

terminated in a furious fight, in which one of the combatants was thrown against the musquito-bar serving as a screen to our gentlemen, breaking down one end of it. They now sought their arms, and placed themselves on their guard for self-protection, not knowing what Feejee ferocity and treachery might bring about. The hostess at last interfered with some effect, and put down the commotion, and the house was quieted for the night, excepting the rats and mice, which during the nocturnal hours took full possession. Little can one imagine the noise of these rat races; Whittington's cat, here, would indeed be worth her golden price.

Mr. Agate made good use of his short stay at Rewa. While wandering about, he was met by a priest, who came to him and signified by signs he wished him to sketch something, and at the same time pointing to a house. Mr. Agate followed him in. There were a large number of retainers present, and shortly after his entrance a man was aroused from his mat, who said he wished his likeness taken. His head was dressed in the most elaborate and extravagant fashion of Rewa, and from the number of his retainers he appeared to be a high chief. A day or two after he proved to be the notorious Vendovi, brother to the king, and the person whom we desired to capture. He had his face smeared with oil and lamp-black.



VENDOVI.

From his head-dress our gentlemen recognised him as the individual who had been their guide in one of the short excursions they had made in the neighbourhood, and with whom they had been so much pleased when they offered him a reward for his services.

Mr. Agate also obtained good likenesses of the king and queen.