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thing of each other, and so each vessel proceeded independently the rest of the way. The sloop lay to off the island of Masafuero, but the surf was so heavy that they could not land. At Ambrose Island

John Kendrick

they sent a boat ashore, and found plenty of fish and seals, but no fresh water, so they were obliged to put themselves on a short allowance. Almost every day they saw dolphins, whales, sea-lions, and grampuses. In June, they caught the northeast trade-wind, and on the second of August, to their inexpressible joy, they saw the coast of New Albion in latitude 41° , near Cape Mendocino. A canoe came off with ten natives, making signs of friendship. They were mostly clad in deerskins. Captain Gray gave them some presents.

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And now for a time our mariners enjoyed a little, well-earned rest, and feasted their eyes upon the green hills and forests as they cruised leisurely along the coast. The large Indian population was revealed by the camp-fires at night, and by the columns of smoke by day. Many of them came paddling after the sloop, waving skins and showing the greatest eagerness to get aboard. Others were evidently frightened and fled to the woods.

In latitude $44^{\circ} 20'$, they found a harbor which they took to be "the entrance of a very large river, where great commercial advantages might be reaped." This was probably the Alseya River in Oregon, which is not as large as they thought. The natives here were warlike, and shook long spears at them, with hideous shouts and an air of defiance. Near Cape Lookout, they "made a tolerably commodious harbor," and, anchored half a mile off. Canoes brought out to them delicious berries and crabs, ready-boiled, which the poor seamen gladly bought for buttons, as they were already suffering from scurvy.

The next day, seven of these men were sent ashore in the boat with Coolidge and Haswell to get some grass and shrubs for their stock. The captain's boy, Marcos, a black fellow who had shipped at St. Iago, accompanied them; and, while he was carrying grass down to the boat, a native seized his cutlass which he had carelessly stuck in the sand, and ran off with it toward the village. Marcos gave chase, shouting at the top of his voice. The officers at once saw the peril, and hastened to his assistance; but it was too late. Marcos had the thief by the neck; but the savages crowded around, and soon drenched their knives in the blood of the unfortunate youth. He relaxed

Robert Gray

his hold, stumbled, rose again, and staggered toward his friends, but received a flight of arrows in his back, and fell in mortal agony. The officers were now assailed on all sides, and made for the boat as fast as possible, shooting the most daring of the ringleaders with their pistols, and ordering the men in the boat to fire and cover their retreat. One of the sailors who stood near by to help them was totally disabled by a barbed arrow,



Captain Gray's Cup.

which caused great loss of blood. They managed, however, to get into the boat and push off, followed by a swarm of canoes. A brisk fire was kept up till they neared the sloop, which discharged several swivel shot, and soon scattered