

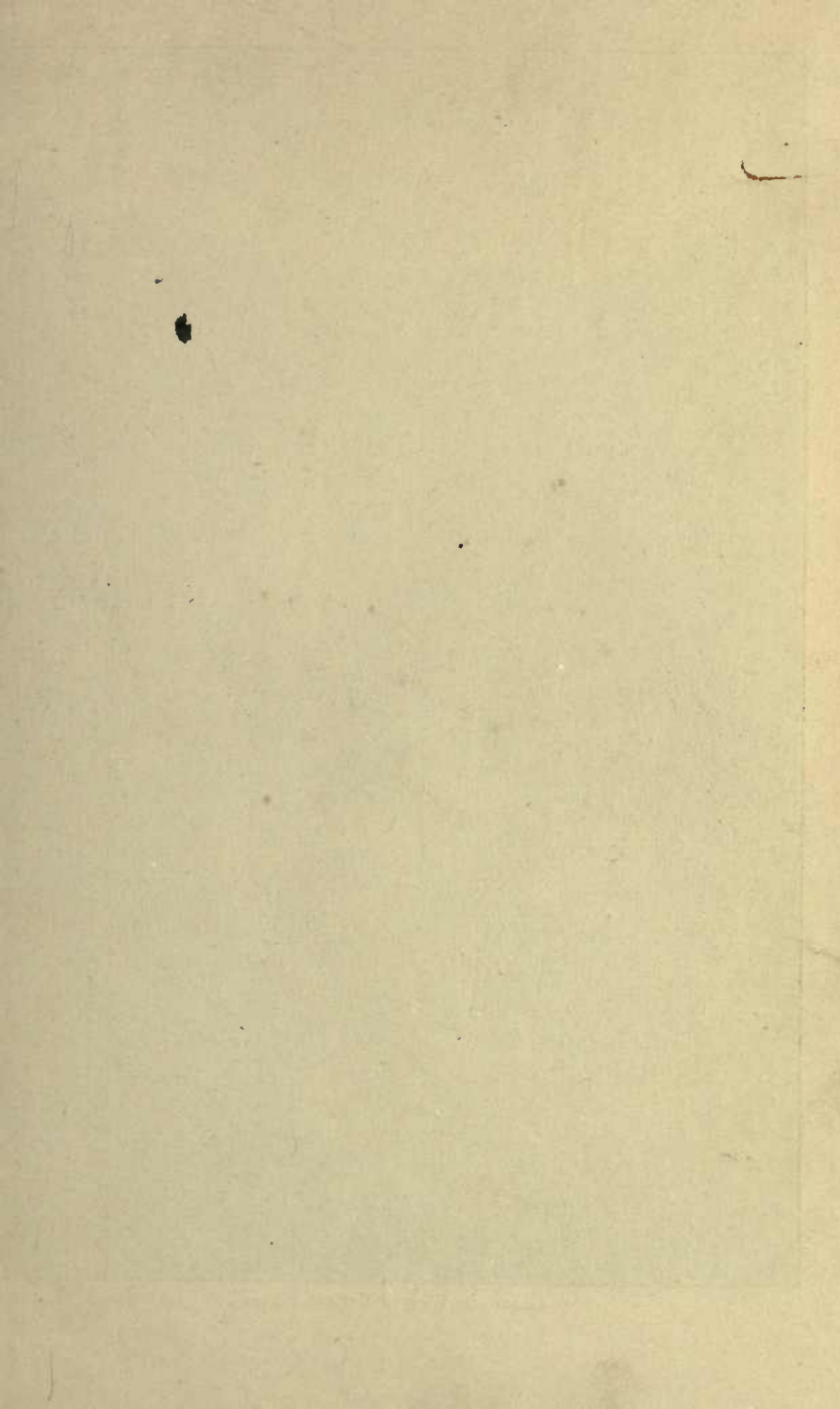
PARTS
OF THE
PACIFIC

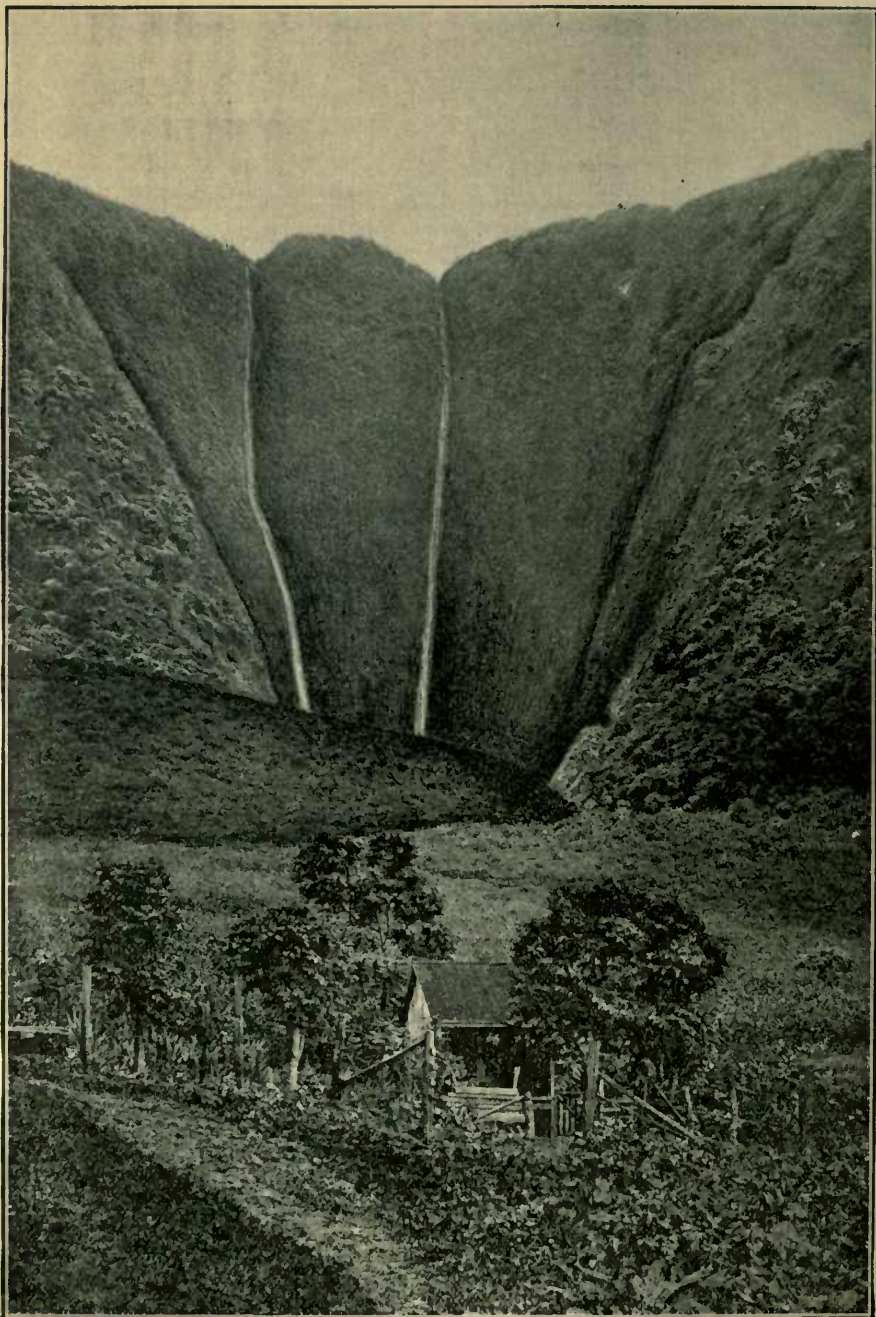


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PARTS OF THE PACIFIC

BY A

PERIPATETIC PARSON

*ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS*



LONDON

SWAN SONNENSCH E I N & CO., LIMITED

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1896

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Dedicated

TO ONE

*Whose hallow'd Thoughts and anxious Prayers about
My Path by Field and Flood their Vigil kept ;
And whose sweet Image ever floated in
My Mind as through the World I heedless rov'd—*

MY MOTHER.

S. K. S.

PREFACE.

AFTER service on Sunday evening, an American humorist, dining with the Author, urged him to commit to writing the incidents related at table about his doings in the Pacific. Since then, so many other people have preferred the same request that he has now ventured to publish an account of his life in some of the less frequented regions of the Pacific—North Queensland, New Caledonia, Fiji, New Zealand, Hawaii, and the Coast of North America. The book lays no claim to being technical; but rather aims at a colloquial description of strange lands, touching upon such matters as Emigration, Missions, the Kanaka Labour Question, and the General Treatment of Natives. And also—

With Nature's freedom at the heart,
To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors.
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.

Since the various sections of the work have been overhauled by responsible people at Home and in the different Countries therein described, statements may be regarded as authentic: and those suggestions with regard to Anglican Missions, previously published, have been favourably received by the *Guardian*.

It need only be added, that any lack of finish in style must be overlooked, as the writer does not aspire to being a man of letters, addicted to sedentary habits; but is rather

A PERIPATETIC PARSON.

LONDON, 1895.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—NORTH QUEENSLAND.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Arrival in the North	1
II. Conditions in the North	8
III. The Cumberland Islands	16
IV. The Road to the Burdekin	21
V. The Burdekin Plantations	26
VI. A Corobboree	31
VII. Life on the Burdekin	38
VIII. About Aborigines	45
IX. A Cyclone	52
X. About Clothing	59
XI. River and Jungle	65
XII. My Home at Cooktown	74
XIII. Music and Manners	81
XIV. The Seamy Side of Life	88
XV. Torres Straits	96
XVI. The Palmer	101
XVII. On the Gold-Field	108
XVIII. Fire and Heat	115
XIX. Storm and Tempest	121
XX. Charters Towers	127
XXI. In the Far Interior.. .. .	133
XXII. Through the Jungle	137
XXIII. The Annan Tin-Fields	145
XXIV. The Bloomfield River	153
XXV. The Flock in the Wilderness	159
XXVI. Rough and Smooth	167

PART II.—THE FIJI ISLANDS.

