

magnified in height, and with a background of verdure-clad mountains, and you will have some idea of the fall of Fautahua as we beheld it.

After resting a little while and taking some sketches, we climbed up to the fort itself, a place of considerable interest, where the natives held out to the very last against the French. On the bank opposite the fort, the last islander killed during the struggle for independence was shot while trying to escape. Situated in the centre of a group of mountains, with valleys branching off in all directions, the fort could hold communication with every part of the coast, and there can be little doubt that it would have held out much longer than it did, but for the treachery of one of the garrison, who led the invaders, under cover of the night, and by devious paths, to the top of a hill commanding the position. Now the ramparts and earthworks are overrun and almost hidden by roses. Originally planted, I suppose, by the new-comers, they have spread rapidly in all directions, till the hill-sides and summits are quite a-blush with the fragrant bloom.

Having enjoyed some strawberries and some icy cold water from a spring, and heard a long account of the war from the *gardiens*, we found it was time to commence our return journey, as it was now getting late. We descended much more quickly than we had come up, but daylight had faded into the brief tropical twilight, and that again into the shades of night, ere we reached the carriage.

Dinner and evening service brought the day to a conclusion, and I retired, not unwillingly, to bed, to dream of the charms of Tahiti.

Sometimes I think that all I have seen must be only a long vision, and that too soon I shall awaken to the cold reality; the flowers, the fruit, the colours worn by every one, the whole scene and its surroundings, seem almost too fairylike to have an actual existence. I am in despair when I

attempt to describe all these things. I feel that I cannot do anything like justice to their merits, and yet I fear all the time that what I say may be looked upon as an exaggeration.

Long dreamy lawns, and birds on happy wings,
Keeping their homes in never rifled bowers;
Cool fountains filling with their murmurings
The sunny silence 'twixt the chiming hours.

After breakfast I had another visit from a man with war-cloaks, shell-belts, *tapa*, and *reva-reva*, which he brought on board for my inspection. It was a difficult task to make him understand what I meant, but at last I thought I had succeeded in impressing upon his mind the fact that I wished to buy them, and that they would be paid for at the store. The sequel unfortunately proved that I was mistaken. At nine o'clock we set out for the shore, and after landing drove along the same road by which we had returned from our excursion round the island.* After seeing as much of the place as our limited time would allow, we re-entered the carriages and drove over to Fautahua, where we found the children and maids had arrived just before us. The grand piano, every table, and the drawing-room floor, were spread with the presents we were expected to take away with us. There were bunches of scarlet feathers, two or three hundred in number, from the tail of the tropic bird, which are only allowed to be possessed and worn by chiefs, and which are of great value, as each bird only produces two feathers; pearl shells, with corals growing on them, red coral from the islands on the Equator, curious sponges and sea-weed, *tapi* cloth and *reva-reva* fringe, arrowroot and palm-leaf hats, cocoa-nut drinking vessels, fine mats plaited in many patterns, and other

* We paid a brief visit to Point Venus, whence Captain Cook observed the transit of Venus on November 9th, 1769, and we saw the lighthouse and tamarind tree, which now mark the spot. The latter from which we brought away some seed, was undoubtedly planted by Captain Cook with his own hand.