

at a very unusual place. I called the attention of my comrades to this singular procedure, and as the hostage feigning himself sick came along, supported by two men, I inquired what was the matter. He answered that "the spirit had hit him." About 8 A. M., I saw the captain accompanying Vendovi to the gangway of the brig, and immediately walk aft again, to give the mate a bottle. The mate, with Vendovi and four men, in the pinnace, now left the brig, and pulled for the same unusual landing-place, where the hostage had landed. Vendovi, on landing, accompanied Mr. Chitman, the mate, part of the way to the biche de mar house, and there left him. I now inquired of Mr. Chitman why he came on shore. He answered, "To bring the bottle of medicine to the sick chief." This he accordingly deposited at the door of the house, and went in. I lost no time when he came out to repeat my suspicions of the natives to Mr. Chitman, who accordingly determined to return without delay to the brig. On his way to the boat, Mr. Chitman met Vendovi, who took him by the hand and walked along with him a short distance, then suddenly seized him by both arms, and held him fast while a native beat him to death with a club. I now betook myself to the house, and loud shouts ensued outside, in the midst of which I heard Vendovi's voice ordering his people to murder all the whites. While this was in progress, the Kantavu chief gave orders to fire the house, which was accordingly done in several places. While the house was burning, three Tahitians belonging to the brig, all wounded with spears, came in and stood beside me: one of them soon left us; the second sat down in a corner, saying he would sooner be burned than clubbed to death. I remained with the third until I heard a native outside telling another that the white men were all dead, and it was time to share the spoils. When no longer able to bear the heat, we ran out together and took to the water. The Tahitian was a good swimmer, eluded the pursuit of the natives, and got safe on board. I was up to my waist in the water, when, looking around, I saw a man raising a club to strike me. After receiving four blows on my head, back, and hands, I drew my knife to defend myself. At this the assassin retreated, and called to the pursuer of the Tahitian for assistance to despatch me. By this time I had slipped off the bank, and fortunately escaped a spear and club that were hurled at me, struggled into deep water, and was picked up by the pinnace. In the mean time the brig kept up a fire from her big guns, on a cave to which the natives had retreated, and obliged some of them to raise a breastwork, from which they ineffectually fired with their muskets in return, while others were engaged in dragging the dead bodies of our comrades over the beach. On Monday morning