

partook of a sumptuous lunch, and parted under a feeling of obligation for the kind attentions we had received, and the tokens of remembrance from the scholars. We reached Lahaina before dark, after a fatiguing ride.

On our way I heard a rumour that one of the boats had been lost, which made me anxious to get on board as soon as possible. I had been flattering myself that from dangers of this kind we were, at least for the present, exempt; but the report proved too true. Previous to leaving Lahaina, I had despatched Lieutenant Budd, with Passed Midshipman May, in charge of two boats, and it was to one of these that the accident occurred. Lieutenant Budd gave the following account of it.

At ten o'clock, on the 9th of March, they left the ship, when it was blowing a moderate breeze, and steered for the south point of Kahoolawe. After they had proceeded some distance on their way, it fell calm for a short time, and then the trade-wind set in strong from the northward and eastward, and soon increased to a stiff gale, the sea rising to a dangerous height for the boats. Just after doubling the point of Kahoolawe, Passed Midshipman May, in the Leopard, hailed Lieutenant Budd, to report that his boat was sinking; and four of the men were perceived to be baling. Lieutenant Budd pulled alongside, and seeing the boat was settling, ordered the anchor to be dropped. Most of the crew continued to bale with their hats, whilst the rest passed out the most important articles. A portion of the Leopard's crew, who could not swim, were now ordered to get into the Greyhound; Lieutenant Budd intending to land them and return for those on the wreck. The men who were thus left said that the boat was drifting to sea, and wished to be taken off; but this would have endangered the lives of all. Passed Midshipman May, perceiving their unwillingness to remain, jumped overboard and joined them: his example encouraged them to do their best. Lieutenant Budd succeeded in as short a time as possible in landing the men and articles from his boat, and then returned. He found the boat sinking fast, and the officer and men supporting themselves with the oars. The boat was now turning over and over as every wave struck her. Mr. May and the rest of the men were taken on board, and they then returned to the shore, all much exhausted. Lieutenant Budd, seeing that the side of the boat had been stove in by a heavy sea, and the impossibility of saving or being able to repair the boat, left her to her fate, and took such measures as he found necessary for the comfort of his men. Lieutenant Budd deserves much credit for his presence of mind in preserving the lives of the men entrusted to him, as well as protecting them afterwards from unnecessary exposure. Kahoolawe, the island they were now on, lies to the west of the