

different soundings, from 75 to 30 fathoms. This morning the wind decreased, but there was a thick fog that kept us from seeing the ship's length ahead. The reefs were shook out of the top sail and topgallant sail set. We suppose that we are near Nantucket, but the fog is so dense that nothing can be distinguished. This is indeed very uncomfortable weather to be knocking about here, uncertain of our position. The ship is rolling very much, which makes it very tiresome writing. The fog cleared away toward night and the air became cold and clear. A bark hove in sight and passed to windward of us. I think the Captain does not know his whereabouts. He keeps standing to the Eastward.

May 1. We have had a very tiresome, cold night. We got on a bank called a fish rip and the lead was hove as often as it was hauled in. The water shoaled from 25 to $6\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms in less than an hour. The ship was kept off East and the soundings became deeper again. We spoke to a top sail schooner from Portsmouth who told us that the Cape bore N.N.W. I saw a light on the weather quarter but at a great distance. When sounding there were some pretty pieces of shell on the arming. The sun has just risen bright and warm, which I hope will moderate the cool air. We made Cape Cod at 12 o'clock off Chatham, and at 4 o'clock were abreast the lights. We bent both cables and