

shaped somewhat like that used by stone-cutters; it gives a sound not unlike a distant gong, and it is said may be heard from seven to ten miles.

From the top of this hill (sixty feet high, and the most elevated point on the island) there is an extensive view, over the island on one hand, and on the other over the encircling reefs and the deep blue sea. I felt familiar with the scenes around me, from the description I had often read in *Mariner's Tonga Islands*, and feel great pleasure in confirming the admirable and accurate description there given. The names we heard were familiar to us, and we found, through the natives and missionaries, that many of the descendants of the persons of whom he speaks were present.

I was within the fortification of Nukualofa, the scene of many of the exploits which *Mariner* relates. I was now surrounded by large numbers of warriors, all grotesquely dressed and ready for the fight, with clubs, spears, and muskets. In addition to the usual tapa around their waist, they had yellow and straw-coloured ribands, made of the pandanus-leaves, tied around their arms above the elbows, on their legs above and below the knees, and on their bodies: some had them tied and gathered up in knots; others wore them as scarfs—some on the right shoulder, some on the left, and others on both shoulders. Some of these sashes were beautifully white, about three inches wide, and quite pliable. Many of them had fanciful head-dresses, some with natural and others with artificial flowers over their turbans (called sala); and nearly all had their faces painted in the most grotesque manner, with red, yellow, white, and black stripes, crossing the face in all directions. Some were seen with a jet black face and vermilion nose; others with half the face painted white. When a body of some eight hundred of these dark-looking, well-formed warriors, all eager for the fight, and going to and fro to join their several companies, is seen, it is hardly possible to describe the effect. The scene was novel in the extreme, and entirely unexpected, for I considered that we were on a mission of peace. A few minutes' conversation with Mr. Tucker accounted for it all. The evening before, the "Devil's" party, it appeared, had attacked their yam-grounds; some of the natives were wounded on both sides; and great fear had been entertained that they would have followed up their attack even to the town of Nukualofa; most of the warriors had, therefore, been under arms the whole night.

We were led through all this confusion to the small hut of Tubou or King Josiah: here we were presented to his majesty, with whom I shook hands. He was sitting on a mat winding a ball of sennit, which he had been making, and at which occupation he continued for