

was secured in the cabin. It was offered to his comrades to ransom him at twenty sea otter skins, and it was threatened, if the price did not forthcome, to take him to the north and sell him for a slave. At this treachery the Indians stared wildly, as well they might, and after a muttered consultation, dropped under the stern. The captive in the mean time was in the cabin under the guard of the steward, who was a strong man, and of the ship's tailor, who was bolder than a tailor commonly is. Each of these was sitting on the transom opposite a cabin window. The chief untied the cotsack from his shoulder, and with a flying leap went through the cabin window, which he broke with his head, and which was barely wide enough for his body. In the next moment he was seated in his boat, examining the priming of his musket. The crew ran to the stern with their arms pointed at the natives, who on this demonstration rose and presented theirs to us. Our captain ordered us not to fire, well knowing that the Indians deserved less punishment than praise, and in fact the brave bearing and presence of mind, in our captive, won our admiration. But unfortunately the transaction was seen on board another vessel, the master of which having lost a brother by the Indians, held them in utter hatred. He discharged, as the canoe passed him, a volley with such fatal effect, that one Indian only remained standing, who paddled the canoe beyond the reach of shot. Still there was another vessel to be passed, and the ferocious man who had occasioned all this carnage called out and requested that the canoe should be sunk. The master, though he knew nothing of the quarrel, complied with the nefarious request. A swivel loaded with grape was discharged, the boat was riddled, and the last brave, unoffending, and devoted man, fell over the side.