

# TRACED BY THE SEA NO. 6

## THE SHIP THAT WAS BLOWN UP TO Avenge a Murder

WHEN the tragedies of the sea are banded from mouth to mouth by men who have followed the ocean all their lives and to whom its traditions are familiar and the older sailor become more garrulous than their wives, many hark back to the story of the *Tonquin*, that stanch vessel that was owned by John Jacob Astor, and coasted the great northwest coast of the American continent.

There's not a man alive today who can remember the events which led up to the loss of the *Tonquin*, but they have been handed down from father to son and the story has lost nothing in the telling. Washington Irving, who wrote a description of the hard fight which the fur traders made to gain a footing north of the Columbia river, has given a vivid account of the adventures of the *Tonquin's* crew and that vessel's fate.

Folly, murder, and revenge all have their part in the story. It was in 1811 that the *Tonquin* reached Astoria, Oregon, with a crew of twenty-three men and a cargo of furs. After having discharged a part of its cargo, the *Tonquin*, with a crew of twenty-three men aboard and under the command of Capt. Jonathan Thorne, sailed to the northward for a trading expedition among the Indians. Of that crew not a soul returned alive, nor was the vessel ever seen again. But one of the crew took a terrible revenge upon the Indians who had killed his mates. And this is the manner of the story.

The *Tonquin* set sail from the mouth of the Columbia river, June 5. While they were coasting along one of the outer bays they picked up an Indian, Lamuzee, by name, who had had dealings with the whites and knew enough English to act as interpreter. He agreed to go with them to that capacity, and it was well he did for there was no one else on board the *Tonquin* who knew enough about the Indians to make trading with them in any way easy. Captain Thorne himself had had little experience among them, knew little of their ways, and besides this lack of knowledge, he was a headstrong, imperious man, somewhat of a tyrant, as many sea captains are aboard their own vessels. He was not the right kind of an expedition man to lead a trading party among the tribes to the northward, who were already inclined to look upon the whites as their enemies. It was, in fact, a fatal mistake to put Thorne in command as the events proved in the end.

**Against the Interpreter's Advice.**  
It was not long before the *Tonquin* arrived at Vancouver's Island. The captain anchored in the harbor of Newwete. He did this very much against the will and advice of the Indian interpreter, Lamuzee, who told Thorne the traits of the tribe which lived there. He called them liars, friends on the surface, only waiting to get an opening to injure the white men. But Thorne had said he was going to drop anchor there and he did.

Soon the water was alive with canoes. The Indians came out to the vessel in great numbers, bringing with them other skins. It was too late in the day to do business with them, but McKay, one of the ship's officers, went ashore with a few of the men to visit the chief of the surrounding country. He was received well, the Indians making all kinds of protestations to the effect that the white men were their friends and that they were welcome. Captain Thorne was wise enough, however, to keep a half a dozen Indians aboard the *Tonquin* as hostages to insure the safe return of his men. So well did the Indians treat McKay that he was prevailed upon to stay ashore over night. The Indians gave him their best and spread a couch of otter skins for him to sleep upon.

The next day the Indians surrounded the ship again at an early hour. They had great numbers of skins with them and the captain, thinking that there was no time like the present, insisted upon beginning trade with the natives, although McKay had not yet returned. A quantity of beads and knives were brought up on deck and the bartering commenced. But the Indians were not so simple as they might have been. In fact, there was one wily old chief, Nookamis, who had been up against the shrewdest kind of traders from New England, and it is not at all unlikely that he remembered a thing or two from his previous experiences. At all events, the rest of the Indians seemed to take their cues from him, and when he demanded what seemed to Captain Thorne an exorbitant price for his furs, the rest of the Indians did the same. Thorne had expected to give about one-half as much as the Indians demanded for their skins. Here is where his lack of ability as a trader made itself manifest. He refused to consider the Indians' propositions and walked moodily up and down the deck.

Insults an Aged Chief.  
Old Nookamis watched the captain for a while, and then he followed him, no matter where he turned, carrying with him an otter skin which he kept offering him. This made the captain hot under the collar, but he said nothing. Finally, the Indian began to taunt the white man with the mean prices which he was offering for the otter skins. It was too much. Thorne was a plain, straightforward man. He did not know the meaning of two prices, and he turned on the aged chief and snatched the skin from his hands. Thorne rubbed the Indian's face with it, and made it plain to the Indian that unless he left the ship immediately he would fare worse. Then the captain strode about the deck kicking the piles of skins which the Indians had brought aboard right and left, breaking up all idea of trade.

