

specimens of the products of the island.

All the members of the royal family at present in Tahiti had been invited to meet us, and arrived in due course, including the heir-apparent and his brother and sister. All the guests were dressed in the native costume, with wreaths on their heads and necks, and even the servants—including our own, whom I hardly recognised—were similarly decorated. Wreaths had also been prepared for us, three of fragrant yellow flowers for Mabelle, Muriel, and myself, and others of a different kind for the gentlemen.

When the feast was ready the Prince offered me his arm, and we all walked in a procession to a grove of bananas in the garden through two lines of native servants, who, at a given signal, saluted us with three hearty English cheers. We then continued our walk till we arrived at a house, built in the native style, by the side of a rocky stream, like a Scotch burn. The uprights of the house were banana trees, transplanted with their leaves on, so as to shade the roof, which was formed of plaited cocoa-nut palm leaves, each about fifteen feet long, laid transversely across bamboo rafters. From these light green supports and the dark green roof depended the yellow and brown leaves of the *there*, woven into graceful garlands and elegant festoons. The floor was covered with the finest mats, with black and white borders, and the centre strewn with broad green plantain leaves, to form the tablecloth, on which were laid baskets and dishes, made of leaves sewed together, and containing all sorts of native delicacies. There were oysters, lobsters, wurruli, and crawfish, stewed chicken, boiled sucking-pig, plantains, bread-fruit, melons, bananas, oranges, and strawberries. Before each guest was placed a half cocoa-nut full of salt water, another full of chopped cocoa-nut, a third full of fresh water, and another full of milk, two pieces

of bamboo, a basket of *poi*, half a bread-fruit, and a platter of green leaves, the latter being changed with each course. We took our seats on the ground round the green table. An address was first delivered in the native language, grace was then said, and we commenced. The first operation was to mix the salt water and the chopped cocoa-nut together, so as to make an appetising sauce, into which we were supposed to dip each morsel we ate, the empty salt-water bowl being filled up with fresh water with which to wash our fingers and lips. We were all tolerably successful in the use of our fingers as substitutes for knives and forks, though we could not manage the performance quite so gracefully as those more accustomed to it. The only drawback, as far as the dinner itself was concerned, was that it had to be eaten amid such a scene of novelty and beauty, that our attention was continually distracted. There was so much to admire around one, both in the house itself and outside, where we could see the mountain stream, the groves of palms and bread-fruit, and beyond them the bright sea and the surf-beaten coral reef. After we had finished, all the servants sat down to dinner, and from a dais at one end of the room we surveyed the bright and animated scene, the gentlemen—and some of the ladies too—meanwhile enjoying their cigarettes.

When we got down to Papiete, at about half-past four, so many things had to be done that it seemed impossible to accomplish a start this evening. First of all the two Princes came on board, and were shown round, after which there were accounts to be paid, linen to be got on board, and various other preparations to be made. Presently it was discovered that the cloaks I had purchased—or thought I had purchased—this morning had not turned up, and that our saddles had been left at Fautahua on Sunday and had been forgotten. The latter were