

For a "Kanakan" member of Columbia's crew
Agreed with the chiefs just what to do:
He'd drown the vent of each carronade
With vinegar when the attack was made,
But detected in the murderous scheme
His body was swung up limp and lean
To the mainyard for treachery.
And there it swayed 'twixt sea and sky.
A blank charge was fired o'er
The retreating canoes that made for shore.
Next day the chiefs a treaty made,
For greatly fearing a Carronade
They wanted peace and with it trade.

The "Washington Islands"—by Kendrick named,
Though England after, a royal name—
"Queen Charlotte" stamped upon the map
Was where Kendrick had a scrap,
Losing a few of his gallant tars,
But made the "Haidahs" sick of wars,
Proceeded on his cruise northerly,
His great ambition discovery.
After many days, returning south,
Meeting his consort at Nootka's mouth,
Directed the Columbia under Gray
To cross the "Pacific for Boston Bay."

Doubling "Good Hope" in the night
Though "Table Mountain" was in sight,
"St. Helena" soon left behind
Where afterwards ambition pined.
With straining braces through feathery foam,
With wind "dead aft" they were nearing home,