

12th Land ho! At 3 P.M. the lookout at the mast-head saw land ahead. It was Horn Island, lying in the latitude of 14.14 S, long. 178. W, distant 45 miles. We are bound there to recruit the ship prior to a cruise on New Zealand.

13th At daybreak the land lay about 5 miles ahead. We tacked ship and bore up to the weather end of the island, and thence ran down the entire length of the weather side in search of a place to effect a landing, without success. The island is about 25 miles in length and is rugged and mountainous, and covered with a thick growth of vegetation, much resembling Tutuilla. At 1 P.M. a canoe made its appearance having on board two natives who spoke English. The captain made the necessary preparations for getting water on board, today being Sunday, tomorrow. The captain then went ashore to see the King. He is a short

slim, ugly looking man, and is not the legitimate king, according to the native theory, but one forced upon the natives by the missionaries, who are French, and of the Catholic persuasion, backed by a French man-of-war. The deposed king is living on one of the Feejee islands. He has made one attempt to regain the supremacy, and, for the time, was successful; but a French ship ultimately took Sam the king and his followers and landed on one of the Feejee islands; where, nothing daunted, he is preparing a second expedition for the recovery of his throne.

At sunset we reefed our topsails and lay off the island till the morning of the

14th At daybreak it was blowing a gale. However all hands turned to and got nine water casks out of the hold. At 10 A.M. the weather having moderated, we pitched