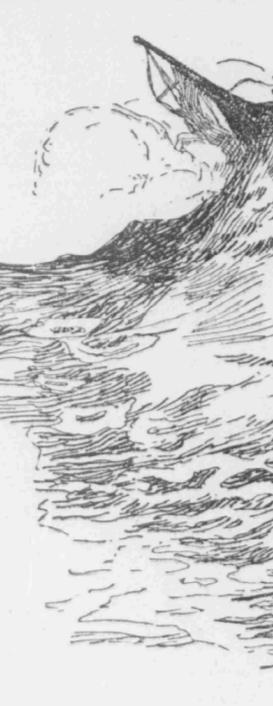
Nookamis, in a rage, went hurriedly ashore. Young Shewish, who was a son of the big chief of those parts, joined the old fellow in his indignation, and it was evident that trouble was brewing for the white men if they continued to stay at Vancouver's Island. About this time McKay got off from shore and came aboard the *Tonquin* to find the captain stamping up and down the deck in an ill humor, and the Indian interpreter in a blue funk. The latter told McKay what had happened, and asked him to persuade Thorne to weigh anchor immediately and get away before the Indians had time to come back to the ship. McKay had had some experience among the Indians, and recognized the truth of the interpreter's remarks. But Captain Thorne laughed at his fears.

He pointed to the cannon which the ship carried and to the rifles in the cabin, and did not take the trouble to set any extra guards that night. But McKay was still asleep, a canoe containing a score of Indians came alongside, holding up otter skins and making signs that they wanted to trade. The watch let them come aboard, seeing that they were not armed. The rules in regard to permitting the Indians aboard the trading vessels

were lax, although the men had been repeatedly warned to take every precaution. Soon another canoe followed the first, then another, and another, and the Indians were clambering aboard from all sides. The officer of the watch became alarmed, and notified Captain Thorne, but he came on deck, and again made light of the danger.

He continued to lay about him with the knife, killing and wounding many of the Indians, and it looked for a time as if he would get free from the crowd and reach the cabin, where the guns were stored. For an instant the crowd of savages drew back, amazed at the power of this one man, but in that instant one, more crafty than

**The Massacre.**  
The Indians continued to do a peaceful trade, but before long the vessel



was crowded with them, and still more canoes were putting out from the shore. The captain began to think that he had better take some steps to safeguard the *Tonquin*, so ordered some of the men to weigh anchor and sent half a dozen of them aloft to make sail. It was noticeable that the main article which the Indians sought in trade were knives, and it was not long before they were all armed with weapons. When the captain indicated that the ship was about to sail, and in a loud voice ordered the ship cleared, hell broke loose.

Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk, was the first man to fall. He was leaning over a blanket, bargaining, when he was stabbed in the back, and fell down the companionway. McKay was seated on the taffrail. He jumped to his feet, but a blow from a club knocked him into the water, and he was killed by the women who had remained in the canoes.

**Drive Indians from the Deck.**  
The fight had become general throughout the ship by this time. The sailors made the best defense they could against great odds, but they had been taken by surprise, and for the most part were unarmed. Captain Thorne, a man of tremendous strength, made a heroic fight. He had barely time to draw a clasp knife when Shewish, the young chief, leaped upon him. But with one vicious blow of the knife he killed that ambitious young Indian.

powerful and massacred, all but the men who had gone aloft. They looked down with horror at the butchery which was going on below them. They had no arms and tried to let themselves down by the running rigging and make their way to the cabin. Four of them succeeded in doing this, the other two were killed in the attempt. Those who escaped found Lewis in the cabin desperately wounded. They barricaded the cabin, and breaking holes through the companion way, opened fire on the Indians with the muskets. The brisk fire cleared the deck in a hurry. All this time the Indian interpreter had played a passive part in the massacre. When engaged over the side of the *Tonquin* into one of the canoes, and was paddled ashore with the rest.

