

## Missionary Intelligence.

## THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

Our readers are not likely to see a small publication relative to the Missionary work of the Wesleyan Body, called "The Wesleyan Notice New-paper." The number for April contains some painful accounts of the state of the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands, from which we shall make extracts. We trust that these hindrances to the division of the Diocese of New Zealand, which have prevented the Bishop from giving himself entirely to the evangelization of the Islands of the Pacific, which are still the abode of cannibalism and cruelty, will soon be removed. A great responsibility lies on those who lay these obstacles in the way of the work of the Church, and thus hinder the salvation of men.

The following extract is from a letter written by Mr. Waterhouse, a Wesleyan Missionary to the Feejees, dated "Bau, August 18th, 1854.

"The pleasing excitement produced by the visit of your honoured representative, the Rev. Robert Young, was soon exchanged for the blood-chilling horrors of cannibal Feejee. I shall not soon forget the 28th of December last. Nine of their enemies were captured by the Bau people, four of whom were brought here to be eaten; whilst a young man and woman (the only female amongst the number) were bound and brought alive. The poor creature was abused shamefully whilst in the hands of her cruel captors. On their arrival her scanty dress was taken off, and she was sent ashore in a state of perfect nudity. In the presence of a large mixed company of eager spectators she was clubbed, and then cut up, and prepared for the oven before pulsation ceased.

The same fate awaited the youth (about eighteen years of age), so soon as the king had obtained all the information from him which it was supposed he could give. Providentially, this gave me time to make some efforts towards the saving of his life. With heaving bosom, I wandered along the lanes of this guilty city on that inauspicious day. No man said, 'God speed thee.' The blackest looks were directed towards me. I requested a Tonguese chief to aid me; but he said, 'I pray thee have me excused.' He, however, sent one of his men to protect me. Away we went: frequently compelled to turn aside, and conceal from our sight the operations of these human butchers. At length I entered the presence of the guilty monarch, whose bearing seemed to say, 'Hast thou found me, O my enemy?' I spoke; but he interrupted me. With a hellish look, which I could not misinterpret, he exclaimed, 'The man CANNOT live!' I made no reply, but prayed in silence unto Him who can soften the hardest heart. The mysterious power of the Eternal Being touched the stony heart of this prince of cannibals; and he seemed to relent. Again did I, in meekness, plead the cause of my captive fellow-man, and the chief listened rather more respectfully. He eventually promised to spare the young man. The youth was then informed by the chief of the pleasing change in his circumstances, and ordered to go and bathe. During his absence a Feejeean approached the king very respectfully, and begged his majesty to give him the young man to kill and eat that very day. With diabolical eloquence did he urge his suit, notwithstanding my presence. But the king adhered to his promise to me. The king had never yielded in such a case before: and I was encouraged to labour more incessantly. One of the bodies was left within three yards of my door for several hours. I was compelled to retire to Yewa for a few days.

On the 4th of March, Bau was burnt by accident. Our house had a narrow escape. On the 18th we were visited by a hurricane, which destroyed vegetation and blew down many houses. But the God of the elements again preserved us. Our house nearly gave way; and if it had actually been blown down, the natives would have considered that all our property was theirs, and they would have taken it.

In April, pieces of human flesh were hung on our gates, and in front of the windows and doors. Some of the common people threatened to kill and eat me if I again expostulated with them on the subject of cannibalism.

But a brighter day was dawning, and darkness was about to be succeeded by the light of Gospel influence. On the 1st of June I wrote you an account of the public renunciation of Heathenism by the chief.

Our congregation increases weekly. Upwards of thirteen hundred have now embraced Christianity.

We subjoin also some extracts from a letter from Mr. Malvern, another Missionary of the Society, dated (To be Continued.)

"Nandy, April 25, 1854, on the practice of strangling widows:—

"During the few months we have been in Nandy, we have had opportunities too frequent of witnessing the diabolical practice of strangling widows. . . . One of our Local Preachers came to me, and told me that the Heathen at Vanara, a village four miles away, were preparing to strangle a woman. I trembled when I heard this, for it was work to which I had not been accustomed; but at the same time I resolved to do what could be done to save her. I and my colleague, Mr. Samuel Waterhouse, collected the most influential natives we could, and made all possible haste to the place. We crawled in through the low doorway, when the first object which caught our attention was the dead man, laid out in full dress, being wrapped, from his breast downwards, with a large quantity of native cloth; his face and arms were bare, and made thoroughly black; altogether presenting a horribly grotesque and fiendish appearance. We inquired for the poor woman. We found her sitting in a dark corner alone, painted from head to foot with turmeric, and respectfully dressed. They were both thus ornamentally attired for entrance into Naicobocobo, their imaginary place of departed spirits. We presented a couple of large whale's teeth as an offering that the woman might live. To our great joy the offering was accepted, and she might escape death if she would. But she would not be saved. We reasoned with her, and earnestly besought her not to be so foolish; but she persisted in declaring that she would be strangled. We saw that there was no alternative but to drag her away; and, presuming that our offering had closed the mouths and hands of the savages, we determined to try how the use of force would succeed. We took hold of her, and began to pull her away; she lunged back with all her strength. . . . Finding that dragging was of no use, we prevailed upon some of the stronger Christian natives to carry her off the ground. . . . We suspected that a good deal of the feeling she manifested was feigned, being well aware that her friends would be much ashamed and angry if she were *domo bula*, (desirous to live), and this very likely would have cost her her life. If she did not play the hypocrite, she performed the part well; for, to make it appear that she really wished to die, she strove several times to take hold of the chief lady's head, the punishment of which in Feejee is death. The lady was aware of her intention, but, being a Christian, nobly endured it. . . . As we proceeded onward, and had got a good distance from the sight and hearing of her friends, she began to improve; her crying became less vehement, and she straightened her legs. Before we got half-way to the Mission Station, her crying ceased, and she walked well; and by the time we reached the precincts of Nasavu, the Christian town, she walked alone, and appeared as little sorrowful and to desire strangling as any of us; nor could she conceal her thankfulness for her great deliverance. We lodged her in the chief's house, and thanked God for having enabled us to pluck this brand from the burning. But next day we had another battle to fight for her. A greater chief than we had *sorood* (made an offering) too, the day before, came and demanded her, that she might go and be strangled. We presented a splendid American axe, &c., and pleaded hard. By the help of the Lord, we succeeded. . . . She has embraced Christianity; she is also learning to read, and we indulge a strong hope that that religion which saved her life will save her immortal soul. She has many times expressed her thankfulness for our preventing her being strangled. . . .

