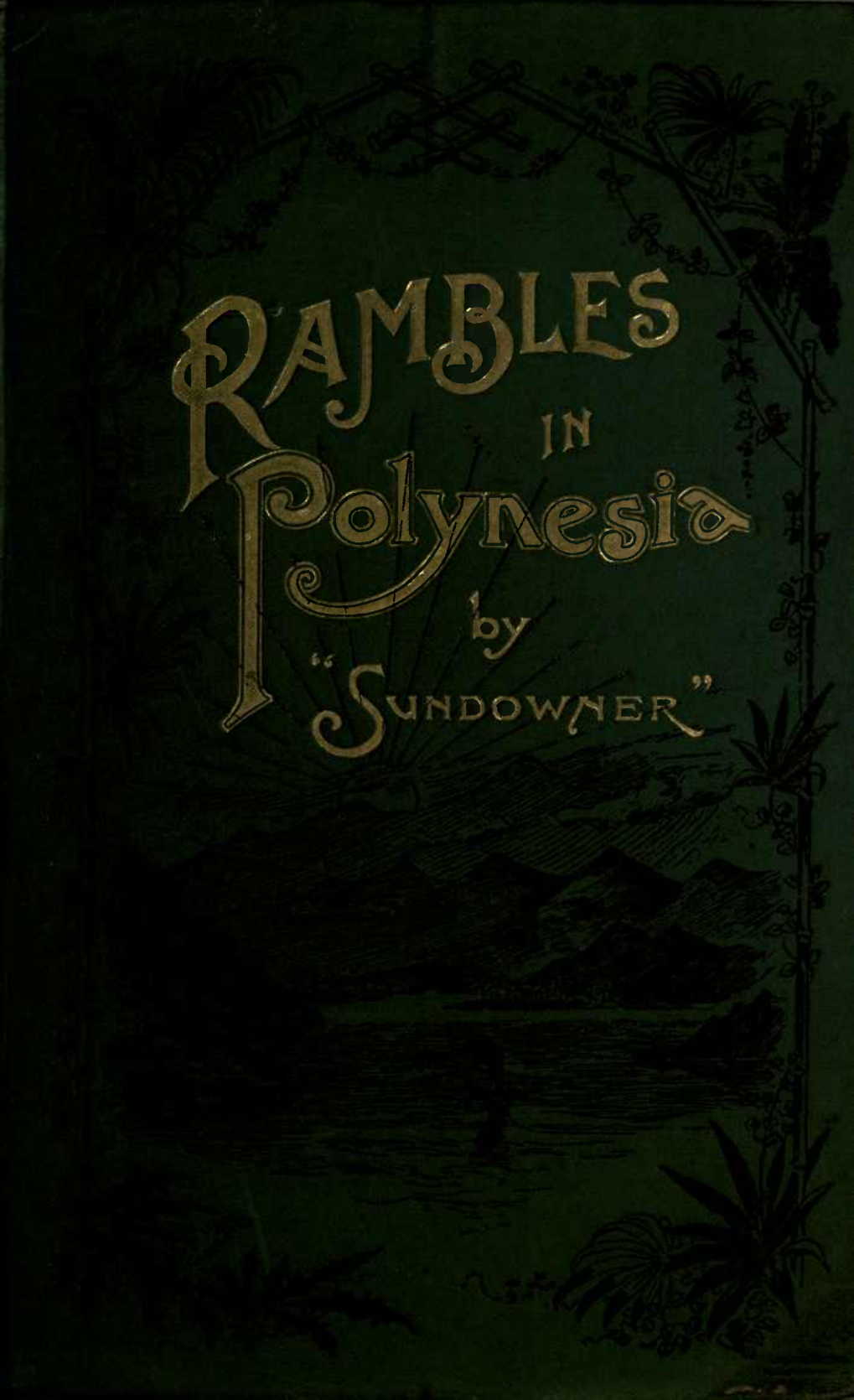
RAMBLES
IN
Polynesia
by
"SUNDOWNER"

Polynesia

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BY

'SUNDOWNER'

AUTHOR OF 'ABOVE THE CLOUDS IN ECUADOR,' 'ON THE WALLABY IN MAORILAND' 'FROM KOSCIUSKO TO CHIMBORAZO,' 'WILD LIFE IN THE PACIFIC,' 'SNAKES,' 'NOQU TALANOA' ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE

In his enchanting poem 'The Island,' Lord Byron gave a romantic rendition of the famous adventure of the *Bounty* mutineers, writing with strange accuracy about those fair Pacific lands—

> Where all partake the earth without dispute,
> And bread itself is gathered as a fruit.

Captain Bligh's expedition to the Pacific was undertaken, curiously enough, with the object of transplanting the hospitable bread-fruit-tree.

It was Byron's poem which first drew the close attention of the people of these islands to the archipelagoes of Polynesia, and there has been a mild stream of emigration to that part of the world ever since.

It is practically impossible to compute the white population of the Southern Pacific groups. Wastrel lordlets and runaway men-of-war's men

alike find shelter and homes in those Elysian atolls and islets where are—

> The kava feast, the yam, the coco's root,
> Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
> The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare yields
> The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
> And bakes its unadulterated loaves
> Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
> And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
> A priceless market for the gathering guest.

There is an air of happiness about everything in the South Pacific. The palm-trees rustle friendly greetings to the stranger; the birds and animals of the groves and jungles stand their ground as a stranger approaches, confident that no harm is coming to them. The islanders themselves are cordial, affectionate and lovable, honest as the sun, and innocent as doves. Those who have spent any time in the Pacific Islands grieve at leaving them. Those who have left them are always longing to return.

In the years to come, when the vast fertile territories of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand will be carrying scores of millions of people, Fiji and Tonga, Samoa and Tahiti, Rarotonga and the Tokalaus will be the Bermudas of the Southern Seas. The salubrious, congenial

climate of the islands, their picturesque scenery, and their noble and interesting people, will render them favourite resorts of the holiday-seeker from the Australian and New Zealand cities. Already, indeed, the tourist tide has set in to the islands, and there is no doubt that this will largely and rapidly develop.

Nor are these Antipodean archipelagoes drawing their admiring visitors from the Southern Colonies alone. Canadians, Americans, Europeans, travellers from Japan, China, India, and the East generally, and from Africa, are all finding their way to the South Pacific, which is obviously destined to become the best frequented and most popular holiday resort in the world.

Those who know the Polynesian islands well believe in their great future; those who know the Polynesian islanders love them.

SUNDOWNER.

LONDON:
September, 1897.

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RAMBLES IN POLYNESIA

POLYNESIA AND THE POLYNESIANS

It has been my privilege to see a goodly portion of the world, from the crags and fjords of the Scandinavian Peninsula to their counterparts in Southern Maoriland, from the strangely weird mountain fastness of Tierra del Fuego to the soft fairylands of Nippon; but of all the regions that have come before me—always barring out the little brown hills of my native place, the meanest of which I would not swop for all the gold in Ophir—give me the islands of the Polynesian circle. If my own place should be sunk away in some strange seismic accident, and I may not be laid to rest with my own folk under the old gum trees on the Kolarendabri, give me in mercy some six feet by two patch to rest in under a coconut tree in a South Pacific

paradise—any one will do—where an occasional nut may thump down upon me, and the pretty bronzed children of the southern sun may sprawl and gambol above me. Even gaunt and accursed New Caledonia, with its hard-faced mountains and gloomy valleys, has its fascinations, as have the wild volcanic-stained New Hebrides. What are the glories of Vesuvius to those of Ambrym, with its strange terrors, and the simmering seas around it? Where is the grandeur of your Scotch or English, Welsh or Irish mountains, when you confront the sublime magnificence of those of the Solomons, of Viti and Vanua Levu, of Samoa and Tahiti?

Then to loll about on the deck of a canoe along the fringes of islands where the ripe bananas and the rich flowers scrape on the sinnet rigging, to dream away the hours among the laughing, gentle people of those heaven-dressed spots in the Pacific seas, these sweet zephyr-lands under the Southern Cross, where is there softer rest or more complete repose in all the earth? For such things, and many others that cluster in a grateful memory, I love the Polynesias and their peoples.

As birds, butterflies, and other forms of supreme life take their colour and character from the countries on which they find their being, so do the Pacific islanders have their personal characters intoned in consonance with the sweetness and picturesqueness of their physical surroundings. The Kai-Colo of the highlands of Viti-Levu has a masculine, strenuous bearing that harmonises with the strident, majestic air of his natal mountains; the Tahitian has a gentle, forceful habit born of the poetical yet stubborn headlands of his island home. The Samoan, the Tongan, the Kanaka, the Tokalau, all bear the natural impress of their native heath; and all the races, from Choiseul to the Paumotous, from Apamama to Tongatabu, to their glory be it written, love their countries with a curious fanaticism and patriotism that strike the stranger, whoever he may be.

For a connected or reliable history of the Polynesian races we must look in vain. Even the intelligent Maori of New Zealand knows not whence his ancestors came. In the case of the Maori, however, with characteristic tenacity he has preserved a rough sort of account of his race

from the landing of the famous canoes in Maoriland, supposedly some seven hundred years ago. The Maori adventurers who voyaged in their canoes down the Pacific till they came across New Zealand, and settled there to drive the aboriginal Moriori into the sea, hailed from Hawaiki, according to popular tradition; but the most erudite inquirer cannot say whether Hawaiki stands for Tonga or Fiji, for Tahiti or for distant Hawaii. There is a remarkable affinity between the languages of the Maori and the Tokalau, but physical or other resemblance between the two races there is none, and the ethnological student is puzzled in regard to this as well as other points. No one can form any idea as to where the Fijians came from, although they are an intelligent and superior race in most ways. In connection with the Fijians, however, it is an interesting fact that they themselves apparently came down upon a superior indigenous people, for there are many traces, especially on the north of Vanua Levu, of ancient stone-walled towns of much more elaborate style and character than anything attempted by Fijians, of recent generations at all

events. In a relative way, these strange ruins are to Fiji what Zimbabwè is to Mashonaland, and Anuradhapura to Northern Ceylon.

In Ponapè, Easter Island, and other places in the Pacific, there are many similar traces of superior, ancient races, and in some cases ruins of towns, monuments, and kindred relics have been found under the sea, bearing out the theory believed in by many, especially American, students, that the various groups in the Pacific are but the mountain-tops, so to say, of a great continent, which in times gone by occupied what we know now as the Pacific region.

Be all these matters as they may, the present denizens of the Polynesian archipelagoes know nothing, and doubtless care less, about where they sprang from. Probably, if you asked them, they would, like the artless Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' say that they ''spected they grow'd.' And there is but little hope of solving the mystery, so that it must be allowed to rest.

But there they all are in their pristine simplicity, without vice, temper, or waywardness. No women of any colour or kind are more beautiful or tender-hearted than theirs, no

men on earth more modest or brave. Christianity has done much to improve and develop their mental faculties, but the incursion of the white man, generally speaking, has done them a certain amount of harm.

The Polynesian races, in their contact with the European invader, must inevitably suffer from the fact that none of them possess in any degree that robustness of intellect and character which, for instance, marks the Maori. In the first years of our immigration to New Zealand the Maori rather liked the idea. He could sell our traders human heads, native weapons, and what not, and buy guns, powder, cloth, knives, and other things. By degrees, as the *pakeha* began to settle down in the country, the Maori grew uneasy, and eventually made up his mind that the trespasser must be driven into the sea. And how near we were, more than once, of being so driven! If the Maori tribes had remained true to each other and to the cause which their leaders took the field for, where would the *pakeha* have been? With all the great aid of the Maori chiefs and tribes who turned traitor to their own cause, we were compelled to wade through long

and bloody wars, losing thousands of lives and millions of money to save ourselves from being sent the way of the Moriori by these brave, patriotic people.

Beaten, but not degraded, the irrepressible Maori, having nothing for it but to give in, turned round and began to wear our trousers, our boots and frock-coats, even our awful nail-keg hats. Then he took to keeping public-houses and stores, practising law, and going into Parliament. Now he is one of us and will remain so to the end, taking no more harm from our contact with him than any of our own people.

For long years yet, and possibly for ever, the Polynesian islander will wear his *sulu* or *lava-lava*, as the case may be. Now and again when an odd Solomon islander or other progressive spirit dons a pair of pants, his mates laugh him back into his natural nakedness, and when he does—as sometimes when he becomes a mission teacher—put on a European suit, he looks as clumsy as King Khama in store clothes. A Maori chief will wear a frock-coat and silk hat with as true and jaunty a swing as an army man.

Let us hope that the Polynesian may keep steadily on in his own old-fashioned way. His dress and general habit become him. Let him learn such good from us as we can bring in his way, and may Heaven preserve him from our vices. The Polynesian men and women are great, big, lively babies, all mirth and innocence: a curse be on the head of the thoughtless or vicious European aggressor who does anything to stifle that simple mirth or pollute that sacred innocence.

NA KAI VITI

The equanimity of temperament of the ordinary Fijian is remarkable, and at times forms a pleasing study. I had a big cook-boy once on Kandavu who stood six feet four inches in his bare feet, and who was only about twenty years of age. To a new chum he would be a savage-looking customer, with his wild hair and ferocious cast of countenance. But Uiliami was amiability personified, and few things ruffled him, if we except the cat—who reared a litter of kittens in his bed once, and made him sleep for some weeks in one of the common burés down the compound (he was too tender-hearted to throw pussy and her family out of window)—and our collie dog. The latter free and easy rascal had the bad habit, so Uiliami solemnly reported to us almost every day, of biting one or other of the best home pigs on the hind-leg, and all without any provocation. Then, when biting the nether-legs of porkers grew monotonous,

Spot had the evil tendency to have a go at Uiliami's hind-leg as well, and so became too personal for tolerance, from the point of view of Uiliami. Nevertheless, among this curious trio there were bonds of affection, and they all loved each other in a three-cornered kind of way. When the kittens grew up a little, Uiliami would often beg off for an hour after dinner to go and read Tioni Puniani to his mother down at the far end of the compound. We learned presently that instead of trying to drive the drift of the immortal allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress, as rendered in rough Fijian, into the maternal mind, Uiliami had a knack of carrying the kittens—their mother following anxiously—down to a quiet corner of the tobacco-drying shed, where he took out his hour of grace watching the little chaps gambol about on the mats, himself helping on the sport with sinnet-balls, rope-ends, and such. With the dog the same sort of thing developed. We had an old three-quarter blind horse on the place, that Uiliami used to ride when he wanted, by way of giving the poor old pensioner a little exercise. Old Boko was handy in many ways, because

Uiliami could string bunches of bananas, yams, or any other freight across his withers, and bring loads of things home in comfort. The dog and the horse had a great affection for each other, the dog being specially attached to his equine friend on account of the latter's blindness. So when Uiliami got aboard Boko and made a start, it soon became the regular habit of the collie to lead the way along the sinuous pathways so peculiar to Fiji—at any rate, peculiarly so to Kandavu. If the ground showed signs of becoming slippery or dangerous, the dog apprised Boko and his rider, and accidents were averted. So there was a general friendliness all round. But evil days fell upon us. The young cats took to the bush one by one, and poor old Boko caught the horse-sickness, and though we did all that was humanly possible in the circumstances, he crossed over into the Elysian paddocks one night without a neigh. He seemed to know as well as a human might that the collie was affectionately licking his shins, and that poor Uiliami was raining warm tears on his fine old neck as he stood there gamely at the end, with the shadow of death closing about him.

I have been coming through all this round-about stuff to tell you about the equable temperament of the average Fijian, my cook-boy Uiliami being an ordinary specimen. Six feet-four high, and savage-looking, I said. He was humourful and irrepressible, and one evening, when I was turning in home from a pig-shoot, I happened to stumble suddenly upon Uiliami among the bananas, hammering the life out of a little twelve-year-old Fijian. (I learned subsequently that the youngster had, with a sharp-shooting catapult, landed a half-ounce lump of rock, at thirty yards range, on Uiliami's sensitive back, while the latter was stooping over one of his cooking-pots in the home compound.) You have to be sharp in such cases, to teach the proper lesson, and so when I got close I reached out, giving Uiliami due notice, of course, and brought him a stiffish bang in the eye. He returned to his cooking-pots without a word, while the young rascal who caused all the trouble picked up his catapult, wiped his eye, and sloped through the bananas homewards. Afterwards at dinner Uiliami waited upon us as usual, as if nothing had happened, although his

eye had grown meanwhile into a wonderful picture. After dinner we had the medicine-chest out and fixed the bruise up comfortably; but there was never a word of complaint from Uiliami, who, as far as our relations were concerned, went along as if absolutely nothing in the world had happened. But he took the lesson well to heart, and never attempted to beat anyone smaller than himself after that.

SEA-SERPENTS AND BOMB-FISH

In face of the apocryphal character of the general run of sea-serpent stories it requires some hardihood to asseverate that the sea-serpent really does exist, and may often be seen in Pacific waters. Some years ago I caught one with a line while fishing for schnapper off Barrenjoey, between Sydney and Newcastle, on the east coast of Australia; and I have often seen them, some over thirty feet long, in Bass's Straits, and off the famous long beach on the east side of the Middle Island of New Zealand, between Dunedin and Port Lyttelton. The one that took my hook at Barrenjoey measured sixteen feet nine inches from his ugly snout to his tail-end, and proved himself a very tough customer to manage when we were getting him into the boat. I do not think that the sea-serpent is very savage by nature; but he has a ferocious head, which reminds you somewhat of

the facial expression of a bulldog. He has an uncouth mouth and face generally, but a kindly eye, and this one at Barrenjoey gave a pathetic, appealing look all round among us when he saw, near the end of the struggle, that our aboriginal, Kombo-Kombo, was about to finish him off with the axe. He had made a good fight of it, and altogether died like a Mahomedan.

When the sea-serpent is spinning along through the water at top speed—and he can give a porpoise points at covering the water—it would be very easy to imagine, seeing the peculiar long streak he leaves in his wake, that he was fifty or a hundred feet long. In Brisbane once I met a trading skipper from Thursday Island who had passed a serpent on the voyage down, which he described as being over two hundred feet long. In cross-examination, however, the skipper admitted that he had been drinking Queensland rum just before. So we knocked a hundred and eighty feet off the serpent right away, and left the skipper with a twenty-foot reptile, which was probably about the size of it.

There are many of these sea-snakes among

the various Pacific archipelagoes, and they are to be met with commonly at low tide on the coral reefs in the Fiji and other groups. These as a rule, however, do not run so large as the specimens encountered on the Australian and New Zealand coasts, and further to the north, about the Hawaiian Islands and along the Canadian Pacific slope. But the smaller serpents of the Central Pacific are savage to a degree, and have a much stronger disposition to show fight than their lazier fellow-serpents on land. Those in Fiji are to a degree amphibious, and I remember once, in the Yasawas, a fiery little tiger-marked sea-serpent—he was only about eight feet long—chasing a fox-terrier that barked at him on the reef about a quarter of a mile inland. At that point one of our Solomon Island boatmen got him a smack across the small of the back with a long bamboo, and he promptly transferred his attentions from the canine runaway to the Kai-Solomoni. The latter dropped the bamboo and bolted for dear life, never once looking back till he got safely aboard the whaleboat.

The womenfolk in the Pacific Islands have

an instinctive horror of these reptiles of the coral reefs. The men have no such serious fear, but it cannot be said that they hanker after the company of these slimy creatures.

Have you ever heard of the bursting fish of Fiji? Most people decline to believe in the existence of this curious specimen of sea life, and I must confess to having been sceptical till I saw the fish for myself, and saw him burst, too. We were going slow on one occasion between Goro and Gau, when, with some extra long lines which we had, we went in for some very deep-sea fishing, going much below the level of the *saqa*, and other well-known edible fish, as we had an idea we should like to hook one of the bursting tribe, our Fijian sailors assuring us that there were plenty in that neighbourhood. Sure enough, after a little, one of the down-under fellows took my bait, and we hauled him up, slowly, of course, as I had so much line out that there was a danger of it snapping. The burster is shaped something after the fashion of the box-fish, only much rougher generally. We hauled him aboard, but he had not lain six seconds on the deck before he went bang, prac-

tically as if he had been a bomb. The noise of the explosion was a curious one, and it affected the ears in a strange way. One of the fish's eyes hit our Tongan skipper on the jaw, and set him off talking English in the emphatic and peculiar way which characterised that intrepid and linguistically accomplished sailor. A ridge of the fin hit me hard on the knee; while there was hardly a soul on board who did not come in for some part of the curious bursting, flying fish. When I go fishing for bursters again in Fiji I shall try and have a new chum with me, so that when I get a bite I can hand him the line to do the hauling in while I go below for a spell.

FIJIAN JUSTICE

As the traveller passes through the Straits of Somo-Somo, between Taviuni, the 'Garden of Fiji,' and the large island of Vanua Levu, there are many historic spots on either coast to which his native guide will draw his attention. There is scarcely a page in the records of Old Fiji which does not contain some reference to the thousand-and-one battles by land and sea which disturbed the now peaceful and pleasant-looking Straits in the old fighting days.

Not the least celebrated spot in this picturesque neighbourhood is the old town of Wai-kava, which stands at the head of a little bay on the Vanua Levu coast, almost facing the great sugar plantations of Taviuni. Ratu Josepha Lala, the talented young *roko* (governor) of the large native province of Cakaudrové, and the last living representative of the famous old dynasty of Tui-Cakau, has an old fourteen-pounder lying

in his garden at Somo-Somo which was once used by his ancestors in the bombardment of the Wai-kava stronghold. But, as in other countries where the progress of civilisation has converted the swords into ploughshares, the old hotbed of ferocity and cannibalism around Wai-kava is now a thing of the past, and the spear of war has been converted into an *uvi-kau*, or yam-digger.