All that day the Indians kept away from the *Tonquin*. They had one taste too many of the firearms. The night, too, passed in peace. But early the next morning the canoes put out again, and circled about the ship, gradually drawing closer, as no attempt was made to shoot them. When



they had come quite close, they saw that there was only one man on deck. He was recognized by the interpreter as Mr. Lewis. He made signs to the Indians to come aboard, and then disappeared. The canoes pressed forward and in a moment more Indians were all over the decks seeking the plunder which was there to take as they would.

For a while they revelled in the spoil of the ship. They decorated themselves with beads, fought each other for possession of the most-sought-for bits of finery. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion. The vessel was torn from stem to stern, and the Indians were blown to atoms. It was Lewis' revenge.

**A Terrible Revenge.**  
The interpreter was in the main chains at the time the ship blew up and was thrown back into the water and succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. He told the story of the explosion afterward and said that it was an awful sight. For yards around after the ship had vanished from sight the water was covered with legs and arms and parts of the Indians' bodies. Lewis had perished with the rest.

More than a hundred Indians were destroyed by the explosion and the inhabitants of Newwete were overwhelmed by the disaster. But they had the last word after all. For the

four men who had successfully defended the cabin had put off from the *Tonquin* in the night in one of the ship's boats, hoping to escape along the coast. They had tried to persuade Lewis to go with them, but he was of the opinion that escape in a small boat was well nigh impossible; and moreover he had a plan to take a awful revenge upon the savages. As soon as it was dark, therefore, the four sailors put off in the boat and left the ship's clerk. The latter had frequently expressed the opinion during the voyage that he would die by his own hand, for he felt sure that he would get into trouble with the Indians and had made up his mind that he would never fall a prisoner into their hands if he could help it. His prophecy proved true.

The men in the boat found it impossible to get out of the bay on account of the strong tides and currents. They took refuge in a small cove, hoping to lie concealed there and make their escape later. They were worn out with watching and in spite of their efforts to remain awake, fell asleep. The Indians found them sleeping and made them prisoners. They were carried ashore and tortured to death by their tribesmen had made more relentless than ever.

So ended the voyage of the *Tonquin*, one of the most horrible tragedies of the Pacific coast.



much in the lady's thoughts lately. Marvelous! And could she tell what her thoughts in that connection had been? Well, never mind about that! Did she know about palimony? And could she really put people under her influence so that they must do as she willed? How nice that must be! And would she and the professor come up to the Pumpfrey's reception and arrange to give a program of occult feats for the entertainment of the guests? Surely, they should be very glad; that was a part of their profession.

During these negotiations Mr. Cox waited outside, and Florian Amidon, meeting him in the lobby and being accosted as 'Gene', stopped for a talk, fearing to slight some dear but unknown friend. The word 'Gene' was becoming a sort of round shot across the bows in his Bellevue cruises. The parley (concerning wails and tanks) he cut as short as possible, and, passing on, started up the stairway.

Half-way up there was a landing, and as Florian turned on this, he saw at the head of the flight the blast-furnace of hair, the striking hair, and the pleasantly rounded figure of Clara's visitor—a person to him quite unknown. Fate, however, seemed to have in store for him an extraordinary introduction, for instantly he was aware of the descent upon him of a fiery comet of femininity. The lad seemed to be falling down stairs. With a little cry she descended, partly flying, partly falling, partly sliding down the baluster—a whirl of superheated hair.

Amidon caught her in his arms, and sought to place her gently on her feet, but in the pure chance and accident of the encounter, her arms had fallen about his neck, and she hung upon him in something like a hug.

"Oh, oh!" said she. "The idea of your flying to me like that! But it's nice of you!"

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

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## DOUBLE TROUBLE: By Herbert Quick, Author of "Aladdin & Co."

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

"Where's he keeping himself?" asked Slater. "I haven't seen him since Saturday. Isn't he out shaking hands?"

"No," was the answer. "He'd rather buy what he wants, and not do any canvassing. It isn't necessary, anyhow. That supper we arranged for before he was plucked up being into contact with some of the strongest lines of influence, and will finish the reconciliation with Edgington. Then Mrs. Pumpfrey's reception and some other affairs will be all the publicity we'll need. No noise for ours, anyhow. The gum-shoe is our emblem, and we don't let our right hand know what our left wing is driving at. 'Gene' leaves it all to me, and don't ever show up here that girl business—the strawberry blonde, you know—seems all lost sight of, and there isn't a cloud in the sky."

