

terminating the wavy line of palms; then the Punchbowl Hill, a very perfect extinct crater, bright and brilliant in the sunshine. By noon we were close to the coral reef where lay at anchor the U.S. flag-ship *Pensacola*, rolling about in the long swell. After waiting a short time, the pilot came alongside, and we steamed into the harbour. The surf ran high as we passed through the narrow channel and entered the quiet and placid haven of rest, where we anchored very near the shore. We were speedily surrounded with boats and canoes, with enterprising tradesmen for orders, or natives for the washing.

All along the shore were the neat wood and grass houses and huts of the natives, and away in either direction was the city of Honolulu, hidden behind palms, bread-fruit, bananas, and other trees, with the public buildings and church spires just showing above all.

The city is built on a narrow strip of land very little above the level of the sea, and at the foot of a number of volcanic hills, which rise almost perpendicularly behind, clad in refreshing green, and cleft by deep, cool, chasm-like valleys. This island (Oahu), though neither the largest nor the most fertile of the group, was originally selected, from its geographical position, as the seat of the Hawaiian Government.

It is now ninety-seven years ago that these islands were first discovered by Captain Cook, and as late as 1830 the city of Honolulu consisted of only a few grass