I. A Cruise in the Pacific	171
II. Fiji	178
III. The Natives as they were	183
IV. At Suva	191
V. Hob-Nails and Missions	197
VI. Life among the Natives	203
VII. At a Chief's House	207

CHAPTER	PAGE
VIII. Sunday among Fijians	214
IX. On the Sigatoka River	221
X. At Natuatuacoko	225
XI. Through the Mountains	230
XII. Alone among the Natives	237
XIII. A Lonely Illness—Kalidoli	244
XIV. Native Colleges	250
XV. Bau and Levuka	255

PART III.—(A) NEW ZEALAND.

I. Auckland	262
II. Maoris	268
III. Immigration	275
IV. Polynesian Genesis	280

(B) THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

I. The Natives as they were	287
II. Cook's Discovery of the Islands	292
III. Civilisation	298
IV. Modern Hawaiians	306
V. At Honolulu	317
VI. On the Islands	324
VII. At Kohala	329
VIII. The Kohala Mountains	333
IX. From Waimanu to Hilo	340
X. The Lake of Fire	351
XI. Hawaiian Volcanoes	358
XII. The Island of Maui	362
XIII. The Palace of the Sun	370
XIV. Farewell to the Islands	376

(C) THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA.

I. The Coast of North America	381
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Chasm in Waipio Valley, Hawaii	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Piccaninnies after Tea	36
The Barron Falls	68
A Big Tree	142
Malays Picking Tobacco	153
Falls on the Bloomfield River	162
Kalidoli	176
Fijian Damsels	210
Some Fijian Men	226
Negotiating the Sigatoka	232
Fijian Funeral	239
A Village on Ovalau	260
An Oil Spring	265
Tawhaio	271
Hula Dancers	291
Ex-Queen Liliuokalani	304
Princess Kaiulani	314
Hawaiian Foliage	315
The Waimanu Valley	342
Fall in the Waimanu Valley	345
A House at Hilo	349
Hale Pohaku	365
The Wives of Two Chinese Planters	378



PARTS OF THE PACIFIC.

PART I.—NORTH QUEENSLAND.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN THE NORTH.

MANY people are familiar with the stately cities in the Southern parts of Australia, replete with every luxury of modern civilization; many know the delight of cantering across the grassy uplands of the rural districts on a good hack in that lovely climate, roving from one luxurious "station" or comfortable settlement to another; many know the more recent city of Brisbane, the capital of Queensland; but few are those who have been far beyond, right into those Northern regions of the Colony which lie within the burning Tropics—a part spoken of in the South as an unknown district—a place unfit for human habitation, where even the people who live in the better townships on the coast, or in other tolerably settled parts, regard the rest of the land as the "Never-Never Country".

Leaving Australia Proper—as known to the world—I ventured Northwards, where a brother of mine held a small Government appointment, and there spent a few years between the 10th and 21st parallels of South Latitude.

Being weary of waiting for money which was to have reached me at Brisbane, I determined to go on without it, and let it follow me at its leisure. So, with a few remaining sovereigns, I joined a picnic party at One-Tree Hill, with its lovely view over the forests to Toowoomba, with the river winding through the plain, past Brisbane to Morton Bay. And then I started for the Never-Never, calling at several flourishing towns on the way.

Even though mid-winter in the South, there was no doubt about being in the Tropics after passing Rockhampton and Cape Capricorn; for the sun was baking hot as we steamed Northwards to Mackay, amid numerous rocky islets, all aglow in the fierce sunlight.

Here a very necessary lesson was to be learned. Living in so small an island, Englishmen often enough have a very unpractical knowledge of geography, with no notion that the Continent of Australia is nearly as large as Europe. But as day by day rolled on, I began to learn that the Pacific coast of Australia is a considerable distance to cover on a rapidly diminishing purse. So it came to pass that I landed at Mackay with just a very few shillings—a very few indeed. One of these went into the plate at Church, for it was Sunday evening. With a few more I procured some dinner at a hotel; then there was a telegram to be sent off, and one shilling was left.

I came into conversation with several planters, dressed in clean shirts and riding trousers, with broad straw hats: whereas I was in a tall hat, a neat serge suit, and faultless patent leather shoes! The people looked at me with suspicion; and the little boys in the streets informed me, without much suavity of manner, that they too had tall hats at home. The South Sea Island labourers, commonly called “Kanakas,” were also most interested in the hat.

It occurred to me that it might be a good plan to take off the unfortunate hat and hand it round for offerings, which would afford me a bed; but then the audience might have required dancing as well for their money, which would have resembled too much the proceedings of the “Bishop of Runtifoo”: so the idea was given up, and I strolled to the wharf, where, seeing a lighter, I stepped on board, and was lucky in finding a comfortable fo’castle, with a lamp burning, and several bunks all empty, with the exception of swarms of healthy cockroaches.

Having put the lovely hat and shoes carefully on the table, I turned into the cleanest-looking bunk I could find, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep to the lullaby of the water as it lapped against the side of the boat.

By-and-by a man belonging to the craft came in. His admiration of the hat and boots was so profuse that it woke me; and I was constrained to request him to take his joy more quietly, for I was sleepy just then, but would be glad to exhibit them in the morning. Then I gave him my last shilling, and with my watch procured a ticket for the rest of the journey.

Before the sugar industry was ruined, Mackay was a splendid place. A number of fine fellows had thriving plantations there, driving a considerable trade; and with their pleasant families and snug bungalows there was quite a nice society—the best, in fact, in the Colony. And they were such wise people too! A shirt, commonly called a “clean boiled rag,” and trousers, were accepted as full dress, without a hot, unnecessary coat; and a wide hat, with an elastic under the chin, was used. Was it to be wondered at then, that, whichever way I went in my unfortunate clothing, other people vanished?

When Bowen was reached I was most affectionately received into the bosom of my brother's family. My brother R. was a great big fellow, brown and burly, always in a cheerful temper, and ready to do anybody a good turn. He was a fine specimen of an Englishman who had been fighting his way for twenty years in new parts of a young Colony.

His home-made clothes at first gave my poor English prejudices rather a jar; while my attire caused him much grief, he afterwards told me. On Sundays I observed that more people came to Church to gaze upon the hat than to listen to the sermon; so at length I presented the offensive garment to my nephews and nieces, to play football with; but, failing to suit the purpose, it was given to some aboriginals, who greedily made it into a stew; and in a very short time I had settled down into wearing plain, white clothing, from which no variation was henceforth made in Tropical towns.

What a pity people cannot live out of doors like the aboriginals and the birds and the beasts, for a Northern habitation is not the most comfortable of places! It consists of a verandah all round a few rooms built of match boarding, standing on high piles, with a roof of corrugated iron. The whole place is usually infested by large cockroaches, which,

just before rain, spread their wings and fly until the air is thick with them.

The Queenslander is very slow in adapting himself to his new habitat. Beds are a terrible example of that. Nights are delightful, if you have a wire mattress or a canvas stretcher, with a grass mat and a sheet over, or a cot arranged in the same manner swung on the verandah, all fitted with mosquito nets. But almost invariably a stuffed mattress is used, making a bed simply unbearable indoors.

In small houses, and especially in the bush, rooms are rarely ceiled, for that would make them too stuffy; so there is nothing overhead but the thin corrugated iron—commonly called tin—which is nearly red hot in the fierce sun.

It is necessary to have tin roofs, as there are few wells, and no springs or rivers except during the rainy season, when every valley becomes a river and every hollow a lagoon. The rain then caught from the tin roofs is collected in underground reservoirs or corrugated iron tanks, and that has to last until the next year, by which time the strictest economy must be observed. The family bathe in a small pittance of water at half a crown a bucket, after which the linen is washed, and then the floors have a turn in the same water.

An eccentric Judge in the North, arriving at a bush shanty on circuit, asked for a bath. Such a luxury was naturally refused, as there was only a little water left at the bottom of the tank, reserved for drinking purposes alone, until it should choose to rain again some day. When dinner was ready, his Honour could nowhere be found. So the landlord went outside to call. A voice proceeded from within the tank, where the Judge was bathing! The landlord was furious, and roundly abused the Judge, who casually observed, "Do not excite yourself, old man; the water will not be soiled, for I am using no soap!"

So it will be seen that tin roofs are necessary in a thirsty land, where the rain of a few months, or even of a few days, has to be used for supplying the requirements of the inhabitants for a year or more. Rain thus caught will remain fresh and sweet for several years.

R.'s house near Bowen was situated on rising ground, looking across rolling land, strewn with old tins and broken bottles, to the ugly township, with its white, glaring roofs, relieved here and there by a few gay bushes of hibiscus and oleander, or some flambeau trees (*poniana regia*)—a mass of crimson flowers, and the home of large stag beetles—or bougainvillias climbing over some verandah, all purple or red like gore, and a clump of cocoanuts near the beach. Beyond the town spreads out the broad gulf of Port Denison like a lake, surrounded by mountains, plains, and valleys, all clothed with forest; and Gloucester Island—a wall of rock a dozen miles long, with twelve peaks—rises two thousand feet from the blue ocean depths, ever changing colour in the bright glory of that radiant atmosphere.

But every evening, with the gorgeous sunset, the breeze died away, darkness came suddenly on, and with the sun my heart sank, and misery took possession of the soul. For with the departure of light the air is filled with the tiniest of midges or sand flies, which settle into the pores of the skin, causing frightful irritation. Fortunately, they only remain for a short time, during which the upper part of the house resounds with a buzzing as of bees, which draws lower and lower until the dread moment arrives, when the mosquitoes settle upon the wretched people, and no more peace can be hoped for. The only thing to do is to wriggle and fidget incessantly; for remaining still for an instant the attack commences.

