

fayatele, where he was fortunate in being a witness to a little festival, called "faausi." A procession of about twenty men issued from a grove, bearing on their shoulders large wooden trays, shaped like shallow troughs. They were all dressed in gala-dresses, having wreaths of leaves and flowers about the neck and breast, with plumes of sugar-cane blossoms in their hair. They marched forward in quick time, to a lively song, which they sang in unison, until they reached the fale-tele, where a crowd appeared to be expecting them. In the house there were thirty or forty elderly men, seated around the sides, while in the centre a number of youths were busy in serving to each a mess of food from the trays. The chief who was the head of the feast, was recognised by Mr. Hale as having been named Tongipavo on our former visit, which name, he was informed, had been exchanged for that of Benjamin, since his conversion to Christianity. He gave Mr. Hale a seat near him, and ordered a mess of food to be served. It proved to be mashed taro, mixed with grated cocoa-nut, and soaked in cocoa-nut oil. The whole had been wrapped in banana-leaves and cooked. Mr. Hale found it quite palatable, and somewhat like cold mush fried in butter. After those present had satisfied their hunger, each wrapped up a portion of it in banana-leaves, to carry to his family. The whole was a pleasing sight, exhibiting one of the social customs of their primitive mode of life.

The surveying boats having returned, and the ship having replenished her stores of wood and water, and finished the repairs, Captain Hudson prepared for his departure, having determined to proceed to Saluafata Harbour.

As their time of departure had become known, and it drew near, their friends and acquaintances of rank did not omit to pay them frequent visits. Among these was old Pea, of Apia, Mole, and others. These visits ought to have been termed begging visits, as they seldom saw a thing that pleased them that they did not ask for. Mole brought a complaint to Captain Hudson, of an outrage by a white vagabond on shore; but it was shrewdly suspected that, notwithstanding his being a missionary teacher, his design was to get more presents from his parting friends.

On the 23d, Captain Hudson was visited by Matetau, the celebrated war-chief of Manono. In coming to the ship, he and his numerous retinue were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, which completely wet them. As the old chief was somewhat chilled and cold, Captain Hudson supplied him with a clean and dry shirt. He