A clerk entered and informed Alford that a man named Amidon wanted to speak to him at the telephone.

"Another debating society wants irritating," Slater said. "Hello! This is headquarters." Yes, it's Alford speaking to you. Oh, is it you, Bruss? They said I was a man named Amidon. Wire's crossed, I s'pose. Worst telephone service I ever saw. All right, go ahead."

Here followed a long pause broken occasionally by "yes," and "I know," and "no," from Alford. At last, in tones of amazement, he broke forth in a storm of protest.

"What! Publish a platform?" he shouted. "Are you crazy? No, I must emphatically not think so. Why—now listen a moment, 'Gene'—I've got the best still hunt framed in a walk. . . . Well, if you want to make your position clear, I know I can trust you to make your manifesto

the right thing. But mind, I advise against it! . . . Yes, sure, as many things as you want to talk about, old man. . . . Yes, I've heard about the idea; but never saw it indorsed by any practical people. . . . Yes, . . . No. . . . Not. . . . I tell you No! . . . Why, you know we've spent sums that we couldn't possibly publish. What have you been drinkin' 'Gene? Here, damn you, this is all a josh! Come down here and I'll buy. . . . What's that? You really want to publish a schedule of your election expenses? Well, I'll keep the schedule, and you can print 'em if you want to. . . . Come up to headquarters and I'll show 'em to you. Good-by!"

Alford hung up the receiver, and went back to his luncheon office.

"By George, Slater," said he, "Brassfield is absolutely the most deceptive josh I ever saw. He had me going just now by pretending that he was about to publish a platform of principles, and a statement of campaign disbursements. So blooming solemn it gave me the shivers for a minute. List of disbursements; think of it, Slater! And a platform, in our kind of politics!"

**CHAPTER XX.**  
**The Strawberry Blonde.**  
The year will all be summer weather when speech and action go together: When Aeneas's sage words are met In all his deeds with Nicotelle; And though fair Daphne's words be true, Look not too soon her swain to be: The year will all be summer weather, When speech and action go together.  
—Song from "The Monarch of Nil"

The reader of this history may have been conscious, from time to time, of a mysterious glow—now baleful, now radiant, cheerful, like the light from the taproom of an inn—which has illuminated the horizon of the narrative. It appeared in certain allusions found in Mr. Alford's conversation with Mr. Amidon during the episode of the Wrong House, and so terrified him as to give him thoughts of flight from Bellevue. It glared more brightly in the chat at the club. It flamed defiantly on our sight when Mr. Brassfield met his source on the street that day he made his fatal escape. Mr. Alford slungly called it "the Strawberry Blonde." Mr. Brassfield very improperly plucked its elbow and called it "Daise."

It is high time that we put on our smoked glasses and look it in the face in such a formal introduction as will enable us to do it tardy justice—for we may have been guilty of misjudgment!

Miss Daisy Scarlett, sitting on a piano-stool, with one foot curled up over her, was entertaining Dr. Julia Brown and Miss Flossie Smith, who had called on her at the home of Major Pumpfrey, her uncle. Miss Scarlett was well and shiveringly known in Bellevue, where she visited often, and was generally esteemed for her many good qualities of heart and mind, and for the infinite variety of her contributions to the sensation of a not over-turbulent social set. Her entertainment in this instance consisted in readings from a certain book which must be regarded as an early literary impudence of a most estimable and industrious, as well as improving writer "Poems of Passion." The particular selection rendered by Miss Scarlett was the one (unknown, I presume to my readers—no, my dear, we haven't it) which informs us that the first person singular feminine, being invited into Paradise, would do if the third person singular masculine, down in the regions infernal, should open his beautiful arms and smile. Miss Scarlett read ill sentiments very well, and Miss Smith did violent hands on herself and looked shocked.

"Oh, Daisy!" she exclaimed, "don't please don't!"

"Oh, Flossie!" said Miss Daisy, imitatively, "don't pretend! That poem is simply great!"

Dr. Brown laughed, quite in the manner of the bass villain in the comic opera.