Some there are who become accustomed to mosquitoes, and do not mind them; others never get used to them, however long they may remain in mosquito countries. I am one of those unfortunate ones. In an old song a bashful man is related to have said, "I'd rather meet a crocodile than face a ladies' school". For my part—compared with mosquitoes—I don't mind crocodiles or ladies' schools a bit. I have faced lots of both; and I don't like it, I confess. The crocodile is so strong, and so quick, and so fierce, and his mouth so large! And the ladies' school has that peculiar terror of its own which strikes right into the bones and marrow, making the strongest quail! Sometimes the school can be evaded by going down

another street ; but when the sun sets at six or seven o'clock at the latest, and the air is alive with invisible buzzing enemies, from whom there is no escape, far more irritating than even a nagging wife—of which a man has only one at a time—life seems utterly hopeless, the face becomes furrowed with sorrow, and a termination to one's miseries would be just as welcome as when suffering from *mal de mer* people in solemn earnest are known to order the steward to throw them overboard.

When at length bedtime arrives, smarting and itching after the severe biting received during the process of preparing for a dive into the mosquito net, to one's exasperation, several of the persevering insects succeed in getting inside too. Every intruder has to be killed before any rest can be attempted ; and others creep in through the meshes of the net every now and then, just to keep up the attention all night, while thousands crawl up and down the outside looking for a hole, or else fly round buzzing with hunger and disappointment. Sometimes fireflies mingle with them, which caused a newly arrived Irishman to exclaim, "Begorra, and they've brought lanterns with them now !"

Thus one remains awake all night gasping for air, and besoaked with perspiration, listening to the melancholy wailing of the curlew outside on the hill ; or—if there is any rain—nearly deafened by the shrieking of myriads of frogs in every puddle far and near, making a shrill chorus, above which can be heard some little fellows calling out "tuck, tuck, tuck," and others in a deeper tone croaking "more water, more water" ; and perhaps a great fat fellow will become lodged in a water pipe on the house, roaring out "more pork, more pork," until the pipe vibrates like a diapason. Oh, those awful nights ! Then R. in the next room would add his quota to the general uproar by having nightmare ; the children made the hours of darkness hideous with whooping cough ; and I groaned with anguish.

One suffocating night—to our great joy—a puff of cool air passed through the house. I heard R. exclaim : "Hooray, here's a breath of air ! Something has evidently gone wrong down below. Old Nick must have fallen asleep for once."

At the first blush of dawn, at five or six o'clock, the mosquitoes retired with tremendous buzzing, and the sandflies made their short but sharp onslaught; and then there would have been peace for a little quiet sleep, only that was my brother's getting up time. R. always rose with the dawn, and "walked the decks," as he called marching round and round the verandah, lamenting in loud tones that he had such a lazy brother, idle enough to sleep away the best and most profitable hours of the day. He would pause at my open windows and lament, and then go and hurry on preparations for breakfast, and see to the horses, returning to my windows to lament and groan again. Ah! those were terrible nights and mornings! I wonder I survived!

At about seven o'clock breakfast was announced—a huge roast of beef, hot and smoking, with pickle and a little bread, and the strongest tea. Everybody did justice to it. After his energetic morning and his well-earned breakfast, R. took a book to bed and slept profoundly till ten. I retired too, but sleep was out of the question as usual, for that was the children's special time for screaming.

CHAPTER II.

CONDITIONS IN THE NORTH.

AT ten o'clock R. and I used to walk to town together ; and I went on to the sea to sit up to my neck in the warm water, out of the reach of sharks. Nobody else would bathe with me at that time of the year, for they said it was winter and too cold. Such an idea !

At luncheon, as at breakfast, there was a huge roast of beef and more strong tea ; and at dinner, beef soup, beef stew and sweet potato, and still more strong tea. Rum was also used at all meals.

When children are hungry between meals they are fed upon cold beef and pickle. Bread and cake are almost unused commodities. Fish, poultry and game are almost unknown as food, for people rarely have servants, and cannot keep them if they can get them, so it is too much trouble to prepare any food but beef ; and there is no mutton in that country. Thus beef is the staff of life, so much so that frequently every form of food is called "beef". Instead of saying "Breakfast is ready," I have often been told that "Beef is ready". I wonder that tea and water and all drinkables are not called "rum" on the same principle.

Instead of eating chocolate, children eat pickle ! You give a child a bottle of pickle on its birthday, and it sits under the house in the cool shade and eats it all up.

Children grow tall and thin, pale and spotted, but strong, nevertheless, on this extraordinary diet ; and new arrivals in the land, commonly called "new chums," contract a disease called "Barcoo rot". Barcoo is a river running through a burning, sterile part of the Country, where the disease flourishes in particular. It is this—every mosquito bite, if rubbed, and

every scratch or cut, festers, and the sore spreads in a circle. In my case, being covered with mosquito bites, I was also a mass of Barcoo rot, so that it was impossible to grip the saddle when the horses played up.

Curiously enough, Northern children, taught in State schools, usually by Irish teachers, swear with the prettiest English accent. I use the word "swear" advisedly, for swearing is the average method of clothing thought with words in Queensland. But very grand people, from the Universities in the South, affect a strong Cockney brogue.

When I had a spare afternoon I used to take all the children I could muster to a place a few miles off, where some Chinamen and an old German had gardens. Were it not for these people, the whole population would have Barcoo rot, as nobody else would demean themselves by having a garden of vegetables. At the gardens we used to see who could consume the most oranges, to start with. I do not think anybody often exceeded a dozen or so at a time. Then we went on to lemons, mulberries and dates; and, when satiated, each youngster took home as much as could be carried in the way of cocoanuts and water-melons.

Life by day at Bowen was most delightful. R. and I had not met since we were boys, and were rarely out of each other's sight. Most of our time was spent cruising about the coast and among the islands, and boating in the bay; or going out a little way to bathe in creeks and coves sparkling with mica, just like golden sand; or else riding for weeks at a stretch in the glorious bush.¹

In the bush I found very pleasant families, corresponding in a way to an English "county". Some of them had lovely houses or "stations" on their enormous estates; and it used to astonish me to find merry girls, well dressed in prettily made washing materials, active in mind and body, well up in all the latest literature and topics of the day; and yet living hundreds of miles from anywhere. It was splendid, staying a day or two, or putting in a Sunday at such stations, where the good people

¹The term "bush" simply means "country" as distinguished from "town," irrespective of the character of the vegetation.

produced their best salt beef, often enough cured several months before. These people are called "squatters".

Then there are the farmers or "selectors"; and the smallest settlers on the land are usually called "cockatoos". These people are nearly all Germans, Scandinavians or Scotchmen; for the English and Irish immigrants gravitate to the towns and mining centres. Some of the "cockatoos" had nice enough houses and charming families. Nearly everybody possessed a piano, and, as every piano was egregiously out of tune, before being able to indulge in any music I used to get the people to clear the shoals of stenching cockroaches out of the instrument, and then I tuned it; for, after my first expedition, I always carried a tuning key. If only I had accepted the fees offered me I might have driven a good trade.

After a ride of many weeks among these people, it was always delightful returning to the family home, with its pretty creepers, and the flambeau tree, and the children's bright garden; and what a relief it was being fed on fresh beef, instead of the still more terrible salt stuff of the bush! For even fresh beef had its disadvantages. On account of the climate, it was necessary to cook and eat it almost as soon as killed, causing it to be so terribly tough that in a short time my full complement of teeth became considerably reduced. Even then, food was often so gamy that I readily acquired the feline habit of sniffing at a dish before venturing upon it.

Then we bought a piano, which helped out the sultry evenings, especially as one of my nieces had a rich, full soprano voice.

How strange it seemed, after the log huts and tin houses, and vast uninhabited wastes, to go to the jetty when the bi-weekly coastal steamers came in, and there to see electric light, and to dine in the comfortable marble saloons; or to go out into the bay to see the still more sumptuous ocean steamers plying frequently between Brisbane and England!

How different was all this to the beginning of the century, when the Governor of New South Wales writes to Lord Liverpool that "he is sorry he cannot communicate oftener on affairs of the Colony, on account of the fact that conveyances

between the two Countries are so rare, not oftener than once in twelve months. It is true that opportunities now and then occur of sending letters to England by way of India and China, but he is unwilling to trust public despatches of any importance by such very precarious and circuitous routes."

In the towns the genus "larrikin," or "hoodlum" or "rough," is a curious Australian animal. Though not so utterly diabolical as his kindred in the South, a Northern larrikin is pretty cute. At Bowen there was a battery of Artillery, a branch of the Defence Force, which is a kind of Militia. The gunners often drilled on a piece of waste land in the cool moonlight, or by the dim illumination of a few lamps. As there was no cadet corps, the larrikins had an army of their own. They marched and wheeled and faced about very creditably, although their only object was to harass the gunners, who often enough had to change their tactics so as to avoid their tormentors. One evening I saw a very clever thing. Before the men who were marching had time to face about or do anything, the larrikins had doubled right in front of them; and, at the word, they flung themselves down, so that the gunners almost to a man tumbled over them!

In new parts of a young Country, it is seen at once that any Tom, Dick or Harry who goes behind a counter and sells ribbons and flounces, or who adds up accounts at the butcher's shop, is almost as good socially as a banker or a parson or a judge, provided he is an educated and presentable person. He has good wages, short hours, and frequent holidays. If he is a man of any grit, keeping fairly steady, and not spending his money in drinking, he can soon keep his horses and his boat, and buy books, marry a wife and take up a little land; and, in fact, live the life of a gentleman, with very little expense. Whereas in dear old England the son of a reduced gentleman, who does not take up a profession, may add up accounts from nine A.M. until, often enough, nine P.M.; but at such an occupation will the young man never have a life of freedom, or be able to keep a horse or a boat, or to purchase a farm, or to marry a girl of his own position with any degree of comfort, at least until he is old, and his health shattered by a life lived in con-

finement in a dingy office, with long hours, such as are forbidden by law to the "pampered working classes". The long-suffering English youth regards this life as a great bore; yet he goes at it like clockwork, day in day out, as the years roll by, without a murmur. Almost his only recreation—except during the few long summer evenings when cricket and volunteering are in vogue—is riding a bicycle in the fog-laden night after office hours—a machine ingeniously constructed so that the back and shoulders of the rider should be kept in the same position as over the desk all day in the office.

