

the chief of the Sandwich Islands, on the 23rd of August, 1848, the voyage having been greatly protracted by calms and contrary winds, and the very indifferent sailing qualities of our vessel. This town presents from the outer anchorage the most picturesque type of a tropical village in all its loveliness. It extends along the sea-shore for about two miles; the houses are grouped in small clusters, surrounded by luxuriant plantations of sugar-cane, banana, and other fructiferants of torrid climes, surmounted by the lofty palm.

With the exception of the public edifices and a few of the better class of houses, which are built of brick, stone, or even slabs of coral, the habitations are for the most part only rude huts, yet neat and cleanly-looking from a distance: from their sombre hue, they present a fine contrast to the varied tints of tree and herbage here exhibited. I thought it a perfect paradise. The sweet tale of Paul and Virginia, with the description of their home, came across my memory, and I pictured their land to be such an one as this.

In the bay were numerous diminutive fishing-boats, each with an outrigger to prevent it from overturning, so narrow and frail are they. This curious balance is composed of a branch of considerable thickness, with a straight stem about five feet in length, terminating