Wai-kava now possesses its schools, its mission station, and also that necessary evil, a police-court, with its attendant *ovisas* and court functionaries. It fell to my lot to hold court in Wai-kava upon one occasion. I arrived in the town one Sunday afternoon, and was pleased to learn from the young Fijian who officiated as clerk of petty sessions that the calendar for the following day was a very limited one. There was only one case, in fact—a charge of assault and battery, preferred against a plantation overseer in the neighbourhood by a young native who had been working on the place.

In the house of the village chief we found all the parties assembled, deeply engaged in the pastime of imbibing yaqona, or native grog.

Without prejudice to the case which was to come before me the following morning, I joined in the general conversation respecting the personal character of the plantation overseer, who had taken his departure from the chief's house shortly after my arrival. According to old Ratu Tomasi, the uncle of the village buli, or mayor, the overseer was originally a Sydney larrikin, who had knocked about on different trading schooners running from Sydney amongst the islands, and had finally settled in Fiji. The opinion was, however, strongly combated by the head policeman, or *ovisa*, Ratu Epeli, who made bold to guarantee that the overseer was a pure bred turaga, or chief, belonging to a very good family in New South Wales.

'But,' replied Tomasi, 'they have no good families to speak of in New South Wales. All the people there have sprung from the old *kai-vala-vala-cas* (bad men, or convicts) who were sent out from England a hundred years ago.' And the old man appealed to me for confirmation of his statement. I was, of course, compelled to say something.

I explained that, although there were many

men on the Australian side who were descendants of convicts, still the great majority of New South Wales people sprang from settlers who had left the old country on their own account, for the purpose of bettering their fortunes in the new colony.

'Yes,' said Epeli, 'I know it; and Ned Watson is a gentleman. He can drink more than any other white man I have ever seen.'

'What is the most you ever saw him drink?' queried Tomasi.

'I knew him once,' replied Epeli, when we were down Savu Savu Bay together, to polish off five bottles between sunrise and sunset, and then he went round using bad language because he couldn't get any more.'

'Oh, well, if he did that,' said Tomasi, 'he's not so bad as I've thought him. I wish you had mentioned that before.'

Watson's character at once went up 500 per cent. in the estimation of the assembled company —the Fijian company, of course.

The customs of Europe are one thing: the customs of Polynesia are another. In Fiji, when the common man—the *kaisi*—ventures to get

drunk, he is kicked and spurned by his associates, and, under the rules of civilisation introduced by the British Government, is locked up till he becomes sober again. The chief alone may drink with impunity. It is the peculiar prerogative, and at the same time the distinguishing social characteristic, of the Island chieftain that he may get blind drunk when he likes, and as often as he likes. Thus, when a white man appears upon the scene who can consume enormous quantities of strong liquor, and has the ability to carry it conveniently, without rolling about in undignified attitudes, or having recourse to what the Fijians call 'holding on to the grass' for support, speculations are immediately indulged in as to whether he is a descendant of some duke or marquis in the old country; for to carry liquor elegantly he must have considerable experience in the drinking line, and none but a big chief could have such a privilege.

When the late Earl of Pembroke visited the islands, some years ago, that nobleman's abstemious habits rather disappointed some of the old chiefs. During one of my visits to the northern coast of Vanua Levu, Lord Pembroke's name

came up in conversation one evening. One old fellow had seen the Earl several times, but the latter was always sober. 'Is there not,' he asked me, 'a class of people in England who are called lords, but who do not really possess a clear right to such title?'

I explained that there were, of course, many who were not actually lords, but to whom the title was given as a compliment.

'Ah, *Pemoroki* was one of *them*,' said the old man, with infinite relish; 'there was not much blue blood about *him*. Why, I don't believe he could carry liquor at all.'

In vain did I protest that the main features of the character of an English gentleman were sobriety and steadiness; the estimate of Lord Pembroke went down to zero.

'He had plenty of money, hadn't he?' asked one.

'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'he was very rich.'

'Well, why didn't he liquor up? Why, if I had plenty of money I should be always drunk.'

Early on the morning following our conversation in the buré of the village chief at Wai-kava Edward Watson appeared before the court, sur-

rendering to his bail on the remanded charge of cutting, slaying and wounding a Fijian subject of the Queen, to wit, one Tioni Mamaukava, otherwise Johnny the grog-chewer. The lad was an indentured labourer on the neighbouring plantation, and, as far as could be gathered, he had been interfering in some love-affairs of Watson's, and the latter rewarded him by punching his head in the orthodox English fashion. Watson appeared in court with one of his hands bandaged, which was quite sufficient evidence in itself to show that he had been striking a Fijian's head with it. But, apart from the circumstances, it was necessary for me to have some evidence that Tioni's head was the one which had been punched, for one Fijian's head is as hard as another's in a general way.

I questioned Tioni about the affair. 'Did he hurt you much?' I asked. 'No,' said Tioni, 'but he made my nose bleed.'

Drawing his blood was what terrified and exasperated the grog-chewer, and hence the charge preferred against the overseer of 'cutting, slaying and wounding,' according to the quaint terms of the Government ordinance.

The overseer was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, and a little lecture, from an Exeter Hall point of view, was also administered to him before he left the precincts of the court-room. Both prosecutor and defendant then left the court together, and retired to the house of one of Tioni's friends in the village.

The overseer was secretly believed by most of the townspeople to be a gentleman's son, the belief, of course, being based upon Ned's strong drinking proclivities.

As we passed out of Wai-kava that afternoon, we saw Ned and Tioni seated upon the mat of honour in one of the houses, Tioni chewing grog at a breakjaw pace for his quondam slayer. Tioni had forgiveness pictured in his countenance, but the overseer looked surly, as if disgusted at the indignity which befell him at being dragged before the court.

But it is ever thus:

> Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> For they ne'er pardon who commit the wrong.

A MARÉ ISLAND CHIEFTAIN

With all the natural and historic freshness of that new world known as the Antipodes, there is yet a blemishing stain on it—the taint of convictism. It is true, of course, that the large cities of Australia present no traces of the old penal element at the present day; but the visitor has only to carry a little inquisitiveness into such a place as a public ball-room there, to have his eyes widely opened to the heterogeneous character of colonial society. Many of the people often, of course, contrive to maintain an aristocratic stiffness towards folk who are openly known to be descended from lags, or lifers, as the old convicts were styled; but in a rough young country, where wealth is to a great extent a fair synonym for good breeding, the unbending conventionality has but a limited influence.

The young Australian of to-day only knows the chain-gang by tradition. To see a real

live gang of convicts he would have to travel around the continent to Western Australia, where a few old lifers are still maintained. But the deportation of criminals to this colony has been for some time past abandoned, and the penal establishment at Fremantle is merely kept up pending the death of these unfortunate Crown pensioners. When the last man has died off the huge buildings will probably be turned into hospitals or public libraries, following the example of the older colonies.

But the Australian traveller who happens to be curious in the matter of convict settlements could not better gratify his curiosity than by taking a trip from Sydney to New Caledonia. The steamer will land him in three days at Noumea, the capital of the little French colony, and the principal dépôt for *déportés* from Europe.

I went over once in one of the fine steamers of the Messageries Maritimes Cie., aboard of which there were a lot of transfer convicts from Saigon, the penal settlement in French Cochin China. There were also a lot of returns from Saigon to Noumea. These latter consisted for the most part of Kanakas from one of the

Loyalty Islands. When the Kanaka rebellion took place in New Caledonia a few years previously, many of these islanders had poorly justified the title of loyalty conferred upon their forefathers by joining the ranks of the insurgents and assisting in the destruction of several French villages on the mainland. When the rebellion was crushed, many of these people were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for their complicity in it, and to minimise the possibilities of their being released by the tribes to which they belonged, they were transported to Saigon.

The leader of the return party aboard the steamer was a splendid-looking fellow of giant proportions. He made many friends among the Colonial passengers during the short trip from Sydney to Noumea. He had left a wife and family behind him upon Maré Island when he was banished, and, what was still worse, he had left a rival chief, who had been politic enough to side with the Government, and thus save his property from confiscation and himself from transportation. The few years of exile which the Maré chief had spent at Saigon were

thus greatly embittered by the thought of his rival's success. And there was also the sickening reflection that it was quite possible that his wife might have grown weary in his absence, and become absorbed in the other chieftain's family.

As we steamed slowly through the passage between Ile Nou and the southern headland of Noumea harbour, the chief walked the foc's'le deck impatiently. It was known that we should be compelled to lie in the stream for two or three hours before any of the passengers would be allowed to land, and the dusky warrior made up his mind not to wait. We dropped anchor about three hundred yards from the wharf, and the bulwarks were immediately crowded with passengers, watching the lazy tiger sharks as they moved in shoals around the vessel.

There is probably no spot in the world so favoured by sharks as the little harbour of Noumea. The island which stands at its mouth, and almost converts it into a lake, bears on an average the weight of about ten thousand convicts. Being all hard-labour men, they are kept well supplied with beef, and slaughter-

houses abound all round the shores of the harbour. And whenever you see a slaughter-house upon the sea-shore in a tropical climate, you will always see a large community of sharks.

But when a South Sea Islander happens to be in a hurry, he makes no reckoning whatever of the presence of sharks if he requires to travel through the water. Our Maré chieftain had determined upon going ashore early, and a school of fifty thousand sharks was not likely to shake him from the purpose. His portable property was not of very great bulk, and he decided to take it along with him. So, taking a large bowie-knife between his teeth and a short spear in his hand, with his bundle tied upon his head, he swung himself overboard by one of the ropes attached to the companion ladder, and boldly struck out for the shore. All eyes and all available glasses were upon the plucky islander as he cut his way swiftly through the water in the direction of the quay. The excitement on board the steamer was intense when occasionally the dorsal fin of a terrible 'tiger' was observed to move in the direction of the swimmer. When he had gone about

two hundred yards he rose suddenly from the water, and it was seen that he grasped his bowie. A shark had got under him evidently. He appeared to make a game fight of it for a few minutes, but when a 'tiger' once draws blood, it is hard to shake him off. The surrounding sharks, too, had scented blood, and the tremendous dorsal fins were moving towards the scene of the encounter from all directions; and before the boats could reach him the monsters were dragging him all over the place—chasing each other for possession of the savoury prize. The boatmen from the shore succeeded in securing various portions of the poor chieftain's body—enough, at all events, upon which to hold the necessary coroner's inquiry. Much sympathy was felt for the unfortunate fellow. He had distinguished himself for valour during the war against the French troops, and there were many Caledonian people who, although they were prepared at all times to support the Government in their attempts to put down disorder among the tribes, could not deny a certain measure of justification to many of the rebel chiefs. The *expiré* convicts had been turned adrift in all

directions amongst the Kanakas, and made themselves as great a nuisance to the coloured people as they had previously been to their white countrymen. But an *expiré* convict was a French citizen, and when the natives happened to take the law into their own hands, and maim or kill some of these white cut-throats in retaliation for some glaring offence committed upon the tribesmen, they were, of course, promptly brought to account by the authorities. To the friction caused in this way the now historical rebellion in New Caledonia was entirely due. The Kanakas swept down from the mountains into the settlements at Boulapari and La Foa, massacred the officers and gendarmes in charge of the stations, and then, their blood being fairly up, slaughtered over a hundred convicts belonging to the settlements.

Before leaving Noumea we heard a good deal about our warrior friend who had thrown himself in the way of the sharks. Any suspicions that he may have harboured concerning his wife were, happily, without foundation, as she had remained perfectly loyal to him during his enforced absence from her, and she had been looking

forward hopefully for his return. There are no postal arrangements or telegraph cables between Noumea and the island of Maré, and as our trip was extended to the Loyaltys and the New Hebrides, we decided to visit the chief's widow as we passed through the group, and acquaint her with the news of her husband's death.

We arrived off Maré Island one afternoon, and after a considerable amount of trouble succeeded in getting our whaleboat through the coral reefs which fringed the shore. We put up at a village for the night, and next morning set out to walk up the coast in search of the town which was our destination.

Four hours' walk brought us to the place, and we were not long in discovering the house of the late chieftain. A party of dusky children were playing near the door. We stood for a few moments, and watched them through the dense foliage which fringed the pathway and concealed our approach from them. They were busily engaged in a game of tea-party, or cobby-house. Shells from the sea-shore were used in the place of those broken pieces of crockery

which European children adopt for these purposes. How strange that the same idea for amusement should strike children all the world over, even to the poor little benighted heathen! Although the jargon of these little ones was Mongolian to us, we could not fail to interpret their gestures. It is true enough that human nature is practically the same everywhere.

And, as if to complete the familiar picture, two or three babies of tender age were lying neglected in the neighbourhood of the little party, left to their own limited resources to amuse themselves.

We soon found the widow, and conveyed to her the melancholy intelligence of which we were the bearers. Her grief was keen. The youngsters were called in from their play, and informed that they would never see their father again.

We left the house with very heavy hearts ourselves. The wise student of human nature and character may withhold from the uncultured, naked heathen the credit of possessing feelings as keen as our own; but the traveller to Polynesia, at any rate, will have the conviction

forced upon him that the Great Architect of the universe has moulded human hearts pretty much the same among all peoples. And it might not be altogether a profitless reflection for many Europeans of education and refined surroundings to ask themselves occasionally whether their waistcoats cover hearts as pure and good as are often to be found among these benighted aborigines.

TUI DREKETI AND MAAFU

In its own small way the old kingdom of Fiji possessed many prominent leaders of men—some whose strategic powers and heroic valour in war, and others whose eloquence and politic forethought, rendered them famous in their day, and justified the transmission of their names through traditional history to the generations which came after them. The educated Fijian of the present day, who has made a hobby of the study of old Fijian history, is an entertaining oracle, at whose feet the traveller is delighted to sit and listen to the enthusiastic and fulsome accounts of the brave days of old, when war was a game which every able-bodied man was privileged to play at.

Those were the days of massacre and cannibalism, of revolutions and counter-revolutions, when victorious war-canoes returned to their harbours laden with prisoners of war, and trophies in the shape of babies impaled on the mast-heads.

By old settlers who have devoted some attention and study to the subject it is conjectured that within the past century alone the population of the archipelagoes of Fiji has been reduced by 100,000 from one cause alone —tribal war. When anything like a census was taken, some 100 years ago, the population of the country was estimated to be 260,000. In the year 1874, when the group was annexed to the Empire, the number was 160,000. Shortly after that period an extraordinary decimation of the people occurred through what is known as the measles scourge.

When Sir Hercules Robinson (now Lord Rosmead), the Governor of New South Wales, visited Fiji in 1874, to officially accomplish the annexation, he extended an invitation to King Cako-Bau to visit him at Government House, Sydney. The old potentate had never been outside the bounds of the kingdom, and, as may be supposed, he gladly accepted the offer, determined to have a peep at the outer world, especially under such distinguished patronage as that of the Kofana of New South Wales.

Accordingly, in the following year the King

visited Sydney, accompanied by a numerous retinue of chiefs, amongst whom were two of his sons, Ratu Joe and Ratu Timoci. The measles were prevalent in Sydney at the time of his Majesty's visit, and just previous to his return, or perhaps as he was returning, the old man caught the disorder. Upon his arriving at home there were, of course, great rejoicings amongst the people. Canoe-load upon canoe-load of loyal subjects poured into Bau from all parts of the group to welcome him upon his return. Men, women, and children from all parts embraced the old man, according to custom. And while they freely bestowed upon him their caresses, he was, unconsciously, freely bestowing upon them the epidemic.

No better plan could have possibly been devised for disseminating the measles among the people. Those loyal excursionists who had taken the trouble to journey to Bau to assist in the reception and welcome of the returned monarch went back to their homes, embraced and kissed their relatives and friends all round, and sent the disease at a galloping pace into the most remote recesses of the country.

When the measles cloud subsequently lifted itself from over Fiji, the population, which before the King's return had numbered 160,000, was found to be reduced to 118,000. Thus, in a very simple way, were 42,000 people carried away. On one island—Taviuni—well known for the vast number of plantations with which it is covered—the population was reduced from 20,000 to 4,000. Whole villages were emptied one after the other, and their places taken by graveyards. With a melancholy air, the Fijian guide will point out a graveyard to the traveller on Taviuni as a relic of the scourge of 1875.

The measles certainly did more work, according to time, than did the wars. While it took fighting sixty or seventy years to reduce the population by 100,000, the measles accounted for a reduction of 42,000 in the short space of six or seven months. But, for all that, war and cannibalism often put on a spurt in the execution of their work. In one war which broke out in the mountains of Viti Levu about eighty years ago, many thousand warriors, who had fallen prisoners of war into the hands of the

enemy, found their way to the oven within the space of a few days. And shortly after this affair the victorious mountain tribes, or Kai Colos, were attacked by the chief of the Dreketi tribe, from the lower waters of the Rewa River. Tui Dreketi marched at the head of a formidable force up the Rewa, and through the Namosi Valley, from which place he struck up into the mountains, carrying death and destruction wherever he went. He and his victorious warriors did not forget to cannibalise too, and that culinary science again scored heavily, and with a good time record.

Tui Dreketi lived to form one of those links connecting the old *régime* with the new in the Fiji Islands. He only died a few years since, and during the latter portion of his life he was one of the lions of his part of the world. Travellers from Europe visiting Fiji invariably made it a point to run up the Rewa River for a chat with the old cannibal, who, in his turn, made as much as he could out of his visitors, in the shape of *yaqona-na-papalagi*, or white man's grog, for which he had a particular taste.

When the old man imbibed too freely—as, indeed, he often did—he became very rude and troublesome. One time, however, he was made to suffer for his rudeness. On one particular occasion a party of English tourists passed on from Sydney to do the Cannibal Islands. In due course they called upon Tui Dreketi. The old fellow received them courteously enough, and lavishly dispensed such hospitality as his house could afford. Before they departed he demanded the usual backsheesh for grog-purchasing purposes. This was cheerfully and liberally handed over, and the Englishmen departed for the hostelry on the river, in which they had arranged to pass the night. Late in the evening, as they sat on the hotel verandah sipping their cocktails, Tui Dreketi burst in upon them in a semi-drunken state. He was extremely rough in his demeanour, and demanded money for more rum. Their patience was exhausted, and they declined to accede to his demands. Drunk or sober, however, the Fijian chief who has blue blood in his veins possesses a remarkable amount of authoritative power over the common people

The Tui, in his indignation at being thus refused what he considered a kind of legitimate toll, ordered the crew of the boat in which the tourists were about to embark, to leave her. The Englishmen went to the next village to engage a fresh crew; but a mandate from the Tui preceded them, and they were unable to secure men for love or money. Subsequently the Chief made overtures offering to withdraw his *tambu*, or restriction, from the crew, for a bottle of rum. One of the party—a Yorkshire man—couldn't stand this, and he promptly proceeded to administer a hammering to the astonished Chief. The punishing process was carried on with scientific neatness and despatch, notwithstanding that the old chief had had in his time considerable training in the English method of fighting. The Yorkshireman rose so high in the estimation of the crew, and the discomfited Chief had sunk so low, that they forthwith jumped into the boat and prepared themselves for a start down the river, chancing the consequences of their disobedient conduct. The incident effected a much-desired change in the behaviour of the old Tui for the remainder of his

days, and he always afterwards showed the greatest respect to English visitors, more especially if he had any notion that they hailed from Yorkshire.

Another connecting-link between the ancient and modern times in Fijian history was represented in the person of Maafu, the Tongan, who, after many years of adventure in different parts of the world, made a home and erected a kingdom for himself in the Lau, or eastern archipelago of Fiji. In early life the young Tongan adventurer had visited the Cannibal Islands, and taken part in many of the wars which were of common occurrence in those days. Trained thus early to a practical military life, the young chief developed a strong taste for the tumult of war. A battle possessed for him a charm somewhat akin to that which a good fox-hunt has for the average English countryman. It was only in his later years, when crowned with fortune and honours, that the din of battle lost its virtue in his eyes, and he abandoned the war-club and musket for such political arenas as then existed in his adopted country. He was a contemporary of old Cako-Bau, the late King of

the Fiji Islands, and towards the end of that monarch's reign was his most formidable and dangerous rival.

In one of the early wars in which Maafu took part, the scene of action of which was the island of Loma-Loma, in the eastern group, the young chief had command of a body of warriors which attacked the Loma-Loma people in a mountain gorge in the centre of the island, and the besieged party were at last compelled to take refuge in a huge cave, into which it was of course most injudicious to follow them. Upon the first impulse Maafu formed a resolution to starve them into submission. Then it occurred to him that the cave might be plentifully stocked with *madrai*, a most wholesome native food, which is preserved by a system of ensilage much in vogue amongst the South Sea Islanders. Then Maafu determined to burn them out. Accordingly, great heaps of wood were piled at the entrance of the cave and a fire started. The unfortunate inmates of the cave were unable to face the smoke and the flames, which now barred the entrance of their place of refuge, and in a very short space of time they were all suffocated. The bodies

were subsequently dragged out to the light and distributed as prizes to the victorious warriors.

This is only one instance of the atrocities which marked the early military career of Maafu. To look upon the gentlemanly Chief, driving along the well-made roads on his favourite island of Lakemba, in a landau of the most approved modern make, drawn by a pair of splendid-looking high-steppers, as was his custom a few years ago, it was impossible almost to imagine him to be the author of those massacres in the old days, the recital of which makes the blood run cold.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF CAKAUDROVÈ

The islands of the Pacific Ocean, owing to their remoteness from the great European and Asian centres of civilisation and learning, are to a great extent under a cloud in the matter of history. No literature of any kind was ever attempted by the islanders, and the only method of recording passing events or the valorous deeds of warriors consisted in notching a club or the rim of a grog bowl.

There is a *bilo*, or grog bowl, in the possession of the present Tui Kama, the ruler of the extensive province of Buca, on the island of Vanua Levu, which has seven notches in its rim. The bowl has been handed down to the present Tui from his ancestors who ruled before him in Buca, each of whom is represented by one of these notches. When Tui Kama dies another

mark will be added to the seven already cut, and the *bilo* will be passed on to his son.