Go abroad, boys! go abroad! Go to some other part of the same great Empire, where, still beneath the glorious and beloved Flag, the bright, sunny world spreads out before you, laden with treasure, which some of you must bring to market sooner or later!

Nevertheless, this work must fall to the lot of stout-hearted fellows—men of good courage and of great moral strength. Unfortunately, men are such creatures of fashion. Men laugh at women for wearing extraordinary frocks and unbecoming bonnets, just because everybody else does. But they themselves are worse. The fashion in Queensland is for men to "shout".

"Shouting" is carried on to an exaggerated excess in the North. It is this. A man meets a friend in the street. Each man tries to be first in saying, "Come and have a drink". It matters not which succeeds; for when one has stood drinks, or "shouted," as it is called, the other returns the compliment. In the hotel there are probably more acquaintances, and still more are introduced. "Oh! we are just going to have a drink, will you join us?" Then there are all those drinks to be paid for—at sixpence each on the coast, and a shilling each in the interior. Then some other fellow of the party "shouts all hands," including the landlord. Then another has his turn "like a good fellow". Generally all "shout" in turn. Outside they meet more people. "Your tongue is hanging out, old fellow; you look dry, come and have a drink," and so it goes on.

The amount of bad whisky and indifferent rum thus consumed is considerable. Some men carry it better than others.

But that is a mere trifle, if they like to make themselves ill ; for the drinks are paid for, if possible ; but the poor wives and families at home have to go without the necessaries of life : insurance money cannot be paid ; business goes to the bad ; and although many of the men are good athletes, and in some respects manly fellows, few are *men enough* to break through that cursed fashion of "shouting" which has ruined thousands of fellows, crushed the hearts of thousands of mothers and wives, broken up thousands of homes, and has gone far to demoralize a Colony richer in natural resources than most Countries of the world.

Another custom of the Country, as cursed and as insane as "shouting," is that of "knocking down cheques". The system is this. A man is hired to work at a station or elsewhere. There he has no expenses, for everything is found ; and he may be hundreds of miles from a hotel, so he cannot dispose of his money in drink.

Many a squatter, instead of being a father to his people, like a good English squire, cares nothing about his men, beyond getting his money's worth out of them. Perhaps the men also would resent, as undue interference, any friendly counsel on the part of an employer. So it comes to pass at the end of the year, that a man receives his full pay—a cheque for £150 or £200, or whatever it may be. Now, instead of having a rational holiday and investing some of the year's earnings, the custom of the Country is to go to a hotel or shanty, there to hand over to the landlord the big cheque, and to ask him to give you "a good time," and to be kind enough to inform you when the money is gone.

The ridiculous victim is forthwith made intoxicated. In a few days he is rendered insensible, and then in a day or two—which may be a month or two for all he knows—they begin to recover him. When brought to, the landlord tells him that he has been going the pace, that the cheque is "knocked down"—all gone. He supplies the victim with a suit of clothes and a few pounds, and packs him off ; though, usually, not before the few pounds are spent.

The man, when destitute, loafs about, sponging upon his

friends until kicked out, when he returns to his labour for another year of drudgery, considerably before his holiday is up. People are fools enough to laugh at him, and to think the iniquitous proceeding a fine joke; the hero is quite proud of himself, and the publican is very much pleased with his spoil. But when you tell squatters, hirelings, and publicans of that sort what you think of them, strangely enough they take off their coats and want to fight you.

It is only fair to say that, owing mainly to the efforts of Sir Samuel Griffith, a Bill recently received the Governor's assent, whereby the expenditure of the festive bushman has been considerably curtailed; though, in spite of it, an instance came under my notice in a Northern township, where a hotel-keeper claimed in the police court for one hundred and fifteen drinks supplied to a man in one day.

It must not be supposed that every Queenslander "shouts," or that every squatter is a churl, or that every working man is a drunken imbecile, and every publican a fraud. That would be absurd. There are plenty of bad people in the Colony, and plenty of good ones, too.

If every business has its tricks of trade, and even if a publican's is no exception to the rule, I must say that I found that class of people excellent in their way. They were the first to help on any new venture. A hospital or Church of any denomination was invariably assisted by the publicans, and when I brought before them cases of distress, their hand was always open.

When travelling, no hotel-keepers, but a few Presbyterians, and one or two of my own denomination ever allowed me to pay my account, because I was a clergyman; and I can honestly say that many publicans with their families and servants were among the most regular worshippers at my services.

For some time I was living at a hotel. No one could have been kinder than my landlord and landlady and the servants. Coming home one night, I was stealing up to my room, so as to avoid the crowd that usually was loitering round the bar. On the stairs I met the maids, in a great state of agitation. They implored me to go into the bar, where the landlord and

his wife were having a terrible fight. Crowds were staring in at the windows, but no one ventured into the bar.

I went in. The sight was horrible. The man and his wife stood behind the counter, and must have been fighting furiously, for the whole place was flowing with "claret," as well from their broken heads as from the bottles smashed thereon, which lay in dangerous masses about the counter and the floor; for they were fighting with bottles. When I entered, each combatant had grasped the wrist of the other, and they were struggling to free the hands holding bottles of wine or spirits for the next blow.

I was fully aware that it is only a "very young man" who is rash enough to interfere in a fight between man and wife, as both invariably set upon the intruder. But, unless very much out of my bearings, I was confident that both of these people had considerable regard for me as a parson and as a man.

And I was not mistaken. I spoke to them across the counter; but words being of no avail, I endeavoured to look composed, and opening the counter walked firmly in. I took the bottles from their hands without much resistance, but had hard work to undo their tenacious grip of each other. When successful, however, I slipped between them, and held the man at arm's length—a man much bigger than myself. The woman, like a cat, tried to get at her husband again, which I prevented, while I asked him to retire. He reluctantly did so; and then I gave the woman my arm and escorted her to her room, where I locked her in with a maid, and took the key away.

Now I think those were splendid people—publicans as they were, and "holy Romans" into the bargain—not to have set upon me and killed me, as any one else would have done.

Another time the same thing occurred again, with the same satisfactory termination. But I think I should have been tempted to shirk the ordeal had a third opportunity offered itself.

CHAPTER III.

THE CUMBERLAND ISLANDS.

SOON after arriving at my brother's, we made the first of two cruises, of a week or ten days at a time, to the Cumberland Group of islands.

Our craft was a ketch of twenty-seven tons, with a crew of three. Another fellow also came with us.

Crossing Port Denison we tried for the passage between the lofty peaks of Gloucester Island and the mainland, which can be made at high water. But the wind sinking, we amused ourselves by taking the dingey and pulling for an islet, where we devoured oysters which grew in abundance on the rocks.

The receding tide had left a fine pool in the rocks where we were going to swim, thinking it would be safe ; but there was a good-sized shark in it, so the bath was abandoned. However, finding a bed of magnificent coral a little further on, I got out of the boat and dived down to explore its beauties. I thought I had never seen anything so lovely, until I put my hand into some red thing, which stung considerably, so I returned to the surface and got into the boat. It took a long time before R. could teach me the great danger of bathing in those waters on account of sharks. Even as we paddled about in Gloucester Passage hardly up to our knees, several young sharks darted about quite near to us.

Under Mount Dryander we sailed up a narrow fjord with grassy banks, where we came across one of the funny little Queensland men-of-war at anchor surveying.

Here and there turtles were seen floating on the waves, but they sank quickly as the boat approached.

Further on a tremendous noise was heard off the port-

beam, and the sea was much disturbed with foam and waves. We watched to see what it could all be about. Then a whale slowly emerged from the surface, the whole of its enormous length coming clear out of the water, and then that huge, great living mass fell on its back into the ocean with a prodigious crash, worthy of such a gigantic monster. Waves and foam rose and fell for a great distance round. Then another whale rose entirely out of the water, and so these two giants of the deep passed on their way, romping in their colossal sport as they went, until a fellow fired at them with a Snider.

It had always been my ambition to visit a desert island. What joy, then, when we anchored in Cid Harbour in Whitsunday Island, and taking the dingey went ashore! There was a little beach, with a deserted hut behind, where some timber-getters had once camped, and water-melons were still growing round it. I burned the place down, as it was full of vermin.

It was difficult trying to get about in the dense jungle with which the whole of the island is covered. Elk-horns were growing on some of the tall trees. A colony of satin-birds' nests hung on the extreme ends of the twigs of a tree near the hut; and there were a few gaudy blue butterflies, and some large black flies nearly as large as mice, which bit horridly.

Preferring water to land we pulled up the two arms of the harbour in the dingey. The scenery was beautiful by day, but still more so in the bright cool moonlight. One night we did not return to the yacht until two o'clock.

On a rock near the water a large old-gold orchid was growing, with spikes full of bloom, three or four feet long. I easily loosened the plant, and we put it into the boat; but as it filled the whole of the boat it had to be heaved overboard. It was, however, a very common orchid.

Discovering that the water continued beyond the belt of mangroves at the ends of the bays, we got the boat through, and went for miles right into the heart of the mountains, where pine-clad cliffs towered into the blue sky, and white cockatoos flew about, and timid doves fluttered away from the intruders.

