

During this, Carew observing a great many canoes and boats lying alongside the vessel, thought it not impossible to take one of them, and by that means reach the shore. He, therefore, took an opportunity, just as it grew dark, of slipping nimbly down the ship's side, into one of the canoes, with which he paddled with as much silence and expedition as possible towards the shore. He had not gone far before the noise he made, gave the alarm that one of the prisoners had escaped. Harrison immediately called out to inquire which of them, and where Carew was; and being told he was gone off, swore he would rather have lost half the prisoners than him. All hands were then called upon to pursue; the captain and planters left their bowl; the river was covered with canoes, and every thing was in confusion. Carew was within hearing of this, but, by plying his canoe well, had the good fortune to get to shore before them. He immediately took to the woods as soon as he landed, and climbed up into a great tree, where he had not been many minutes, before he heard the captain, sailors, and planters, all in pursuit of him.

As soon as they were gone, he began to reflect upon his present situation, which, indeed, was melancholy enough, for he had no provisions, was beset on every side, quite incapable of judging what to undertake, or which course to steer. Here he sat all the succeeding day without a morsel of food. The next day, towards night, hunger became too powerful, and he was almost spent for want of food: in this necessity he knew not what to do; at last he happened to espy a planter's house at some distance. In the middle of the night going into the planter's yard, to his great joy found there a parcel of milch cows penned in, which he soon milked into the crown of his hat, making a most delicious feast. Having found out this method of subsisting, he proceeded forward in the same manner.

Upon the eighth day, he, being in a tree, discovered a lone house, near the skirts of the woods, and saw all the family, as he supposed, going out to hoe tobacco, and the dog followed them: this was a joyful sight to him. As soon, therefore, as he saw the family were out of sight, he came down from the tree, and ventured into the house, where he found not only plenty to satisfy his hunger, but what might be deemed luxury in his present condition; for there were jolly cake, gowell, a sort of Indian-corn bread, and good omani, which is kidney-beans ground with Indian corn, sifted, then put into a pot to boil, and eat with molasses. Seeing so many dainties, he did not hesitate long, but sat down and ate the omani.