

NO. II.

SIR—I was once (1817) bound from the islands last mentioned to Coquimbo, when we hove to under the southeast side of Pitcairn's Island, the retreat of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. We discovered a village under a noble grove of banyan and palm; and the inhabitants were seen hastening down the declivity by a circuitous path to the beach. I was one of five who went in a boat near to the shore, where the islanders stood on a projecting rock, making courteous signs for us to approach. But the surf was too high, and several of their young men swam off. They gave us from the water the English salutation, 'How do you do?' and one of them said in a very pleasing manner 'I will come into your boat, Sir, if you will permit,' but not one of the whole attempted to get in till he had obtained permission. Ten came in, and as soon as seated, asked with the utmost eagerness our nation, and reason for coming to their island. The cause of our coming we stated to be, partly to obtain provisions, but principally to see with our own eyes the innocence and happiness of their little society.

All were desirous to go on board, but as the sea was high, and the weather in their own phrase 'looked naughty,' I limited their number to three. They decided by lot who should go, and the unsuccessful swam off under the promise of being permitted in their turn to visit the ship. It was dark when we dropped anchor, and we discovered immediately after, a single man in a canoe that could hold but one, and which, though little better than a cockle shell, he managed dexterously. He came under our lee quarter, and called in a bold manner for a rope, by which we hauled him and his canoe on deck together. He was not encumbered with dress, wearing nothing but a free mason's apron without the emblems.