On one occasion in a fjord on the other side of the island

we found some timber-getters. Their habitation was made of a few poles fixed into the fork of a small tree and some other propp. Three sides were shut in by sheets of bark, and a few sheets of corrugated iron caught rain-water for drinking purposes.

Bark is a most useful material for building. If a door is required for instance, a ring is cut round the stem of a tree as smooth as a deal plank, and another ring as high above the first as the height of the door is to be. Then a vertical slit connects the two, when the whole sheet of bark is easily peeled off. Next a few straight sticks or battens are fixed across it to keep it flat, and the door is complete. The same can be done for walls and roofs.

If a pretty home is required, it can be neatly lined with canvas like the inside of a tent, and you have a room as neat as a boudoir. I have known many a dainty lady living in such a house.

At night we sometimes anchored in deep water, but more generally in some sheltered bay. At one place it was quite shallow, and a kind of grass grew at the bottom, upon which I believe the dugong, or sea-cow, feeds. I saw one of those strange monsters ashore at Cooktown, and another swimming about.

One moonlight night we pulled for the mainland right behind Long Island, to look for some timber-getters we knew to be somewhere about. A big Martini-Henry was fired several times, making a grand echo among the mountains and over the water; but there was no response. At length we saw some lights, and pulling in their direction we found several families. The first question they asked was, "What day is it?" for in such a place they had lost count of time.

On Dent Island a lighthouse is situated, which we visited several times. The only landing is a narrow cleft in the rocks, with a few Tropical trees hanging over. A boathouse is made in the cleft, through which a staircase is reached to attain the heights. It seemed strange to see several steamers passing such a desolate region.

At night R. and I made hammocks of the mainsail, where

we were gently rocked to sleep in the balmy air. For bathing, when any heavy squall of rain came on, we went on deck in "native attire".

Sometimes squalls are so circumscribed that they can easily be avoided on land. Going across an open plain I saw a deluge of rain driving along in my direction. I simply galloped round the outskirts of it and struck the trail beyond, where water lay all over the ground, but not a spot of rain had touched me.

On one of those islands, running along on the sands in the edge of the water, I espied some wonderful opalescent objects in the sand; I wondered what they could be made of, and was just going to put my bare foot on one to feel it, when I noticed on each side the scalloped edges of a huge pair of clam-shells. Had I touched the alluring monster I suppose I should have had my foot drawn in and taken off. They are immense brutes. I have the photograph of a child taken in a clam-shell for a cradle. That child's father, by-the-by, and all his crew, were massacred recently by natives in New Guinea.

Going towards Pentecost Island a curious freak of nature attracted our gaze. A conformation of rocks on the North-east side represented a silhouette of Napoleon with his marshal's hat, a head and bust several hundred feet high.

We went to explore Lindeman Island for the Government, to see if it were adapted for human habitation. On one side were woods; and on the other, where we found a good harbour, the hills were covered with rich grass, so thick that we had to set fire to it to enable us to effect a landing.

As nobody would go with me, I scaled the hill alone, scrambling through the rank grass. Near the summit, which reached eight hundred feet, the grass was short and velvety like a lawn, with Everlasting flowers growing all about.

The view was one never to be forgotten. To the North and East, uninhabited islands of the greatest beauty of outline, and in colour of the most vivid green, lay dotted about in the bluest of water, calm as a mirror, with the dome of a still more wonderful blue above. Pentecost Island close by, resembling at that side a recumbent lion, caught the pink light of the setting sun on the cliffs; and the whole scene, radiant in the

splendour of Tropical colouring, became suffused with rosy-hued glory from the sun, now sinking behind the mountains on the mainland.

Although a sociable animal, I felt that the particular charm of that supreme moment was being alone on that desert island—alone on that mountain top, quite alone as far as this world was concerned. And as there were none to listen, none whose feelings might not have been attuned to my own, I lifted up my voice, as the wind whistled through my hair, and broke out into the lines :—

As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

I sang all three verses of the hymn ; and when the breeze had borne the melody away, whither I could not tell, but it did not seem to be very far off, I rose from the grassy *prie-dieu* among the Everlasting flowers, for the shadows of night were already stealing up the wooded ravine at my feet to the Eastward, and darkness began to shroud the lovely panorama.

Then running down to the edge of the cliff above the harbour to the West, where the flames of the burning grass were still spreading upwards, I lowered myself among the clinging pines to the steep ground below, where, tumbling and rolling, running and falling over rocks and entangling grass, and springing through the blazing vegetation, I soon reached a pine wood near the beach ; and when I emerged on the strand it was full night. Then "cooeing" to the vessel, a boat was sent ashore for me.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROAD TO THE BURDEKIN.

SEVERAL times, before the railway was begun, R. and I visited the Delta of the Burdekin river from Bowen, eighty miles off.

This lower Burdekin country was in the ecclesiastical district of Bowen; and, as the parson of this place was not addicted to travelling, he asked me to officiate on every available occasion on my journey, giving me the chalice and paten, with apologies for their broken and battered condition. For his Reverence had once determined to visit that outlying part of his parish, and forthwith mounted the steed at his door; whereupon the animal wagged his tail, and the parson was thrown, breaking the foot off the chalice in his fall: so he went home. Thus he was glad of the assistance of a visitor in Holy Orders. He was, all the same, a very fine fellow, and a scholar, and became one of my best and truest friends.

Nearly the whole way the road traverses alluvial plains, just within the belt of mangroves fringing the sea. Some picturesque mountains rise abruptly, several thousand feet, from the dead level.

During the wet season the sultry heat was unbearable, and travelling heavy and uncertain. But in the dry, the sun-baked clay was good going. Water was however then scarce, and the dust intolerable.

R. used to carry a bottle of rum slung on the saddle, which readily acquired the temperature of the sun-heat; and, as we did not possess a superfluity of horses, we did not carry water, so the shallow puddles of sun-cooked mud or stagnant water were used, thus supplying "hot toddy"—not the most suitable of drinks for such a climate. Puddles, moreover, were few and far between, so that thirst frequently became severe.

What would stay-at-home people think of us jumping off our horses with glee at the sight of a stagnant pool fringed with dead bullocks and putrid dingoes; then, kneeling down and pushing aside the horrid green scum, and, with smoking, perspiration-besoaked shirts pulled over our faces to strain off the crowds of little red worms and maggots, enjoying a good draught of that warm and disgusting liquid? It is all very well for affluent people with pack horses and servants, who keep to the tracks and visit the chief residences; but R. and I went to every habitation, never mind where it lay: if people could live there, why should not we go there too?

One evening, after a forty-mile ride in the blazing heat, we were nearing a station; and just as the sun was setting and darkness coming on, a lovely lagoon with a wooded bank on the other side spread out before us. It looked so cool and tempting as the first stars were reflected in its shimmering surface. Oh! for a drink and a swim! But swimming is not allowed, on account of the monsters inhabiting the waters near the sea; so we ran down the beach, at least to indulge in a good drink, and were just going to plunge our faces into the delicious water, when I yelled out, "To the saddle!" and off we both sprang, while from the horses we could see a bullock being dragged into the lagoon by horrible alligators, not ten yards from where we had been.

Alligators make sad havoc for the cattle breeders near the lagoons and rivers, robbing the herds, and not infrequently making away with human beings, especially children, when going to fetch water.

Going from the great to the small, the mosquitoes of that district are awful. "Scots-greys,"—tabby coloured ones—come out by day, and give man and beast no peace. Horses are always covered with them. Clouds of black ones also rise out of the grass, at which the horses bolt; and cattle often make a stampede.

In the hot sultry evenings, when the breeze has died away, people have to sit in the smoke of fires made of cow dung and sandal wood; and at night a fire of the same material inside the wretched houses adds to the general misery, until the stifling

heat and smoke and suffocation are too much for the insects, and they go out; but by that time the inhabitants cannot stand it either, and we have to rejoin our enemies outside.

Oh! those awful nights! What with salt beef and no bread or vegetables, and hot rum and strong tea immediately before retiring to rest, added to all the other discomforts, there is no sleeping whatever; for mosquito nets, even if there are any, are not much good. And then there is no water for a bath in the morning, so that one feels like a boiled owl every day. And travelling at a walking pace so many miles is very wearisome at first, to people who only use horses in England for hunting and hacking about.

The first time I camped out in Queensland was in the dry bed of the Elliott River. Camping out was no novelty to me; for as a boy I often slept on the roof of the house in the summer, until the swallows, twitting round at early dawn, drove me in. And, going down the river from Oxford to London, I have camped out in the wettest of English weather; and several times haystacks have afforded me a snug bed—once on Salisbury Plain on a dripping February night.

But in the Elliott, near the Queensland Salisbury Plains, it was very different. My brother and I were somewhat casual travellers. We took no tents or provisions or servants, but usually made for some habitation at sundown, like "Sundowners"; for R. was always welcome; and, as for me, I held prayers and baptized the children; and in the morning tuned the piano.

Well, the Elliott was reached at sunset; and as darkness settled down, the horses were hobbled by strapping the stirrup-leathers about the fore feet; and the stirrup-irons dangled by the throat-lash round the neck served for bells, so that the cattle could be found in the morning. A good fire was made, and, scratching holes in the sand for our bones to fit in, we were soon asleep—for there was no supper and no strong tea to keep us awake.

But in a few minutes all was up. For suddenly, with a buzz and a roar, the whole air was filled with mosquitoes. R. did not display his grief beyond giving vent to a few groans

and innocent swear words, which were soon exchanged for peaceful snorings. But agony was my portion. I put on dog-skin gloves, bandaged my head, and did all I could to keep them out; but they bit even through boots and gloves, so I gave in, and spent the night dragging logs and boughs to heap on the flames.

Passing a swampy region, we were most amused at a number of "native companions"—a sort of flamingo. The birds did not mind our presence in the slightest as we stopped to watch their antics. They were dancing a minuet, bowing, striding, curtsying and pirouetting. How intensely droll they looked, with their tall red legs, long necks, and large hooked beaks!

