

Every thing was now prepared, agreeably to the orders of the night before, and the whole force was landed; but instead of moving on to make farther devastation and destruction, we ascended the eastern knoll. This is covered with a beautiful copse of casuarina trees, resembling somewhat the pines of our own country. Here we took our station, and remained from about ten in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon.

The day was perfectly serene, and the island, which, but a few hours before, had been one of the loveliest spots in creation, was now entirely laid waste, showing the place of the massacre, the ruined town, and the devastated plantations. The eye wandered over the dreary waste to the beautiful expanse of waters beyond and around, with the long lines of white sparkling reefs, until it rested, far in the distance, on the small green spot where we had performed the last rites to our murdered companions. A gentle breeze, which was blowing through the casuarina trees, gave out the moaning sound that is uttered by the pines of our own country, producing a feeling of depression inseparable from the occasion, and bringing vividly to my thoughts the sad impression which this melancholy and dreadful occurrence would bring upon those who were far away.

Towards four o'clock, the sound of distant wailings was heard, which gradually drew nearer and nearer. At the same time, the natives were seen passing over the hills towards us, giving an effect to the whole scene which will be long borne in my memory. They at length reached the foot of the hill, but would come no farther, until assured that their petition would be received. On receiving this assurance, they wound upward, and in a short time, about forty men appeared, crouching on their hands and knees, and occasionally stopping to utter piteous moans and wailings. When within thirty feet of us, they stopped, and an old man, their leader, in the most piteous manner, begged pardon, supplicating forgiveness, and pledging that they would never do the like again to a white man. He said, that they acknowledged themselves conquered, and that the island belonged to us; that they were our slaves, and would do whatever I desired; that they had lost every thing; that the two great chiefs of the island, and all their best warriors had been killed, all their provisions destroyed, and their houses burned. They acknowledged a loss of fifty-seven killed. Whether the twenty-five that were opposed to Lieutenant Emmons were included in this number, I know not, but I am rather inclined to believe that they were; for accounts subsequently received, give the same number. They declared that they were now convinced that they never could make war against the white men (Papalangis);