

them. As soon as the boats took the bottom, all jumped out except two boat-keepers, and waded in, occasionally firing at the natives, who now retreated, carrying off their dead and wounded, and soon disappeared among the mangrove-bushes.

Before reaching the beach, J. G. Clark was met badly wounded, and was taken at once to the boats. On the beach lay Lieutenant Underwood, partly stripped, and Midshipman Henry, quite naked, with a native close by the latter, badly wounded, who was at once despatched.

The party, picking up the bodies, bore them to the boats. On the first inspection, some faint hopes were entertained that Midshipman Henry was not dead; but a second examination dissipated this idea.

The boats now hauled off, and made sail to join the tender, where they had seen her in the morning at anchor.

Every attention was paid to the wounded and dead by the officers that affection and regard could dictate; and I could not but feel a melancholy satisfaction in having it in my power to pay them the last sad duties, and that their bodies had been rescued from the shambles of these odious cannibals. Yet, when I thought that even the grave might not be held sacred from their hellish appetites, I felt much concern relative to the disposition of the bodies. I thought of committing them to the open sea; but one of the secluded sand-islands we had passed the day before occurred to me as a place far enough removed from these condor-eyed savages to permit them to be entombed in the earth, without risk of exhumation, although there was no doubt that our movements were closely watched from the highest peaks. On consultation with the officers, they concurred with my views on this point.

There being no doubt, from the reports of all parties present, that this outrage was entirely unprovoked, I had no hesitation in determining to inflict the punishment it merited, and this, not by the burning of the towns alone, but in the blood of the plotters and actors in the massacre.

The two first cutters of the Vincennes and Peacock were therefore directed to take up stations to prevent the escape of any persons from the island, and before daylight Passed Midshipman Eld was despatched on the same service with the Leopard.

The tender got under way at the same time, and proceeded towards the spot I had chosen for the place of burial.

The sun rose clearly, and nothing could look more beautiful and peaceful than did the little group of islands, as we passed them in succession on our melancholy errand. At the last and largest, about ten miles from Malolo, we came to anchor. Dr. Fox and Mr. Agate went