Some of these interesting birds and beasts in the forests are far more reputable beings than some of the settlers. It is astonishing what a degraded existence many people lead in the bush. Frequently men take up a bit of land, build a hut upon it, plant an orange tree or two round it, and there they live for the rest of their lives. They do not marry or make any money; but every year, leaving the establishment to the care of some half-tamed black women who skulk about the place, they go to market, sell their produce, and retire to a shanty to drink away the proceeds. This done, they return, and begin life again. So it goes on, until some chance traveller or neighbour finds them dead of old age or neglect, or perhaps murdered by the blacks.

We went to see an old Scotchman of that sort. In the distance we saw the fellow in the garden with no clothes on whatever—just like Nebuchadnezzar! He saw us coming; and, when we reached the log-hut, he was partially clothed. The shutters were all closed; and when we entered, the man shut the door too. Without speaking to the creature, I opened all the shutters and doors; and, as I opened them, he shut them again. And so we followed each other round and round the house until it became monotonous. The hut was as filthy as its owner. The earth floor was strewn with decayed cockatoos' heads, feathers, fish bones and scales, and every kind of dirt that could raise a horrible stench. On the fire was a frying

pan with some grease in it, and on a shelf a discoloured piece of damper. There were some dried fish in a barrel, and in a bowl was some dirty salt collected from the shore.

I wanted my luncheon. Everything was filthy. What was to be done? In my frequent circuit of the house I had espied some eggs, so I put some into the man's hand, hoping he would boil them, for no dirt could get through egg-shells. Going into the garden, I gathered some melons, and, sitting on a log in the fresh air, called my brother; for no dirt could get into a melon, I thought. But in that I was disappointed. For, before I could get my knife out, the man had cut one of the melons with his filthy blade. He gave us boiled eggs, and then tore some salt beef off a disgusting hunk with his fingers, and gave us the fragments with his uncleanly hands. Ugh! We found eggs and melon quite enough!

On the other hand, some of the farmers, or "cockatoos," have delightful places, with nice, clean, happy families; and where there happen to be railways you can see the fine, bare-legged, intelligent-looking children jumping into the train and alighting again near a tin room out in the wilds, which is a school; and the evening train brings them back again. These are nearly always Scandinavian, Scotch, or German.

Speaking generally, these are the people who get on in Queensland at country pursuits; while in the towns, Jews, Irish, and Chinese are the most successful; and the Englishman usually holds posts to which some regular stipend is attached; but, of course, there are many exceptions.

It is worthy of note that few Englishmen occupy the highest political positions in the Colonies; such posts being frequently held with great credit and honour by Irishmen, conspicuous for their integrity: Ireland itself and India being the only English-speaking Countries in the world whose policy is not controlled by the energy and enterprise of the Irish character!

CHAPTER V.

THE BURDEKIN PLANTATIONS.

At length the great Burdekin was reached. The bed is about a mile wide where we struck it; but water flowed only a little way across, and as it was shallow there was no danger from alligators in sitting down in it to soak. Solemn pelicans stood watching for fish, and wild duck rose and wheeled overhead.

At another time when we crossed some way further up stream at Clare, one of the immense tributaries was in flood, and the water swept down from bank to bank. So we had to ride some way up, and there getting into a boat, one horse at a time was towed across; and thus the landing on the other side ought to be reached; but we were carried beyond once, and as my mare was filled with water, we left the steeds for the night on the bank and returned to the inn, where we learned that a bull had just been taken into the river, after a desperate fight with an alligator.

What a sight it must be when the river is full up to the top of the wooded banks, sixty feet high, for the Burdekin drains a tract of country two hundred by five hundred miles, in a district where sometimes in the wet season it rains as many inches in one day as fall in London in a year! Is it any wonder, then, that a steamer was wrecked on the Barrier Reef, twenty miles from the coast, owing to the river being in flood?

For a considerable distance in the neighbourhood of the Delta of the great Burdekin the soil is a rich deposit upon the sand. This sand is full of water from the river, so that the numerous indentations hollowed out by terrific floods form beautiful lagoons, with water standing always at the same

level as the river. Planters and settlers find a ready water supply wherever it is wanted by sinking a well through the upper soil into the sand, and fitting it with an American wind-mill pump.

How glad I was the first time, after a week or more among the "cockatoos," when R. told me that the next evening we should be at a sugar plantation, where every comfort would be obtained, mosquito nets in particular!

A number of magnificent plantations and pretty stations are situated on the Delta. The capital of this district is the township of Ayr, which consists of a school, an inn, a police court, a doctor's house, a magistrate's residence, and post office. Nearly all the planters are Scotch, but at Kalamia they are English.

Arriving there late in the evening we went to the bachelors' quarters, reserving a call upon the ladies for the next day. We received a splendid welcome, mingled with regrets that the mosquito nets had all been sent to the wash! How terrible! Even spending the sultry evening on the verandah I was compelled to wear a huge ulster to keep the pests off; and at bed time I could not at first see my bed across the room for them. Putting the mattress upon the verandah I got under a sheet, head and all, but it was no good: so another night of sorrow was added to the list.

As I write this, the very thought of those sleepless nights, for weeks, months, and years, makes me tired. But yet how splendid life is out there! How jolly all the planters were, and their wives and sisters, and the bachelors! What quantities of pumpkins, pines, melons, tomatoes, and oranges! What ripping evenings were spent, although at one house the doors and windows of the drawing-room had to be closed to keep mosquitoes out, and at another it was misery when sent out of an inner room made of netting to sing at the piano in another part of the splendid room, where the insects had it all their own way! And at the shower bath it had to be managed with as much expedition as getting inside the net when going to bed.

I have been in many parts of the Tropical World, but

nowhere have I found mosquitoes equal to those of the Burdekin Delta in variety, cunning, venom, and number. Yet for all this my visits were always made so delightful that as I look back to those good days I can even think of my tormentors with a slight suspicion of kindness. "Oh, memory, fond memory . . . e'en our sorrows time endears!"

At another plantation where bachelors held sway, and bachelor customs prevailed, a running conversation with peals of laughter was kept up all night through the wooden walls, during which R. snored serenely. The fellows had recently been visited by the brother of an English Lord of my acquaintance, whose droll way of describing things abroad, unusual to an Englishman, and his method of negotiating them, afforded food for a great deal of merriment. Frequent potations during the night were also suggested; and at about three or four o'clock, there was no alternative, even R. was dragged out of bed, and we all assembled on the top of the dining-room table—out of the way of the beetles—where we were obliged to swallow cheese and beef, and so on.

There is no doubt that drinking is very heavy in those parts. North Queenslanders consider it their duty to swallow more whisky and rum than the far greater population of all the hard-drinking Colonies of Australia put together. When people die from excessive drinking, it is pleasantly recorded in the local papers that death was caused by sunstroke!

After visiting all the people great and small, notices were posted up, and sent round, announcing services to be held at the court-house at Ayr on the two following Sundays at three P.M. The people responded splendidly. At the appointed time horses and buggies were flowing in from the bush by every track—planters, and the ladies in pretty white frocks, and their families, and the "boys" from the plantations, and farmers, storekeepers, government officials, and publicans. People of as many different creeds as occupations rolled up. They alleged that they wanted to hear the preaching of a parson who rode about like any other man without a coat, for the Australian hates a "snufflebuster".

The small court-house and verandah were filled; also the

adjoining house and verandah of the Roman Catholic constable, while others sat in their buggies near the windows, or under the vehicles in the shade.

The wife of one of the planters lent a splendid harmonium, so we had some fair singing.

It is well to be able to see all one's congregation when preaching, but it was certainly out of the question in that case.

At one part of the service some men in one of the carriages thought it was all over, so they retired to the inn for refreshments; but finding themselves alone they returned in time for the sermon. Then baptisms followed, and the Holy Communion was administered from the bench.

Two unfortunate women who came sixteen miles in a dog-cart stuck in a creek on the return journey, and did not reach home until two o'clock in the morning.

One Christmas day, returning from service at Ayr, I went a little way with some of the people on another road, and then across through the grass, as high as myself, to join my party; when suddenly the horse and I—Bible, chalice, and all—went head over heels through the long grass into an unseen pool of black mud. In that same paddock my horse was staked; and at another time a snake went for me, but I got out of its way.

On one of the return journeys to Bowen, at the end of a long day's ride over weary miles of level plains, through scrubs of sandal wood and she-oak, and forests of gum trees alive with green and ruby parrots screaming lustily as they fled away, we arrived at the station of some friends—an estate of four hundred and fifty square miles, carrying thirty thousand head of cattle. All the sons of the house were home for Christmas, and some other lads were with them on a visit.

When we appeared on the verandah after a wash down, the youths exclaimed with joy: "Here's the parson; come let us kill him!" and suiting action to the word each seized a cushion, and in a most good-humoured way commenced a furious onslaught, and nearly knocked the stuffing out of me. It was very good fun, but, oh! how I wanted my dinner! Yet there was nothing to be done but to fight for it.

In the meantime R. was having a gentle turn at the Cornish art with a man of his own size, and thus we both worked for our dinner.

This kind of thing was almost invariably the case too in the sea, and in some of the deep lagoons and rivers which happened to be free from alligators, where we all used to romp with the vigour and lightheartedness of schoolboys.

The same too on horseback, as we "sailed" through the bush, making the wilderness echo with song and chorus, laughter and mirth. Then, pulling up, more serious subjects would be discussed, until some mischievous fellow would disturb a hornet's nest with his stock whip, or start wrestling as the horses laid themselves out at speed; or perhaps a startled wallabi would bound away, or a company of kangaroos leap over the tufts of coarse grass as tall as the horses' withers; and after them some of us would ride at mad speed, heedless of being thrown out of the saddle by a collision with the stem of a tree, or of being sent head over heels, horse and rider too, by some fallen timber hidden in the rank growth. I wonder we were not killed at least six times a day.

