

It was now the middle of March, and we had taken nothing, neither had we fired our cannon excepting at a miserable sort of a half boat and half raft, called a *Catamaran*, made of five light logs, with a triangular sail. From the men on this miserable vessel we got information of a good watering place, where we soon anchored. The commandant of this little settlement was of the colour of our North American Indians, and so were his family, but the rest were nearly as black as negroes. He lived in a house covered and worked in with long grass; he offered us snuff out of a box tipped with silver, but every thing else looked very rude and simple. While we were getting our water, the females hovered round us. They had long black and shining hair, and wore a long white cotton garment, like a shirt or shift. They seemed to admire our complexions. One of these women, more forward than the rest, opened the bosom of one of our fairest young men, to see if his body was as white as his face. She appeared to be highly amused with the discovery, and called her companions to come and view the phenomenon. He shewed a similar curiosity as it concerned her, but she shrunk from it with the apparent delicacy of polished life, before so many men.

Just as we were about embarking, the commandant told our captain that he had just received a message from the commandant of Gomora, to seize him and all his crew and send them to Pernambuco, but that he should not obey him. We now set sail for the United States, and had not been at sea long before we were chased by a frigate, but out sailed her.

On the 20th of May we made Gay Head, which is the shining remains of an extinguished *Voloano*, on the west end of Martha's Vineyard. The next morning we discovered a ship and a brig standing for us. We tacked and stood for the ship until we found that she was a man of war, and then we wore round for the brig, she being nearest of our own size. We now, for the first time, hoisted American colours, when the brig gave us a broadside; and kept up a constant fire upon us, but we soon left her by our superior sailing and management. The frigate, for such she proved to be, was not so easily got rid of. She was to the windward of us when we first saw her. She came within gun shot about noon. She firing her