

natives; and the excitement and wonder caused by a steamer arriving cannot be imagined except by those who have witnessed it. When the vessel rounded the point smoking, they ran to report to the missionaries "a ship on fire." When we anchored, the shouting and applause were quite deafening. The vessel was soon crowded with amazed spectators, who, frightened, did not know what way to look or turn. The Torch was the first steam vessel they had seen. The survey of this island was complete on the 27th.

The Torch was dismantled, and every thing housed snug, and she steamed against a south east trade, head sea, and adverse current, to Ovalau, Fidjees, in the short space of four days and sixteen hours, stopping daily to get deep soundings from 500 to upwards of 600 fathoms, to ascertain if any connection existed between the groups. H. M. ship Herald was not found here, although the appointed place of rendezvous. On the Torch's arrival on the evening of the first of June, the shores were densely crowded with beings gazing with anxious wonder at every revolution of the wheels, shouting and yelling at every manœuvre. The vessel had got (from the want of knowledge of the pilot) a little too close to the beach, and the natives thought she was coming; in among them, but when they saw her go astern with as much ease as ahead, their roar will not easily be forgotten; it was only surpassed by the yell that followed when the steam was blown off. They remained on the beach till near midnight, talking over and wondering at what they had witnessed, but not a word above a whisper. For three successive days, no duty could be performed; the vessel was given up to their curiosity, and she was crowded—the cabins, decks, and paddle boxes, every where they could cram. It was indeed a novel sight for them, and one never to be forgotten. "Well!" they exclaimed, "white folks are wonderful persons;" but what funny people to make sails of wood and coals. They asked if the gods inspired us, or if the spirits told us to do this.

War, and its attendant, cannibalism, were still rife. Only the day before the Torch's arrival, twenty-seven had been killed and a feast made of their bodies; several of the natives were on board who had partaken of the repast. They still kill for the sake of human flesh, and con-

sider it a great luxury—worth the trouble of killing for. Some of the scenes narrated by white residents were both horrifying and frightful, and, unless corroborated by others, could hardly have been credited. Although surrounded by hundreds of these people at times, the vessel was perfectly free from all treachery. The natives knew where they were, and not one of the many hundreds who visited the ship would have touched a pin on the deck, from fear of the consequences. They were nearly all naked, and their bodies and faces covered with oil and soot, their war costume. * * * On the 20th June, the Torch again anchored at Aneiteum, for wood sufficient to take her to the Isle of Pines. During the stay of the Torch at Aneiteum, the new church, 78 by 36, built entirely by the industrious natives, was opened by the Rev. Messrs Inglis & Geddie, in the presence of 1000 persons, who have embraced Christianity. The opportunity was taken of uniting in holy wedlock nine couples, who had been waiting this occasion. The church and its grounds were decorated with all the Torch's flags, and to the natives had the most brilliant and imposing effect. The scene was both amusing and novel, as described by the officers of the Torch. The about-to-be happy couples turned their backs upon each other as they pronounced the 'Yes:' there was an unnecessary degree of bashfulness about the women, and a great want of gallantry among the young men, who, after being congratulated by all, the brides went out of one door, while the bridegrooms went out of another. They chose their own roads, and took different ones. In the evening there was a good feast. On the 8th of July the Torch left Aneiteum, and arrived at the Isle of Pines on the 13th, passing by Mare (Loyalty Isles), and over the position of Durrant's Reef. She had scarcely commenced her surveying here, when she was blown off among the Loyalty Isles by a westerly gale, and did not recover her position for several days afterwards. Finding a bank, before unknown, 11 miles from the Nautilus group, she returned to the anchorage, and filled up with wood to complete the survey of the great S.E. reef of New Caledonia. The French colors were displayed on one of the most picturesque spots the island affords, in the mission. They were evidently surprised at the visit of a British man