

us this side the Sandwich Islands ; yet the disease is delayed by a free use of water.

The island of *Masza Fuero* is distant from *Chili* one hundred and twenty leagues; and from *Juan Fernandez*, twentyfive. It is lofty, and may be seen twenty leagues. On the hills there is a little stunted wood, and the valleys are covered with tall spear grass. There are some fertile spots planted with vegetables, by people who came to hunt the seal; but the poor fur seal has become almost extinct since it made the acquaintance of man. Goats there are in large flocks, and tame enough to be killed with muskets. We saw, too, a few cats, some of them so gentle that they came up to us. The waters around the island abound in fish, that take the naked hook with an avidity that would have astonished *Izaak Walton*. We left this island, which the captain called the *Paradise of the Goats*, to its own solitude, and on the 26th November, beheld the blue summit of *Owyhee* peeping over the clouds.

The sight of land diffused a general joy, that was heightened when we discovered the rich cultivation of the eastern slope; we saw fields of tarro, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and watermelons. In the evening we hauled off for *Tocigh Bay*, and lay under short sail during the night. A friend of the king came on board with supplies of hogs and vegetables, when we sailed for *Woahoo*, the only harbor where a ship can be safely overhauled, and the residence of the Lord of the Isles.

The Sandwich Islands are so well known, that you will not thank me for extracts concerning them, and I am impatient to take you to the Northwest Coast, which is less travelled ground, and more like what is called in charts, *terra incognita*.