

I understood that about forty whites had taken up their residence here; but we only found twelve, who were all married to native women, and generally had large families.

We found lying at anchor here a small sloop, about the size of a long-boat, called "Who'd have thought it!" a tender to the ship *Leonidas*, Captain Eagleston, who was at another island curing the *biche de mer*; she was in charge of his first officer, Mr. Winn, who had been about trading for tortoise-shell at the different islands. He reported to me that one of his men had been enticed from the boat, and had been murdered, and probably eaten: this was said to have occurred near *Muthuata*, on the north side of *Vanua-levu*. It appeared that Mr. Winn, with only four or five men, had been trading in this small boat, for vessel she could not be called, around the group; they had with them a small skiff or punt, capable of holding only one man. In this one of the crew had been sent on shore, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the natives had any thing to dispose of. On his landing, he was led up from the beach, and never returned. This incident claimed our attention afterwards, and our proceedings in relation to it will be spoken of in their proper place.

On the morning of the 9th, the weather proved fine, and at half-past seven we all went on shore with our instruments. Orders were left with the ship to fire guns, on a signal being given from the top of *Andulong*. I put up both of the barometers, and made several comparisons, and then left one under charge of an officer to make half-hourly observations. We set off for the peak of *Andulong*, apparently but a short hour's walk. Our party consisted of about twenty-five officers and the naturalists, all intent upon their different branches of duty. Being entirely unused to so fatiguing a climb, some gave out, and were obliged to return; the strongest of us found no little exertion necessary to overcome the difficulties which beset our path: every now and then a perpendicular rise of fifteen or twenty feet was to be ascended, then a narrow ridge to be crossed, and again a descent into a deep ravine; the whole was clothed with vines at intervals, and the walking was very precarious, from the numbers of roots and slippery mud we encountered; water continually bubbled across our path from numerous rills that were hurrying headlong down the ravines. The last part of the ascent was sharp and steep, having precipices of several hundreds of feet on each side of us. On passing up the path, I saw our native guides each pull a leaf when they came to a spot, and throw it down; on inquiry, Whippy told me it was the place where a man had been clubbed: this was considered as an offering of respect to him, and, if not performed, they have a notion they will soon be killed themselves.