When the *tanoa*, or large wooden bowl in which the native grog is prepared, is placed on the mat before the old Chief, the honoured *bilo* is handed to him, and while the village maidens are busy propelling their powerful jaws in the grog-chewing process, it is the old man's delight to run his finger over the notches representing his ancestors, and relate with pride the doughty deeds and virtues for which they happened to be notorious. I was one evening, in company with some friends from Taviuni, a guest of the old Chief's at his palatial residence in the town of Buca, and was deeply impressed with the old man's proud affection for the memory of his forefathers. Out of compliment to his visitors he had ordered the production of an old root of grog (the older the grog-root the stronger and better flavoured it is), and while the numerous circle of pretty village damsels were busy at their accustomed work, the old fellow proceeded to throw some light upon the virtues and valour of his forbears.

The oldest notch represented a chieftain

named Tui Kama, Gara-na-bokola, which title freely translated into English means 'King Kama, the Cave of Dead Bodies.' This formidable title would appear to have been popularly conferred upon the chieftain in recognition of his ability for consuming *bokola*, or cooked man. According to the graphic account of the Gara-na-bokola's descendant to which we were listening, he had consumed, or helped to consume, many thousand *bokolas* in his day. He lived about two hundred years ago, when things must have been what the Americans would call particularly lively in Fiji, if one can judge by what they were so recently as thirty or forty years since.

Gara-na-bokola was admitted to be the champion man-eater of his day, and anyone who threw doubt on his claim to that distinction was adjudged guilty of what is known in England as high-treason, and suffered death accordingly. But such was the reverent homage paid to rulers in those days, that the criminal thus ignominiously doomed to death, when he learned—as he invariably did—that his body would be utilised for culinary purposes at the table of the monarch,

died happy, in the consciousness that he was undergoing a special and honourable kind of martyrdom.

Gara-na-bokola, or, to give him his proper dynastic title, Tui Kama, after a long and peaceful reign—some would be inclined to call it a reign of terror—died full of years and honour, and, to accurately repeat the history as given to us, full of *bokola*; because it happened that the old warrior overfed himself one day, or allowed himself to be overfed by his servile attendants, and dyspepsia, or something of that kind, acting harshly upon his regal and delicate constitution, settled him.

This monarch was succeeded by a younger son, notwithstanding that the rule then existing gave the throne to the eldest son and heir, who was yet living. He was, however, a poor warrior, and had, moreover, a decided taste for pigs and fish in preference to *bokola*, and this was, of course, a distinct failing in his character. A man who couldn't cannibalise with a fair amount of keenness was obviously unfit to rule the vast tribe of Buca. The young prince made a feeble effort to take up the crown of his father, which

was legally his due; but he happened to die suddenly one night, just before the coronation ceremony was appointed to take place. The unusual suddenness of his death was caused—so the Tui explained to us—in consequence of his head having come into violent contact with a club belonging to his brother. Probably because the club which was thus the innocent cause of creating a vacant throne belonged to his younger brother, the latter conceived the bold idea that he possessed the right to the vacancy, and accordingly stepped into it.

This enterprising ruler was chronicled to us by our host in the name of Tui Kama na Buka-Levu, or King Kama the Second. The translation of his title represents him as King Kama, the Big Fire. In the matter of the ruling virtue of his times—cannibalism, to wit—he followed accurately in the footsteps of his predecessor on the throne. His nickname of Big Fire is said to have originated from his destructive habit of setting fire to the villages of his enemies in war. As a general rule, the Fijian does not develop to any serious extent the bump of destructiveness, even in the case of dealing with his enemies and their

worldly goods. A vanquished enemy was valued as a prize proportionately to the quantity of negotiable goods which he carried on his person, and the probable fatness and tenderness of that person from a gastronomic point of view.

Hence the proclivity of Tui Kama the Second for destroying property by fire was looked upon as somewhat singular, and gained for him the title of Buka-Levu. At his death this ruler was succeeded by his nephew, a son of the real heir to the throne who met with the sudden death; and thus the dynastic line fell back into a straight descent once more.

Tui Kama III. came to the throne at a tolerably early age, and, unfortunately for him, the proneness to sudden death appeared to run in the family, for he departed most abruptly for the happy banana-groves shortly after his accession, being also attacked with a similar disease to that which brought his father to an untimely end.

Then anarchy reigned in Buca for a short season. Sons killed their mothers, and fathers killed their sons, and the most unsophisticated eye could have noticed, without the assistance of tabulated statistics, that the population was

rapidly diminishing. Then a sort of Bonaparte rose up from amongst the people, an humble *kaisi*, or slave, who had all his previous life followed the then degraded profession of driving pigs to their pasture.

The pig-driver carried all before him. Success upon success followed his arms everywhere, and at last he became powerful enough to assume the reins of Government, and reward himself by stepping up the steps of the throne. He reigned and ruled with a hand of iron for many years under the assumed title of Tui Kama IV., and was succeeded by a youth who set up what appeared to be a vague kind of claim to relationship with the old royal family. He held the throne for many years, during which the kingdom prospered in war. Successful warring with the neighbouring tribes, in which a good haul of prisoners could occasionally be made, was considered an excellent and economic plan for enabling the numerically weakened population of Buca to recover lost ground. Keeping the meat-market well supplied from foreign tribes saved the necessity of making inroads upon the people at home—and meat had to be pro-

cured, come what would, to satisfy the cravings of the royal household and aristocracy generally.

This monarch in his turn died, leaving numerous sons, all of whom were patriotically anxious to succeed him. Mortality set in amongst them, till at last but one remained, who mounted the throne as Tui Kama V. His reign commenced with the present century, and ran on for about twenty-five years, during which he had several wars with the Kingdom of Bau, greatly distinguishing himself by his personal prowess and bravery. Owing to the possession of firearms by the Bauan Army, the Bucans were at last compelled to submit and give in their allegiance to Bau. Tui Kama V. shortly afterwards died, broken-hearted, and was succeeded by his son, who did not by any means look upon the gloomy side of the picture as presented to his father in that monarch's declining years. He adapted himself to circumstances, and like some politicians, he sailed with the wind, offering the assistance of his formidable army to his suzerain, the King of Bau.

Upon one memorable occasion, when the victorious King of Bau visited the important

stronghold of Wai-kava, on the south-east coast of Vanua Levu, Tui Kama went down from Buca and presented his Majesty with a magnificent *camakau*, or war-canoe, which had been duly consecrated by the usual ceremony of being launched over the prostrate bodies of several victims, something after the fashion of the Juggernaut car ceremony. This tender offering gained considerable favour for the donor in the eyes of the appreciative and gratified King. Tui Kama VI. died shortly afterwards, and was succeeded by his eldest son, a daring warrior, and quite a Samson in his way. Many people are still living, besides our worthy host, who remember upon different occasions seeing the late Tui, in his anger, seize a coconut tree, tear it up by the roots, and cast it into the sea. He died a few years previous to the annexation of Fiji to this Empire, and was succeeded by the urbane old gentleman who now pleasantly recounts the history of his dynasty to all travellers who visit his hospitable village.

The Tui, who has himself been through many wars, is now growing old, and will be succeeded in his title by an only son, who is certainly a

most unkingly-looking youth. He is a gardener by profession, and has always stubbornly resisted all the persuasions of his friends to adopt the now honourable and aristocratic avocation of pig-driving. Hence the people generally look upon him as a low fellow, a kind of scapegrace sprig of royalty.

ABORIGINAL JURISPRUDENCE

THERE are many elements in the great machinery of human affairs which are to be reckoned under the heading of necessary evils. Amongst these are prisons. Gaols are evils in their way, but still they are necessary evils in all countries and among all peoples. In the various petty kingdoms and republics existing in the Pacific the system of jurisprudence and the prison arrangements are alike somewhat singular, when compared with those systems so well known to, and so much valued by, Europeans.

In the kingdom of Niue, for example, the King is Chief Justice, and general law-adviser as well. When a case is brought before his Majesty, the facts, *pro* and *con*, are carefully considered by the potentate, but with one result as an invariable rule. Let the weight of evidence be ever so much in favour of the accused person, he is

found guilty and a fine inflicted upon him—that is, of course, when he happens to be worth powder and shot. If he possess a strong leather belt, or a good bowie-knife, a new shirt or newly-carved club, the coveted article is confiscated as a fine. I remember attending the court once to see one of my black sailors through a difficulty into which he had been launched by a dusky inamorata. This kind of trouble is very common to visitors to the island of Niue, where pretty damsels bloom in the sweetest profusion, and where a jovial sailor with a few glasses of strong grog in him can easily get himself into a most serious scrape.

My sailor, who had been allowed bail, came ashore attired in a lively-looking red shirt, in addition to his other seafaring adornments. The case was duly called upon, and gone into very seriously by the regal Chief Justice. Being naturally anxious that the man should not be fined too heavily, and have me despoiled of too many dollars, I kept a close and hopeful watch upon the King's face, with the view of endeavouring to fathom how the affair was likely to go. It was impossible not to notice that the King

very often cast fond and furtive glances at the sailor's favourite coloured shirt. At last the judicial decision was recorded. His Majesty delivered a rather sarcastic judgment. He informed the accused that if he reckoned he could come to Niue and pull the girls about, as he had been in the habit of doing in his own country—to wit, Fiji—he had made a big mistake; such conduct would not be tolerated while he had the honour of dealing out justice. The fine would be one red shirt. The sailor was led out to an ante-room, where he was promptly compelled to divest himself of the fine. There were several other cases awaiting a hearing, but the worthy Justice retired for a time. He presently, however, returned to court, and took up his seat again on the bench—which was, indeed, literally a bench—dressed, much to the mortification of my sailor, and the amusement of ourselves, in the identical red shirt which had been so recently acquired.

The King of Niue dispenses altogether with lock-ups or gaols. This kind of institution, to his mind, is not a paying affair. Upon some occasions when a person is brought before the

tribunal of justice who has not the wherewithal in money or worldly goods to pay a fine, he is allowed to go away upon his own recognisance to appear again when called upon, and a solemn promise to appear before that time if he is in the meantime able to annex some article of portable property from some of his friends or relations, which would be acceptable to his Majesty the King.

An ingenious native once found himself in such a predicament. A fine hung over his head; and when a man happens to be thus circumstanced, his friends, acting upon the recollection of past experience, place a careful watch over their portable goods and chattels. He was at his wits' end for a way of escape out of the difficulty. At last, struck with a happy thought, he took advantage of a dark night to invade the piggery attached to one of the royal residences, and drive off a large porker. In the morning he presented himself at one of the bamboo palaces of justice, and submitted the pig for the King's approval in payment of the fine registered against him. Being an animal of fat and goodly dimensions, it was gladly accepted, and thus the King,

as the offending native afterwards put it, was paid off with his own coin.

In Fiji, previous to the adoption of English systems of jurisprudence and the repression of crime, the King of that country had adopted the gaol system. During the latter years of King Cako-Bau's reign, that sagacious and somewhat civilised ruler, being assisted in his councils from time to time by a properly constituted Ministry, had always included in his Government a Minister of Justice. This important post was invariably allotted to some publican, in which class of men Cako-Bau had great confidence. His confidence was popularly supposed to have been inspired by the kind and attentive attitude these traders had always displayed towards him. When the old potentate went into a hostelry for a drink, no sensible publican ever thought of charging him for what he consumed, and hence the old man, who was often in an impecunious state owing to the negligence of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, had a warm corner in his heart for the poor publican.

The Chancellorship of the Exchequer is a highly responsible position in most countries ; it

was particularly so in the days when King Cako-Bau ruled the kingdom of Fiji. The revenue came in a most jerky manner. There was no system of indirect taxation, by which people do not feel the shoe-pinch of the expenses of Government. The import dues were collected in kind. For instance, when a man imported, say, fifty cases of gin from Sydney or New Zealand, a levy of two cases would be made. The same system was exercised in all cases. Hence it happened that the salaries of Ministers had also to be paid in kind. The export duties were hard to levy, and were generally neglected altogether. A fruitful source of revenue was, however, to be found in the administration of justice. Sets of harbour regulations were formulated at Levuka, the capital, where a good deal of shipping has been done for the last fifty years. The slightest infringement of one of the regulations on the part of trading skippers was met with a very severe fine. If any trouble arose about the collection of the fine, the Government promptly seized the vessel implicated, and retained possession of her until the judgment had been satisfied.

Sometimes the minister would rake in a pool

of 20*l.* or so, in the shape of a fine of this kind. Then there would be some excitement in Ministerial circles. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the fine in his pocket, would closet himself with the King as privily as circumstances would admit in a Fijian bamboo-built house, while the various other members of the Government jostled each other around the doorway, or excitedly watched the proceedings through the large cracks in the bamboo wall.

In their turn, the various tradesmen who happened to have accounts against the different Ministers took up stations not far from the Treasury, and watched with feverish anxiety the chances of their respective debtors to a share of the spoil. Very often, the distribution of these fines led to trouble in the Government. A Minister who happened to fare badly in the disbursement of the money would throw up his position and join the Opposition party. For although there was no such a thing as a Parliamentary system, or any institution of that kind, there were always two parties in the State. The King had the army at his back, and when the Government displeased him by some such con-

duct as leaving too small a share of the fine, or of gin collected for taxes, for his Majesty's use, he promptly dismissed them from office, and sent down town for some of the Opposition party to name a new Ministry for him. So that politicians in Fiji had their ins and outs and their ups and downs as well as politicians in other countries.

Cako-Bau had a Chancellor of the Exchequer in one of his administrations who was, as far as business capacity and enterprise were concerned, a man much distinguished above the ordinary run of his predecessors at the Levuka Treasury. In this record his name shall be Stone, for he still lives, full of honours and experience. Stone had been in the Army, and had run from his regiment in New Zealand many years ago. He made straight for that spot which was the refuge of all runaways in those days, Levuka. Here he took up his residence permanently, and soon brought himself into prominence as a public man. He was honoured at last with the control of the Treasury. The first thing that surprised the Hon. Mr. Stone was the sad want of the inventive faculty in the heads of

his predecessors in office. They had simply been satisfied with the collection of taxes and the imposition of fines to keep the Government of the country going. This was indeed a pettifogging way of doing business. Why not establish a Government Savings Bank, issue bonds, and start a few thousand pounds worth of paper money into circulation? The cost would be only that of printing the necessary notes and other documents, and the Treasury could afford to purchase an iron safe and keep a good quantity of specie on hand.

The Chancellor laid the scheme before the King, who was quite charmed with the novelty of it, and, with many expressions of admiration for the new Minister's talents, approved of it at once. The plan was promptly carried into effect, and a few months later saw the realisation of the worthy Chancellor's expectations. The Treasury was full of money. As a matter of fact, a large portion of the coin hitherto in circulation had found its way to the Treasury safe, its place in the commerce of the town being supplied by paper dollars issued by the Government. To Ministers, the land of Fiji was now

one of milk and honey, or, to be accurate instead of figurative, of gin and golden sovereigns. The money was spent and lavished in all directions.

But a day of reckoning came at last. The tradesmen's cash-boxes became stuffed with paper dollars, and suddenly a run was made upon the Treasury. The public demands could not be met, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to avoid unpleasantness, decided to retire from Levuka for a time. Cako-Bau's army saved his own august person from maltreatment, but nothing human could save the Treasury, which was promptly reduced to ashes by the indignant Levukans. The price of the Fijian dollar as promptly fell from four shillings each to the price of sixpence a hatful.

NA KAI SOLOMONI

Among the islanders an Englishman is called a *Kai Piritania*, or British man. A German is a *Kai Tiermani*, and a Frenchman is universally known as a *Kai-oui-oui*. From New Caledonia in the West, to the Marquesas in the East, the popular method of expressing one's disgust at a mean or dishonest trick is to call the trickster a *Kai-oui-oui*. French traders in the islands laugh a good deal at Exeter Hall influence, which controls the conduct of English settlers and traders. That the black man should be taught to expect any treatment above that dealt out to the ordinary slave is a puzzle to the Frenchman. He deals with the native in a more rough and ready manner than does the German, and his Government, unfortunately, allows him to do it.

I remember once going through the lovely public gardens which surround the residence of

the Governor of New Caledonia at Noumea. Along one of the pathways I met a foreign boy—a Solomon Islander. Having travelled considerably over all portions of the Pacific, I generally take an interest in any of the islanders when I happen to meet them in foreign parts. The Kai Solomoni is readily distinguished from the other races by the very dark colour of his skin, and by the arrangements made in the neighbourhood of his head for the carriage of his pipe and other ornaments. The ears of the Solomon Islander are invariably pierced in a manner which no one can mistake. The largest pipe-stem will go through the hole. In fact, the 'ear-hole' is only unfit for further use when it has, by constant wear and tear, become so large that the bowl of a pipe will go through it. Then it becomes untrustworthy as a dépôt for the pipe. Like his close natural relation, the New Guinean, the Kai Solomoni also bores a hole through his nose, in which are suspended ornaments of different kinds. There is a curious custom, not solely confined to the Solomon Islands, of training the boar's tusk as the animal grows, till the tusk eventually becomes circular in shape. The

process takes up a quarter of an hour or so each day, when the boar is held by one, while another patiently and gently rubs the tusk in the direction which it is required to take. Constant dripping wears a stone, and so in the same way does constant rubbing bring the boar's tusk, in the course of time, to the required circular shape. The tusk is used as a noselet, or ornament for the nose. It is hung in the artificial hole made in the nasal organ, and the bigger it is the more proud is the wearer of it. When a Kai Solomoni has a nose-ring which he can smile through he keeps smiling all the time, and is as proud as the proverbial dog with two tails. Food is always taken through the noselet, which, as a rule, hangs over the chin. Before I return to my Kai Solomoni in the garden at Noumea, let me say a few words about the pig, or *vuaka*, of the Pacific Islands.

In a general way the pig is to the islander what the dog is to the Englishman. Very few are the houses which do not boast a few pet pigs. It is one of the things which most tickles the fancy of the traveller when he sees a native going along the road, followed by a pig, in

exactly the same manner as a dog follows his master. I have had pigs myself. Once on the coast of San Christoval I surprised a sow with a litter of young ones around her. They made off, but I managed to catch one of the little fellows and brought it home and installed it as pet of the house. We duly christened it Denis, a name which ever after clung to it, notwithstanding a serious mistake which we made in bestowing its title. To be more strictly in accord with custom, the pet's name should have been Bridget, or some name of the kind more suitable to her sex than Denis. However, Denis thrived with me. In lonely places, with no companions of one's own colour, what a strange strength of affection we develop for dumb sharers of our lot. The greatest trouble I had with Denis was through the demonstrativeness of her affection for me. She always persisted in trying to root into my sides when I laid down to sleep at night. If I took refuge inside my mosquito screen she rooted and tugged away at the screen till she succeeded in making her way in and letting in two or three hundred mosquitoes also. Conduct of this sort, however well meant, was calculated

to lead to disturbances between Denis and me. I revolted at last, and extemporised a bamboo sty for her. I shall never forget once, when Denis had developed into 'big pork,' and I, having run out of powder and shot, had to go upon vegetable diet for several weeks. I began to crave for beef or bacon, and one day I went to the sty with a murderous intent towards Denis. But my heart stopped me. It was one of my amusements to fancy that Denis spoke to me when I went near her. She always saluted me with a grunt and a familiar look, which I interpreted into 'Well, here you are again, old fellow!' and so on. When I looked into the sty, with my knife in my hand, and was met with the old familiar salute, I felt ashamed of myself. I put the knife away, and determined to live as a vegetarian.

The Solomon Islander whom I met in Noumea turned out to be nothing more or less than a slave. He had been kidnapped from his own country a few years before, and brought from one place to another till he was eventually indentured to a Frenchman in Noumea. He had no thought of ever seeing his own island or

his people again, as far as the unpaternal French Government was concerned. Finding that I had been travelling among his people, he naturally enough was greatly interested in seeing me, and I was constantly saluted by him in the streets. However, the time of my departure came round, and I started one afternoon up the coast, and struck out to sea through the Bourai passage. I had not cleared the reef more than an hour when one of the hands reported two stowaways aboard. Going for'ard, to my surprise, I found my friend the Kai Solomoni of Noumea, in company with a fellow countryman. I was the only one from whom he had experienced any friendliness or kindness during his sojourn in Noumea, and he was not going to lose touch of me. I took them along with us on a cruise through the Hebrides and Santa Cruz groups, and subsequently returned with them to their home among the Solomons. I shall not forget the cordiality of the reception which greeted us on our arrival at Malayta. It was a sad day for the pig population in the native village of the stowaways. Why the wholesale sacrifice of pigs should be held by

South Sea Islanders to be the best method of expressing joy is one of those little puzzles which it is hard to understand. But, after all, was not the fatted calf killed upon the return of the prodigal to his father's roof? My Kai Solomoni *protégé* had turned out a very useful and affectionate friend to me. While on Malayta the idea therefore occurred to me that I ought to make as much use as possible out of his willingness to assist me. I was anxious to carry out some little explorations amongst the islands which the savage and cannibalistic character of the natives had hitherto prevented any travellers from accomplishing. Accordingly I equipped a small expedition, and taking my young companion for a guide, one morning struck off to the mountains. We travelled for three days over some rough country, and passed several villages on the way, in most of which we met with the most hospitable treatment. On the third night we halted at a village called Tauri, where the natives, though shy and distrustful at first, became quite demonstrative in their welcome and hospitality towards us. It was here that I became first acquainted with the

existence of gold in the Solomons. A young woman—the daughter of a chief of the place—wore a noselet of pure gold. Most of the other townspeople possessed some nice specimens, and I began to dream of new El Dorados. Here was a chance for me to unearth another Bendigo or Mount Alexander. Next morning we started into the hills prospecting. We prospected up and down, high and low, for three weeks, but failed to strike any auriferous patches of country, and were reluctantly compelled to abandon the task. But of the existence of gold in the Solomons there can be no doubt. On this occasion I brought twelve ounces away from Malayta, which I purchased from the people. I even successfully tempted the chief's daughter to part with her noselet. She was not able to resist the offer of a parcel of red paint and clay pipes which I made to her.

