

early start—we were off at early dawn. We pulled along till about eleven o'clock. Our men were nearly done out as the wind had freshened up considerably. On nearing our landing I saw a fine lagoon clear as crystal before us, but inside of a reef over which a heavy sea broke almost incessantly. I was afraid to attempt, but our people assured me there was quite a good passage. At any rate it was vexing to return without landing after having come such a distance. So in a lull, we pulled in, and would have got in finely only for the strong current which met us. But as we were in the middle of the passage a huge breaker rolled in, nearly upsetting the boat, and filling her to the seats, still the lads kept at their oars and pulled with all their might. Another roller passed over us but not so heavy as the first, and we were safely lodged inside the reef.

We went ashore; and having examined my portmanteau I found all was wet. So I spread it all out on the rocks; and in an hour all was dry again. In this short time however, I found that swarms of tiny ants had quartered themselves in my stores determined to be, if not sole possessors, at least sharers in them.

Having re-packed we marched inland through a dense forest, and over a bold and very fertile soil. From noon to 5 p.m., we walked on without coming to a village. I saw some very large trees, but of so porous a texture as to be useless even for firewood. I measured two, about three feet above the ground; one measured 36 feet round, the other 48. It was nearly sunset when we arrived at Ebor. The men were at their cook-house preparing their evening meal. They were all astonished to see a white man amongst them. Word soon spread that such a curiosity had arrived. Women and children of the more courageous sort ventured near enough to get a peep at me through the fence.

The question next to be settled, was where was I to sleep and pass the night. They did not wish to see me spend the night out of doors, nor did they feel prepared to offer me proper accommodation within. At length one chief ventured to invite me in.

The Fatean house is somewhat in shape like a boat turned bottom up, but as large as a schooner. The front is open for the space of 20 or 25 feet in the middle. This is the door. It is so low that I can seldom or never enter but quadruped fashion. In each end is a sort of an apartment separated from the middle by reeds or mats. Such was the house to which I was brought. There was no floor nor window, nor chair nor box, nor bed in it. Nor was there anything to shut the door with. The earth and ashes were anything but hard trodden,

swine and fowls, and dogs being its regular occupants as well as human beings. My portmanteau was suspended on a rat-safe hook which hung on a cord suspended from the ridge pole. Soon the men went to work to make me a bed. Four stakes were inserted in the ground; sticks were laid across between them and a floor of reeds laid and fastened over the whole. This scaffold was about 3 feet off the ground. Its object was to protect me from the swarms of insects which inhabited the ground. But it protected me from the interference of dogs and swine as well. A mat having been spread over the scaffold, I added my topcoat and my plaid, and my bed was made.

But when I found quarters for the night, I wished to have a cup of tea made. There was no water in the house. On enquiry it was found there was none in the village. Having proposed that some one should go for water, I was told it was so far away that they could not bring any home that evening. This was not very welcome news as I wanted my tea much being considerably fatigued by the march. Happily there was a little water in the tea-kettle not used by the way. Thus I managed to make a pint of tea, infused in a dipper and drank out of another without milk. It was the sweetest and most refreshing cup of tea I ever drank. The conversation turned largely on the great object of our visit. As it became dark outside I confined myself to my own berth.

Meantime the women were busy preparing food for the strangers. So a large fire was kindled in the middle of the house at no great distance from me. Stones were put on the top of a pile of fuel to be heated. Small yams were roasted on top of this heap and the outside scraped off with a mussle shell. The very nicest when ready was handed to me, of which I was happy to partake. Our Erakor people were also supplied.

But by this time the house was full of smoke and all but unsufferable heat, as there was no vent in the roof to carry out the reek, which was confined inside, but as it escaped through the thatch and at the low door, I had a most efficacious warm bath of it. But I preferred enduring it to exposing myself to the night air in such a place.

But now they began to pull the fire apart in order to put in the food, which was rolled up in large leaves. The heat now became intense, the ashes were flying all over the house, and the steam of the green leaves as they were deposited in and being covered by the heated stones, was not the most tolerable part of the process.

This work ended, we had worship to-