

the few natives I could depend on, and crossed the river; when alas! I found that, appalling as the tale was told, it had been shorn of half its horrors. Mrs. Gordon had also fallen a victim. Mr. Gordon's body was lying on the ground horribly mutilated by tomahawks, by one blow of which his head had been nearly severed from his body. The body of his poor wife was also dreadfully mangled. We went in pursuit of the murderers, but without success; and I ordered the bodies to be put into one of his houses, until I could have time decently to inter them. Of course from the nature of the wounds, I saw at a glance that any surgical aid, such as I might have given, was utterly out of the question. The bodies were warm, but death must have been instantaneous; in both cases the principal arteries were cut in different parts of the body, and the spine also severed. I then chose a spot of ground near the banks of the river for their graves, and made in the best manner I could, two coffins in which the bodies were enclosed, and about 2 o'clock in the following afternoon, amid the tears and lamentations of all around, the bodies of the missionary and his wife were consigned to the earth. At my request one of the natives, who had been for some time in Samoa, (*Mana*) conducted services suitable to the occasion, consisting of a hymn which the deceased had composed, an address which to judge from the effects produced, was most powerfully felt, and a prayer to Almighty God. I also exhorted them to show in their subsequent conduct, the depth of their sorrow at the loss they had sustained, and to endeavour by their conduct, to show that the teachings they had listened to, had not been in vain bestowed on them. I asked them to continue to meet together as usual for devotional exercises, stating that God in his good pleasure would send them another missionary, who would be rejoiced to find that there were still left even in this dark isle, a few who would give them a kindly welcome for Jesus sake. I am truly glad to say that the peal of the Church bell is regularly heard on the Sabbath; and I can hear the hymn and the prayer, morning and evening, amongst those which I have about me, as before. Though gloomy was Mr. Gordon's prospect when here, God may cause the seed which he sowed to pro-

duce fruits, the seals of his faithful ministry.

"So far as I can learn, the circumstances attending his murder are as follows:

"On the 20th a party of nine men from Bunkhill, including the chief Lova, called at Mr. Gordon's house, and expressed a desire to see him. They were informed that he was further down the hill, putting up a house, so they left, going downwards to find him. In passing through a small grove close by, eight of them concealed themselves, while the ninth *Nokuwile* proceeded downwards. Mr. Gordon had unfortunately sent his own boys away to cut grass for a roof to the building, one of whom returned in time only to see from a distance the catastrophe: thus he was unaccompanied, when *Nokuwile* saluted him. The native asked for some calico, and Mr. Gordon wrote on a board with a piece of charcoal "give these men a yard of cotton each." He said to *Nokuwile*, "take this to Mrs. Gordon and she will give you what you want." The other said, "come up yourself, Lova and the others wish to see you there, as they want medicine for a sick man." Mr. Gordon pointed to a plate lying near him, containing some food which his wife had sent him, and said "I have not eaten yet." "However I can eat it as well at the house." "Come on." So saying, he tied up the plate in his handkerchief and walked up towards his house, followed by the native. On arriving at the ambush *Nokuwile* struck him with his tomahawk on the spine. Mr. Gordon uttering a shriek fell, and the others rushing out, with fiendish yells and laughter, cut him to pieces. On the attack having thus been made, one fellow *Oben* ran to the mission, and met, near an out-house, Mrs. Gordon, who had been disturbed by the noise. She said "Oben, what is the matter, why this noise and laughing?" He laughed and said "nothing, it is only the boys laughing." She said then, "where are the boys?" he said "I do not know," and on her turning round, buried his tomahawk in her back. She fell, and the same tragic scene was enacted as in her poor husband's case.

"I have the names of all the actors in this dreadful tragedy, and I sincerely hope that they will meet with the