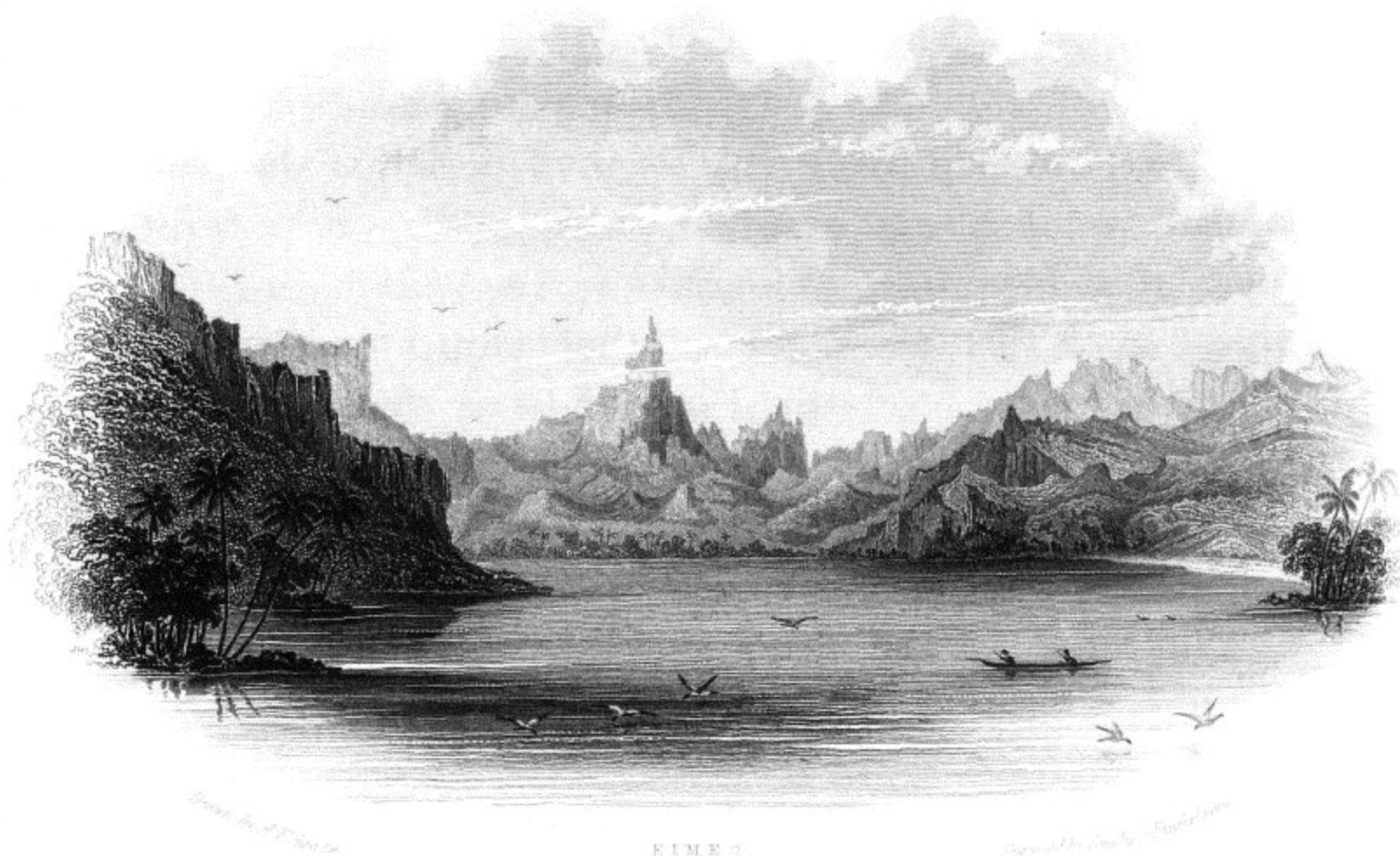


On the 25th September, the Vincennes sailed from the port of Papieti for the island of Eimeo. The distance between its reef and that of Tahiti, measured by the patent log, is ten miles.

Eimeo is a beautiful object in the view from Tahiti, and its beauty is enhanced on a nearer approach; its hills and mountains may, without any great stretch of the imagination, be converted into battlements, spires, and towers, rising one above the other; their gray sides are clothed here and there with verdure, which at a distance resembles ivy of the richest hue.



Taloo harbour is an inlet about three miles in depth, situated in a glen enclosed by precipitous sides rising in places to the height of two thousand feet; at its head is an extensive flat of rich alluvial soil, now employed in the culture of sugar, and studded with trees, shrubs, and other interesting objects. The ship lay at anchor close beneath a high mountain on the left, in contrast with which her dimensions seemed those of a cock-boat.

I had been furnished with letters to the Rev. Mr. Simpson, who is stationed as missionary at Eimeo; when we landed, he met us upon the beach, and gave us a most cordial reception; we were soon surrounded by nearly all the natives in the place, male and female, old and young, who followed us with expressions of wonder; their conduct reminded me of the manner in which an Indian chief is run after in the streets of our American cities. In spite of their excite-