

“Before their arrival, the report of their success had reached Bau. All was glee and triumph. ‘Food is procured! A great thing has been accomplished!’ The canoes were awaited with anxious anticipation. In the meantime, the report reached Vewa also. Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert were all alone. ‘Fourteen women are to arrive at Bau to-morrow, who are to be killed and cooked for the Butone people.’ Female sympathy and female courage were excited and raised to the uttermost. They resolved to go! A canoe was procured. Trembling from head to foot, they were poled along to the bloody city. As they went, canoes with streamers were seen approaching, muskets were fired in triumph, the shrieks of some, murdered as they were brought ashore, were heard! ‘Alas! we’re too late!’ However, they urged their way. On the beach, they were met by a Christian Bau Chief, who dared boldly to join our wives, and urged them onward. ‘Make haste. Some are dead; but some are alive.’ With a whale’s tooth in each hand, they approached his cannibal Majesty, Tanoa, and besought him to spare the lives of the women. The unfeeling heart, one would think, felt then; but that dark mind, it is to be feared, will continue grossly dark, and be cast into outer darkness. However, he issued his orders: ‘Those who are dead are dead, but those who are still alive *shall live* only.’ With haste, a messenger went to Nga Vinde, the chief of the fishermen, and speedily returned to report that five were still alive. Our wives, however, could not hastily return. They went to the house of the murderer. There he sat in state, in full dress, with an admirably dressed head of hair, but manifestly now ashamed of what no one dared formerly to reprove him for. Our wives reproved him and exhorted him. He vainly excused, and professed his love to the *lotu*. Many of the chief and other women blessed our wives for their efforts, even amidst the general rejoicings of Bau, on that, to them, festival day.”