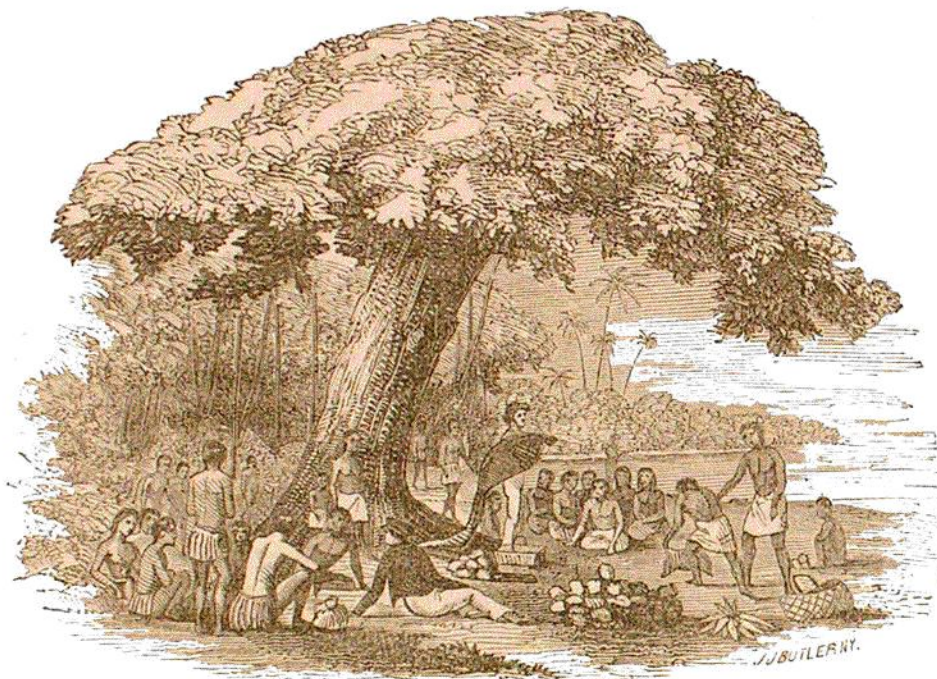


tree, was the trade-box, and near to it stood the trade-master, measuring the fathoms of cloth. On one side were natives, seated with their cocoa-nuts and pigs, and others looking on; some again sitting aloof, because they could not obtain their price, or the article they wanted; and others watching their opportunity to obtain a small reward for some service. The vignette is from a sketch by Mr. Agate, of one of these parties at Apia.



TRADING SCENE, APIA.

In the account of my visit to this island the year previous, I have mentioned the intention of Mr. Williams to extend the missionary field to the groups west of the Feejees, and had occasion to refer to his melancholy end in carrying out this intention, and the recovery of his bones by H. B. M. sloop of war *Favourite*.

That occurrence, instead of damping the ardour of the survivors, has been the means of giving it a fresh impetus. Mr. Heath, who has become the successor to Mr. Williams, has made a cruise with a number of native missionaries, and succeeded in placing them in the very island which was the scene of the massacre, with every prospect of success.

The *Camden* was fitting out for another cruise, under the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Tutuila. Captain Hudson pressed upon them the expediency of a visit to the island that he had just discovered, Fakaaso or Bowditch; and it is to be hoped that ere long their enterprise may