

his Father wished to see me, and was waiting at the head  
 of the Bay about 3 miles distant. I set off to visit him  
 and was met by Jen the Otahetoom who told me the  
 Glad was ready. At this time it was nearly night & the  
 Wind still blowing fresh from the land, so that the active  
 co<sup>d</sup> not get up. I was apprehensive she would be driven  
 to sea and therefore thought it prudent to get on board  
 as soon as we could, with this view we returned to the  
 former Village, and on our way met with 2 Women  
 leaning on a Rock weeping and <sup>making</sup> loud lamentations. I enquired  
 the cause and learned that their Husband was the  
 Chief who had applied for a passage. I told them not  
 to grieve. I w<sup>o</sup>d not take him with me, as the Peper  
 was full. When we arrived at the Village, I observed to the  
 natives I wanted a canoe to take us on board. They  
 launched one immediately and filled her with men, at  
 this time the sea was uncommonly rough, and the active  
 a considerable distance from shore. I expected we should  
 meet with some difficulty in getting on board, but as the  
 natives apprehended no danger I endeavoured to persuade  
 myself that my fears were groundless, and therefore entered  
 the canoe which soon passed over the raging surf and  
 reached the active in safety. Some of these canoes are 80  
 feet long, and it is astonishing to see with what skill  
 they manage them in a boisterous sea, previous to leaving  
 the shore I performed Jen that the active w<sup>o</sup>d lay to all  
 night if not driven off by the wind, and in the morning  
 we should stand in for the land in order that I might  
 see his Father in Law and get on board the Glad he  
 had prepared. The wind continuing the same all night  
 we could not make the land, but were much in the  
 same situation we were in the preceding evening. Jen  
 came off however pretty early in a canoe with a message  
 from the Chief requesting me to go on shore, I desired him