

saw from the general aspect of affairs, and the gathering thousands on the beach, that he must give up his idea, and proceeded slowly to the place of embarkation.

It appears that, while this was going on, some of the men on the boats stationed around the bay had fired on some escaping canoes, and worse, had killed a chief. The news arrived ashore just as Cook was leaving, and the natives immediately began to put on their war-mats, and arm themselves. One of them, carrying an iron dagger, which he brandished wildly, threatened Cook with a large stone, and the captain at last could stand his insolence no longer, and gave him a volley of small shot. This against the native's thick war-mat was about as effective as shooting peas against a rhinoceros. Next came a volley of stones in return, while an attempt was made to stab a marine officer, who returned a heavy blow from the butt-end of his musket. A native crawled behind a canoe, and then aimed a spear at Cook, who soon gave them the contents of his other barrel, killing one of the assailants. In quick succession, volleys of stones were answered by a volley of musketry; four marines fell, and were speedily despatched. Cook now stood by the water's edge, signalling the men to stop firing and get on board; but in the scuffle and confusion his orders were not understood. A lieutenant commanding one of the boats blundered, or worse, to the extent of taking his boat further off, so that the picking up of the wounded marines was thrown entirely on the pinnace, which had been brought in as near the shore as the master was able to come. Poor Cook was left alone on a rock, where he was seen trying to shield his head from the shower of stones with the one hand, while he still grasped his musket in the other. So soon as his back was turned, the natives attacked him, one clubbing him down, and another stabbing him in the neck. Again he dropped in the water knee-deep, looking earnestly out for help from the pinnace, not more than a few yards off. But the end was near. The savages got him under in deeper water. In his death-struggle he broke from them, and clung to the rock. In a second there was another blow, and the end had come. His body was dragged ashore and mutilated. After the fall of their commander, the survivors of the men escaped under cover of a fire kept up from the boats. But for Cook himself, one of the most humane of commanders, nothing seems to have been attempted in the hurry and excitement of the scuffle.

Cook's body—or as much as remained of it—was subsequently recovered, and committed to the deep, the guns booming solemnly over the watery grave of one of England's greatest explorers. While the rites were being performed, absolute unbroken silence was enjoined upon the natives ashore and afloat, nor was the water disturbed by the dip of a single paddle. Thus perished, at the early age of fifty-one, in a miserable scuffle with semi-savages, Captain James Cook, a navigator whose fame was and still remains world-wide.

Our space will only permit us to refer, briefly, to one other notable voyage, namely, that of Vancouver, whose first experiences were gained with Cook. The fame of this explorer rests very much upon his circumnavigation, towards the end of the eighteenth century, of the island which now bears his name. The actual discovery of the entrance to the straits between the island and mainland dates from the time of De Fuca; while Vancouver himself, in the following passage, admits a prior claim to its partial investigation. He says—"At four o'clock a sail was discovered to the westward standing in shore. This was