

Nov. 20th - Light wind, fine weather. S.E. Mending old topsail.

3 P.M. S.E. Mon. 1.11 7, Mph. 11-13 7

Nov. 21st - Light wind, fine weather. Course S.E. 12 M. S. E. by S. Mending old topsail. Finished it at 2 P.M. and sent it up forward, and put below the one we sent down. Squally through the night. Mon. 1.11 7, Mph. 11-13 7

Nov. 22d - Cloudy. Light wind. Struck and hauled in a porpoise at daybreak. Heading S.W. Light baffling airs. Mon. 1.11 7, Mph. 11-13 7

Nov. 23d - Light airs, baffling. Painting starboard boat. Carpenter at work on an old davit that was taken out yesterday and replaced by a new one. Fitted a storm stowage. Two of our crew had a quarrel to-day. We were eating dinner on the forecabin.

During the disturbance one of the combatants struck his adversary a blow with a handspike. The old man came on deck, rushed forward and thus addressed the belligerents: - "What do ye mean by fighting? Haint I told you I'd have no fighting here? I've a good mind to walk into the pair of you, and show you how I can fight! I'm a horse, and you better believe it! And you, you young buggar, I've a good mind to put my foot under your leg. Let me catch you taking a handspike to another man in this ship and I'll see you lack long, you buggar." After delivering himself of this short oration, his honor went to finish his dinner. Sunset saw the island of Malanta off our bow. It is one of the Solomon Group, lying in the latitude of 8.30 S, and East longitude . Tacked and stood off.

Nov. 24th - Strong breeze, fine weather. Tacked and bore up for the land just visible off deck. About 2 o'clock we were about 4 miles from the beach, but saw no signs of any thing living. In

a number of places on the sides of the mountain, smoke was seen issuing through the trees, which had before occupied notice. We braced forward and stood along the land, with no better success, and had filled away to clear the island, when the lookout at the masthead espied a canoe shooting out from under the land, containing four natives. We luffed up and came to with our maintopsail aback, and in a short time the natives were alongside. They and their canoe were unlike any thing we had seen before. The latter had no outrigger like those of the Navigator and the Tanga shell groups. The bow and stern were inlaid with shells and either end terminated with a high, sharp prow. The natives were about of the medium size, and had it not been for the copper-colored complexion of their skin, I could not have distinguished them from genuine Africans. They all had the woolly head, flat nose, and thick lips of the negro. Their nose was inlaid with four pieces of pearl shell on each side. As they approached the ship they held their paddles like a shield before their heads, crying, "Matta, matta, matta, matta, matta," evidently afraid we would hurt them. After a little enquiring the came alongside. But we could find out neither head nor tail about the island, whether we could get any recruits from the island or not. On showing them a yarn they cried "Epa, epa," and pointed to the island. Capt. M. endeavored to make them understand that he wanted plenty of them, and that they should