

and cruelty, where nothing now reigns
but savage joy on one hand, and weeping
and mourning on the other.

In returning through the potatoe grounds,
we met with the Chief Racow, Quaterra's
Father-in-Law. I wished to visit the sacred
Grove, which was near, where he died; but
as I understood that it was tabooed, I could
not presume to enter without permission of
the Chief. Mr. Kendall spoke to him, and
told him what I wanted. He came, and pointed
out the tree, where his Daughter, Quaterra's
Wife, hung herself; and shewed us the spot,
where both bodies were deposited. The sacred spot
was enclosed with a fence. Here the bodies re-
mained together, till the flesh was decayed; when
the bones were carefully collected, and carried to
their respective family sepulchres.

How mysterious are the ways of God! Quaterra
once prided himself in the prospect of