Friday 16

manner of an English stable, in which all kinds of dirt, mixed with blubber, oil and fish, are discovered by more senses than one, to form a mass of undesirable filthiness.

Wednesdays On the 14th, the weather was sufficiently fair to admit of our dispatching a party on shore to erect a tent for the wooders and waterers, as well as one for the sail-makers. For this purpose a spot was chosen at a small distance from the village, and contiguous to a rivulet. The rest of the crew were employed in unreesing the running rigging, unbending the sails, and the other necessary duties of the ship.

On the 16th, a number of war canoes entered the cove, with Maquilla and Callicum; they moved with great parade round the ship, singing at the same time a song of a pleasing though sonorous melody:—there were twelve of these canoes, each of which contained about eighteen men, the greater part of whom were cloathed in dresses of the most beautiful skins of the sea otter, which covered them from their necks to their ancles. Their hair was powdered with the white down of birds, and their faces bedaubed with red and black ochre, in the form of a shark's jaw, and a kind of spiral line, which rendered their appearance extremely savage. In most of these boats there were eight rowers on a side, and a single man sat in the bow. The chief occupied a place in the middle, and was also distinguished by an high cap, pointed at the crown, and ornamented at top with a small tust of feathers.

We listened to their song with an equal degree of surprise and pleasure. It was, indeed, impossible for any ear susceptible of delight from musical sounds, or any mind that was not insensible to the power of melody, to remain unmoved by this solemn, unexpected concert. The chorus was in unison, and strictly correct as to time and tone; nor did a dissonant