

what was the stern becomes the bow, both ends of the canoe being alike. A very fine double canoe was presented to Lady Gordon by a big chief.

We had plenty of gaiety while with Mrs Chalmers, and went to some very good dances. Everyone walked as a matter of course (no one having carriages), preceded by a native boy carrying a lantern, so that the approach to a house giving a ball seemed to be all alive with glow-worms. One needed no wraps; indeed, generally one saw the men walking with their coats off, and they only put them on when reaching their destination. The only person I ever saw riding at Levuka was a barber, a West Indian, who used to gallop about on a very bony old horse. M. and I decided upon letting H. and the schooner return to Auckland without us, we were enjoying our visit so much. After a fortnight at Waitovu we went to stay with the Des Voeux at Government House.

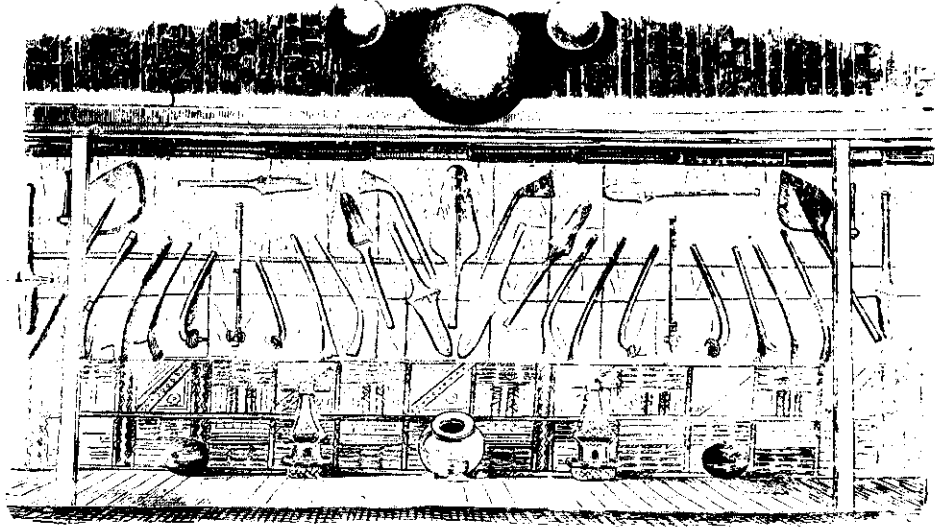
Mr Des Voeux (now Sir William) was Acting Governor during Sir Arthur Gordon's absence in England. Government House, or Nasova, was a very pretty place, surrounded by gardens and tennis grounds. It consisted of two buildings, one Fijian, the other European, and joined by a covered way. Both had deep verandahs all round, on which the numerous French windows of the rooms opened. In all the buildings, the church as well as the private houses, the outer walls do not quite reach up to the roof, which projects over them, so that the ventilation is splendid, and the air circulates through them thoroughly. Nasova lies a mile on the opposite side of Levuka from Waitovu, and we went by boat, the usual mode of conveyance. The Governor sent his gig for us, rowed by members of the native armed constabulary. They looked very picturesque in salus, and loose jumpers of white bound with crimson. The boat could not quite come to the shore, so we were carried to it, sedan chair fashion, with an arm placed affectionately round each brown neck. Mr Le Hunte, one of Sir A. Gordon's staff, who was acting aide de-camp, met us and introduced us to His Excellency. Natu Lala, a Fijian chief, who had been educated in Sydney, dined with us the first evening. He played tennis, and wore European clothes. The dining-room was the old Parliament House, and was a fine large hall hung with tappa cloth, and ornamented with numerous spears, clubs, paddles, kava bowls, etc., etc., while on the floor were specimens of Fiji pottery and models of heathen temples or devil-inbures done in sinnet plaited with cocoanut fibre. These are old temples of worship, now obsolete, as all are Christians, thanks to the efforts of the Roman Catholics and Wesleyans. These two denominations have done all the missionary work in Samoa and Fiji.

The butler at Nasova was a Fijian, Suani by name. Sir Arthur brought him to New Zealand afterwards when he

close together, and making a smooth, even surface, such as one sees in a Maori whare sometimes.

