

him deceitful. We give below Mr. Gordon's account of the death and funeral, and will give further extracts in our next.

KOWIOWI'S DEATH.

"The death of Kowiovi is the third memorable event, that has occurred on this island during the past year. One morning last month, while engaged in teaching, a commotion was made in the school-room. On looking out men were seen passing in single file, about 100 in all, with their faces painted black and red, in every variety of style. This was the third time we had seen the like. On the first occasion, 30 or 40 men sallied down upon us one Sabbath morning just as we were about going into church. They had come for stones with which to sharpen their weapons. Each shouldering a stone made off with it, as fiendish-looking as if they had broken loose from pandemonium. This day, having forded the river, they went round to Kowiovi's cave, where he joined them. Two days previous, they had fought and lost a chief; and, contrary to the general practice, were returning to the onset, and Kowiovi fell. As Woristaki's* men knew not their intended point of attack, they divided themselves into companies on the mountain plateau, and lay in ambush at distant intervals, while a man was stationed on the mountain top which commanded a view of the heights near Dillon's Bay. The scout on seeing the direction which they took, gave the signal, and the company nearest the place ran to intercept them. In the engagement that ensued, an arrow pierced Kowiovi in the centre of his breast on the right side. This fired his ardor, and he became more resolute in the fight. The arrow rebounded, and a puff of air escaped, it is said, from the wound. Ere long his mouth filled with blood, and he fell on the ground. He desired to be carried away. But while this was being done the enemy advanced, and dropping him they fled. But his two sons clung around their parent, on seeing which he told them to escape for their lives, that as for him he was then an old man. The enemy came up, and having satisfied themselves that he was dead, called to the others to come and carry his body off, which they did without hindrance. Had his bones been worth picking, or he one of less note, not even this seeming act of magnanimity would have been shown. This event occurred at noon on Friday, and at noon on Saturday he was borne to the narrow house. The meanwhile he lay in state, with *num-puri* shells tied to his limbs, and images of the Moon lying on his breast. Due honors were paid him, and he was buried with native pomp. Though he had survived his

tribe and generation, he was a man of influence, and bore the prestige of former years.

"His son sent to ask permission to bring him on the mission grounds. In the meantime I sent word to say that I would go and see him if he were not altogether dead; but that if he were I would attend his funeral if they desired me to do so. About one o'clock the corpse was carried to the place, and according to the heathen custom the grave was then dug with foreign implements.—Again the inquiry was made where they might bury him—above or below the grave of the late missionaries,—and I sent them word to choose any spot they liked. When the grave was dug word came to that effect and I went over. But I found no one very willing to paddle me across the river.—A man, however, came, having first gone for his bow and arrows, and put on his best coat. While launching the canoe he gave the bow and arrows to a little boy to hold, and then, in his haste, got in without them. The poor fellow felt lost on discovering his mistake; but as our movements were observed from the opposite side he did not like to turn back. I asked him if he was afraid; and he said there were many of our foes present there. I then said to him to go back with the canoe and I would go alone; but to this proposal he did not like to accede. On arriving at the spot we found all sitting around in waiting, as it was assigned to me to preside at the obsequies. The old chief was there who would not promise Commodore Wiseman to protect me, and he arose, advanced, and shook hands. We then proceeded to the interment.

"The corpse was lying near wrapped up in a coarse mat, made for the purpose, of a cocoa-nut leaf, but with a profusion of English clothing next the body, of which a rug, that looked like a recent importation, was visible. Women's native dresses of the best quality were put in the bottom of the grave, and over these a rich colored piece of native cloth was spread. Upon this the body was then laid and covered with another sheet of native cloth. Over this more dresses were placed, another cloth spread, and the grave filled with green branches. When all was finished I rose to address those assembly, and with some trepidation, as, under the circumstances I scarcely knew what to say:—I said I was not glad on account of what had happened, nor on hearing of the death of any person, as the object of missionaries was not to destroy but to save life, to do good and not evil; that if the advice tendered them at different times had been taken, persons whom I then named and Kowiovi himself would still have been in the land of the living; that I had power to give advice and make exhortations but not to change men's

* A leading chief of the opposite party.