In fact, in town and bush everybody in the North had the delightful knack of being in a continued state of youth and contentment. Never mind if a fortune had just been made or lost, the equable buoyancy of spirits was in keeping with the brilliancy of the lovely sky. How different in dear, solemn old England, where—

Chill and drenching moisture shrouds
The dismal land of leaden skies,

and furrowed features and sad expressions cause people to look as if they had just committed a murder, or were adding up accounts which would not tally, or as if Providence had meted out to them more than their rightful measure of woe.

CHAPTER VI.

A COROBBOREE.

WHILE the white intruders upon the Southern Continent have their methods of enjoyment, the black aborigines, who still survive, keep up their ancient customs.

Hearing that there was a large gathering of blacks in the neighbourhood of the plantation, who were holding *corobboree*, we went to see the strange sight. One of our friends had a black boy called Cockey, who was brother to King Jimmie; so at nightfall, Cockey, who wore European clothes, conducted us to the spot.

While waiting, a black, who lived in a *gunyah*, or hut, beneath some castor-oil bushes, heated the end of a boomerang and threw it. This unaccountable instrument revolves like a screw-propeller, and in the darkness the spark at the end could be seen whizzing round and round as it described a large circle in the air twice over, passing close by us on its orbit, and, on the second approach, falling at our feet. A boomerang can be thrown with the greatest precision, striking any object desired. When sent into a "mob" of cockatoos it brings down numbers of them. The instrument is merely a thin, flat piece of wood with an elbow, the size of a small arm.

After driving some way, we walked through a copse to the blacks' camp, arriving just as the full moon rose above the glare of an adjacent bush-fire.

Many hundreds of Kanakas, in hats, shirts and trousers, had assembled to witness the festivities of their still darker brethren; while about four hundred aboriginals occupied their camps and the arena.

There were three camps, all different in construction. In

one, the *gunyahs* were circular, with an entrance at one side; in another, they were long and narrow, with an entrance at each end; while the third had a low fence round the dwellings, which latter had no covering at all. All were made of small boughs stuck into the dust, with a few fern leaves laid over; but so slight were the structures that one could see through to where the occupants lay huddled up together with their dogs and children, upon skins and rags.

Within, a few smouldering sticks, which the women often blew to keep alight, emitted just enough smoke to keep out mosquitoes and demons.

One or two of the women were strutting about wearing skirts round the neck, with their arms sticking out: but none of the others had anything on whatever. Cockey brought King Jimmie to us; but, not being accustomed to Royal etiquette, I was rather shy; and I trust that I did not do wrong in giving him a stick of tobacco and a sounding spank. This worthy wore a skin slung across one shoulder—the only time I ever saw any native clothing on an aboriginal.

Mrs. King Jimmie then came forward, and I treated her in the same royal manner as her spouse: and she straightway proceeded to fill her pipe. Jimmie then said, "Thank you, sir, it cold night," and proceeded to follow us about, observing importunately, "Tumbacco no good without matchee".

The blacks now had to get boughs to beat back the bush fire, which threatened to come upon the camp: which done, they returned to dress for the ball; and, lying down on the floor of the huts, the ladies proceeded to paint the gentlemen. It was quite late when some of the men began to arrive in the arena; and, while they were assembling round a blazing fire of wood, we had an opportunity of taking in their "get-up".

The only garment was a band round the head, with the exception of a few men who had a belt round the waist too, to stick their weapons in. The faces were painted hideously, with false eyes delineated on the forehead; and their bodies, some blackened with charcoal and slime, were well polished. But most of them had coloured the whole body chocolate, grey,

or white ; others were parti-coloured, and flowing over all were beautifully executed patterns and designs in white or red.

After a bit, several more fires were lit, and rags and skins set in a semicircle on the ground. Then a really beautiful lady with a figure like Venus, and a red handkerchief round her head, and beads and shells round her neck and waist, and an apron of six pieces of grass, set a rug for us near King Jimmie who sat behind it with spears stuck in the ground before him. But we did not accept the honour, being afraid of—fleas.

An orchestra discoursed sweet music. A few ladies, all dirty, unclothed and unpainted, sat close together, with a skin or bit of blanket rolled up tightly between the unclothed thighs. This they struck with both hands in strict time. Behind these women a number of men stood, who struck boomerangs together between the flumps produced by the women, thus making a loud click to alternate with the flop. All the time, music, closely resembling "Gregorian chants," was being howled, sometimes by the women, sometimes by the men, and occasionally everybody joined in.

Non-performers sat in a large semicircle on the rags and skins ; while behind them the Kanakas were crowding.

The full moon was now in mid sky, and the planets beamed like lamps. The bonfires blazed, and the glare of the bush fires spread all around. Suddenly, with a wild yell, about a hundred painted savages, among whom was Cockey, now as nude as the day he was born, rushed into the arena. Standing in line, they stamped the right foot on the ground in time to the howling and flumping and clicking of the orchestra. This was very monotonous. Occasionally the dancers joined in the chant ; but as to what the words are all about it is difficult to tell, especially as they do not understand all of it themselves, for the dialects vary so much and, I believe, change very rapidly ; so that a great deal is sung in a dead language.

After a long time another dance was executed. Three lianas were attached to a stump and passed over the shoulders of as many lines of men, standing in the plan of a broad arrow, and stamping with the right foot and singing. Then with a short, sharp groan, as if they had been simultaneously hit in the wind,

they fell in perfect order upon the right side, and all was still as the grave; not a sound could be heard but the crackling of the fires, and the chirruping of crickets, while the silent moon shone with intense whiteness upon the weird scene illumined by the rosy light of the fires. Suddenly the music started again as the men leaped up and repeated the figures.

It was not until after midnight that the ladies' toilettes were finished, and the gentle sex favoured the proceedings with their presence. These dusky beings wore nothing whatever but shells or beads upon their necks, and some adorned their waists likewise. But they were not so highly painted as the men; and being only women, they did not dance.

When we retired, about a hundred and fifty savages were dancing.

There is no danger whatever in going to a *corobboree* in a neighbourhood where there are many settlers, for the blacks soon learn that they are not expected to murder and eat white men; besides which, they prefer the flesh of Chinese. Somewhere in that neighbourhood a tribe of blacks had no less than thirteen Chinamen for their Christmas dinner that year.

Nor do Kanakas indulge in cannibalism away from their own homes. Even in the South Sea Islands the flesh of white men is not esteemed a delicacy, as the use of tobacco makes the meat rank; so for that reason they prefer eating parsons to sailors, as a clergyman does not as a rule chew tobacco!

It appears that in most Countries where two races live together, there are different modes of distinguishing them. In Australia, by the word "natives" is understood the white Australian-born Colonials, while the original dark-skinned inhabitants are known as the "aboriginals," commonly called the "blacks".

In Australia Proper the blacks have almost died out. In Tasmania none exist at all, but in the North and West they abound. These aboriginals are a most interesting people from a naturalist's point of view, being the lowest type of humanity on the globe. They are rather below the average height, of a very dark chocolate colour, almost approaching black, and very thin. They have a curious smell, resembling that of tigers and

sawdust at a village fair. The hair of the head is rough and shaggy, but the body is not hairy, as stated in sundry ethnological works.

The Hottentots of Africa, the habitation of the chimpanzee, although not such a low type of humanity as the Australian aboriginal, in several points of construction resemble their neighbours the chimpanzees; but it is significant that the Australian black, although a lower type than the Hottentot, is in every point entirely human. The elongation of the heel is the chief peculiarity.

In a savage, the first instinct after sustaining and propagating life is to fight. Then comes the pride of ornament; after this a desire for useful clothing is acquired. The Australian blacks have not reached the last-named instinct. But for ornament a great deal of trouble is taken. A stick passed through the cartilage of the nostril is indispensable; necklaces made of mother of pearl, and a crown of cockatoos' crests, are sometimes used; but the greatest beauty of all is arrived at by cutting long gashes across the chest and back, and down the arms and thighs. The wounds are kept open for some time, and probably some herbal properties applied. When allowed to heal, a raised lump is left the size of a sausage cut in half lengthways. It has a very strange effect, and is quite hard to the touch.

Ladies frequently adorn the head by fixing little pellets of mud, or the fluffy feathers of the cockatoo, at the end of each tuft of hair. A belt of a sort is sometimes used for carrying weapons, and a piece of string round the fore arm to hold a pipe, if possessed of one. If you give a black a handkerchief to tie round the waist, it is immediately bound round the head, amid smiles and giggles of delight.

Birds build better nests than the blacks do *gunyahs*. Fire is produced by the friction of wood.

Every tribe has a widely differing dialect. The language contains few abstract words, but there is a name for every sort of plant; some even having different names in their different stages of growth. The names of relationships are very numerous. A friend of mine made out fifty-two. The table

of kindred and affinity within which marriage is not allowed would afford considerable satisfaction to Churchmen in England. Its construction is most scientific and rational.

They understand "to-day," "yesterday," and "to-morrow," all other times being before or after. Thus they can count five.

No provision is made for the morrow ; they do not cultivate the soil ; and food procured is devoured at once. If little, then they hunt or fish again the next day ; but if there is a surfeit of provisions they gorge like a boa constrictor, swelling out to a



Piccaninnies after Tea.

great size, like india-rubber, and then sleep until that is digested, when a search is made for more.

They have a natural instinctive belief in the future existence of the body and spirit. They also believe in a presiding Demon, whom they call "Father," but they have a great dread of Him. With these native ideas of God and of a future state there is some slight foundation for missionaries to work upon ; but the few feeble attempts that have been made by some of the sects

have proved almost futile. I knew some Moravian missionaries who could not make any impression whatever. They had splendid estates, with schools where the *piccaninnies* were taught a little German; and the *bamas* and *gins* (men and women) were taught to sow sweet potatoes; but it is doubtful if they ever understood how the crops came up and increased. The usual way they came up was by the darkies themselves uprooting the seed potatoes the next time they were hungry.