STRANGE PEOPLES AND MONARCHS

Said Tweed to Till,
'What gars ye run sae still?'
Said Till to Tweed,
'Tho' ye run wi' speed,
And I run slaw,
Where ye droon a mon—
I droon twa.'

It would be an extremely difficult task, even with the vast amount of information which has been gathered upon the subject within recent years, to lay down any definite theory as to the method in which the numerous islands of the South Pacific Ocean became populated. Travellers to that part of the world will recognise among its inhabitants traces of Mongolian, of Hindoo, of Afghan-Jewish, of African negro, and of Malagasy descent. It is reasonable enough, of course, in the presence of ocular testimony of this character, to assume that the progenitors of the Pacific Islanders came from what is known in England as 'the East,' but when did they

come? How did they come? And in what manner were they distributed?

There is not a more touching page in the history of the world than that which chronicles the conquest of the Incas of Peru by the great Pizarro. The victims of the Albigensian Crusade seven hundred years ago are not more entitled to make such demands upon our admiration and our pity as that noble and elevated race of people whose pioneering forefathers landed upon the shores of South America in the seventh century, and proceeded to build up an edifice of civilisation and enlightenment unsurpassed even by the Greeks and Romans of old. Possessing a literature of their own, the Incas have left a record of their history, and although the race has been, practically speaking, wiped off the face of the earth, the country of Peru is still covered with relics of their architectural skill, which have withstood the ravages of barbarous Spaniards and the earthquakes of centuries.

Pizarro made war upon the Incas to annex their country, so rich in precious metals, to Spain. After the conquest he let his savage hordes loose upon them because they persisted in adoring

the sun instead of embracing the doctrines of Christianity.

A silver image of the sun, which stood in one of the shrines in the ancient city of Cuzco, was melted down in obedience to Pizarro's orders, and converted into an image of the Saviour on the Cross.

This relic exists at the present day, and is known as the Christ of Earthquakes. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes were of frequent occurrence—and, indeed, they are still—along the western coast of South America. The superstitious Spaniards, a few hundred years ago, sent a request to the Pope to have the huge crucifix, which is above life-size, blessed or sanctified specially for the purpose of use in allaying earthquakes. A large present of coin accompanied the request, and deputies subsequently arrived from Rome to bless the image. The ceremony was duly performed, and for many years afterwards, when the rumblings of an earthquake were distinguished, a rush was made for the cathedral, and the Christ of Earthquakes was carried at the head of a procession up and down the streets of the city. Upon one or two occasions

the convulsions abated, and the image was looked upon as a deliverer. But in the majority of cases, of course the charm did not work, and the use of the crucifix was eventually abandoned.

The artist who constructed the Christ of Earthquakes would have made a fortune even in the nineteenth century. The wound in the side is most exquisitely portrayed with the aid of hundreds of rubies and garnets, while the three nails in the hands and feet are represented by three superbly prepared amethysts of extraordinary size. All these gems came from the old mines in the neighbourhood of Panama.

A dynasty of Incan rulers presided over the government of the country from the first arrival of the people in Peru, about the year 700, down to the last heroic representative of the line, who died a victim to the malice and treachery of Pizarro. When the last fighting fragment of the Incan army fell into the hands of the conqueror, the King was thrown into a dungeon in the fortress of Lima. Pizarro, knowing the affection in which the monarch was held by his people, and knowing that the country abounded in gold and silver, most of which was in the

possession of the people, made an offer of terms upon which the captive King might be ransomed. The cell in which the King was confined measured sixteen feet by ten, according to history. The terms were that the Incans were to fill the room with gold-dust up to a mark on the wall as high as the captive could reach. The ransom dust poured in from all quarters, but when all the available gold had been procured, the appointed mark had not been reached by several inches. Then, to make short work of the business, Pizarro took possession of the treasure, and the King was executed.

The Incans came originally from Japan, but personally they must have lost many of the physical characteristics which belonged to their ancestors, for the few pure descendants who are yet to be met with in the neighbourhood of the sacred Lake Titicaca, and in the cities of La Paz and Cuzco, have more of a Caucasian appearance than anything else.

It is highly probable that, in their pilgrimage across the Pacific, with the many difficulties that must have attended navigation in the seventh century, fragments broke off occasionally

from the main body, and thus eventually struck land in some of the numerous archipelagoes with which the Pacific is dotted. Such a theory is reasonable enough, and when one remembers the close affinity in personal appearance and language which exists between the Incans and the Samoans, Tongans, and Tahitians a belief in the theory is somewhat justified.

But whither, and how, and when did those rollicking, barbarous, long-haired individuals who infest the Macuata coast of Vanua Levu come? A more curious race of people does not exist in the Pacific, if indeed one exists in any part of the world. They speak a language very closely resembling the Malagasy, and physically resemble no other people who have ever been discovered in these parts. Extraordinarily long legs and curiously short bodies form their most striking personal characteristics. They landed upon the northern coast of Vanua Levu some hundreds of years ago, and those natives of the other portions of the group who have abjured cannibalism and have embraced Christianity, solemnly aver that it was the fathers of these long-haired folk who first introduced the practice

of cannibalism into the island. The long-haired ones of course always indignantly repudiate the libel thus cast upon their ancestors. For, although forty years ago the man who could boast his descent from a good old cannibal family had most indisputable claims to be considered well connected, the unsympathetic missionary has now laid violent hands upon this relic of nobility, and when a native can boast a cannibalistic grandfather he now studiously refrains from doing so, content, probably, to be judged on his own merits.

The last King of Macuata was Ritova-Ritova the 27th, or some such number. For he was the last of a long dynasty who had perpetually ruled the Kai Macuatas since their arrival upon Vanua Levu. Ritova's reign was remarkable as being one of the longest, if not the longest, in history. George the Third of England bid high with 59 years, and our own good Queen has beaten this. But in the histories which, being printed, are accessible to people in general, the longest reign on record is that of Sapor the Second of Persia, who ruled for 82 years. This monarch's reign was the more remarkable on account of the

circumstance that he reigned for two months longer than the term of his natural life. Those readers who have looked into the history of Persia will remember that Sapor the First died without issue. But a baby was expected, and the magicians, or priests of the Royal household, asserted that by some divine inspiration they knew that the expected one was a boy—an heir for the vacant throne. It was necessary, however, that some coronation ceremony should take place immediately, to destroy the ambitious chances of usurpers, of whom there was a good crop in those days. The expedient resorted to was that of crowning the Queen as a kind of proxy for the coming son. Sure enough, two months after the coronation a son was born, who reigned till he died as Sapor the Second.

If a record had only been kept of the date of King Ritova's birth, it would very likely have been found that he reigned even longer than Sapor, notwithstanding the fact that the Persian monarch had two months' start of him. For Ritova only assumed the crown of Macuata when he arrived in the world. He came into the world hurriedly, and was hurriedly placed upon the

throne of his ancestors. The throne became vacant, the heir to it was born, and it was again filled, all within the four corners of one day. The King quarrelled with one of his chiefs, who promptly slew him—or clubbed him—in his own house, in the presence of the Queen, and a few hours afterwards the infant Ritova was born.

Ritova possessed all the characteristics peculiar to the race to which he belonged, with one trifling exception. While the Kai-Macuata is usually a *dauvosa*, or chatterer—'blow-hard' would be a more correct word with which to describe him—the King was a man of very few words indeed. But like the proverbial sailor's parrot, although he said little he was a perfect artist in the matter of thinking. His favourite occupation was to sit and think—of mischief, of course—occasionally winking to himself in evident satisfaction. Ritova thought out and formulated some gigantic schemes of war, and having the habit of carefully calculating everything, he made few mistakes as a general rule. Hence he spread his rule over the greater portion of Vanua Levu, completely routing and very often completely annihilating the armies which

stood up against him. The neighbouring chiefs, Tui Mbua and Tui Kama, appear to have devoted more attention to the pretty department of warfare, such as war-dancing and war-mekés, instead of the hard realities.

An English traveller once ventured up the Macuata coast, and dropped anchor in the little port at Na Duri, the capital of Ritova's kingdom. Jumping out on the beach, he was attracted by what appeared to be some large coconuts lying half out of the water, on the sand. Upon close inspection, however, he found them to be human heads. Some young men of Na Duri had trespassed upon one of the royal plantations; the King had raised his finger, and the avenging executioner had done his duty. That was all.

SHARK GUP

Running down the coast of Guadalcanar once with a mixed crew and passenger company of Tokalaus, Samoans, and Tongans, we got foul of a coral patch, in the middle of a terribly dark night, and were left, as sailors often are in the Pacific, to the mercy of Providence and the waves. I had placed one of the Tokalaus, who swore to a good knowledge of the locality of the dangerous coral patches along the coast, on the look-out aloft, but he had probably gone asleep, and thus let us drive upon the reef. He never had an opportunity to explain his conduct anyhow, for when the schooner bumped, he was catapulted several yards overboard in a manner that amused us very much, notwithstanding the serious turn which our position and his had assumed.

We never saw the poor Tokalau watchman again. The vessel began to break up fast, and

the darkness of the night made it almost impossible for us to prospect around with any chance of success for any dry spots of reef on which to rest. We had numbered twenty-three all told. With the Tokalau out we now stood at twenty-two, seven Tokalaus, ten Tongans, four Samoans, and myself. Fortunately, we had a large whaleboat in tow. We gave her plenty of line, and she stood off clear of the wreckage, which we considered it advisable to stand by as long as possible. We managed to hold out till daylight, when we discovered land lying away about a mile from us. Misfortunes never come singly. The whaleboat, which was our only hope, had been hopelessly stove in during the morning by being bumped against the coral crags, which began to come nearer the surface as the tide receded. We had nothing for it but to swim ashore, and to start at once, before the sharks came about too quickly. We had seen the dreaded phosphorous flashes around us a good deal during the night, and the neighbourhood of the reefs is at all times the favourite haunt of this sea-monster.

There was an old Australian black in my

young days, who worked the ferry-boat at the oyster-beds at Port Stephens, on the coast of New South Wales. Tommy only possessed one arm—the other he had lost in a very simple way. Many sporting people frequented the oyster-beds on picnic pleasures bent in those glorious days, taking their other refreshments with them, and buying oysters from the blacks who frequented the place. Rock oysters are, of course, the general favourites. For a few coppers, a black will dive down and bring you up a stone upon which three or four dozen of the coveted bivalves have located themselves. Tommy had been a diver. Tommy went below one day for a stone, and when he stuck his arm under a ledge on the outer reef, something closed on it, and made a prisoner of him for a few seconds. It let go for a fresh grip, the common method of the *wobegong*, the species of shark which infests those parts of the Pacific, and Tommy being anxious probably to close the interview, came to the surface quicker than he went down. His arm was pulp, and it only hung on by a few shreds. It was eventually amputated by Tommy's wife, who plied her hub

with a bottle of rum, and went through the surgical operation for him with an old razor blade, sharpened up for the occasion.

The low tide enabled us to see many points of rock and coral crags, and I advised the people to take things quietly and swim in a body from one spot to another. Rests could thus be obtained, and the precaution of keeping together might have the effect of intimidating the sharks to some extent. Fortune had deserted us, however. We had not proceeded many stages on our journey when we encountered our terrible enemies. The Tokalaus were the only people in the party who did not show signs of faint-heartedness. The majority of us certainly felt bad. I carried an old cutlass that had lost about a foot of the blade, and had served me well in the peaceful work of opening coconuts and cutting off bunches of bananas. I had often thought what a suitable weapon it would be if one met a shark when armed with it. In fact, I had sometimes felt as if I should like to have an opportunity of trying it. Now the opportunity was before me, but, strangely enough, my politics seemed to have changed. I didn't like the look

of the job at all. It often happens this way in most of our lives. We hanker after and pine for a thing, and then when we get it we don't seem to care for it—we would rather have something else.

One of our men, Tommy the Tongan, we used to call him, stuck close to my side, and we determined to push forward as speedily as possible. I considered, and probably with good reason, that to hesitate would be to give the sharks a chance. I asked the others to push along for the shore with me, but they began, at the instance of the Tokalaus, to gather in a sort of square, as it is understood in the army. In time, I reminded them, the tide would soon be coming in again, and take their resting-place from under their feet. They determined to remain. Tommy and I, therefore, started. We soon encountered a terrible looking tiger-shark, who made straight for us. I thought my hour had come. However, Tommy had made a commotion in the water, and accompanied the action with a roar, which had the effect of turning his sharkship away from us. The brute came along again shortly afterwards however, and watched

us sullenly as we made our way from rock to rock, pushing a little towards us every now and then, to our great horror. He eventually abandoned the pursuit, and we had no serious trouble in reaching the shore. A young shark, about 4 feet long, happened to run close past Tommy once, and was chopped almost in two for his indiscretion.

Arriving at last on a safe point of the reef, I looked back to see how our shipmates were getting on. The battle for life had begun. It was a strange and ghastly sight that early summer morning. The Tokalaus were slashing right and left with their knives, but they had met more than their match. A school of 'tigers' is a daring party for attacking purposes. We could see the great fins gliding round the ill-fated people, and now and again the splashes showed us that the sharks had commenced their work.

It was beyond our power to render any assistance from where we were, so we made all possible speed to shore in the hope of getting a canoe to put off to the relief of our mates. But we could find no native settlement, and consequently no

canoes or boats were to be had. None of the twenty people we had left behind on the coral reef ever reached the shore. We remained about the beach for many days in the hope of finding some trace of them, and were rewarded eventually by picking up three skulls. The sharks had done their work with terrible completeness.

Tommy the Tongan and I had now to direct our attention to a little explorative work. We were desirous of falling in with the natives. The mosquitoes were giving us considerable trouble, and we had nothing with which to protect ourselves from them. Besides, I took a keen interest in the natives on this new part of Guadalcanar. I had never seen any of them, but had heard more queer stories about them than I had ever heard about a coloured race of people before. It was somewhere about this quarter, only inland a little, where that curious race of men live who are born with tails like monkeys. The fact has been vouched for by missionaries and travellers who have seen them. And the story goes that when they sit around

the oven or the grog-bowl they stick their tails into holes in the ground specially dug for the purpose. The chief of a tribe has his own special squatting-place, and consequently his own private tail-hole. Any plebeian member of the community who, in ignorance or with malice aforethought, puts his tail into the chief's hole, is adjudged guilty of high treason, and unless he bolts he is clubbed.

Unfortunately, I was unable to find this strange people during my sojourn upon the coast, or I should probably have been enabled to say a good deal about them, provided, of course, that they did not keep me there as a 'freak' on account of my having no tail. It is generally credited to them that they indulge a good deal in cannibalism. My curiosity was greatly excited to get amongst them, and see how they carried out the process in a general way. In many parts of Polynesia only a few portions of the *bokola*, or dead body, were eaten—in fact, only the arms and legs, from the knee down. The heart was generally the only other part in which a special interest was taken.

As the caudal marked tribe were known as cannibals, it may be assumed that when there was any high feasting going on among them one of the more attractive features of the general menu would be man-tail soup!

POLYNESIAN PRECOCITY

The white people who have at different times taken up their residence amongst the South Sea Islanders have been admired by the natives for their different virtues. Many have come into high favour through their honest ways of dealing and their truthfulness. Others have won the hearts of their coloured neighbours by the business-like manner in which they have been able to drink whisky, yaqona, or any other intoxicant that fell in their way. Some, chiefly sailors, have reached high distinction through the voluminous and incisive character of their swearing. But, as a general rule, heroes of these classes have to stand back when the man appears who can stack a hand of cards.

The men are great *mau* or card-players. Foremost amongst all the Pacific peoples stand the Maori and the Tongaman in the manipulation of cards.

When I was crossing the Coromandel Moun-

tains some time ago from Te Aroha to Tauranga, I put up one night at a Maori *whare* not far from Kati-Kati. My host and I retired at a respectable hour, after indulging in a few games of draw-poker with the young Maori bloods of the district, who had assembled in rather large numbers. I had been bluffed to a rather alarming extent, and in a very limited space of time too. My stock of coins of the realm had rapidly diminished, and one young rangitira, who had won a good deal from me, expressed a friendly desire to play me for my horse. If I could have been induced to go on, I hardly know what may have happened, or where I should have been by the morning. After we retired they played gaily all night, and when I awoke at daybreak, I was surprised to hear them still at it, with their occasional ejaculations of 'Kapai te pluff' (good bluff).

The Tongaman dearly loves to possess a pack of cards. A great many of the Tongans are, of course, good religious people, but I really believe that the majority of them, if they had to choose between a Bible and a pack of cards, would choose the latter.

Tonga has had the distinction of producing some of the smartest men who have yet appeared in the Pacific, smart statesmen, smart traders, and smart thieves. Maafu, the Napoleon of the Pacific, was a Tongan. In his younger days Maafu had some domestic misfortune in his own country, and it was considered advisable for his personal safety that he should try his luck somewhere else. He accordingly betook himself to Fiji, and afterwards, in company with an American trader, he went off to the New Hebrides, where the sandalwood forests of Annatom were attracting attention. Maafu and his partner made a considerable amount of money in a few years, trading between the Hebrides and China, when the chief returned to Fiji and settled down. He became mixed up in Fijian politics, and would have wound up by smashing Cako-Bau, and probably assuming the crown of Fiji, were it not for our timely annexation of the archipelago.

The late ruler of Tonga, King George, was an amiable and good old man. He once had a financial secretary in the person of a distant relative of his family, who is now living at Fiji.

The secretary received a salary for his work, which was arduous at times, as he had the control of large sums of money. He kept the accounts, but he adopted one habit which rather displeased and disturbed the old king, who, however, said nothing about the matter at the time. The financial secretary used to pay himself his own salary. He didn't believe in waiting to have a cheque drawn, or his coin counted out to him. He just paid himself, when he liked, how he liked, and sometimes just as much as he liked.

There was one good point about him, he was a splendid book-keeper. The accounts always balanced to a nicety, and the King, in the face of that, could hardly bring himself to expostulate with the young fellow. The secretary would not, perhaps, have been considered a good book-keeper in England, where they have auditors and other busy-bodies to go round and make a mess of one's books, but in Tonga he was a kind of genius at the business. He got tired of the position eventually, however, like many people in this world who never know when they are well off. He resigned; that is, he told a friend to tell the King he had resigned,

paid himself what was owing to him, and started, somewhat in a hurry, for Fiji. As good a book-keeper as he was, he made a serious error in the accounts at the last moment. Probably the hurry of departure caused it. He inadvertently paid himself 800*l.* too much. The King was greatly annoyed at the mistake (it was quite a mistake, because the young fellow has said so, over and over again, when the matter has been mentioned to him), and tried hard to get the secretary back to Tonga, to see about making the books all right. But the youth could never be induced to return. He had heard that the King intended to press another situation upon him, not so congenial to him as the financial secretaryship, and he concluded not to go over. He possesses a nice little plantation in Fiji now, the result of his curious mistake.

A strange robbery and murder were committed by a Tongaman in Fiji in the year 1880. He was skipper of a small cutter, trading between Levuka and the Macuata coast. There are a large number of Chinamen along the Macuata fringe, engaged in the trepang or bêche-de-mer fisheries. One of these Chinamen took passage

in the cutter to Levuka. He was known to be taking money down to the bank, and had about 280*l.* in his possession. The cutter's crew comprised two Fijians, besides the skipper. On the way to Ovalau, the Chinaman was murdered, and running the cutter close into a reef, where the water was deep, the Tongan scuttled and sank her, going ashore with the Fijians in the dinghy. The Tongan took the dinghy out to a spot deep enough to conceal her, filled her with stones from the reef, and sank her, thus obliterating all traces of the crime. He then reported the total loss of the vessel at sea, and there the matter ended. The Chinaman was supposed to have been drowned, a very probable circumstance, seeing that, as a rule, Chinamen cannot swim, while the South Sea Islanders are like fish in the water. The matter was forgotten, when, some years after, the Fijians confessed the secret.

In some matters of roguish intrigue, the Fijians are not very far behind their Tongan neighbours. The natives of the Rewa River district are proverbially clever in this respect. There are two classes of Christians in Fiji, the Wesleyan and the Roman Catholic. It used to

be a general rule amongst traders not to give credit to a Wesleyan. You can trust a Catholic, for you have a drastic remedy in the shape of referring any default to the missionary, who promptly wigs your defaulting customer and makes him pay up. You can, of course, always distinguish a Catholic by the beads and crucifix which he wears suspended from his neck.

A young trader, starting business on the Rewa some years ago, was cautioned by his principal to beware of the Wesleyans. Of course, this has reference merely to the few bad people amongst them, and not to the general body. One of these tried to obtain some goods from the trader on credit, but found that the latter was too well up to the business. He was dying to get the goods, however, and set about devising a scheme to carry out his object. Going to the house of a Catholic friend, he happened to find him fast asleep. A happy idea dawned upon him. He stealthily removed the crucifix from the neck of his sleeping friend, donned it himself, and made all speed to the trader's store. The young trader noticed the crucifix, and when he was again appealed to by the wearer for a supply

of goods on credit, he succumbed easily. The stuff once in his possession, the wily Fijian lost no time in repairing to the house of the Catholic, when he promptly replaced the sacred and useful relic round his sleeping friend's neck. The trader had a dispute with the mission people about the Fijian's account subsequently, but he never succeeded in getting his money.