The Governor was very kind in having native chiefs to luncheon or dinner for our entertainment. It was funny to see them with their bare feet and legs appearing from under

While at Nasova we went to a native service in the Fijian church. We all sat on mats, the men cross-legged, the women sideways, for it would never do for us to ape the nobler sex. Instead of kneeling the people had a way of prostrating themselves, which looked oriental and reverent,



DINING-ROOM AT OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

their salus. They always wore a white shirt in deference to our foolish European prejudices, which would have been startled by the salu being the only garment. They were never asked to take one of us into dinner. That would have been too degrading, seeing a woman and a pig are considered of at ut equal value.

but to us would have been productive of apoplexy. The children were as devout in their attitudes as their parents. We always managed to go to Mr Floyd's church at least once on Sunday, though it was a mile or two off, and meant a very hot walk. The church itself was beautifully airy and cool, and the service well conducted. There was a surprised choir of men and boys.

Every one gets up early in these hot countries, and we were generally astir about six o'clock, when our cup of tea was brought us, and we would go riding or boating with Mr Le Hunte, often before breakfast proper, which was somewhere about ten or eleven o'clock. In these rides we saw in large mud flats myriads of extraordinary little crabs—tiny little fellows with one huge claw, a vivid scarlet in some, bright yellow in others. This claw is so big that when moving they have to carry them on their backs. They are very rapid in their movements, and when startled disperse and disappear into their holes with amazing celerity. They are called soldier crabs. They met numbers of white people during our stay, both at Waitovu Nasova, planters from other islands, their wives and daughters, etc., but I don't think an account of dances, dinners, tennis parties, etc., would be especially interesting, and certainly not so novel to the general public as the life amongst the natives, to which I hope soon to introduce my readers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



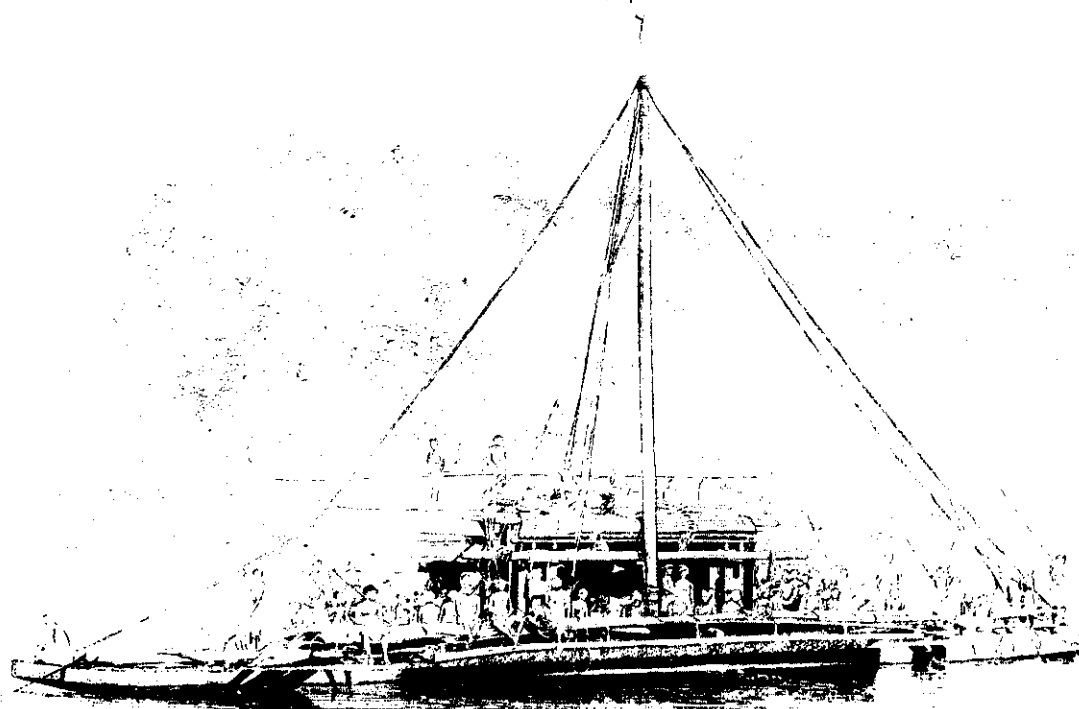
SAILING CANOES.

came here as Governor. Suani's hair was splendid, forming an aureole round his head. He and his myrmidons (all Fijian) wore the Nasova livery, crimson salus, white jumpers bound with crimson, and much fine white tappa bound round their waists. They make capital waiters, moving noiselessly on their bare feet, and never clattering plates and dishes, and being observant, they are very quick in divining one's requirements.

Our bedroom was like a church in its loftiness, the top hung with tappa, and the walls decorated with reeds placed



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