In many instances we are not so successful.

## Selections.

## THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE INTO THE HANDS OF THE OTTOMANS.

[The following, which we extract from the current Number of the *Christian Remembrancer*, has a more than ordinary interest at the present moment, when the opinion prevails that Constantinople will again be Christian:]

For a hundred and fifty years the Ottomans had marked Constantinople for their own, and had waited. Long had been the waiting. Rapidly, and in hot and urgent haste, did the end arrive at last. All was at first peace and amity between the Ottoman and the Greek. The Greek even presumed to be the first to menace: the grand vizier, the friend of the Greeks, warned them of their madness in rousing a tiger before the time; but the words of Mahomet were still grave and courteous. The first year of his reign was almost over, and yet no signs were apparent to the Greeks

of the fate which was drawing near. But in the winter, the tidings came to Constantine, that the Ottomans purposed to build a castle on the European shore of the Bosphorus, at its narrowest interval, and corresponding to one already built in Asia: that the site had been chosen at five miles distant from Constantinople, and the materials collected. Constantine remonstrated, but vainly. "No," said the Ottoman, "he meant nothing against Constantinople;—but he should build on his own ground, for his own purposes; and the next messenger who dared to interfere should be flayed alive!" The announcement and the message revealed to Constantine the greatness of the crisis: but not to his people. He would have drawn the sword, but they refused. "Amid hope and fear, the fear of the wise and the hopes of the credulous, the winter rolled away," while Mahomet was burning his lime, and felling his timber, and quarrying his stone, to be ready for the first day of spring. Spring came, and with it his busy masons and zealous officers; and the summer saw the Bosphorus commanded by a new Turkish castle, bearing, in its fantastic outline, an augury and a memorial of the man and the faith, which were henceforth to reign along those shores. Still Mahomet spoke not of conquest: but he pulled down churches to build his towers, and the soldiers turned their horses into the corn-fields under the walls of Constantinople, and slaughtered the peasants when they resisted. And he him- self eagerly and curiously questioned the cunning Hungarian engineer, whom the niggardness of the Greek arsenal had driven over to the Ottomans, about the powers of his art, and whether he could cast a cannon whose stroke should shatter the walls of Constantinople. "Of Constantinople or of Babylon?" answered the craftsman. His cannon was cast; a Venetian galley, whose topsail was not lowered to Mahomet's castle, was sunk to try its range, and the survivors from the wreck impaled and beheaded, as an earnest of the purposes for which the cannon was destined, and the mind of its employer towards the Christians. Winter came on again—the second winter. The foundry of the Hungarian engineer was kept in full work. The biggest cannon that had yet been imagined or cast, issued from his moulds, and Adrianople was terrified by its explosion when it was tested. As the time drew on, a fierce and savage impatience took possession of the terrible young man, who was preparing to seize what the greatest of his fathers had vainly longed for. He pried with feverish and dangerous suspicions into the thoughts and wishes of his soldiers and ministers. "Give me Constantinople; that is all I require of thee," was his ejaculation to his grand vizier, whom he had summoned, in the restlessness of a sleepless night, to warn him not to be drawn away, as his father and grandfather had been, by the bribes of the Greeks. So the winter passed with Mahomet in anxious excitement, but in diligent and careful preparation. In Constantinople it passed, the last winter of the Christian empire, in dull and sluggish expectancy of evil—deepened by the gloom of dismal prophecies, which were repeated more frequently and more confidently—disturbed only by furious quarrels, of which religion was the watch-word—enlightened by scarcely a gleam of hopefulness, of self-reliance, of purpose. The Emperor, in the maddening extremity of his helplessness, had consented once more to the submission, which the pride of the Popes was content to exact, from those who only gave it in distress, and never with sincerity. The Emperor had consented, but not the people of Constantinople. The Roman Union was celebrated in St. Sophia, but cursed in the streets and convents of the city. Christmas, and Lent, and Easter, were spent in the bitterness of party war, in which one side avowed its preference for the Moslem turban over the Cardinal's hat. And on the Friday before Easter, the Moslem appeared before the city, to take the hoasters at their word, and to still the feuds of the two Churches in a common destruction.

Christendom was cold. The Pope, in spite of the submission of the Emperor, was offended and suspicious. In Constantinople itself, Constantine had made a muster of those who were willing and able to stand by him for their homes and churches. Out of that great city—the number has been preserved—they amounted to four thousand nine hundred and seventy-one! Those who defended Constantinople were not its own children, but foreign merchants and foreign adventurers. Out of the twelve posts of consequence around its walls, two only were held by Greeks; the other ten were commanded by Spanish, Italian, and German officers. To the last hour of the Greek empire, it was Christians

\* The outline of the walls was made to imitate the Arabic letters of the name of Mahomet. The three *Ms*, a round character in Arabic, were represented by three towers at unequal distances.