

Ambau, with which he already had a misunderstanding, in relation to the young wife of old Tanoa. He therefore refused to become the ally of Somu-somu, but offered his mediation between the parties. This did not settle the affair, as will be seen in the sequel.

The difficulty was brought to a state of open war by the capture of a small fishing-canoe belonging to Ambau, by the Somu-somu people, who killed the natives that were in it. Their bodies were afterwards eaten by the chiefs and people of Somu-somu, with much exultation and rejoicing, at a feast where the captors of the canoe were painted and smeared with turmeric, and dances and ava drinking concluded the festivities.

Messrs. Hunt and Lythe, with their ladies, were very glad to see us, for they were in much trouble, as the fact of their residing at Somu-somu would subject them to be treated as though they were actively engaged in the war; for all strangers residing within the limits of the koro, are in time of war considered as enemies, so far as being subject to plunder.

I felt a great interest about the missionaries, and regretted the absence of Tui Illa-illa, the acting king, who was on the island of Vanua-levu, gathering his warriors. Not being able to await his arrival, I had a long talk with his old father, Tui Thakau, whom I found sitting in his house, as usual, with his wives about him, all of whom asked the interpreter, Tom, for red paint, (aloha.)

I distinctly told the king, that neither the missionaries nor any other white men must be hurt; that if it ever occurred, or he touched a hair of their heads, he might rely upon it, that sooner or later, punishment would come upon him; I urged upon him, for his own sake, the necessity of taking care that no harm should come to them or their families, and spoke of the necessity of their giving them ground, and building them a house without the limits of the town. To all this he listened with great willingness, and promised to do all he could; but he said that his son Tui Illa-illa must be consulted, and that when he came back he would talk the matter over with him. He, however, promised that no harm should come to the missionaries. This had a good effect, and quieted in a measure the fears of the ladies of the mission.

The old king told me he did not pretend to rule out of his own house, for he had become too old. He passes his time with his wives, muskets, and junk-bottles, of the latter of which he has a goodly supply, hung all around his house. His stock of them had increased since my last visit, the Currency Lass having, I believe, disposed of