

*Thursday, January 18th.*—During the last five days we have covered 1,221 sea miles.

*Saturday, January 27th.*—About two o'clock this morning the yacht plunged so heavily into a deep sea, that the jibboom, a beautiful spar, broke short off, and the foretopgallant mast and topgallant yard were carried away almost at the same moment, with a terrible noise. It took about eight hours to clear the wreck, all hands working all night; and a very forlorn appearance the deck presented in the morning, lumbered up with broken spars, ropes, etc. It was frightful to see the men aloft in such weather, swinging on the ends of the broken spars, as the yacht rolled and pitched about.

*Sunday, January 28th.*—It is finer, but bitterly cold. Several of my tropical birds are already dead. We had the Litany at eleven, and prayer and a sermon at four; after which Tom addressed the men, paying them some well-deserved compliments on their behaviour on Friday night.

The decks were very slippery, and as we kept rolling about a good deal there were some nasty falls among the passengers. We had a splendid though stormy sunset. On deck the night looked brilliant but rather terrible. The full moon made it as light as day, and illuminated the fountains of spray blown from the waves by which we were surrounded. The *Sunbeam* rode through it all, dipping her head into the sea, shivering from stem to stern, and then giving herself a shake, preparatory to a fresh start, just like a playful water-bird emerging from a prolonged dive.

At midnight a tremendous sea struck her, and for a minute you could not see the yacht at all, as she was completely enveloped in spray and foam. Our old engineer, who had been with us so long, made up his mind that we had struck on a rock, and woke up all the servants and told them to go on deck. I never felt anything like it before, and the shock sent half of us out of our beds.

*Monday, January 29th.*—At four o'clock I was called to go on deck to see the burning mountain. On every side were islands and rocks, among which the sea boiled, and seethed, and swirled, while the roaring breakers dashed against the higher cliffs, casting great columns of spray into the air, and falling back in heavy rollers and surf. Just before us rose the island of Vries, with