

My first evening on land I went, with others, for a stroll through some of the beautiful shady avenues, and followed the run of the crowd of pedestrians (everybody seemed to be out in holiday attire, for, in addition to gangs of sailors, there were French soldiers, gendarmes, native girls and men), all strolling on, in the best of spirits, reckless, happy, and good-tempered. At length, on reaching the Queen's Square, in which the amateur band of the *Challenger* was advertised to play, the strange, motley scene that burst on us was altogether indescribable.

All shades of beauty were here represented, from the swarthy Tahitian to the charming European; all, however, dressed much alike, in long, loose, cool-looking drapery, consisting of a sleeved garment, falling in ample and unconfined folds from shoulder to feet, of all hues, shades, and colours; their luxuriant tresses set off by brilliant flowers and masses of snowy reva-reva, a gauzy white material, looking like strips of silver paper (made from the shoots of young cocoa-nut trees). French officers, naval and military, in gay uniforms, with white, brown, and pretty half-caste ladies; several of the *Challenger's* officers, and numerous civilians from far and near, helped to fill in the large space. The music was enjoyable in the cool still night; and it was pleasant to wander about amongst the merry crowd, speaking freely and sociably to anybody we