

*Wednesday, January 3rd.*—This was sure to be a disagreeable day, since it was to be the concluding one of our short stay in this pleasant place. The final preparations for a long voyage had also to be made; stores, water, and live stock to be got on board, bills to be paid, and adieux to be made to kind friends. Before seven the yacht was surrounded by boats, and the deck was quite impassable, so encumbered was it with all sorts of lumber, waiting to be stowed away, until the boats could be hoisted on board and secured for the voyage. It could not, however, be helped; for the departure of a small vessel, with forty people on board, on a voyage of a month's duration, is a matter requiring considerable preparation. At three we were to go to the Royal Mausoleum. The Princess herself met us at the Mausoleum, which is a small but handsome stone Gothic building, situated above the Nuuanu Avenue, on the road to the Pali. There lay the coffins of all the kings of Hawaii, their consorts, and their children, for many generations past. The greater part were of polished *koa* wood, though some were covered with red velvet ornamented with gold. Many of them appeared to be of an enormous size; for, as I have already observed, the chiefs of these islands have almost invariably been men of large and powerful frames. The farewells were at last over, the anchor was weighed, and the yacht began slowly to move ahead. Suddenly we heard shouts from the shore, and saw a boat pursuing us in hot haste. We stopped, and received on board a basket of beautiful ferns and other parcels from different friends. Now we are fairly off. But no! there are farewell signals and hearty cheers yet to come from the officers and men of the *Fantôme*; and, still further out, on the top of the tiny lighthouse at the mouth of the narrow passage through the reef, stand other friends, cheering and waving their handkerchiefs, and till the shades of twilight fell we could see their white handkerchiefs fluttering, and hear their voices borne on the evening breeze, as we meandered slowly through the tortuous channels into deep water.

*Saturday, January 6th.*—The gale increased during the night, and the head-sea became heavier. I hope to get through a good deal of reading and writing between this and Japan.

*Thursday, January 11th,* had no existence for us, as, in the process of crossing the 180th meridian, we have lost a day.

*Friday, January 12th.*—Wednesday morning with us was