

There was great excitement, and it seemed very uncertain whether the shark would not break the net and let out not only itself but all the other fish. At last we ran the brute up high and dry, and then it suffered instant punishment.

The sailor has absolutely no pity upon a shark. I have heard one of our men say to a shark which he had just hauled on to the fore-castle with a line, "Ah, thou beggar, thou'd hurt I if I was in the water and now I'll hurt thee," whereupon he caught it a vicious kick and proceeded to gouge it. When a big shark like the present one is landed it is regarded as a general enemy, against whom every one has an old score to pay off. Mr. Cox shoves the boat-hook about five feet into its mouth and down its throat. The others job the beast in the eyes with sticks and knives and make a deep slash across the tail to prevent its lashing out, and proceed to open the belly, where the usual miscellaneous collection is found; lots of ships' beef bones, a two pound lead sinker of a fishing line, with chopstick and hooks complete, etc., etc.

We caught plenty of fish. Grey and red mullet, a Gar fish or Greenbone, with long slender beak-like jaws (*Belone*), and another fish closely like the Greenbone, but with a long beak-like lower jaw only, the upper jaw appearing as if cut off close to the snout (*Hemiramphus*). With these were other curious fish with deformed-looking heads (*Argyreiosus setipinnis*, *Galeoides polydactylus*).

A fire had been lighted on the shore and we had a ship's boat's cooking stove with us. We fried some of the fish, and with bread and preserved meats and plenty of beer made a good supper, and set to work again hauling the net till it had long been dark. Then we had hot tea and grog, and packed our net and fish into the boats and pulled on board.

We did not reach the ship until past 11 P.M., and at 3 A.M. I was, by arrangement, to start on a trip to try and ascend the high mountain of the island called San Antonio, 7,400 feet in height, in search of the European plants which grow there.

I had a very short sleep and landed at 3 A.M. I found two horses ready at the landing-place, but my guide was not there, and it was a long time before I could make the men with the horses, who spoke only Portuguese, understand what I wanted. At last a negro, who was sleeping on the pier, agreed to find the guide, John Antonio, for a shilling, and I sat down on the pier wall to listen to the surf and watch the crabs (*Grapsus strigosus*) running about, for nearly an hour.

The parapet of the jetty had a capping upon it projecting some distance and with a rounded edge. I saw a crab running on the jetty, and I thought I could catch it, but to my