

This mournful event took place on the 20th ultimo, about one o'clock in the afternoon, and I proceed to detail to you the circumstances connected with it.

On the afternoon of the twentieth I was in the act of writing a note to Mr. Gordon, when I was startled by a native (David-uti), followed by others of the Mission boys, rushing across the river and shouting that the Bunkhill natives had killed the "Missi." I immediately armed myself, and the few foreign natives whom I have, and started in pursuit of the murderers, but unsuccessfully. I found the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon lying on the ground horribly mangled, and I saw at a glance that anything in the shape of surgical assistance was out of the question, as, from the nature of the wounds, death must have been instantaneous. I went and locked up the mission-house, and set a guard of ten natives, well armed, to defend the property. I then went and selected a spot for the grave: it is situated on the right bank of the river, near the spot where Williams was killed, and overshadowed by cocoanut and banana trees. In the morning I made two coffins, in which the bodies were placed, and at two o'clock we carried them to the burying place. There, at my request, a native named "Mana," who had been for some time at the Samoan Institution, and who acted as a teacher under Mr. Gordon, conducted the services. A hymn having been sung, he gave an address, which, to judge from the effects visibly produced, must have been deeply felt; and a prayer having been offered up to Almighty God, the bodies were consigned to the earth. It was deeply interesting for me to witness the emotion exhibited by a native standing next to me, who seemed to be utterly overcome by grief; yet this very man, in 1839, murdered another of God's labourers, John Williams. The tears and lamentations of all present at the interment it was painful to witness.

From the accounts which I have gathered from the natives you may rely on the correctness of the following description of the murderous attack.

About noon of the 29th, a party of nine Bunkhill natives, of whom the chief Lova was the leader, called at the mission-house, and inquired for Mr. Gordon. They were informed that he was working a little further down the hill, at a house which he was building as a winter residence. They went towards the place, but in passing through a grove near the house, eight of the men concealed themselves, while the ninth, named Naru-bu-leet, went further down to inveigle Mr. Gordon into the trap thus laid for his destruction. Mr. Gordon had, unfortunately, sent all the boys away to gather grass for the roof of the new house, and was unattended, when Naru-bu-leet walked up to him, and asked for some calico for himself and the others of his party, who, he said, were waiting at the mission house. Mr. Gordon took up a piece of board, and wrote on it with a piece of charcoal, "Give these men a yard of cotton each." This he gave to the savage, and told him to take it to Mrs. Gordon, who would give him what he wanted. This, however, would not have suited the intentions of Naru-bu-leet. He told the missionary that Lova wished particularly to see him, and to get some medicine for a sick man, and that he had, therefore, better go up to his own house. Mr. Gordon, pointing to a plate containing some food which Mrs. Gordon had sent him, said, "I have not yet eaten, but never mind, I can do so as well at the house." And wrapping up the plate in his handkerchief he started up the hill, followed by the native. On arriving at the ambush Naru-bu-leet buried his tomahawk in Mr. Gordon's spine. He immediately fell, uttering a loud cry. Naru-bu-leet gave him another stroke on the right side of the neck, which almost severed the head from the body; and the others, rushing from their concealment, quickly cut their poor victim to pieces. While this tragedy was being enacted, another native, whose name was "Ouben," ran towards the mission house, and Mrs. Gordon, who had been alarmed by the fiendish yells and laughter of the savages, had run out, and was standing near an out-house. She asked Ouben what all that noise was about? He laughed, and said, "Nothing; it is only the boys amusing themselves." She said, "Where are the boys?" and turned round. Ouben then with the tomahawk, which he carried concealed behind his back, struck her a blow below the shoulder-blade: and, on her falling on a heap of grass, he nearly cut the head off, and otherwise mutilated her in various parts of the body. Such was the fate of two of God's most zealous servants. It is now four years since Mr. Gordon and