

the cooler one: but for a more particular explanation of this subject, the reader is referred to the diagram map, and the chapter on currents and whaling.

On the 12th of April, we arrived off False Bay. The temperature of the surface water was reduced to 64°, and the current was setting us rapidly to the north-northwest. The fog and mist that now prevailed, prevented my observations for ascertaining the rate of the current from being as accurate as I desired; the results, such as they were, gave it a velocity of more than a mile per hour.

On the 13th, no observations could be obtained on account of the fog and mist; and our situation became rather a perplexing one. On making trial of the current, we found that it was drifting us to the north at the rate of eighteen miles in twenty-four hours. Soundings were obtained in eighty-five fathoms. The temperature of the surface water fell to 54°. Towards evening it cleared up, and our situation was obtained by bearings, which placed us off Snake's Head, about twelve miles to the southward and westward of the Lion's Head. Believing that my only chance of making Table Bay was by keeping as close to the shore as possible, I kept the ship on soundings during the night, and at daylight stood in through a thick fog for what I felt sure must be the position of Green Point. While under way, we fell in with a fleet of small fishing-boats lying at anchor. Their crews were catching a species of bass, as fast as they could haul in their lines. Immense numbers of birds, such as albatrosses, petrels, and gulls, surrounded the boats, and were feeding on the small fish and offal thrown overboard from them. The fish caught here are salted, and being afterwards dried, furnish no inconsiderable portion of the food of the lower orders of the colony. One of the fishermen was desired to come on board, and after he had satisfied me that some reliance might be placed in him as a pilot, he was retained with us. Under his guidance we stood on, and as the fog began to break away reached our anchorage, having passed close to the lighthouse and Green Point, the western point of Table Bay. The captain of the port, Commander Bance, R. N., boarded us soon after we had anchored. I was glad to see this gentleman, to whom I felt under obligations, for civilities and kindness shown me some eighteen years previously, during a cruise off the coast of Peru.

An officer was despatched by me to call upon, and report our arrival to Sir George Thomas Napier, governor of the colony.

The falling of the ball at the Royal Observatory afforded us an opportunity for comparing the time as shown by our chronometers