Some of the white people who go to the islands very often endeavour to add to their own importance by 'blowing' about their friends. The strict truth is not always adhered to either. A captain of Volunteers who was connected with a drapery establishment in Adelaide, went to Fiji some years ago, to assume the management of an estate belonging to the firm of which he was a servant. He often called upon old Tui Cakau, the native ruler of the district in which he lived. The captain was an extremely pompous man, and with the aid of an interpreter (an overseer from the estate) he began to let the old chief know that he was a man of considerable importance in Australia and England. He had been a great friend of the Prince of Wales, and had left England tem-

porarily through a little jealousy which arose between him and the Prince over a Duchess. The Queen had requested him to 'go away, dear,' for a year or two, and there he was, otherwise he might have been still at home, a great society or political leader, or both. He was a great warrior too. Tui Cakau saw through his man quicker than the valiant captain gave him credit for. He asked the captain to bring his uniform, and show him how the British people 'soldiered.' On his next visit the captain was met by rather a large concourse of Fijians. The old chief received him gravely, and the poor captain was induced to go through all the military exercises he knew, over and over again, only to find at the conclusion that they had been laughing up their sleeves at him all the time. The gallant captain was never afterwards heard to swagger about his soldiering or his regal or other connections.

A DUSKY QUEEN

The matter of being presented at Court in England is one thing, that of being introduced to the Court of her genial Majesty, the late Queen of Nuka-Hiva, is quite another. This good Queen, when I had the pleasure of knowing her, was fat, fair, and over forty. She lived not in, but on the hearts of her people, who treated her very liberally. Not long ago, when those patent dress improvers came in, her Majesty asked her ministers for funds wherewith to invest in a couple of the machines. Only one of the dauvosas (or talk-talk men, or politicians) raised an objection to the passing of the item. His proposal was promptly rejected, and he himself was subjected to several indignities for his unpopular interference. One man—he must have been in the Strangers' Gallery, I suppose—threw a dead pig at the would-be reducer of Royal pin-money.

Throwing a dead pig at a man has a very degrading effect on the object at which it is thrown. He feels very mean after it, especially if the pig hits him in the neighbourhood of the head.

A young chieftain once invited me to attend a sitting of Parliament at Nuka-Hiva. They have no system of electoral representation there; it just rests with the man himself when he thinks he is gifted with the talk-talk qualification, and feels politically inspired to go and help himself to a seat in Parliament—that is, of course, if there's room.

Sometimes a man who has an important piece of business in hand is unable to get into the House when it comes on, and he is compelled to sit outside and smoke his pipe while the others are doing the business.

During my visit to Parliament a case of this kind occurred. A member who couldn't get in roared through the door to the leader of the House to attend to his item for him, and to see that they settled it, or he would go for him when the House rose.

This threat rather irritated the leader, who

forthwith, in a voice sufficiently marked with coarse and excited language to make it Parliamentary, informed the member that if he came outside to him he would give him a good drubbing. He would go out at once, he said, only that some other fellow might come and capture his seat.

There was no blood spilled over the affair, as they gave attention to the outsider's little Bill in due course. It was a matter affecting a dispute about some pigs between the member and another party, who was not in the House. The member had killed some pigs for his table at different times, the said pigs, according to the other litigant, not being his (the member's) property. The affair seriously affected the member's honour, so he had brought in a Bill to have the pigs declared by law his property. The Bill passed through all its stages without any bother, as the real owner of the pork, not having a seat in the House, was unable to raise a row, or interfere in any way. Hence the thing was easily adjusted.

I was presented at Court once during a visit to Nuka-Hiva. I very nearly made a pickle of

it too. One has to be so careful nowadays over little matters of etiquette. When you go to see a potentate in the South Pacific, you should always arm yourself with a bottle of gin. There may be plenty in the royal palace, but it is complimentary to ask the ruler to drink from your bottle.

When I went up for presentation to the Queen, I provided myself with a bottle of Hollands. As we proceeded towards the group of people where we understood we should find Her Majesty, one of my companions, a Tongan, noticing the bottle, asked me what I brought it for. I told him. 'Oh,' he said, 'don't do that, the old woman doesn't like it.' I did find subsequently that Her Majesty always felt very much hurt if any one invited her to a drink when she had any particular function in hand. This applied only to her own house, of course. She was very hospitable, and liked to find everything herself.

She happened to be in beaming humour when we were brought up and introduced. As a matter of fact, the Queen had been imbibing rather freely. I had a good opportunity of

discovering the presence of alcohol when Her Majesty seized me in a motherly way, clasped me to her bosom, and kissed me.

It was the biggest kiss I ever had, I think. I won't say anything of its other qualities, but it was big. And the sweet lips that administered the punishment were a picture indeed.

The European who has not travelled in the Pacific would be astonished at the size and peculiar shape of some of the ladies' mouths in certain parts of the islands.

I remember once reading an amusing sketch in an American paper, discussing the sentiment of kissing, and dealing with the kisses of many well-known ladies upon the stage, who have to kiss in public at times. Complimentary observations were passed when mention was made of the 'tidy little smack' of one, and the sharp little kiss of another, and so on; but the account wound up by saying that when a certain fair one, famous for her large mouth, 'flops upon the stage and opens her mouth, sentiment stands appalled.' It would be unjust of me to say that when the buxom and good Queen of Nuka-Hiva set her features in motion for

kissing purposes, sentiment stood appalled. Certain it is that when her pipe was removed and Her Majesty's sweet red lips 'concussed' across my face, I stood rather appalled myself for some time. I am generally very shy when there is any kissing to be got through. You will invariably find it so with travellers. A man living quietly at home gets more practice one way and another, having more opportunities.

Kissing as an art has developed a good deal in Polynesia since the advent of the European, although in many of the groups the natives have yet much to learn. In some places a peculiar stodginess or clumsiness still marks the practice of osculation. There are, however, more solid opportunities for practice in the islands than in most other countries. Every town is practically set in a profuse plantation, the jungles are deep and heavily-timbered, even the pathways between the towns are largely concealed by the heavy foliage. Then as a rule the native works, if at all, about one hour a day on the average, which leaves him abundance of time for love-making and skylarking generally. So that with this fulness of opportunity, and kissing being

so to speak a new fashion or cult among the islanders, the habit has become a sort of craze. It is largely indulged in by old and young, and the methods of doing it will doubtless soon be brought to a high state of perfection.

Like the now vanished pink and white silica terraces of Rotomahana, the mouth of the late Queen of Nuka-Hiva defied one's descriptive powers. The Queen was thoroughly and profusely saturated with coconut oil. The atmosphere that surrounded my senses when she held me in her affectionate clutches comprised a mixture of the odours of oil, of Hollands gin, and good cigars. A clay pipe was rather *infra dig.* in those days for a Queen of a realm, and she had never been able to keep a meerschaum. She had bought scores at different times, and had lost them all. Nuka-Hiva is a great place for losing things in.

I lost a meerschaum pipe myself once. I saw a young fellow sporting it the next day, and on making some affectionate inquiries after it, was told that if I gave any cheek I would have a dead pig thrown at my head. I did subsequently succeed in getting my pipe back, however. I

waited my opportunity to get the young man who had found my pipe by himself, and as he had no dead pigs handy with which to defend himself, he was compelled to succumb after striking me very hard on the fist with his binjie, or bread-basket. He hurt himself more than he did me, and I got my meerschaum back.

The Nuka-Hivan is only dangerous when he strikes you on the fist with his head. He 'barks' your knuckles, or smashes your hand sometimes. This is a wrinkle worth remembering by any one who has cause to travel in the Pacific, and who may often find himself called upon to settle a dispute in the good old English fashion.

The Queen of Nuka-Hiva dressed in the latest fashions, that is, of course, the latest to be had in the island. One dress-improver she wore was a study. It was built or arranged in a millinery establishment in Auckland, New Zealand, but Her Majesty had been fixing it a bit since it arrived home.

We were supposed to observe some amount of decorum in the presence of Royalty, and had to create a white lie once when, walking through the

village with some of the royal household, we came across the Queen giving chase to a dog. The dog won easily, although handicapped by having to carry a small ham, and the Queen pulled up exhausted. But while she was on the wing, the way in which the improver seemed to work from side to side, throwing the dress with it, was a sight to be remembered. When I was asked what amused me, I had to swear it was something else. The Queen was a good Christian, and fat people are always prone to benevolence, I think. The good old Queen loved her neighbours, and led a moral and useful life, and her people loved her as strongly and truly as the British people love their own Queen-Empress.

PACIFIC POISONS

The natives in all parts of Polynesia appear to have a sufficient knowledge of the poison plants indigenous to the islands, although it is not always that vegetable poison is used in the preparation of poisoned arrows, spears, and so forth. I had a startling experience in Fiji once, when walking along the coast of Viti Levu. I was out shooting with a white friend and a party of natives, when, passing a tree, one of the most handsome indigenous trees we had seen in the islands, I plucked a leaf and put it in my mouth. One of the natives jumped towards me in the greatest alarm, roaring at me to drop the leaf, which naturally I promptly did. I shall long remember the pale and terrified face of my friend—he knew the poisoned trees and their deadly effects—as he realised what I had done, and began to blame himself for not having cautioned me before. The accident of the

native seeing me in time no doubt saved my life, as I had been just upon the verge of taking a dose which would have settled me almost as quickly as a dose of prussic acid or the bite of an Australian deaf adder.

The natives convert the leaves of this and kindred trees into a liquid poison, which was in the old days used a good deal for the purpose of revenge. I knew of one case some years ago in which a woman of Goro poisoned her husband. She was in the habit of chewing grog for her lord and master, but being down upon him for some reason or other, she one evening dropped a little of the poisoned leaf into the grog bowl during the chewing process, and shortly after the good man had his first bowl he developed a sort of St. Vitus's dance. In a few minutes, as Bret Harte would say, he curled up on the floor, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

The poisoned arrows of Santa Cruz, the New Hebrides, Solomons, and other islands in the North-west Pacific, are of a deadly character. The general method of poisoning the arrows is that of sticking them at regular intervals into a

human body which has been kept some time for the purpose. The medicine man whose particular duty it is to tip the spears and arrows with poison is supplied by the natives of his district with all that have been made for the purpose. When he has the necessary corpse ready, he remains at work for several days, taking each arrow and dipping it, and coming back to it in due order hours later, and redipping it till the point is thoroughly saturated and has sufficiently absorbed the death-dealing decoction.

The weapons are then laid out upon bamboo tressels to dry, and afterwards distributed among the warriors in their ordinary supplies. While the poisoning process is being carried out, the medicine man is fed from the point of a bamboo by attendants, so that he runs no risk of doing injury to himself by taking his food with his hands in the customary way.

Some years ago I remember discussing this particular matter with a chief in the New Hebrides. I asked him, among other things, how they managed for a body if no one happened to have died at the moment when the medicine man found it opportune to begin tipping the

local arrows. The chief informed me in the coolest way that if the ordinary course of events did not provide a body when required, the difficulty was surmounted by inducing someone to die of a sudden. I pondered over this observation a good deal that night, and spent a lot of time reckoning up the possibility of its occurring to the medicine man and his assistants that a white man might have a fair quantity of poison in his composition. Until I knew beyond doubt that the requisite 'poison' had been provided for, I carried a pair of Colts loaded and ready, with my right hand very near one of them. I have never had the privilege of doing many daring deeds in battle, but I will always believe that, for that occasion at least, the first two or three people who had made any attempt to convert me into poison material would have met with a considerable amount of bad luck.

It happened that a young fellow had come up from a neighbouring town with painted body and ribbons hanging from his ears and tied round his legs. He was rather a swell in his way, and had apparently come out on a lady-killing excursion, but this was rudely interrupted by his

sudden death shortly after his arrival among us. He was strung up to some bamboos and taken charge of by the medicine man. For the next six weeks the latter never left the presence of the body, and the whole tribe covering that neighbourhood were newly supplied with poisoned arrows which would last for some time. It was by one of these arrows that Commodore Goodenough, who had charge of the Australian squadron some years ago, lost his life at Santa Cruz, above the New Hebrides. The Commodore having gone ashore for some reason or other, a volley of arrows was fired at the boats, the Commodore receiving a very slight scratch indeed. The gallant officer, however, felt instinctively that he had received a fatal wound, as he remarked on being carried aboard that he was a dead man. He lived for some days, however, dying in great agony on the hurried voyage to Sydney. He lies buried in the picturesque cemetery nestling among the gum-trees on the heights of St. Leonard's, opposite Sydney.

The island upon which Bishop Patteson was murdered is about 40 miles to the north of Santa Cruz. The founder of the South Sea mission,

the Rev. John Williams, was murdered at Nukapu in 1839, the island upon which Mr. Gordon and another missionary and his wife were murdered in 1861. The Melanesian mission was founded by the Bishop of New Zealand in 1849. The Bishop for some time navigated the greater part of Central and Western Polynesia in a 20-ton schooner, and Patteson subsequently joined him as coadjutor. Until his death, he worked among the Banks Group, Solomons, Santa Cruz, and the New Hebrides. He had been appointed Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, and when he met his death he had been staying for a short time on the island of Nukapu, one of the Swallow Group, a place which he used as a kind of call-station or half-way house between the Banks Group and the Solomons. Bishop Patteson was a lovely character, a Christian of the muscular, high-minded sort, and his personal influence did more for the promotion of Christianity in the Pacific than any power which has yet been exerted here.

BABY-LIFE IN POLYNESIA

I WAS once travelling down the coast of Natewa Bay, when, passing through a village, I was hailed by a hospitable Fiji woman, and invited to some refreshments in her house. Upon our entrance, the first object which attracted our attention was baby—a fine boy of about twelve months old—who was lying naked and leisurely upon his back in the centre of the floor. The fair European reader may be interested to learn that the Fijian baby possesses most of the qualifications which characterise a European infant. He crows, he is just as supple in the limbs, and he possesses that inordinate craving for his great toe, in the absence of anything better to suck at, in which we have all seen white babies indulge. The Natewa boy was amusing himself with the end of his great toe when we entered. A child of his age is not afraid of a white man. From two or three up

to six years of age the Fijian child will run and scream for its life on the approach of a white. The youngster let his toe alone for a moment, eyed me complacently, and again resumed operations. The other children of the family, who had carefully hidden themselves away on my approach, now began to show their little woolly heads from behind the tapa screens, and gaining greater confidence as they observed their mother smoking the dreaded white man's pipe, they began to come forth. Presently I overheard the eldest girl ask her mother, 'Who is it?' 'Oh,' the mother said, 'it's only a white man going round the country buying babies. I am going to sell Uiliami.' Taking the cue from the mother, I presently asked how much she wanted for the infantile William. 'Ava tola' (half a dollar), was the reply. 'Very good,' I said, throwing a florin on the mat. I could almost hear the trembling of the poor little brothers and sisters.

Presently the eldest girl plucked up courage to go over to Uiliami and commence to amuse him. We pretended not to notice her movements. At every favourable opportunity she dragged him a few inches along the mat towards

the door, and at last, hoisting him cautiously upon her shoulders, she rose and made a bolt of it out of the house. Once outside, she considered she was fairly safe, and she couldn't restrain herself from shouting back to us, 'Segai kui-ko kauti-ani ko Uiliami rua na dolu na paudi,' meaning to say that the cherished Bill could not be purchased even for two thousand pounds. When her mother went looking for her half an hour afterwards, she caught up to her conveying the youngster on her back to her aunt's in the next village.

The people in the South Seas have a genius for swimming. The climate of most of the islands is so hot that the natives spend a great deal of their time in the water. When an expedition for a bath is proposed, the babies are all got together and taken along. They are thrown into the water if it happens to be deep, but when it is shallow, they generally contrive to throw themselves in. But it is a great source of amusement and gratification to the mother to see her baby thrown into deep water, after the manner in which wicked boys will throw a cur into a pond. If the youngster kicks out valiantly

and manages to struggle to land, which he very often does, he is boisterously met at the bank, hauled out, and rewarded with any amount of caresses and plaudits. If he fail to swim out and begins to sink, just as much amusement is got out of the pleasant rivalry among the elder swimmers in diving for him and bringing him to the surface. It is this early and somewhat Spartan experience in the water which enables the average South Sea Islander, at four or five years of age, to surprise the unamphibious white traveller with his marvellous aquatic performances.

During a shooting excursion on Wai-Levu coast once, I went out to the river one morning to have a swim. The river consisted of a chain of rocky ponds, some of which were very deep, and in many cases they were connected by subterranean passages, or cavities in the rocks. The pond which served us for tubbing purposes was very deep. As I approached, I saw a youngster swimming down it. He quickly disappeared when he saw me, and to my surprise and horror he failed after a considerable time to show himself at the top again. I had, however,

in the meantime been undressing, so I jumped in at once, and going down, made a careful search among the rocks and sand-drift for him. But it was all to no purpose, I could find no trace of him. After scouring the place well, I extemporised a sulu from my bath-towel, and went back to the village to report matters. I met a son of the chief of the town, but before I could begin to explain things the merry twinkle in his eye betrayed to me that I had been victimised. In fact, the child whom I saw in the creek had gone down under water, and slipped through a passage which led him into another pond, where I, of course, lost sight of him. He then made tracks to the village, and told his companions, with great gusto, how he had fooled the white fellow.

I managed to save him from his father's strap for the time, but when I returned in the evening from my day's shooting, I saw the little chap moving about very sadly, evidently in disgrace of some sort. The other boys eagerly explained the cause of it to me. I would have done him greater service by allowing him to be strapped by his father, as he had come to a more

ignominious mode of punishment later on, when his mother took him in hand. Her weapon had been her bare hand. Club a Fijian child if you like, hit him with a bamboo, or smite him on the head with a Fijian pillow, and you won't hurt him much; but punish him by smacking him with the open hand, and he is degraded at once. He will be the butt of his companions for many moons to come.

In Maoriland, where the climate is cold compared with that on the Polynesian Islands, many of the Maori tribes also train the children early to the exercise of swimming. This, of course, will refer exclusively to those tribes who live in the neighbourhood of the hot lakes and springs, and on the sea coast. As you pass along by the bathing-holes at Ohinemutu and Whaka-rewa-rewa, you are canvassed by scores of children to bestow your patronage upon them. Unlike most trading, however, you get nothing for your money, beyond such amusement as you can extract from seeing the dusky little imps jostling each other in the pursuit of your coin when you throw it into the water among them. Copper coins are not popular, as silver can be much

more easily seen. A silver coin is scarcely ever allowed to reach the bottom before it is secured. Copper invariably goes right down, and then a mud-scramble takes place for the sunken treasure. It thus often happens that many a copper is left at the bottom. These make up a perquisite for the older natives. When the Maori youth finds himself hard up for the price of a stick of tobacco or other coveted luxury, he goes round to the bathing-holes and pans out the coppers. A shilling or so is often raised in this way as the result of a few hours' industry.

Here is an epitaph copied from the tombstone over a Fijian child:

Tangane laki loma-lagi,
Tamaqu, raica noqu tagi.

which, freely translated, runs:

Our child is gone to the middle of the skies.
O Father, look upon our grief.

Although the Fijian woman is by no means behind her sisters in other parts of the world in the strength of her maternal affection, it is odd to see the apparent carelessness with which youngsters are regarded in those islands. Perhaps this is as well in its way, as the toddling

Fijian learns in the hard school of experience at a very tender period of his life to take care of himself. The duties of looking after the very junior members of a Fijian family are invariably left by the mother to the elder children; or, in the absence of these, to the growing children of a neighbour. But since the advent of missionaries, heads of families have, as a fact, very little trouble with their children at all. The little ones have all taken kindly to the European school system, and it is an interesting sight in a native town in the morning to see the scores of little boys and girls being drilled in the open space of the village preparatory to being marched into school, where they are kept out of mischief for the remainder of the day.

It is curious to note how evenly the development of human passions and instinct runs in all parts of the world, with the Polynesians as with the Europeans, with the Chinamen as with the Chilians. I overheard a conversation among some youngsters in a big town on the Sigatoka river, on Viti Levu, once. The various parties of little ones were showing off to each other the importance of their respective families and connections. One girl remarked to another (I will

spare you the Fijian), 'We've got a sister who is now an angel,' to which the other retorted, 'Why, we've got a brother a policeman.'

The Fijian young idea is apparently being well-trained in details of loyalty. A little girl, evidently regarded as the best singer in the school, was produced to us at a large town on the Ba river once. Standing out on the middle of the mats, with a fair amount of confidence, and yet a pretty diffidence in her demeanour, the little wild-haired Fijian maiden sang for us 'Kot safe da Koo-een.'

Here is the first verse, phonetically indited on the spot:

Kot safe ah kiraishus Koo-een
Lonlift ah nopal Koo-een
Kaut safe da Koo-een.
Sent im pickitore-yes
Appee antikilore-yes
Lontoohoo ray hay noveruss,
Kau-haut safe da Koo-een.

