My dearest Father,

If you have not forgotten your reading of Cook’s voyage, you will have a clear idea of my present position. At the request of the Governor of New Zealand, incensed by my own strong inclination, I took my passage in H.M. Ship Dielo, Captain Maxwell, on a cruise to some of the islands in the South Sea. Let you should think that there were not a range of my own duty. I must tell you that the Archbishop of Canterbury in his introductory letter to me, commanded to my notice the project of Christianity ‘dropping the Coast and Islands of the Pacific,’ a charge, which the troubled State of New Zealand has hitherto prevented me from attempting to fulfill. Peace being happily restored, and a favourable opportunity being offered, I embarked on board this ship on the 25th December, Captain Maxwell. In the Murray I must humbly bear a place on his cabin chair and enjoy a degree of comfort and leisure which I have not known in the Polynesian Islands. After a slight or two, we stood in a few miles off leaving New Zealand, to join with the trade wind for the 30th and on the tenth day came in sight of (Eora) at three miles off Tonga Taulu. On the 3rd of January and a footing a sparkling trade wind and sailed between the Coast ridge of Tongatapu, admirably the white line of foam bordering the deep blue water of the ocean from the sea green lagoon within; with a cluster of small islands on our right hand; to the extreme of Tonga to the left.
a native pilot conducted us into the harbour, in which I
reached the Tonga Siret, having stopped it during the voyage.
But I found that it is so different from the New Zealand Siret
that I had hardly realized that it will take us a long time. Many
islanders, with a well-known “coconut” supplies, 2 of bananas, coco-
nuts, breadfruit, 20 eggs, and lemons, landed the next morning, in con-
trast with the beach of W. Thomas, the senior member of the
Messagerie, who has spent twenty years in the Friendly Islands.
He judged it through shady glades of coconut, coconut, coconut
in the midst of forests rattled in the trees, to his two houses, a native
building formed of mats of the steams of the coconut, and by the side of
strong walls made from the bark in the village around as the only
sound of wooden mallets beating out native cloth gave a
life at spring to the village, though native houses on the sea could
be seen. Through this delightful shade the trade wind caused
a most refreshing coolness. At noon we went to the school,
where 220 children assembled, and went through their exercises
under the direction of W. Amos, who has lately arrived to
organize a school system in the Messagerie Mission. They were
all dressed in the native fashion in the short
kello of native cloth or leaves, and the best
hair and adorned with the coconut oil. Once
my host to the house, and at the dinner
preparation for all ceremonies throughout the
Pacific. The crown of young children
are the most common little objects in the
crown crowns, the effect of which is
dressed in the form of hair which the
upper crown present. On the following day
I was invited to a school meeting, at which all
the children formed a procession, each bearing
a little present for me. One a shell, some a
chicken, some a little coconuts of coconut
oil, all of which were laid at my feet. I
made them a speech of thanks, which W.
Thomas interpreted. You may suppose that I was greatly
During our stay we visited the principal public buildings of the island, including the church and other places of interest. On our way we met a group of children, all wearing cheerful costumes, with a cheerful Countenance, quite different from that of the native women, who, however, are also interesting in their own way. The native women's costumes are often quite elaborate and colorful. The church at Nauru is a beautiful building, with a tall bell tower and a large entrance. The interior is well-lit and decorated with many paintings and statues. After leaving the church, we walked down to the beach, where we found a small shrine dedicated to the local deity. The beach itself is quite beautiful, with fine white sand and crystal-clear water. We spent some time exploring the area, taking many photographs and admiring the natural beauty of the island.
Captain Astley's death was the result of an attempt to carry out an
armed expedition between two contending parties in Tonga, in which
he proceeded with very little previous knowledge of native
character; and unhappily lost his life when attacking
the gate of which I have given you an idea on the other side.

In visiting the Mission Station at the Aua I came to a
gigantic ocean tree at the head of the lagoon which ran deep
into the middle of Populataue trees. The ocean resembled the Paraná
in its route of growth, the
young tree as it grew shaking,
falling down into the ground,
and by degrees
became consolidated into
one enormous tank. By rating formula, I measured the depth of
the tree at up to 28 fathoms.

The roots on one side ran down into the shallow water of the
lagoon - over which enormous limbs stretch out, longer needing
the support of the clustered roots, but seemingly as strong and
independent as the trunk itself.

I pay respect for the Otilai, the Protestant Missionary
connected with my stay at Tonga. He seems to be an earnest
devoted man; and hopes that the young convertors who have lately joined him take flight in his steps -
nothing can be conceived more delightful than the walks
at Tonga Lake. They are the garden of the Heavens in that
the fancy, for since heathenism has been almost driven out, every part of the Island may be freely visited. Over head
are clusters of the most delicious tropical fruits; and you
Dear Sirs,

I must write to you, as they are pretty offered to the traveller, when you enter into this house. The Pathos are carefully kept, to good order, without root or stone to catch the feet, and with an overhanging shade of various trees to keep off the heat of the sun. The ground being perfectly level, you may suppose that my footsteps were often gently on such a different surface from that of my own island.

While I should not wish to change for here is an invigorating and luxuriant quality about the climate of country which might captivate many weak minds, and take out from their heart its home forever - I am delighted with these islands, and their people, and prepared to return contentedly to my own.

The friendly Islanders are certainly in many respects a more pleasing people than the New Zealanders; and the prospect is better for their increasing in number but there seems to be one prevailing complaint that the Polynesian race cannot be induced to work, and without that how can they become a civilized people.

The New Zealanders, on the contrary, are ready to willing to work; and under

Our next stage, first welling, is Peter, one of the Kapai Islands, which I hope to find you some account, in the form of a second chapter of the Illustrated Polynesian Map.

Believe me, that in the midst of the distant islands, my heart untraveled still returns to home. Commending you and my dear brother sisters, to the same Heavenly Father. I trust guided me through the alternate parts of the sea -

remain, Heavenly Father,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

G. R. MacLeod

My kindest love to Aunt Eliza.
Richmond, July 1, 1840

S. P. Washburne

William Pigman

Supt.

[Signature]

[Signature]