

to walk aft, but finding that he continued his impudence, I attempted to chastise him, and finally hove a small piece of wood at him. He caught it, and advanced with it uplifted, to strike me. Seeing this, I said "What, you dare!" and then seized him by the shirt, and made some blows with my fist. He clenched me, and in the struggle that followed we both pitched overboard. He dragged me a few feet below the surface, but fortunately lost his hold. I rose, and got on board by the fore-channels. At the time of his death, Smith had on a pea-jacket and tarpaulin trousers, and could not, I understand, swim. The pilot was awake below, and probably heard some of the conversation between us. At the time I was coming out of the water, he was on deck, and saw me. The next day I tried to get some natives to dive for the body, but they refused, giving as a reason their fear of sharks.

I am, sir,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE W. HARRISON,

Passed Midshipman

To CAPTAIN WM. L. HUDSON,
U. S. Ship Peacock.

Respectfully referred to Captain Wilkes.

WILLIAM L. HUDSON,

Commanding Peacock.

XVII.

June 12th, 1834.

CAPTAIN FRENCH BRIG.

Dear Sir,—I address you as a stranger, and I hope you will not think hard of me for writing you a few lines to put you on your guard. This being my third voyage to these islands, will show you that I understand the roguishness of the natives. They are a treacherous set of devils, and you can place no dependence on them. They will lead you on with fine stories, that they will fill your ship with shell and biche de mar; and after they get all out of you that they can, they will give you nothing; and from what I hear I fear they will finally take your ship. I hear you have but a few men, and as a friend I wish you to be on your guard. Do not let many of the natives come on board, for I know they are up to no good. Do not let this lead you to think I wish to get you from this place, for I