

and the Hoes and Axes would be of no advantage to them when dead. They wanted them now. They had no Tools at present, but wooden ones, to work their Potatse Grounds with, and requested we would relieve their present distress. It is exceeding difficult, nay, I may add impossible, to convince them by any argument, that we have it not in our power, to comply with their wishes. It would take 5000 Hoes and Axes at the present period, to meet the demand, and it is more than probable, that number, when distributed, it would take as many more. The natives are so poor at present, that they have no means to purchase an Hoe, or Axe, if we had them to dispose of: but when we can obtain these Tools in sufficient quantities for general culture, the produce of their labour, will soon furnish the means to procure these necessary articles. In the evening I walked over to Tipponah accompanied by Messrs. Kendall & Hall, to see what progress the natives were making in preparing their Potatse Grounds for planting. We found more than 100 in the field, men and women, and most of them at work. Some with the Hoes and Spades, they had received from the Missionary Stores, and others with wooden Tools. Very considerable portions of Land were cleared and broke up in different places, and ready for planting since our last visit. Shunghee has built a small Village here, on the Ground he is cultivating, for the accommodation of his work people. We visited his Village. He was gone to Kiddee Kiddee. We found his Three wives at home. Two of them had been prisoners of war. His head wife who is blind, and has been already mentioned, told us with a smile that Shunghee was not so kind in his attentions to her, since he had taken the two new Wives, who were present. His head wife has a very fine family of Children. In this Village I observed the Heads of Eleven Chiefs stuck up on Poles as Trophies of Victory. On enquiry I learned they were part of those Shunghee brought with him, in his last expedition to the Southwards. He had cured them all. Their Countenances were very natural, excepting their lips, and teeth, which had all a ghastly grin, as if they had been fixed by the last agonies of Death. How painful must these exhibitions be to the Wives children, and subjects of these departed Chiefs, who are prisoners of war, and labouring upon the same spot, with these Heads in full view. My mind was filled with Horror and disgust, at the sight of this Golgotha; at the