

hundred barrels, which was sold on the spot to Sydney dealers, at forty pounds the tun. In addition to this quantity, five thousand five hundred barrels were taken in the bay, by whale-ships, principally Americans, from which some idea of its value to our countrymen may be formed. The establishments on shore have connected with them stores for supplying ships, where articles may be had at one hundred per cent. advance on the Sydney prices; potatoes are sold at thirty dollars the ton, and pork at twelve and a half cents per pound; boards and plank may also be obtained at fifty dollars per thousand; wood and water are purchased of the natives for muskets, powder and ball, blankets, pipes, and tobacco. It is also customary to make a present of two muskets, or an equivalent, to Robolua, the chief, for harbour dues. A Mr. Williams, who was one of the establishment, furnished the above information.

Two American whalers were found here. A number of chiefs came off to the vessel, in the course of the day; they were fierce-looking savages, with coarse matted hair, tattooed visages, and bodies besmeared with red earth and oil; some of them were clad in coarse mats, others in blankets, and all exceedingly filthy; most of them had the heitiki ornament about their necks, and some in their ears, which were also decorated with red and white feathers, and the holes pierced in them were also made the receptacle of their pipes; others had necklaces of human bones, polished,—trophies of the enemies they had slain.

Their manners were uncouth, exhibiting none of that amenity so remarkable in the natives of the other Polynesian groups; yet there was a rude dignity about them, that evinced a consciousness of their rank and consequence. Three or four women came on board, but not one of them could be called good-looking, and they appeared to care less about their appearance than the men.

The noted Robolua made his appearance at the breakfast-table, unannounced and uninvited; he most unceremoniously took his seat next the captain, remarking, "Me, Robolua!" In person, he is above the middle stature, powerfully built, and rather ill-featured. The usual expression of his countenance is not bad, but when enraged, it is truly fiendish, and his small deep-sunk eyes, which betoken cunning, gleam with the ferocity of a tiger. His head is of enormous size, covered with long matted hair, sprinkled with gray; his eyebrows were long and shaggy; he had a bad expression of the mouth, resulting from the loss of his teeth, a circumstance of rare occurrence among these natives. He seemed in feeble health, and his figure was slightly bent by age; he wore a filthy blanket, and over it an old-fashioned plaid