

March the seventeenth, we arrived at the Canaries, and cruized out the time appointed by our instructions to meet with captain Clipperton there. During this but little remarkable happened, except that on the twenty-third, I sent my launch in chase of a small vessel we discovered under the Grand Canaries, whose people perceiving themselves pursued, ran their vessel ashore. My people with much difficulty got her off again, though she was hardly worth the trouble. She was only an open boat of about sixteen tons, with nothing in her but a small quantity of salt, and a quarter-cask of wine, the greatest part of which was drank by my boat's crew, before they brought their prize to the ship.

A. D.
1719.
Arrival at
the Canaries.

Where we
took a small
Vessel.

Having finished my cruize among these islands, without hearing any thing of the Success, I found myself in a very melancholy state. I was to consider that the next appointed place of rendezvous was at the island of Juan Fernandes, in the South Seas, and that I was to get thither by the way of the straits of Le Mair, and by going round cape Horn, a navigation I was apprehensive our ship was in no condition to cope with, and particularly as she was without any shelter to cover the people from the snow, or to defend them in any degree