

I embarked Duaterra was confined below by sickness; so that I did not see him nor knew that he was there, for some time.

To my great astonishment, I first observed him on the Forecastle - he was wrapped up in an old great-coat, very sick and weak - had a very violent cough, & discharged considerable quantities of blood from his mouth.

His mind was also very much cast down, and he appeared as if a few days would terminate his existence.

I inquired of the Master where he had met with him, and then of himself as to what had brought him from England, and how he came to be so wretched and miserable. - He stated, in reply, that the hardships and wrongs which he had endured on board the Santa Anna were exceedingly great, and that the English sailors had beat him very much, which caused him to spit blood, and finally, that the master had defrauded him of all his wages and prevented him from seeing the King. - I should have been most happy, if there had been time, to call the master to account for his conduct: but, it was too late.

I endeavoured to sooth his afflicted mind, by assuring him, that he would now be protected from insults, and that his wants should be supplied. -

By