THE VAGARIES OF LIFE IN YAP

Life in roystering Yap always reminded me somehow of the little story in 'Punch' some years ago, in which a puny, begoggled German professor and a tall, handsome young Englishman were depicted, holding conversation on the subject of sport. The Englishman is made to say that his favourite kind of sport is that which has a good flavouring of the element of danger about it—lion and tiger shooting, and such. 'Ach,' rejoins the professor, 'you are fond of danger? Vell, you must goom oudt schoodting mit me. Vy, only der oder day I schoodet mein broder-in-law in der stomach.' There was always a good deal of sport in the shooting way in Yap, with a considerable leavening of risk to all and sundry in the neighbourhood. We were running up once from Pango-Pango to Yap, and on the way made a call in at Jaluit for a supply of fresh provisions. Here we happened to come

across one of those harum-scarum, well-bred ne'er-do-wells who had spent many years beach-combing in various parts of Polynesia, and who was apparently anxious to get away from Jaluit, where the climate had got rather sultry for him. He begged hard for a passage on our cutter, and, by way of saving him from trouble, we let him join the vessel. He was obviously overjoyed at getting away from Jaluit, but when we were a couple of days out, and he learned that our destination was Yap, his joy rapidly turned to misery. Before leaving Jaluit, so anxious was he to turn his back upon the place that he forgot to ask whither we were bent, which is not a strange omission among men of his class in the Pacific, as they are mostly ready to go anywhere, always excepting back to absolute civilisation. The nearer we got to Yap, the more alarmed and nervous our beach-combing friend became, and when at last we dropped anchor there, he asked one of our men who was going ashore at once to enquire if a certain Dutchman, Van Heenen, happened to be still living on Yap. When our boat returned to the cutter later in the day, the man reported that Van Heenen had gone off to

Sourabaya some months previously, and the beach-comber became a happy man again. We had all heard of—most of us, in fact, knew —Van Heenen, an adventurous, unscrupulous Dutchman, the greatest gambler, wildest drinker, and most reckless revolver-hand in that part of the Pacific. Did a stranger land in Yap with money on him, and not being a real missionary, those to whom Van Heenen owed money might look that worthy up presently with a fair prospect of getting something out of him. For he had a curious trait for a man of his character, in that he would occasionally pay his debts when he had money on him and happened to be in a genial humour. But on all occasions when he was not in a genial humour the ordinary person, always excepting a pretty native woman, would be the better off for keeping out of his way. Baffle him of a new chum customer, or cross him in local love, and you were practically a dead man, for Van Heenen had a lovely revolver nerve, a sharp eye, and no fear for any authority in that very lively part of the world. Our beach-comber passenger, so we learned subsequently, committed, during a

previous visit to Yap, both the cardinal sins referred to, and when he hied him to Jaluit he knew, in common with all Caroline and other islanders in that region, that a sturdy Colt bullet would be his billet if he ever fell across the cruel-eyed Dutchman in good or bad humour, drunk or sober. Hence his nervousness at finding himself back in Yap.

But now the coast was clear after all, apparently, for Van Heenen had gone off to Sourabaya, a place which he loved in his rough way as a Frenchman loves Paris in his sentimental fashion. The death-dealing Dutchman would hang about the delightful Javan town, with its swagger gin-palaces, sweet women, and picturesque compounds, and might perchance get killed there by some better man 'on the sudden draw,' or shoot off home on one of the Messageries floating palaces, to tell his respectable friends and family in the easy-going sludge and slosh country of his missionising exploits among the distant Pacific archipelagoes. The beachcomber went ashore overnight with the Tongans of our cutter, and went in for a spree of a kind which is only known in the Pacific; in which

cases of gin are emptied out of existence and drinking between drinks is the general order of the day, or night. Early next morning we were taking our headers from the taffrail of the cutter, when our Tokalaus, who had been posted around the vessel with their bamboo buoys to frighten off the sharks from their favourite white bait of European-coloured legs, made signs of a commotion pending shorewards. From the deck we looked presently and saw our beach-combing passenger making down for the beach at break-neck speed, with a rotund figure in curiously coloured clothes waddling after him, and visibly losing ground as the race went on. The beach-comber struck the water's edge at last, plunged into the sea, and swam valiantly for the cutter. Van Heenen—for now we knew the man—puffed down to the sea-pebbles just in time for his purpose, for, taking steady aim, he had two shots, by way, apparently, of making sure of his man. The swimming beach-comber halted in his stride, turned sideways over, feebly threw up his hands, and Van Heenen having started back for the gin-shop compound, our Tokalaus scudded across to the body in the

water, and towed it, reverently enough, to the cutter's side.

The next hour we went ashore to interview Van Heenen, all with our R.I.C.'s in our jacket-pockets in case of emergency. We found the rascal in a placid, beaming frame of mind. This was good for him, as a couple of our fellows had begun to think that here was a good and excusable opportunity to rub out a pest. But Van Heenen was philosophic, and logical withal. If we had been in his place; if we had suffered the indignity that had fallen upon him by reason of the deceit and treachery of the beach-comber, what would we have done? More details. And then a generous offer to do things properly and give the dead man a decent funeral, and have a ripping fine tombstone ordered up from Brisbane or Sydney to be stuck over him.

So it came out that there was a grand funeral in Yap the succeeding afternoon. Nearly everybody was drunk, and the ex-missionary who ran a grog-shop in the principal settlement, and who was pressed into the service of reading the prayers for the dead, fell into the rude grave at one part of the proceedings, and had to be pulled out by

the leg of his pyjamas, given a fresh drink, and set going again. And, when all was over, we made our way back to our cutter, leaving Van Heenen weeping solid salt tears over the spot where his unfortunate victim was laid to rest. He was sincerely repentant. And he very sincerely shot the ex-missionary dead with one shot, in a squabble in the latter's grog-shop, the same evening.

GUILLOTINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

When I first knew the Eastern Pacific there were some strange doings in Tahiti, that lovely archipelago which so deservedly enjoys the title of 'the Paradise of the Pacific.' Honolulu has been so called by some travellers, but to the unprejudiced wayfarer who has seen and had experience of both places the premier position for picturesqueness of scenery and salubrity of climate must be accorded to the Southern group. Additional interest is centred in Tahiti from the fact that its people are a gentle and superior class. The women are more beautiful than the Samoans or Fijians, while, if less coarse in physique, the men are as brave as Tongans. In my first months in Papé-ètè, when the white population comprised beach-combers from the Paumotos, whalers from the Galapagos and the Southern seas, Frenchmen of all kinds and classes from New Caledonia, wild-looking Spanish-

Americans from the Southern Pacific slope, and lean-looking Californians and Mexicans, there were exciting times indeed. There was a French Company there in those days, whose special object was to develop the sugar industry in the islands, and whose managers, by way of employing labour which would enable them to compete with other sugar-producing countries where cheap coolie labour was employed, secured a large parcel of Chinese coolies from Macao. There were some hundreds of men on the Company's plantations outside Papé-été, and by degrees it was found necessary to adopt a system for the isolation of leper and small-pox patients like those in Hawaii and other countries containing Chinese. A small island was set apart from which patients had little chance of escape, as there was no material for making boats or canoes, and great care was always taken not to leave one behind when fresh patients were delivered on the island. The Company's managers found, however, that the conveyance of lepers and other diseased people to this quarantine island was an expensive matter, as to avoid danger the patient had to be placed in a

boat separately, towed to the spot, and the boat destroyed upon return to the main island. So it came to pass that some of the young men on the plantations, whose business it was to dispense the drugs, got into a way, when a bad case of leprosy was found, of administering an extra dose of opium, and so saving the plantation-owners and the patient any further trouble. The thing got to be known in time among the coolies, with the result that there being already a rather formidable secret society among the Chinese, a plot was hatched for a revolution. When all was ready, one night a large body of the natives, led by a big Chow named Wong-Foon, made a raid on the head-quarters of the main plantation, murdered all the white men on the place, and set fire to the buildings after thoroughly looting them. When the news of the affair reached Papé-ètè, a small and fairly well-armed force was promptly got together, and we started off to the plantation to put things straight. There was not much of a fight, for the Chinese were poorly armed, and with the loss of one man on our side and seven on theirs, we brought the affair to a finish, rounding the recalcitrant

Chinkees up in a bamboo swamp and making prisoners of the lot. A sort of drum-head court-martial was promptly organised, and it was decided, after some palaver among the leaders on our side, that about the fair thing to do would be to execute Wong-Foon out of hand, and give the rest of the gang a varied dose of flogging, according to their prominence in the revolutionary movement. A guillotine was hastily extemporised with some scantling from one of the plantation sheds, an iron centre-board from one of the boats for a blade, and a couple of 14 lb. weights from one of the tripod weighing-machines at the sugar-mill. A carpenter who was in our party carried the job through, and we had a nice little guillotine ready in a very short time, the iron sheet having been filed down roughly to cutting trim. We tried the weapon in the first place on one of the plantation pigs, which was tied down with its neck across the chalk line and very neatly executed. The horror of the thing seemed to me that the Chinamen all stood round, roped together, witnessing this grim performance, and listening to the squealing of the ill-fated

pig, most of them feeling that probably they would meet a similar fate before the afternoon was out. Their stolid faces, however, bore a curious testimony to the equanimity of the Celestial in the face of grim death. Wong-Foon himself had no doubt whatever, an instrument of death being in readiness, that he, at any rate, would come under its operation. The pig having been removed by our cook-boys, Wong-Foon's turn came, and I don't remember ever seeing a man meet death with such calmness. I poured him out a good nobbler of brandy from my flask before the sergeant took him in charge, and only for a second, as he lifted the silver vessel to his mouth, did a slight tremor and paleness seem to pass over his lips. But he was game and a good sort, and I felt deadly sorry for him under all the circumstances of his case, seeing, in reality, that the little revolution which got him into trouble, and of which he was the hero, had a certain amount of reasonable justification for it, certainly from the point of view of Wong-Foon and his comrades. He toed the line like a man, and when the board was strapped upon him and he was lowered with his neck across the fatal line,

he showed no sign of fear at any moment. The amateur guillotine did its work well, and when the string had been cut and the old ramshackle centre-board came rumbling down with its 14 lb. weights at either wing, Wong-Foon's head flew out upon the grass. The contortions of the face and the quivering of the muscles of the body were not pleasant things to behold, but the effect of Wong-Foon's execution upon the remaining Chinamen was staggering. Then the floggings went on through the evening, and there was a gruesome air over the whole place. But after a few days, when a new bamboo homestead had been built on the plantation, and things had been got into something like order again, there was little left to tell of the strange tragedy that had been enacted. Wong-Foon and the Frenchmen who had been murdered were all buried in the same little God's acre under the coco-palms at the bottom of the home compound, and a collie dog anchored near the newly-made set of graves in the accustomed way, to keep off the porcine jackals of the neighbouring jungle. No luck has ever since come to the sugar plantation,

and a tumble-down sugar-mill shed and the lonely little graveyard under the palm-trees are all that remain to-day to show that the place had ever been inhabited by others than the aboriginal Tahitians.

DARBY AND JOAN ON VANUA LEVU

Moavi and Sepeli sat quietly together on a fallen coconut trunk as the sea-tide gradually receded from the auburn beach at Kumbalau one scalding summer afternoon. Moavi had seen his seventy good years, the third and fourth decades of them full of battle and murder and sudden death, when those who had the temerity to declare themselves enemies of Tui Cakau made good game for that valiant chief's warriors, and found their way in scores to that ignoble finishing-point, the ovens at Somo-Somo. The last thirty years of the herculean Moavi's life race had been run in restrictive religious harness, for he was one of the first important men on the Kumbalau promontory to take up with the *papalagi* preachers, and early became a sound and enthusiastic Christian. His faithful wife, Sepeli, must have been nearly his own age, and they had been through storm and

sunshine together for nearly fifty years. In their younger days Sepeli had followed Moavi into his battles, had, indeed, helped him with her own strong hands on occasion when the tide of war pressed hardly upon him. In later years they sang hymns together, and tried to keep their children, as they grew up, from getting into the bad habits of the white folk down Vuna and Levuka way. Now, as the summer evening was coming upon them in the evening of their own lives, they sat playing Darby and Joan on a coconut log on the pretty sands of Kumbalau.

They had had many nervous discussions lately. There was no stronger love than theirs, the one for the other, in all the earth, for they had been together through everything that was in their little world of Cakaudrovè. Wars and picnics, vuaka chasing and vonu hunting, lairo trapping and yam planting, fighting and loving, Moavi and Sepeli had held together with a strange tenderness for the greater part of their exciting and pleasant lives. And now they were not happy.

Though born under different Rokos—for Moavi belonged to Somo-Somo, or rather Cakau-

drovè, while Sepeli hailed from the Macuata coast—they had both belonged in their young days to the Toa-Levu.[1] The followers of this god had great faith in his powers, and great faith also in his physical existence, for his crowing might often be heard in the sacred valleys stretching down from the bottom of Natewa to the great azure-tipped mountains that stood as a dividing-line between the Cakaudrovè and Macuata countries. The Christian missionaries who came up first made rather short work of the Toa-Levu, exposed the hollowness of this poor little attempt of the Fijians to raise themselves above heathenism to the sublime height of a sentimental and moral religion, and made Christianity the one fashionable spiritual belief from one side of Vanua Levu to the other.

But as the sands of their lives were filtering out, Moavi and Sepeli, standing upon the threshold of their second childhood, thought fervently of the old days, when Toa-Levu was the supreme god who brought rain for the yam plantations, guarded the canoes upon the waters,

[1] Giant Bird God.

and crowed solace to them from the mountain hollows when childish troubles were upon them. After all, this was a god who did something useful without the asking, and without any mission agents. The white man's God did no more—indeed, less; while his agents did a good deal for themselves in various ways, and were as a rule very human and ordinary when they came to be thoroughly known and understood.

By degrees it was borne in upon the old couple that there was more virtue in the Toa-Levu system after all. The whole thing was clean and wholesome, familiar and romantic. Christianity was very well, no doubt, and the singing of hymns was a pleasant enough occupation, although this recreation at times became monotonous. But the local white missionary (in this case a coarse-jowled son of a cockatoo farmer in the Goulburn valley), with his top boots and swaggering air, his patronising wife (who hailed from Yakandandah and was a relative of Ned Kelly, chief of the famous Kelly gang), and his larrikin sons, who were always interfering with the native girls, was worse than monotonous.

Sepeli weakened first, and abandoned Na Lotu, and her husband soon followed. No more Christianity for them; and in their last communings, when the palm-leaves turned skyward to catch the heavenly dews, Moavi and Sepeli had their ears opened again, as they sat on their accustomed seat on the Kumbalau beach, to the crowing of Toa-Levu.

They lie together on a little hill close to Koro-i-vonu, facing romantic Rambè and the eastern sun. Who shall say that they have gone eternally wrong? Who shall endorse the view of the meat-eating missionary that the 'woman did it all,' as usual—that it is not, as a rule, the old Adam that breaks out, as we say, but the tempting Eve?

Let them rest. Moavi and Sepeli led good lives, according to their lights, and they loved each other kindly for six hundred moons, which is a good Fijian record. They left no debt of Government or mission taxes, and owed no yam, pig, or money, to any in the country side. So let them rest, I say.

REEF JUMPING

Taking a horse over a stiffish fence is an exhilarating action; so is 'jumping' a coral reef with a whale-boat or cutter. It is not to be said, however, that men go reef jumping in the Pacific for sport or the pure love of the thing, although occasionally there are wild fellows to be found among the islands who, after drinking a few bottles of gin, will make a dash across a reef to save a few miles on their journey. These often realise, to their sorrow, that there is something after all in the old saying—that the longest way round is the shortest way home.

There is a particularly dangerous spot, known as the Horseshoe Reef, in the Sea of Goro. We were making across one wild night from Levuka to Savu-Savu Bay in our 25-ton cutter, a tough old vessel, which had carried us through many a heavy sea and many curious labyrinths of desperate-looking coral patches. This night we

had a goodly company aboard; a few white men, a party of native mission-teachers, and a mixed lot of Fijians, Tongans, and Samoan women and men. We had kept well to windward, after passing Mokongai, so as to give the dreaded Horseshoe a wide berth, and were enjoying a fairly pleasant time, as the girls were busy at the kava-bowl, and there was a case of gin open on deck. I was lying down smoking, leaving everything to our mate, Ratu-Kalou, who was a good sailor and a very safe man at all times. But for extra safety we had a Goro boy, who knew the sea well, perched high up on the mainmast, to keep an eye open for danger. We had made up our minds that we were safely past the Horseshoe, when all of a sudden the Goro boy shouted 'Bau raica na vatu!' I was up at the bow-taffrail in a second, and, sure enough, it was a case of rocks ahead. More than that, it was a case of rocks all round and about us, for we had miraculously entered the mouth of the Horseshoe. It was an awful moment, that first one after the alarming discovery. We were ripping away at ten or twelve knots an hour, and Ratu-Kalou rushed to the tiller to put the cutter

up in the wind, good sailor as he was. I was just in time to stop him. I happened to know, from the Admiralty charts, something about the character of the reef and the size of its lagoon, and that the position was one not to be trifled with. And we had women and children aboard, another very serious consideration. There was nothing for it but to go straight and trust to Providence. Ratu-Kalou and his men hesitated, so I pulled out my revolver and gave orders with that swinging about. The native missionaries began to pray, loudly and fervently, but we kicked them down the cabin steps before they had time to frighten the women. Then we went at it, thinking of home and friends every odd second, but not allowing that to interfere with our work. The first piece of coral bank we grazed let us down gently; we hardly stopped, but glided off into less turbulent water for a brief space. Then we hit a shallower patch, and we got the women away from the line of the mast, in case this should go by the board, as of course we expected might happen at any moment. The cutter got over, however, and then we had another short run. At last we came

a heavy bump on to a shallow point of reef, and the Goro boy was fired from his place on the masthead into the seething sea. We were stuck, and expected the mast to come down at any moment. A brave little woman from Raki-Raki went over the side, and swimming after the Goro look-out boy, brought him back under our bows in no time, and the other women got the pair aboard, while Ratu-Kalou left things to me and went to administer a trouncing to the howling missionaries in the cabin. Everything was hurry and bustle, but no confusion; and the coolness and bravery of my people were rewarded at last when we found the fine old cutter, with her vesi-wood false bottom, making her way through the sludgy top-coral, and soon afterwards felt ourselves out again in blue water, with the Horseshoe, where the sharks have had many a human feed at one time and another, fading away behind us.

The stipendiary magistrate at Savu-Savu afterwards fined Ratu-Kalou three pounds sterling (about six months' wages) for 'cutting, slaying and wounding' the mission teachers, but R. K. managed to owe the money till he left Vanua

Levu, and I would not be surprised to hear that he has forgotten to remit it. They had got a fresh dose when the excitement was over, through suggesting that their prayers had something to do with the salvation of the cutter and its passengers.

It may not be inappropriate to give here a rough translation of the legendary song the natives living around this little Fijian Mediterranean—the Goro Sea—preserve among their interesting and characteristic stories about the Tui-Vatu, or Coral King, as the famous Horseshoe Reef is called.

A mighty chief is the coral reef,
With his heavy brow and his look of gloom,
And he only smiles as with wary wiles,
He dips his head to the spanker-boom;
And the taffrails rip, be it boat or ship,
Where the lumpy waters conceal his frown,
For he seems to say, as he laughs away—
I need them all to bedeck my crown.

He is more than a chief, this coral reef,
For he's stronger far than the chiefs of Bau,
And we call him king, when we hear the ring
Of the splashing breakers upon his brow;
He curls his lip when the white man's ship
Comes down on his face in the inky night,
And he likes the fun in the morning sun,
For to him a wreck is a gladsome sight.

And the light canoe, as it pushes through
The rocky points on the island shore,
Goes up to him when the day is dim,
And sinks beyond to be seen no more;
For his touch is death, and his hissing breath
Is a terror to all who hear its croon;
And he smiles again through the misty rain,
As the deep sea sings its eternal tune.

So the Coral King hears the ocean sing,
And smiles again from his surging bed,
While the breakers roar on the island shore,
And he moans his song o'er the gathering dead;
And the waves roll on, through the misty morn,
While the monarch gathers his ships and croons,
To the lapping sound of the seas around,
As the tide rolls out from the reef lagoons.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG SHARKS

Give me a good knife in my belt, and I am not so very much afraid of sharks in the water, having often seen Tokalaus rounding them up on the reefs, and having occasionally taken a hand in the game with those skilled and skilful shark hunters. But when you go hunting, as a rule, you equip yourself both materially and mentally for the game that may be in hand. At Rambè once, when I was stopping there, we made up a plan one Saturday night to start off across the straits the following morning to pay a visit to a friend on the Kumbalau side, and as the tide was to be full at about four in the morning, we gave instructions to the boys to stand by the whale-boat in the early morning, and take her down with the receding tide and kedge her out beyond the lip of the main coral-ledge, in blue water, so that we should get away comfortably when we were ready in the forenoon of Sunday. Satur-

day night is a trying time for the Fijian, as he works and prays, generally speaking, very hard all the week, and goes courting as Saturday wanes. Our boys were lady-killers to a man; and on this particular Saturday, as we learned afterwards, they went in for a little extra-indulgence, were back to their burés late, and when we turned out on the verandah at about seven in the morning, there was our whale-boat high and dry on the mud flat under the coconut trees on the beach, and the noble Pacific lying low half a mile away. We sent the *turaga* round to the burés hastily, to shake the offending rascals out, for we had turned out on the previous afternoon one of our friend Lang's homing pigeons, with a message on his leg that we would surely be over to the Kumbalau side in time for tiffin, and we knew his habit. He would have a high feed ready in proper course, and a picturesque meké-meké waiting for us. Our breakfast was hurried, and we got down to the boat presently to find the boys hard at work trundling her across the mud flats over banana-skids, breaking their hearts over the task by way of penitence for their remissness. The little vessel

had about two tons of hard coral lying underneath her thwarts for ballast, and by way of lightening the work I had all this unshipped. Then they soon had her off into the water, notwithstanding the heavy anchor that laid in her bow-front, and which we had retrieved from the wreck of a forty-ton cutter cast away in the straits a few months before.

By degrees we managed to get off with about a one-knot breeze drifting us along most leisurely. But when we got about a mile out, a sharp little ripple came slipping up from the south-east, the usual wind of the season, and our pace freshened up in a marked way. I had hold of the main-sheet, a new and stiff piece of rope, which had almost to be hauled through the side-block, as it was a good shade too thick, and from its newness was somewhat intractable. Then came a little *sombo-sombo*, or severe puff of wind, and we nearly went over, as it was some few seconds before I could get the boat's nose up in the wind. We righted, however, and went on at a spanking rate. All of a sudden came another *sombo-sombo*, and slash went the whale-boat on her side. She went a little too far, and while I

stuck to the sheet, I found it necessary to join my mate on the outside of the upper gunwale to try and right the craft with our weight. We should have accomplished this but for the unfortunate anchor, which at this point rolled out of the bows and slipped into the deep water with what appeared to me at the time an unearthly sort of rattle. We looked at each other, and there was not long to wait. When the anchor got through the length of its chain, there was two hundred fathoms of sea beneath us, as we knew; the little boat tucked her nose into the silent waters; and in the devilment of the wild moment, we kissed our hands to her stern-post as she ripped downwards into oblivion.

