

It was a full fortnight before the gale came and it was one worth waiting for. It was from the south and therefore directly on the land. An hour before nightfall two of the prahs come flying in for a harbor, like frightened birds, almost with the speed of the wind, and as they passed us at anchor, hailed us to say that there was going to be a storm and we should make for the port. Just before nightfall we up anchor and under close reefed sails, stood away toward the coast of Borneo. We had nearly two hundred miles of clear water ahead of us and had plenty of sea room. We were all filled with high hopes and only wished that we would never see the pirate island of Aku again.

That night it blew very hard, but the Exile gallantly breasted the waves and made a good course; all next day the wind continued strong from the same direction and all the next night. With such a wind it was impossible for the prahs to leave port, or to make any headway against it if they did chance to get out. The next morning the wind chopped suddenly round to the north-west and blew hard for four days, during which we ran far beyond all possible pursuit. On the fifth day from our leaving Aku we passed the straits of Sunda and entered the great Indian ocean. Then we we felt that we were safe.

It would be tedious and unprofitable task for me to relate the remainder of our voyage to Melbourne which was quite uneventful. The weather was moderate and the Exile proved herself a splendid craft in every way. I had my quadrant with me and kept my reckoning as closely as if we had been on board a ship. In just forty-two days from we left Aku we cast anchor in the great basin of Port Philip. No person took the slightest notice of our boat or ourselves; we were taken for fishermen.