf, and suddenly discovered that we were close in and among the kelp; we immediately anchored, in six fathoms.

At daylight we found ourselves in a snug cove of Wollaston's Island, and that the false pack-saddle to the southward of the island had served to mislead us.

We were here visited by a canoe with six natives: two old women, two young men, and two children. The two women were paddling, and the fire was burning in the usual place. They approached the vessel singing their rude song, "Hey meh leh," and continued it until they came alongside. The expression of the younger ones was extremely prepossessing, evincing much intelligence and good humour. They ate ham and bread voraciously, distending their large mouths and showing a strong and beautiful set of teeth. A few strips of red flannel distributed among them produced great pleasure; they tied it around their heads as a sort of turban. Knowing they were fond of music, I had the fife played, the only instrument we could muster. They seemed much struck with the sound. The tune of Yankee Doodle they did not understand, but when "Bonnets of Blue" was played they all were in motion keeping time to it. The vessel at this time was under way, and no presents could persuade them to continue any longer with us. There was some disposition in the