Then came the time for bracing up and pulling ourselves together. We were something over a mile from the nearest shore, and a glance towards the plantation front showed us that the boys had gone back to their burés and to bed, for there was not the slightest sign of life about the place.

Worst of all, it was just about the time of the forenoon when the tiger sharks were in the habit

of prowling up from Kioa, the Buca river, and other of their favourite breeding-places in this part of the archipelago. But there was nothing for it but to peg away, so we lost no time in talking or thinking, but swam off in a steady stride for our own beach. There was no mistake about our calculation in regard to the sharks; first one came and then another, mostly young ones, fortunately for us, although now and again a big fin crept past us. We stuck to our work, however, and made good headway as a slight tide-rip which we struck slightly favoured us. Now and again a big shark came careening along with his fins well up, and apparently examining us; but although we had no knives—in fact had absolutely nothing, for we had shed our pyjamas at the start of the swim—we contrived, by sticking together and splashing heavily, and generally kicking up an unearthly row, to scare the brutes off. By keeping to our work as hard and as steadily as we could, we had at last got to within a couple of hundred yards of the reef-dip from which we had started in the whale-boat, when an enormous tiger shark suddenly came out from where he had evidently

been browsing among the interstices of the coral.

From the length of the brute's fins we could form some idea of his enormous size, and I must say that I felt somewhat 'cheap,' as I am sure did my mate, who was a cool-headed fellow in a general way. But we had done a good mile's swim under exceptionally exciting conditions, and however strong one's nerve may be naturally, the abnormal pumping of the heart and undue pressure upon the brain nerves must have their effect.

We both felt, as a matter of fact, that we had reached the supreme moment in the work of our lives, and being practically helpless, we shook hands across the water as the great brute sunk his dorsal under the rippling water and made for us.

As in fighting where you don't know what is going to happen, and really do not care much in the excitement of work (and, strangely enough, as it happened, we two had been in hot places before), the only and best thing to do is to drive straight ahead as duty seems to call, we put on our big striding side-strokes, and made a bee-

line for the reef, straight over his sharkship. One of us would get clear, in any event, if the pace were kept up; for if he took one, the other would be well away while he was busy with his victim, and the reef was not far off.

All of a sudden I felt my knee struck, and made up my mind that my hour had come. I had my stroke on, however, and meant to keep going, although my movements were mechanical enough, and I was practically half-dazed at the time. Strangely enough, I was missed somehow or another, and we punched ourselves along, not with any great feeling of assurance that we had escaped our peril. Presently, however, winded and worn, we struck the coral fringe, and clambered up on to the soft ooze of the friendly incipient coral worm; breathed freely once again when we had wind enough, and shook hands warmly again when we had strength enough.

Our friend the shark made his appearance again in a few minutes, browsing again round the edges of the reef; and even if we had had the line and bait I doubt if we should have troubled to try and drag him from his ocean home, so

friendly had he been to us in a negative kind of way. The touch which I had felt in the water could not have been his, I have no doubt, or he most certainly would have pinned me. But the sea in this part of the archipelago is full of all kinds of fish, and it is in no way uncommon to have some straggler run against you when swimming.

ABOUT SAMOA

Samoa is an interesting country. Its people are possessed of charms above most other Polynesian races. The women are beautiful by nature and slightly wicked by instinct, while the men are masculine and frolicsome. The Samoan, as a fact, is a sort of Polynesian Irishman. He is witty, bright in repartee, instinctively chivalrous, and fight-loving to a high degree. Among the Samoan folk there is much of that clever personal quality which goes to make the histrion. The history of their race and country, for one thing, gives a wide variety of material for story-telling, and even for dramatic action. But apart from this, there is a tendency among the people to construct and elaborate picturesque stories from the old historical incidents and legends.

One of the finest pieces of acting I ever saw was, on one occasion at Pango Pango, the portrayal of a little life drama upon a mat stage,

which is a familiar rendition in Samoa. On this occasion the actors were of superior cast. There was a young girl-child, specially selected for its delicate appearance, and this was nursed by a supposed mother, who worked herself up in about ten or twelve minutes of admirable effort into a fever of weird anxiety, after Death made his appearance in the doorway. Death was done in dumb show by an actor who would, given the necessary confidence in the presence of foreign surroundings, have made a mark on the American or European stage. His make-up helped him, too, and anyone with a moderate acquaintance with Samoan legendary lore and character would be struck at once with the aptness of this strange representation of the great Life-Robber. Many a time did this grim figure of Death come close to the child, evoking from the actress-mother the most painful ebullitions of grief and dismay. The child in its own little way acted its part well, showing in its face the strange look of ghastly fear each time the monster drew near. When Death seemed on the point of victory, a gleam of hope passed over the mother's face, driving her despair away, as she glanced out at

the door, to see a 'medicine-man' appearing on the scene. This new character handled Death gently at first, then by degrees a sturdy struggle ensued, and the monster was allured from the spot. By slow, laboured actions, and amid the breathless excitement of the little audience, the medicine-man triumphed in the end, and led the gruesome character of Death through the door out into the darkness of the night.

The mother wound up with a fine piece of acting; and the child also went through the final scene in a remarkably clever way, sharing the joy of its mother with that faint little smile of happiness which could only be done by a child in an extremely delicate condition, just as it was saved from the grasp of Death. There was splendid acting over it all, and there was a spirit of genius and glamour of pathos in the whole performance that would have touched the head and heart of our leading actress, if she had seen it enacted, and had the opportunity of appreciating kindred talent to her own even in the strange atmosphere and theatrical conditions of Pango Pango.

According to the old Samoan belief, the

island of Savaii was the centre of the universe, and the oldest spot in creation. The ruler of the world had his favourite resort in a great series of caves among the mountains of Savaii. He was very much attached to the Samoan people, and spent a large portion of his time among them, although the business of ruling the rest of the earth compelled him to make hurried and frequent trips to foreign places. When he returned, he always explained to the chief medicine-man the nature of the business which had drawn him away, and that functionary in turn was the medium of dissemination of the news to the people. For this service the medicine-man was always well looked after—well supplied, in fact, with everything that he might want in the way of yams, bananas, coconuts, mats, and so forth. In 1817 (they can give you dates in Samoa if you ask for them) the then medicine-man fell in love with a fair young princess of Tutuila. Love exercises a strange mastery over the human being. This great medicine-man of Savaii was no stronger than his fellow-men, and he now got into the habit of neglecting his duties to take canoe trips to Tutuila. Princesses

will often go to their lovers in Samoa, but this young lady was apparently coy, and the medicine-man had to go to her. The usual falling star signalled over the mountains of Savaii one night to acquaint the medicine-man that the ruler of the universe would like to see him. But the love-smitten Moses heeded it not. Consequently, the next day people saw the god's anger in a terrific thunderstorm which broke over Samoa, and imperative demands were made by the people to the medicine-man for an explanation of his conduct. As he could not give a satisfactory one, it was assumed by the indignant Samoans that he was possessed of a devil, and he was promptly clubbed and the usual incantations held over him for the purpose of driving the evil spirit out.

The medicine-man's understudy took his place, but failed for some years to obtain an interview with the god in the mountains of Savaii. The lord of the earth had taken the disrespectful treatment he had received to heart, and he had to be heavily bribed before he would come round to his usual sweetness of temper. The new medicine-man made enormous levies

upon Upolu, Tutuila, and even Manoa, for presents in the shape of whales' teeth, mats, cowries, and other valuables with which to appease the aggravated god. The feeling shown by the people towards their ruler, as the story goes, led to one of the most terrible wars which ever took place in Samoa. Upolu, as usual, was the centre of the trouble, and the tribes from Feliapupo and Mataau, from Salealua, Tongatuli, Manano, from Ajua, Salamanu, Lotofango, Fangalua, Matutula, Faleaso, and Siufanga were in deadly conflict among the picturesque hillsides of Upolu, and the mountain streams flowed red. Thousands upon thousands of men, women and children were slain, and the cooking-ovens were in a constant state of white heat.

But the advent of Christianity and education brings a peculiar scepticism to the native mind. I was once talking this little legend over with a native teacher at Fungasa, when he told me what he knew to be the real story of Savaii and its last generation of medicine-men. The last one, who wanted so many canoe-loads of presents for the offended deity in the mountain gorges of Savaii, was found to have been in partnership

with a German trader of Feliapupo, and that fact accounted for the fine collection of Samoan relics now to be seen in a well-known museum in the Fatherland of the enterprising Teuton.

TONGA AND THE TONGANS

Tonga is a country which no one who knows it may resist loving, both for its abounding picturesqueness and for the grace and charm of its accomplished and handsome people. Many happy days have I spent in the group, with its alternate fluffy little islands that seem just to show their green heads above the placid Pacific to bask in the sunshine, and the towering seismic mountains that stretch their grand shoulders into the blue heavens.

The Tongan women are as lovely and sweet as the flowers and birds that shimmer around them. The Tongan men are as handsome and as gifted as any other human race, allowing for their chances and conditions.

Some of the most pleasant recollections I have of the Pacific are associated with Tonga. The simple charm and general harmlessness of the women, coupled with their remarkable beauty

and their absolute ignorance of vicious habits, render them a striking social feature of the country; while the manfulness of the men, their gallantry and courage, are equally noteworthy. You meet in a well-bred Tongan man those simple qualities which are the best signs among any race of what you might call a true gentleman —that faculty for combining the manliness of a man with the gentleness of a woman.

Vavau was a happy hunting-ground of ours during one of my sojourns in this southern paradise. We had our well-appointed little cutter, which I managed myself with a Fijian crew from Loma-Loma; and my mate of those days, Tioni Fakanui, a Tongan chief, had a fine old camakau, which had jumped many a coral reef and been in many wars under the skippership of Tioni's father, the old chief Tomasi Fakanui, of Haapai. Then, of course, we had a fleet of followers in the shape of fellows who had takeas, whale-boats, and other craft, and on the whole we made things fairly lively for the sharks, turtle, and other denizens of the placid waters of the Tongan reefs.

What interested me most about Vavau was

its social institutions; the manners and customs, the dignity and enterprise of its people. And their general simplicity made the place a little sanctified Eden, from which it must always be hard for any stranger, after he has become acacquainted with it, to part.

Among the social developments in Vavau was a real Savage Club, the vagaries and wittiness of whose members I shall always treasure as most pleasant recollections. Tioni Fakanui was a sort of member of the committee of this club, a genial and influential member of the concern itself, and one of the best story-tellers connected with it. Tioni had travelled much, and as a boy had migrated into the outer world by taking various runs in whalers about the Southern Pacific. He had been far down the lone Antarctic in some of his whaling expeditions, and on occasion had caught the night-gleams of Erebus and Terror, could give a fine word-picture of Mount Sabine, and compare the strange snow-tipped crags of the Parry Mountains with kindred examples of Nature's grandeur which he had seen on a smaller scale when on

occasion he had to take a hand at droving in Southern Maoriland.

Tioni had a stock yarn about one of his adventures in a whaling expedition from Hobart some years before. He had worked his way down to the old Tasmanian capital in a trading vessel, and finding himself stranded there, took advantage of a chance which offered of a trip in a whaler bound for the far south. As is usual in outward-bound whalers, the deck was covered with great casks in which the oil would be stored later on, and it seems that Tioni, being a Tongaman and fond of fresh air, got into the habit of deserting the forecastle when it was his turn below, and sleeping in one of these casks out of harm's way.

One day, while he was enjoying a sound sleep the ship's carpenter was ordered to head up all the casks lying about the deck. He was not aware that Tioni was asleep in one of these, and the Tongaman was too sound a sleeper to be disturbed by a European ship-carpenter. Presently a terrible storm arose, and the casks began to roll about the deck. The noise and confusion soon brought the sleeping Tongan to

his waking senses. The wind howled and whistled through the shrouds, and he could hear the flutter of the sails and the lashing of the angry seas against the side of the vessel. He could also feel occasionally the sea breaking over his cask, and he howled as loudly as he could for help. His cries were in vain, the clanging of the storm and the creaking of the vessel's timbers rendering useless his efforts to make himself heard.

Presently a heavy sea broke overboard, the casks began to roll about and tumble against each other with extraordinary wildness, and at last Tioni could hear them sweeping overboard one after the other. He nearly howled his head off, trying to make somebody hear him; but of course the confusion was so great that he failed, and naturally, in all the disturbance that was going on aboard ship, he was not missed. Then, to his horror, as he had begun to expect, he felt his cask slip over the taffrail and drop into the rolling sea. Alone upon the broad face of the Pacific Ocean, three or four weeks' sail from any land, imprisoned in an oil cask, without food or drink, Tioni used to ask us very solemnly, 'What

we should have thought of the situation, and how we should have liked it.'

However, like all Tongans, Tioni was not to be easily overcome. There was nothing for it but to say a few prayers to the old coconut god that his people had worshipped for generations on Haapai, and after doing this a few times the adventurer began to look about him, so far as he might. There was a small bunghole in the cask, which gave him a little fresh air and a glimpse of daylight occasionally when it came round to the top, but for the rest there was very poor comfort. After some hours the pangs of hunger began to try him; but this he soon allayed by scraping some of the whale oil from the side of the cask and feeding therefrom. Like a wise man and a shrewd Tongan, Tioni, marking the sides of the cask all round with his finger-nail, set apart little squares of whale-fat, which he reckoned to use each day by way of holding out for a long voyage. This acted very well, apparently, and after about ten days he began to get used to the situation, strange though it was. Tioni had a large penknife, but there were two formidable reasons which kept

him from using it on the side of the cask to cut his way out. One was, that by cutting himself adrift of the cask he would be no better, and in fact worse off; and the other was, that the penknife was made in Germany and purchased in Samoa, so that while it might cut bananas or yams, it would be entirely useless on wood.

After ten days' cruising, however, just as he had one afternoon finished a prayer to the coconut god of Haapai, Tioni felt himself and the cask grating against some hard substance. Bump, bump, every now and again; and at last it became apparent to his bewildered senses that he had struck shore somewhere. Soon the cask began to roll about on the sand, where after a little time it lay motionless. The Tongan adventurer was on dry land at last. The high tide had left him in his little prison high and dry on the beach, and he could distinctly hear the flapping of the sea growing fainter and fainter as it receded.

Now was the moment for a supreme effort to free himself from his unpleasant situation. In despair he tried his penknife on the side of the cask; but the blade bent and he had to give up

the task. There was nothing for it, as a matter of fact, but to lie there on the chance of being picked up by some beach-comber or stray settler on whatever island it was that he had landed. Tioni dreaded the idea of the returning tide, in case it might possibly be a neap or spring, and so carry him back to sea again. He prayed away to the coconut god, and thought of his mothers and sisters in Haapai, and his best girl too, when at last he was startled by the lowing of a cow. He listened anxiously. Nearer and nearer came the bellowing, till at last, looking through the bunghole, Tioni espied a mob of cattle wending their way in his direction. After a little while the pent-up Tongaman watched with anxious eyes their every movement. A few of the foremost cows came to a standstill when they were a few yards from him, and critically eyed the strange object before them. After they had become accustomed to the phenomenon, one came forward in the coolest possible manner, and proceeded to rub herself against the cask, as much as to say, 'God bless the Duke of Argyll.' There was a horrible danger in this familiarity, for the chances were

that the cask, lying as it was on the beach-incline, would in all probability slide back into the sea instead of rolling up the beach to safer ground. After the pioneering cow had had a good rub several of the others followed her example, and they rolled the cask about so much that Tioni expected every minute to find himself once more on the bosom of the waves. Tioni, who was a smart Tongan, mind you, took occasion to peep through the bunghole by way of understanding the better how matters were proceeding. At last the rolling ceased and one old cow stood quietly by, chewing her cud and occasionally swishing her tail against the cask.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to the ingenious Tongan. He waited his opportunity, and once, when the end of the cow's tail swished past the bunghole, he managed to pin a few of the hairs of it with his German-made knife. The cow apparently did not notice this interruption, and Tioni pulled quietly and cautiously, till at last he managed to get the end of the cow's tail in the bunghole. He did not hesitate to be rough then, and grasping hold of the end, he pulled the tail in as hard as he could, swung his

back against the side where the bunghole was, and waited developments.

He was not kept long in suspense, for the cow bolted off at terrific speed, bellowing loudly, and smashing along the rocks by the shore, and apparently alarming the whole island-side as she went tearing across-country, dashing through swamps, over ditches and other obstacles; when at last Tioni was startled by a terrific crash, the sides of the cask flew in splinters about his head, and he found himself once more in broad daylight. The cask had tilted against a post at the entrance of a farmyard, and when Tioni pulled himself together and looked round, the first objects that riveted his attention were a burly farmer and several members of his family, who came hastily forward to investigate what appeared to them a most unnatural phenomenon.

They were very much astonished, it seems, when Tioni detailed to them the story of his strange adventures in the cask, and the farmer took him up to the homestead and treated him in the kindest possible manner, giving him clothes and an abundance of fresh food, bottles of gin, cigars, and other luxuries. As might be expected in

such circumstances, it soon came to pass that the farmer's beautiful eldest daughter loved Tioni for the dangers he had passed, according to his own graphic account of them; but the Tongan being a real chief, and a man of strong and high character, was not to be tempted by the beauty and wealth which belonged to the southern maiden, but returned at the first opportunity to the girl he had left behind him in Tonga. Tongans, especially when they have served in the Fiji police for a while (Tioni had, among his other adventures, put in three years as an 'ovisa' at Levuka), always do this kind of thing.

SPORT IN THE ISLANDS

If you care for what might be termed unconventional sport, go down to Polynesia. Turtle are plentiful in New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, Fiji, in fact right across to the Galapagos, where they are as thick as rabbits on the Macquarie. Then there is an abundance of ordinary fishing, shark-hunting, and whale-stalking. During three months which I spent at Cikobia we had enormous sport out of an old whale which lurked about the reefs surrounding the island. We came upon him in the first instance in an accidental way. I was lying in the back-verandah one morning, when one of our *kaisis* rushed up with the news that there was an upturned vessel lying against the coral-reef in front of the plantation. My first act was to get hold of the telescope and examine the object from the front, when I found that it was a big whale amusing himself by scraping his barnacles off against the

convenient edges of our little reef. We had an old duck-gun with about an inch bore, and no time was lost in loading this weapon with a handful of slugs, nail-heads, pebbles, and other handy missiles, and I marched down through the mud flats and across the reef to stalk the great cetacean. The giant brute surged gently up and down, rubbing his sides on the reef-edge, and as his head was below the line I was able to get within close range before drawing on him. Picking out as tender a spot as I could sight, I plugged the charge into him; but, strangely enough, he took the matter lightly, and did not move for some seconds, although he evidently thought that there was something uncanny going on. Before I could get reloaded, however, he glided away, and began to spout in great style when he got a few hundred yards out from the shore. There must have been something about that shot in the ribs that either amused or interested the whale, for he hung about Cikobia in a remarkable way after the incident. He was always spouting somewhere in the bay or just outside of it, and the old chief of the island at last made up his mind to organise a few canoe-loads of whale-

hunters and try and bag him. We got some harpoons over from Udu Point, and with the aid of a Cikobian who had done some whale-hunting in the Southern seas in his time made a concerted plan for capturing the animal. One morning, sure enough, old Ratu Fuli succeeded in getting a harpoon into the whale from the deck of his own camakau, and he was soon in the throes of an adventure which he would much rather have avoided, and which, as a matter of fact, put him off whale-hunting for the rest of his life. The rope which held the harpoon was fastened by the other end to the bridge of the camakau, and when the whale got this taut the hunters began to realise that they were in for a rough time of it. Sometimes the whale, pulling for deep water, would drag the canoe and its occupants away under the surface, and their alarm was great, especially that of the old chief, who had the responsibility for what was happening. However, after being carried round the bay for about an hour the whale got a little tired, and the men managed to cut the rope, and so get adrift from him. The old Ratu missed his prize for the time being, but was fortunate

enough to secure him later on, as the great whale was found lying on the beach one morning, having died from the double effects of the harpoon and the beatings he had apparently received from the other fish in the neighbourhood, who took advantage of his weak condition. It is with whales as with men: when a man's beard catches fire, other men rush up to light their pipes at it.

Pig-hunting is very fair sport in the islands, although it is altogether different in character from pig-sticking in India. In the Pacific Islands, as a rule, the country is too rough and too thickly covered with tropical verdure to permit of horse-riding with any freedom, so that the general plan of following pig is to take a good hard-hitting rifle or revolver, and to go on 'foot-back.' But my experience taught me that it was just as well to have a short American axe, too. On the Sigatoka River once I followed a lanky boar into the bamboo jungle, pushing my way as best I could after him through the hole which he made for himself among the bamboos. My boys all followed me one after the other. As we began to get into swampy ground I knew it

was likely that we should soon come up with our quarry. The pig had a plan of its own, however. Finding the ground unworkable, he turned in his tracks and came straight back with a mad bolt. By the greatest good fortune I was able to jump over him, and got off with a few scratches about the legs; but he simply cut his way through the boys, and for the next two hours I was busy hauling them out of the jungle-path and attending to their wounds. Many of them were badly knocked about, and I made up my mind that I should never go pig-hunting again without something in the shape of a good hard-hitting axe or tomahawk and a revolver. I found this plan to work out well on several subsequent occasions, as I could get in some fine work at close quarters with a sharp and well-plumbed tomahawk, while the revolver could always be effectively used.

