

continued, and many of its reefs and sunken patches determined. The next day was similarly employed.

On the 6th, the Porpoise reached Somu-somu, where they found the missionaries all well; but the town was nearly deserted, as the king and chiefs had gone to a distant town to a feast.

The Porpoise experienced here the same gale of wind we had at Mbua Bay, from the 7th until the 11th. On the 10th, it having abated a little, Lieutenant-Commandant Ringgold started for Rambe with the launch in tow, intending to despatch the boats inside the reef, down the north side of Vanua-levu, agreeably to my orders. On reaching the open straits he found that it still blew a gale, and he was obliged to run for shelter under the northwest side of Kea, an island on the Vanua-levu side of the straits. This place they termed Port Safety, having run imminent risk in reaching it. The weather continuing boisterous, the time was usefully employed under the lee of the island, in examining the bay, reef, and island, officers being sent to the different points to determine its height, and connect it with the other stations that were in sight from its top. Dr. Holmes was one of the number who went on a botanical excursion, and after reaching the top with the party, he set out to return alone. An adventure then befell him, which will be better told in his own words, which I extract from his journal.

"I started alone to return, intending to deviate a little from time to time from the direct path, to collect a few botanical specimens. I had walked a short distance only, when I struck off into a fine cocoa-nut grove, and pursued my new path so long, that I was puzzled to retrace my steps. At length I thought I had succeeded, and reached the beach. The form of the island is peculiar; it is narrow, and along its central part runs a long range of hills, whose sides are covered with a thick tall hedge and underbrush, so densely as to make it impossible to cross from one side to the other, except by paths with which I was of course unacquainted. I pursued my course along the beach for an hour or two quite cheerfully, expecting every moment to see the brig; but as I rounded point after point with quick steps and anxious eye, no vessel appeared, and I was fain to push on again for some more distant promontory, promising myself that there my walk was to end. After spending four hours in this manner, my strength began to fail, and I was forced to believe I was on the opposite side of the island to that where the brig was anchored. To retrace my steps was now impossible, and I was completely ignorant how far I should be forced to walk before I should be in safety. I pushed on until I was completely exhausted, and, moreover, found myself stopped by a thicket of man-