

it might have a bad effect - as it have had a touch of the fever. Three men were missing to-night just before we shoved off and a search was begun in which our two mates participated but could discover nothing of them. Some of Capt. Suller's men have also deserted and the natives at the instigation of the Consul are up in arms looking out for them knowing that they cannot live long in the country without the necessities of life and they will soon be out for something to eat. Among them is our cook. Capt. Suller is on shore to night with Capt. Suller. We got off at 10 this evening and though considerable tired feel much better than I have done for some days.

March 24:

Last night one of our crew a Cape Verde Portuguese actually swam on shore notwithstanding the distance more than half a mile and the great danger of being exposed to the hungry sharks that prowled about the ships in these waters to increase the difficulty he took with him two blankets besides other clothing. Second mate went in early this morning and found that the search had been quite fruitless. All had been taken but the cook the first being he who swam on shore.

They were marched down to the boat and shoved off. The Mate confined them in irons as soon as they got on board without offering any resistance to receive punishment as soon

as we get to sea. The one who swam from the Bark made some confession after he got back in which he stated that he started in the morning watch stating over the bow was not to be perceived and took with him a large bundle of cloth but after swimming a short distance this began to grow heavy and finding he would not reach the shore before it was light soon abandoned it he then got on faster.

When within a short distance of the shore on looking round he saw something white which he naturally enough took to be a fish of some sort following in his wake.

Becoming frightened at the thought of its being a shark he redoubled his exertions and reached the shore quite exhausted. The idea of avoiding discovery in such a state was of course out of the question he even thought he was going to die on the spot when attacked soon after he landed by a severe pain.

Crawling up on the beach he waited in great anxiety for the appearance of some one to who would pity his condition and conduct him to a house where he could change his wet clothing for a dry suit. Presently he heard voices not far distant and calling as loud as he was able he had the satisfaction of seeing the natives approach he soon told his story to them and when he had concluded they led him to the nearest house which happened to be on a hill and occupied by our veritable pilot. He proved kind to him but nevertheless refused to hide him