

West Indian capitals that I have seen, and the society, composed of Spanish, French, and English in nearly equal numbers, is very good. After spending four or five days there, and making some short excursions into the island, we set sail on the 9th of July for Old England. As the current was in our favour, we went out through one of the lesser bocas, but, as bad luck would have it, the breeze again failed us just as we were in the most ticklish part of the passage; and an eddy, which in these narrow passages have the force of currents, running six or seven miles an hour, carried us unpleasantly near the beetling cliffs, before a puff of wind enabled us to sheer off. If we had grounded in that strong current, it would have been a far more serious matter than merely touching off Porto Cabello, and I fear the good ship *Ariel* would have left her bones to whiten at the dragon's cruel mouth, far from the land of the leal. We sighted Ste Lucie and two or three more of the French islands, and passing out between St. Kitts and Barbuda, on the 14th we found ourselves clear of the squalls and currents of the islands; and with a fair breeze and a smooth sea, notwithstanding a calm of six days, we made the Scilly Lights on the night of the 29th day, and anchored in Cowes Roads at daylight on the 14th August, 1851, thirty-three days out from Trinidad.

THE END.