

thrown myself on a chest in the fore-castle, and though wet to the skin, was fast asleep; when suddenly my memory of a sailor's hardships was revived by a violent trembling of the ship. Then came a sound like distant thunder, and another shock of the vessel. All hands rushed on deck, and the belief was general that the ship was aground. The lead was thrown, but no bottom found. The shocks, however, became less fearful by familiarity, and they occurred at intervals during two days.

✓ The pleasing emotions of a mariner when he first sees the Sandwich Islands, are different from his dark anticipations when he discovers the snow-clad mountains of the Northwest Coast. The land between the latitude of fifty and fiftyfive, north, is of moderate elevation, and covered completely with dense forests of hemlock, spruce, and fir. No cultivated fields, no towns, hamlets, or cottages enliven the prospect to a sailor as he views the land after a long voyage, through his trusty friend the telescope. It is one vast wilderness and unbroken solitude.

! As we drew near, we discovered a small opening, leading to a safe passage two miles in width, which we followed for two leagues, and entered the good harbor of Newetee. Here we found an American brig, on which the Indians had made an attack two days before—fighting at close quarters with their knives, till repulsed by part of the crew in close column, armed with long pikes. Many of the Indians fought when desperately wounded, and of the crew, two were killed and five dangerously hurt.

The master resolved to have satisfaction, or at least, revenge; and afterwards, when several canoes were alongside, and the fore deck covered with those who came to trade if they might, and steal if they could, the signal was about to be given to seize the chiefs, to be held at