

merely touching off Porto Cabello, and I fear the good ship *Ariel* would have left her bones to whiten at the dragon's cruel mouth, far from the land of the leal. We sighted St. Lucie and two or three more of the French islands, and passing out between St. Kitts and Barbuda, on the 14th we found ourselves clear of the squalls and currents of the islands, and with a fair breeze and smooth sea, notwithstanding a calm of six days, we made the Scilly Lights on the night of the 29th day, and anchored in Cowes Roads at daylight on the 14th of August, 1851, thirty-three days out from Trinidad.

THE END.