

not faster than the *Dobbs*, as the Channel was not wide enough to let her pass; the *Dobbs* stopping short of the length she might have got that Tide for want of a Long-boat, (her Long-boat having been lengthen'd and turned into a Scooner; so becoming in a Manner useless as a Long-boat.) The *California* was also forc'd to stop; and though the next Tide was an extreme high one, occasion'd by a North-West Wind, and a more suitable Tide could not have been wished for, we yet continued in the same Birth; Captain *Moore* remaining inactive. Captain *Smith* offer'd him his Long-boat, which he accepted; nor did he move the Tide after that, by an Hour and a half so soon as he might have done; and by turning the *Dobbs* too soon after she was out of the Mouth of the Creek, she swung upon a Piece of Mud and there stuck, leaving the *California* no room to go by her, consequently confining her to the Creek; we were fearful of the Consequence as the Tide was then falling off; next Morning being the thirtieth of May, both Ships floated, but although Captain *Moore* could not get his Ship off, yet he might have given us Room to have gone by, but ungenerously would not. The next Tides grew lower, nothing was to be done either that Night or on the Morning of the thirty-first; on the Night of the thirty-first the Tides were so lower'd as that the *California* was a-ground at high Water. All our remaining Hopes being that on the next Spring the *Dobbs* might get off, and so we get out, having no Expectations of its being possible