

nearly all the ship's company assembled at the top of the companion, and were greeted with wishes for "A happy New Year, and many of them," that we quite realised that nothing serious was the matter. Soon the strains of sweet music, proceeding from the Honolulu choirs, which had come out in boats to serenade us, fell upon our ears. The choristers remained alongside for more than an hour, singing English and American sacred and secular hymns and songs, and then went off to the *Fantôme*, where they repeated the performance. The moon shone brightly; not a ripple disturbed the surface of the water. It was altogether a romantic and delicious scene, and we found it difficult to tear ourselves away from the sweet sounds which came floating over the sea.

Mabelle and I went at twelve o'clock to the Queen's New Year's reception, held in a wing of the palace. Having driven through the pretty gardens, we were received at the entrance by the Governor, and ushered through two reception rooms into the royal presence. The Queen was dressed in a European court-dress, of blue and white material, with the Hawaiian Order of the Garter across her breast. Two maids of honour were also in court-dress. Of the other ladies, some were in evening, some in morning dress, some with bonnets and some without; but their costumes were all made according to the European fashion, except that of her Highness Ruth, the Governess of Hawaii, who looked wonderfully well in a rich white silk native dress, trimmed with white satin. This native costume is a most becoming style of dress, especially to the chiefs and chiefesses, who are all remarkably tall and handsome, with a stately carriage and dignified manner. The Queen stood in front of the throne, on which were spread the royal robes, a long mantle of golden feathers, without speck or blemish.

The Princess presented Mabelle and me to her Majesty, and we had a short conversation through a lady interpreter. It is always an embarrassing thing to carry on a conversation in this way, especially when you find yourself in the midst of a square formed by a large crowd of ladies, who you fancy are all gazing at you, the one stranger present.

Queen Kapiolani is a nice-looking woman, with a very pleasing expression of countenance. She is the granddaughter of the heroic Princess Kapiolani, who, when the worship and fear of