



HARBOUR OF PAGO-PAGO, TUTUILA.

About three miles to the southward, off the mouth of the harbour, there is a coral bank half a mile long, on which the sea breaks in stormy weather: the least depth of water found on it was four and a half fathoms; the depth increases to the eastward, towards the island of Anuu.

As we arrived off the harbour the wind grew light, and finally came out ahead, thus compelling us to beat in to our anchorage, under the direction of Edmund Foxall, a white pilot. He usually comes off to vessels when within two or three miles of the harbour, on a signal being made. We made many tacks before we reached our anchorage, which was in deep water, twenty-nine fathoms. About half a mile from the entrance of the harbour, it bends at right angles. In this position, surrounded by cliffs, the firing of a gun produces a remarkable reverberation, resembling loud peals of thunder.

We were surrounded, as soon as we entered, by a large number of canoes, filled with natives, who all seemed delighted with the ship and the number of men on board. When we had moored, one of the principal chiefs, whose name was Toa, was admitted on board; he was an athletic, muscular man, of large frame, about forty years of age, with a pleasant expression of countenance; he manifested great