

land the most remote on the globe, teaching, by their sympathy, the charities that soften yet dignify human nature. The savage yells of brutal orgies were now silenced; and as the solemn sounds were heard for the first time, uniting the instruments of Europe and the composition of a learned musician, to the simple voice of the savage, and words, not indeed harsh in themselves, framed into verse by the industry and piety of the teachers from a remote nation, came upon the ear, it was impossible not to feel a sensation approaching to awe, as the marvellous and rapid change a few years have produced was called up to the mind.

May 15.—The few days since the funeral have been chiefly passed in friendly visiting between us and the chiefs. Mr. Dampier has begun portraits of some of the royal family, and has made some sketches of the landscape round Honoruru. The natives are extremely delighted at his drawings and pictures, but are apt to be very impatient at the slowness of the work, especially when one eye in a portrait happens to be done while the other is not touched. Such as are painted are very desirous of being represented in their European gowns; the artist, however, insists on the native costume, to their no small mortification; and certainly, in their eyes, a black silk frock must be more delectable than a fine scarlet and yellow feather cloak. The great

queen Kahumanu, whose temper is violent, although she is a person of keen shrewd understanding, is very indignant that the little king and princess should be painted before her, and is not very well pleased at the frown she sees reflected from her own portrait; however, on the whole she is very kind to us, and unites with our old shipmates in showing us every possible attention.

In the painting-room, however, the chiefs were very troublesome. One would dip his fingers in the colours on the palette, another would try if those on the canvas were of the same hue; some would be mimicking every action of the painter, with true monkey precision, and others would be talking, whistling, spitting, singing, and giving advice, until it was scarcely possible to proceed. Out of doors it was better: a tree grew more quickly than a head, and the impatience of the spectators was more speedily gratified; however all was so good-humoured, that it was impossible to be angry.

May 16.—A party rode up the hill behind the town; it is covered with grass and well clothed with trees, and bears unequivocal marks of having once been an active volcano. The crater is used for a purpose not very remote from that of its origin, for eight guns of thirty-two pounds are mounted on it, and it contributes much to the defence of the harbour.