But the great national sport in most of the islands, particularly in Fiji, Tonga, and the eastern groups, is that of turtle-hunting. Large fleets of canoes are organised, and a wide belt of sea is often covered by way of rounding up these cumbrous reptiles. Nets are made of sinnet, and weighted with shells, stone, and other heavy sub-

stances to bear the bottom down, and are carried between two canoes. They are generally made about 100 or 150 feet long, with a depth of 12 feet or so. When a turtle is sighted, the two canoes which carry the ends of the net force their way round it pretty much after the fashion of the encircling horns of a Zulu impi. The turtle does not go very low, and in five cases out of six, if the canoes are handled in anything like a smart way, the game is secured; although occasionally, of course, the turtle manages in his struggles to break the net and get away.

Another plan of catching turtle is to make a sharp rush on to the beach, where they are often found lying about basking in the sun. They make for the water very rapidly, but if you are sharp, and armed with a long pole, you can turn a few over before they get away. We had a big collie dog which I brought over from Queensland that was a very keen turtle-hunter. He would jump ashore smartly from the canoe, and rushing after the turtle, catch them by the leg when they tried to run away, and turn them over one after the other. He often had a tough

customer to deal with, and it was very amusing on occasions to see the turtle lying low, and the dog also doing likewise, keeping behind his game, and making no noise, by way of inducing the turtle to start moving, so that he could get an opportunity of catching it by the leg. The old turtles in our neighbourhood got used to him presently, however, and showed fight when he got among them. One once caught him by the tail and bit about half of it off, and we never afterwards got much work out of him at this class of sport. The incident made him shy.

Polynesians are keen and generous-spirited sportsmen as a rule. Now and again you may come across some mean fellow who will, so to say, strike below the belt in the pursuit of game, and who may be classed with the rank outsider in this country who would shoot a fox. I remember one poor old chap of Laucala who disgraced himself for life in his keenness to bring about the destruction of a monster shark which infested the reefs around Laucala, and was, truth to say, a terror to the natives. This great shark had a knack of picking off dogs when they ventured into the water, and dogs are worth

their weight in cowrie on Laucala. He sometimes took a child as well. Old Koli, who was a sort of father of his tribe, made up his mind that the shark must be got out of the way. Many attempts had been made in the ordinary way to capture him, but he was a knowing brute and all the ordinary methods failed.

On one occasion after the coasting trader had been round on his usual visit, and Koli had disposed of his yam crop at a good figure, the chemist at Vuna Point was a little startled to find an old Laucala chief in his shop one day enquiring for half a dollar's worth of nitrate of silver. However, on explanation he supplied the old man, who later went back to Laucala rolling over in his mind his grand conception for the destruction of the dreaded dog and child eater.

There was a little river about a mile long running past Koli's village, and a bamboo fascine was often thrown across the mouth to assist in net-fishing operations. Koli had the fascine got ready, and on the first occasion in which the village boys reported the shark as having passed up stream with the inflowing tide, the bamboo fence was thrown across and securely

pinned in its place. Then Koli wrapped the caustic in a piece of paper, placed it inside a dead fowl, and buoyed the bait on the water with a bamboo pole on the river-side of the fascine.

Next morning the fowl was gone, and Koli neglected all other sport and almost his food, while he squatted day and night on the river bank watching for developments.

The inevitable happened in due course. One bright afternoon, as old Koli scanned the surface of the outflowing waters, his victim came rolling down face upwards, and when they landed him they found that the wretched shark must have died a most excruciating death. On being opened it was found that his stomach was in a fearful condition. All the young bloods of Laucala pitched into poor Koli unmercifully for his unsportsmanlike catch, although there was not a soul on the island who was not delighted at the death of the dangerous monster.

THE TOKALAU ISLANDERS

The Tokalau, or Union islander, belongs, when he is at home, to those groups of atolls lying ten degrees below the Equator, near the Gilbert and Ellice groups. In his person and natural character the Tokalau shows more traces of Mongolian origin than any other denizen of the Pacific. He may be described as a cross between the Chinaman and the Japanese, with the wily habits of the one and the crafty blandness of the other. If one desired to procure a faithful representation of Bret Harte's Ah Sin, the proper place to go in search of one would be among the Tokalau Islands. The Tokalau is probably the most ferocious and treacherous of Pacific islanders, and while possessing these qualities, strangely enough, he has no taste whatever for cannibalism. In fact, he has no particular taste for beef of any kind. He is more of a vegetarian than anything else, with the slight exception that he uses fish.

The pig is not much cultivated in the Tokalau groups. But the physical character of the islands, or atolls as they should, perhaps, be more properly called, makes the capture of fish in large quantities an easy matter. Most of the atolls are in shape something like a horseshoe, as they are for the most part tops of extinct volcanic craters, which at one time, according to high geological authority, flourished upon the great sunken continent which the Pacific Ocean now covers. The horseshoe-shaped islet thus possesses a lagoon in its centre, round which it circles, there always being an outlet to the sea, sometimes more than one. The Tokalaus manufacture sinnet from the fibre of the coconut, and with this they are enabled to keep themselves supplied with fishing-nets and lines. They will sometimes make a large net about eight fathoms long, with a depth of perhaps two fathoms. As the tide comes in hundreds of the natives take such a net and carry it bodily out into the water along the sand-spits and shoals. By retaining one end on shore, and bringing the other around by degrees towards the shore again, they enclose the fish and

gradually haul the net up on the dry sand. A big haul is sometimes made in this way. Very often, however, a shark happens to be caught, and he will generally work destruction on the net, if he is not allowed a chance of escape or cannot be stuck. As with the Maoris of New Zealand, the shark is a favourite and dainty dish with the Tokalaus. The sport of catching it also affords the Line islander the best form of amusement with which he is acquainted. Sunday is the day generally devoted to hunting the *gio*, or shark. A party of men and women is formed, and appointed to different posts in the hunt, much as a team of footballers or cricketers are billeted off to different posts in the field. Each hunter is armed with a joint or section of bamboo, which is very useful for the purpose to which they apply it—that of a life-buoy in the water. A coconut, which also possesses good floating qualities, is suspended round the neck, to be used as food during the day. A good long knife is then required to make up the full equipment. Clothes are not required—in fact, on most of the Tokalau atolls no clothes are ever used by the natives. Thus armed the hunters proceed to sea

with the outgoing tide. As a shark is encountered he is surrounded, when it is possible, on the outside, and headed towards the shore. Many times, of course, he succeeds in getting away, for there is nothing to stop him if he goes below water a few feet. While he hangs about the surface, however, the natives, from their different scattered positions, harass and terrify him so much with their shouts and gesticulations that he mostly keeps swimming away from them towards the shore. As the tide comes in the whole fish tribe make towards the land, and hence at this time shark-driving is much more easy of accomplishment.

I have many a time watched these hunting parties swim away to sea till they were out of range of my glass, and have been amused to see them return three or four hours afterwards driving a mob of sharks in front of them towards the reef. Once inside the reef the real fun begins. The shark is then at bay. A small party of special knife hands take one shark at a time, while the main body of the hunters keep the remaining fish under control. The shark is surrounded by the 'knifers,' who attack him pretty

much after the fashion of matadors harassing a bull in the fighting arena. Whatever the ferocity and courage of the shark may be on general occasions, he appears to lose all idea of fight when he finds himself surrounded by a crowd of shouting natives. It is generally known of the shark in the South Seas, however, that he will attack a white man in the water much more readily than a coloured one. The explanation of this theory is that the white man, not being much accustomed to the water, and to holding interviews with sharks therein, generally tries to get away as speedily as possible when he encounters one of the monsters. The retreat invariably has the effect of drawing the enemy on. It is only on rare occasions that a South Sea islander will not face a shark. In these shark hunts the 'matadors' pester their victim to such a degree that he soon falls an easy prey to them. One fair dig with a knife is all that a Tokalau asks for. He would lose caste if he failed at the first thrust to secure his game. I once had occasion to run into the Vuna-lagi River, on the south-eastern coast of Vanua Levu. I was in a small ordinary sailing boat, and had

aboard her three Tokalau islanders and a Kai Solomoni. There was only about four or five feet of water in the river. We threw our anchor down at about ten yards from shore, and the Solomon boy jumped out and commenced hauling the stern of the boat towards the shore, to allow us to land. I was standing up in the stern sheets when I saw a tremendous tiger shark, about 16 feet long, making out from the muddy bank straight in the direction of the Solomon boy. I sang out to Tioni, 'Gio, gio!' and he was back in the boat in as short a space of time as I have ever seen a man do the feat. Solomon islanders are proverbially black, but Tioni was more of a white man than anything else for a few minutes afterwards. But the Tokalaus were thoroughly disgusted at the cowardice of the Kai Solomoni. The shark had, unfortunately for himself, turned his head up the river when he passed the boat. The Tokalaus gave him chase without any loss of time. They succeeded in driving him up among the dongo bushes along the banks of the river, where he soon fell an easy prey. I was surprised as much as Tioni was

when we saw them towing him down stream shortly afterwards.

From spending so much time in deep-water work the Kai Tokalau is probably the most amphibious of the aboriginals in this part of the world. The extraordinary length of time he can remain in the water, and the distance he can swim, would scarcely be credited by the English people.

Once, when I had occasion to walk down the coast of Vanua Levu, I called at a friend's place to borrow his boat to run across the Somo Somo Straits to Vuna, a distance of about five miles. He lent me a crew with her, and one boy, a Tokalau, he asked me to keep an eye on in Vuna, or he might detain me, as he had a sweetheart on the sugar plantation at that place, and never failed to go and see her when he went over to Vuna. When Paddy, as he was called, got in company with his sable *inamorata* he was like a good many white people, for he never knew when to knock off and come away. When we landed at Vuna I cautioned him about getting back to the boat in time, and told him the hour

when I should be starting home again. The hour came round, but Paddy didn't. I gave him an hour's grace, and at last, as the dark night was coming on, I set sail, and started back across the Straits. The next day was Sunday, and as Paddy would have many opportunities of getting home then, there was not much harm in leaving him behind. My planter friend and I sat up very late on the Saturday night, and shortly after midnight we adjourned to the verandah for a few minutes' smoke before retiring. Presently we saw something black rising out of the water immediately in front of the door. The object came forth on the beach, and began to move steadily towards the labour quarters. The hands generally retired to their burés at nine o'clock, and my friend wondered who the stranger could be. We were not long in making up our minds to run after and intercept him. I doubled round the house, and came upon him as he entered the buré. Flashing the bull's-eye upon him, I discovered, to my amazement, the deserted Paddy. He had swum the Straits. He went to bed at once, as he said he felt a little tired.

MAKUNI'S LOVE AFFAIR

Makuni was the acknowledged beauty of the Macuata coast; but she was over thirty now, and fading rapidly, as Fiji women do. Many a swaggering young chief, with ample fortune of pig and yam-patches, had in the past dozen years made love to Makuni; but she would none of them. Her parents upbraided at times, her intimate friends wondered at her behaviour; no one could divine any reason why Makuni should isolate herself, and refrain from doing as Rome did, living as she did in such a passionate and natural Rome as was Na-Duri. The capital of the Macuata Roko-ate had, indeed, acquired a terrific reputation for full-bloodedness of life in every department of its social economy, and Makuni's eccentric behaviour set the gossipers marvelling.

Makuni was a great friend of Valina, a cousin of hers, who was married vakaviti to Billy Fer-

guson, a white trader on the Macuata coast, who had come out from the Clyde a few years before in charge of one of the sugar-mills for the Colonial Sugar Company, and afterwards settled down to trading at Na-Duri. Makuni spent half her time at Valina's house, and Billy always treated her respectfully and well; as, indeed, he did his wife and all the people who came in contact with him on the coast.

Suddenly, one day Makuni was missing. She had been last heard of at the mission-station on the La Basa, and the young missionary reported that she had started back for Na-Duri after calling upon him. Then her body was found at the foot of the cliffs at Temata-bogi, badly battered from the awful fall. Everybody was puzzled. The old stipendiary came up to Na-Duri with a case of gin and two native policemen to hold an inquiry, and severely cross-heckled Billy Ferguson and the missionary, nothing whatever resulting, and the unfortunate Makuni was laid to rest in the little consecrated *bulu-bulu* on the hillside behind Na-Duri.

The young missionary was afterwards drowned in the La Basa, and his widow is now

typewriting for her living in a lawyer's office in Melbourne. I had known her on the La Basa, and the last time I was in Melbourne, having occasion to call on the solicitor who employed her, we spoke of old times. Among other things that came up was the incident of poor Makuni's little life-drama. The missionary, not being a Roman Catholic priest, had told his wife all about it.

When Makuni was twenty or so, and the famous Lands Commission visited the Macuata country, there was attached to it the Viscount Orlestone, son of the Earl of Aberglasslyn, who had been sent out to the Colonies for a little colonial experience. This was the bee that had got into Makuni's bonnet. There had been some attachment—slight enough on Orlestone's part, intense on Makuni's side. After the Commission left Na-Duri she had heard no more of her lover. He had, in fact, been suddenly recalled to England on the death of his father.

Billy Ferguson had a habit of adorning the bamboo walls of his bungalow at Na-Duri with pictures from the *Graphic* and other illustrated papers from the old country. Among a new

batch posted up one day was one depicting the marriage of the Earl of Aberglasslyn with the daughter of a member of the Imperial Government. The Earl's portrait was a good one, and he could be readily recognised ; and, besides, Makuni had been familiar enough with him to know all about his name and titles.

She was sitting on the mat in her cousin's house the last time that she visited it, when her eye caught sight of the picture, and she dropped the piece of grog-root she was chewing.

Then she went off to the missionary at La Basa, made her peace, so far as she might, with the Christian God, bent her steps to the weird highland of Temata-bogi, and took her wild hell-dive on to the remorseless rocks that the laughing waves shrink back from thereabout.

Makuni is at rest in the picturesque little God's-acre at Na Duri, and the Earl is happy with his charming Countess in London. He has had Polynesian experience, and is considered a sound authority on the question of the Kanaka labour traffic, as perhaps he ought to be. And he had a slashing, rollicking time of it on the Macuata coast, he will tell you.

TATTOOING IN TAHITI

The brand of Cain is a terrible thing to behold in real life, and up to a quite recent period you might have seen it in the Eastern Pacific, where the custom of tattooing was, and to some extent still is, in vogue. In many of the Tahitian islands, and in the Marquesas and the Paumotous, the homicide had the ineffaceable mark of the earliest capital sin implanted upon his forehead, and then, until grim death came to his release, he was scorned and shunned for a bloody-handed imp of the outer darkness. Terror-stricken human faces we have all seen, but add to the quality of terror the awful look of despair, that frightened gleam of the eye and broken brain-nerve; conceive it if you can, and you are on the fringe of realising the dismal picture of abject wretchedness that stamps the face of the unfortunate who goes about his

little world with the seal of the murderer upon his brow.

We once had one who moved furtively about our neighbourhood on Ruahinè. He had killed his man, in hot fight so it was said by many, but the victim happened to be the brother of a petty chief; and so, in great haste, for there were no committals for trial nor jury deliberations on Ruahinè in those days, the victor in the fight was caught, and branded and turned adrift. His wife and children could know him no more, youths and maidens turned off when they met him in the pathway, innocent children at play stayed their gambols and prattling, and their faces blanched with terror when the 'murder man' approached. A little of this, and then the inevitable jungle was all that was left for him. For ever now his friends in life could only be the birds and wild pigs and dogs of the forest.

So he lived. We came across him occasionally, and rounded him up in the corner of some jungle glen, and he would shiver and try to hide himself as if he had been some weak untamed animal of the woods, terrified at the strange dangers that the mysterious human

intruder might bring. He had the wild, vacant glare of the wolf-boy of Secundra, and a broken-hearted look, the like of which I hope never to see again. No criminal on the gallows ever bore such an expression of desperate despair.

Suicide would obviously be a comfortable way out of this awful condition of life, but such people went that road very rarely, from all accounts. The eternal degradation of the branding process broke their spirits apparently, and cowardly as the act of suicide is held to be from our Christian stand-point, much nerve must be in the hand that can commit such a deed. And these condemned murderers could probably never find sufficient of this quality after their condemnation.

Our subject on Ruahinè could not by any manner of means be brought back to human ken, for all the heroic attempts that we made. He would take food from us at times, and hastily bolt back to the jungle at the first opportunity. But mercifully for him, like a fallen daughter of Eve in the streets of some Gomorrah, his broken life came soon to a close, and we found him one misty morning lying dead upon the beach. The

natives of the villages shunned his helpless purged body as they had avoided it when the poor troubled spirit was there, but we had no such compunctions. We found a decent spot for a grave, laid him in it with his earth-given hall-mark of damnation facing upwards, and whispered a few rough words of prayer for him. Our cutter-boys even built a little stone cross at the grave-head before we left Ruahinè, and the cook's wife, seeing no harm in the act, planted white flowers around and upon the spot. After all, the poor outlaw was one of God's human creatures, and doubtless, as poor Adam Gordon used to say, he has gone where most men go.

LAKO-MAI

One of the first native expressions heard by the visitor to hospitable Fiji is *lako-mai*. In the first Fijian village wherein I set foot in Viti Levu I was promptly greeted by the town-chief's amiable wife with this, 'Come in,' or 'Come to me,' as the term may be freely translated from the Fijian. Somehow or other this friendly *lako-mai* has always remained tenderly in my memory, and many experiences have occurred to me since I heard it first that have tended to deepen its impression. One in particular I shall not soon forget. Na-Gai-Gai, on the south-east coast of Vanua Levu, is a fair country, with picturesque mountains behind and around it, and lovely smiling valleys. Once upon a time I spent a few happy weeks at Na-Gai-Gai, and learned to love the place as if I had been born there, and the good people of the countryside as if they had been my own kith and kin. They

had all become Christians, and had no nonsense among them, although in the better families of the place there was just that slight semblance of intolerance which unfortunately is often a feature of Christian communities in white countries. The Wesleyan missionary who controlled the district in the interests of that body lived in some luxury on a neighbouring island, and the work of keeping Na-Gai-Gai in proper Christian order, from the Wesleyan point of view, was to a great extent in the hands of Tioni Simitti, the local half-caste teacher, who had been well done by in the matter of education by his paternal parent, old John Smith, the trader, of Laucala. Tioni had learned his theology in Levuka, and in the atmosphere of that peculiar social centre had developed some curious notions regarding what was right and proper in the behaviour of the ordinary Christian Fijian.

So it happened when Teresa, the pretty daughter of the Buli of Na-Gai-Gai, fell into sin through the wiles of a young chief from Lakemba, and fell into eternal and social disgrace through the youth's cowardice and treachery, she dropped

further into trouble by coming under the ban of the very correct and equally bigoted Tioni Simitti. This was degradation indeed. A woman's serious sin in Fiji is as calamitous to her and her immediate relatives and friends as it is to one in the most Christian country in the world; but in regard to Fiji, to the honour of its womanhood be it said, slips from the straight path are rare indeed.

From the point of view of Tioni Simitti, the poor girl was suffering under another grievous fault. She was a 'Kai-Katolika,' and had been educated in the convent of Wairiki, whence all her trouble had sprung, according to his notion of things.

Tioni made it his particular business in life to hound Teresa down. Much of his ordinary teaching work was abandoned, that he might hold forth in the various burés to open-mouthed young people of both sexes—for Tioni was eloquent in his coarse way—about the poor girl's unpardonable sin, and the horrid example that had been set before the maidenhood of Na-Gai-Gai by the wicked, Catholic-trained Teresa. The girl suffered under the condemnation of her

own people, but this outside denunciation drew the finger of scorn from all Na-Gai-Gai in her direction, and she gradually fell into one of those suicidal fits which is a curious feature of the Fijian character.

Refusing food, and resenting the proffered solaces of her friends, the unlucky Teresa soon got herself into a serious condition, physically and mentally, and the Buli thought it desirable to send across to Wairiki for one of the Marist Brothers, who was prompt enough in responding to the call. The girl had been brought up religiously at Wairiki, and towards the end her devotional leanings became intensified. In her ramblings the names of the Saviour and the Virgin were constantly on her lips, and in the light of all the circumstances of her case, and of the social persecution to which she was subjected by the thoughtful and energetic Tioni Simitti and those who sympathised with his attitude, to the ordinary onlooker there was much pathos in the whole situation.

The Marist Brother Pierre went over, and gave the troubled girl such comfort as he could. Na-Gai-Gai would not forgive, perhaps, but

Heaven would, according to the preaching of Jesi Karisto. Brother Pierre left Teresa happy enough when he went back to Wairiki.

The end approached presently. Starvation and a broken heart pulled the frail frame to pieces quickly enough, and Teresa whispered to her mater, as she lay gasping in her delirium on the mats one night, that she could hear the Saviour gently calling *lako-mai.*

They believe in God in Na-Gai-Gai, and they believe, too, in the story they have to tell as you pass Teresa's little mound near the village-gate—(they buried her in a good place, and sent Tioni Simitti about his business when he objected)—the story of how, in that she trusted in her Redeemer and was repentant, the voice of Jesi Karisto had whispered softly to her down the night wind, *lako-mai.*

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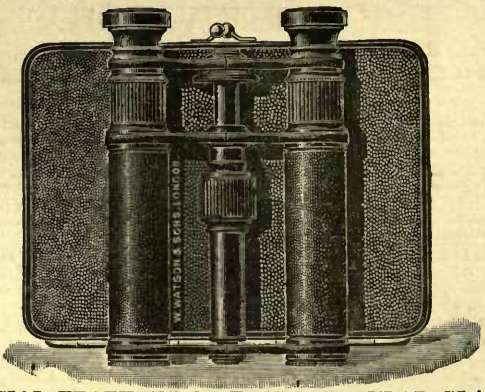

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STORIES FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

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