"The dissecting table," said she, "brings all these beautiful arms and brows to the same dead level of tissue—unpoetical, but real!"

Miss Scarlett liberated her foot, spun about, and dashed into a stormy prelude, modulating into the accompaniment to the refrain of Sullivan's "Once Again," which she sang with much fervor.

She was about the height of a well-grown girl of twelve or thirteen, and had appealing eyes of deep blue, and a round face of peachy softness. Her hair was undeniably red, of a shade which put to shame such verbal mitigations as "auburn" or "golden," and was of tropic luxuriance and anarchic disposition. It curled and uncurled and strayed all about her brow and neck like an explosion of spongy lava. For the rest, had she really been a little girl of twelve, one would feel free to describe her as fat and rosy-poly; but in the case of a young spinster of somewhere in her third decade, well-grown and staved and moderate in physical subjection to the modiste, and singing of love like a diva, what can one say? No more than this, perhaps, that the fortunate man who carries her off the field a prize, will realize before he has got very far that he has captured something.

Love, once again, meet us once again! Old love is waking; shall it wake in vain? Thus sang Miss Scarlett, ending with a fervid trill. Then she turned about, sitting with her feet very wide apart, and faced Dr. Brown.

"Dissecting table, indeed!" she burst

forth. "I tell you, it's blasphemy to speak of making such use of a nice man! But, if I could pick 'em out, so as to be sure the right ones were dissected, I don't know but I'd agree."

Flossie Smith said that some of them ought to be put to some use; and Dr. Brown, having reminded the company of her profession, merely laughed again.

"Here I am down from Allentown," Miss Scarlett proceeded, "on purpose to be stayed with flagons and comforted with apples, as I have been here in the past. I wanted to have a good sort of lackadaisical time with the nice boys here, and I've had to stay—I don't know how long—on a famine diet of women and girls, with Ella Wheeler for sauce. It makes me swearing mad!"

"I like that now!" said Flossie. "I really like that!"

"Well, I don't," Miss Scarlett went on. "I'm not used to it. To be left alone—oh, of course Billy Cox has been trying to butt in, but what good is he? My Hercules, my Roman Anthony, who won my trusting heart last summer, at a time when I had just got it back from what I had thought a final and fatal loss—I find him away, and when he gets back, because, forsooth, he happens to be newly engaged, he's so wrapped up in a little thing like that, that he might as well have stayed in New York. He doesn't respond when I ring up his office on the telephone; he doesn't see me on the street—or, at least, only once—he seems scared. I've a good mind to give him something to be scared about!"

"Your condition," said the doctor, "is verging on the pathological."

"I don't know what path its verging on," was the reply, "but it isn't the primrose path of dalliance. There's some mystery in it."

"Go to Madame What's-Her-Name

down at the hotel," said Flossie. "She has solved almost all the mysteries we used to have—for a consideration. And she is said to have superior facilities for observing this Great Brassfield Mystery of yours."

"I must!" replied Miss Scarlett, looking out of the window. "There's Billy Cox just going into his house! What a pity for a bachelor to have such a big house all to himself—it has more than a hundred for the past week—that thought! Oh, girls, I've an idea! Let's call him over and have him take us down to her! Central! Give me 42, please. Is that you, Billy? This is Daisy. Don't you want to do something for me? Oh, you behave now! We want you to take us somewhere downtown, so don't take off your coat. We'll explain when you come over. Good-by!"

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Flossie. "I don't care about Mr. Cox, nor his big house. And the doctor and I have just started—"

"Oh, we can't go," said the doctor. "But that won't break Daisy's heart; she didn't expect we would, did you?"

"No, I shall be sorry not to have you go of course," said Miss Scarlett. "But if you must go, how would it do for you to slip away before Billy comes in, so as to leave him to me? I may be able to make something of Billy, if I'm allowed to have my way with him. Most you go? So glad you called. Of course, we shall meet at our reception? Good-by!"

Madame le Claire looked amusedly down on Miss Scarlett. The bright-haired one was questioning her concerning her mystic art.

Could she see into the future? Sometimes, when the conditions were right.

Could she read thoughts?

Let the lady judge, on the statement that two men, one with brown and the other with gray eyes, had been