They camped on the mission estate just when they chose; wore no clothes, in spite of the endeavours to make them wear handkerchiefs, which did not fit, even if they put them on for a little while; and, whenever fancy moved them, they would rove all over the country, hunting and spearing everything that came in the way.

The missionary showed me one or two splendid letters alleged to have been written by some Christianized *gins* some time before in the South.

On one occasion I was holding a service for white children, at which a *gin* from a neighbouring Irishman's house chanced to be present. After service she was asked what she thought of it, to which she replied: "That no good; me a Roman Catholic!"

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE ON THE BURDEKIN.

THE sugar plantations and mills on the Burdekin Delta are very fine. The machinery is made chiefly in Scotland and France, but some is produced in the Colonies. Sugar is boiled in a vacuum at a temperature considerably less than the heat in the sun outside, where, for my edification, an egg was placed on the ground. In a few minutes it was cooked on the upper side, and, when turned over, was soon fit for food.

The plantation officials are all white men—the boilers usually being French; but the labourers are all coloured people, Polynesians, or Kanakas, as they are incorrectly called. Kanaka, with the accent on the second syllable, is the Polynesian for a “man”.

But the coloured labourers are neither Polynesians nor Kanakas, for they come from the Islands of Melanesia, which are situated in the South-West portion of the Pacific, and are inhabited by a race of people entirely distinct from the Polynesians who inhabit the Eastern side of the Ocean; and I believe the word Kanaka does not even occur in any of the Melanesian dialects.

Several of the splendid plantations are closed, as they do not pay; and no wonder, for the amount of labour employed is prodigious. The mills are full of people, like flies. The machinery is crowded with men, and in the tanks numberless darkies are up to their waists working and perspiring in the hot syrup.

What a contrast are American sugar mills! I asked where the labourers were, for the mills looked almost deserted. “Oh!” said the Americans, “the work is all done by machinery.”

The propriety of employing these coloured labourers is much questioned by politicians, as well as by Exeter Hall. It is contended, first of all, that Australia is for the white man. That may be all very well for the Southern Colonies; but as no white men could work in the brakes or mills in the Northern climate—nor would they if they could—both of which have been proved,—if the sugar industry is to be maintained, members of the Legislature, who live in the cooler South, must legislate for Tropical conditions in the North; and suitable labourers must be allowed.

Next, Exeter Hall comes in with the cry of "Slavery!" Well, they are quite right; for so it is a modified form of slavery. Labour ships go out to the South Sea Islands recruiting. The traffickers explain to the savages that their services are required in the white man's Country for a term of years, at the expiration of which they must return to their homes. There certainly have been cases of kidnapping and cruelty; but then, is there any system or law, however well inspected, that rises superior to occasional abuse?

The darkies like going to the Colonies. They pick up some of the white men's accomplishments, and some of their vices, both of which they like,—especially the latter; and then they return to the Islands, often enough enlisting again so as to revisit the plantations.

On the plantations they have their rations, their houses, their doctors, and their inspectors; while, instead of expending their energies upon inter-tribal wars—as they do at home as a substitute for cricket or work—they keep up their muscle and regulate their health by daily toil; and on moonlight nights they dance and sing. Moreover, every evening hymns and prayers can be heard in some of the Kanaka villages, which imagination's ear would have to be very keen to detect in many of the white people's houses.

Then there is the Society for the Protection of Native Races, and people who allege with truth that the Melanesian Islands are being denuded of their population owing to the labour traffic.

Be that as it may, Exeter Hall—it seems to me—should

rejoice in the fact, directing its eloquence in its favour; for it offers splendid missionary advantages which should be pounced upon at once as they actually exist to-day.

So many of us parsons live in an ethereal atmosphere of theory, attempting to deal with the world as we fancy it ought to be, instead of promptly setting to work about the matter precisely as we find it. Then we are astonished that the wild idea formed in the brain does not come off in practice. A case in point is that of the Melanesian Diocese.

If the population is so reduced that on an island forty miles square only a hundred natives are left, and on another, twenty-five miles by five, not a single soul lives, where are the people of the Diocese? Why, in Queensland and Fiji.

This being so, instead of wasting so much energy in lamentation, could not the Melanesian Mission work more thoroughly hand in hand than ever has been attempted, with the Bishops of Queensland and Fiji? (which latter place—in the economy of the Anglican Church—is in the Diocese of London!). For although people insist upon ignoring the fact, at both of these Colonies Melanesians can be brought together in greater numbers and under far more favourable conditions than at their island homes, or even at Norfolk Island itself—the headquarters of the mission.

Here, then, is the opportunity as it actually exists.

In some parts of the Colonies some good work is being done among the coloured labourers on the plantations chiefly in Pigeon English. But at a place like the Burdekin, where thousands of them dwell within a few miles, nothing was done! Where is the Church?

The difficulty of the Melanesian Mission must always be the enormous variety of dialects used in the Islands. Now, on the plantations, all that is to a considerable extent obviated; for the sugar business is conducted in Pigeon English, a horrid, gruesome patois, made up of scraps of the dialects, some simple English words, a large proportion of rubbish, with a little Chinese thrown in. Now, if the poor brown people can carry on their earthly vocation in one language—hodge-podge though it be—instead of in a hundred dialects,

why should not their spiritual calling be worked, to a greater extent than it is even at present, in the same absurd lingo ; though I have had the grim satisfaction of hearing several Bishops, versed in classic lore, groan at such a profane idea ?

Certainly the Bible could not be rendered into classical or reverential Pigeon English ! But, after all, the object of missionary work is not necessarily and primarily to make graceful translations of the Scriptures. Is it not rather to implant the general saving principles—not of necessity the poetry—of the Book in the breast of the untutored savage ?

I can only vouch for it that a Confirmation held in that ridiculous language is by no means the essence of poetry. But what of that ?

When merely a visitor at the Burdekin, I obtained leave to hold a service for those brown people. A planter immediately lent his bachelor quarters for the purpose, and all the “ boys ” gave me a hand. The meeting had to be held at night, and on a week day. Now, darkies are afraid of the night ; and, moreover, a furious thunderstorm was raging at the time, with a deluge of rain. And yet, after the day’s hard work, nearly eighty poor brown people rolled up. Hymns were sung in English, which some of them repeated in one of the dialects, and *vice versâ*. I tried to talk Pigeon English to them, but that proved a failure, as I had only been a few months in the land, and knew nothing about it. But my ludicrous efforts at least had the effect of keeping my white helpers in a good temper, for they retired to the other side of the verandah to give vent to their laughter.

A brown family brought a child to be baptized, so a basin of water was placed on the table with the lamp ; and doubtless Annie Kelamia was validly baptized, in spite of the myriads of moths, beetles, and every creeping thing possessed of wings which came to the lamp, and falling into the basin filled it up ; so that there was nothing to be done but to baptize the sweet little creature by pouring upon it handfuls of damp moths.

Even under such adverse circumstances it was very clearly demonstrated that the Melanesians appreciated the attempt at a meeting, and that the matter should be worked in an

adequate manner, and not in any half-hearted or experimental and trifling way.

A priest and a few lay brethren living in community could work the whole of that district, giving Sunday services to the white people as well. But, unfortunately, instead of sending suitable parsons and brotherhoods to the work, authorities at home—much to the dismay of the needy souls abroad—spend so much valuable time and energy at congresses and convocations and over the claret, considering whether such work would be High Church or Low Church, for which worthless deliberations the shadow of the dial does not tarry.

And, then, would the right men volunteer for the work? While I was at the Antipodes, I read of a brotherhood being started in London. The men professed to be going to work for eternal souls! A house was taken, and the brethren took possession; but the society immediately broke up. Why? Because there were fleas in the house!

Having some business to transact with an old settler on Cape Bowling-green, R. took a planter and me with him. In the evening we came to a nice little farm belonging to some capital Irish people. They had a piano, at which I sat down to play. The others thereupon put the papa outside with his pipe, and shut the mamma into the kitchen; then, being joined by the boys, they danced with those jolly girls until midnight, when their mother brought in some supper.

After the repast the journey was resumed in the dark, through swamps and over flats, until the goal was reached, when the old man was hunted out of bed; and as soon as the business had been transacted we cantered home as the fireflies and stars began to wane in the light of the dawning day.

A dance at a planter's was very enjoyable. The ladies appeared in handsome frocks, and most of the men donned dress clothes. R. and I obviously had none with us; so we rigged ourselves out in new white suits at the store, and after dinner started with some of the boys for a mile walk in pitch darkness to the mill, whence we were to proceed in the tram.

On the way to the mill I had the misfortune to get one leg into a pool of black mud, near an irrigation ditch. Owing to

some mistake the horses had been turned out, causing a long delay. Then, a few miles along the road, the fellows suddenly sprang out; but I "sat tight" to see what was going to happen, when bang went the waggon into another one coming the other way, from which was discharged a heap of Kanaka women, *piccaninnies*, and bundles. I hurriedly picked up one, the nearest to hand, and gently patting it gave it into the arms of a whimpering woman. It was not a baby, but a bundle!

A few miles further on we ran into a waggon standing on the line, for it was so dark. So we varied the journey by paying a couple of calls. Next, the vehicle left the rails near a creek, into which the Bishop had been shot head first a few months before. When at length the house was reached, our party gave a fresh impetus to the dance, for the programme was nearly finished. My black and white legs were also a source of amusement.

But even in a land of perpetual exuberance, sickness and old age will have their way in the end, and I was sent for to perform the last rites of the Church for a humble family.

Most of the neighbours far and near repaired to the house of mourning. The coffin was reverently placed, as far as it would go, in a spring cart, with the upper end protruding over the tailboard; and then the cavalcade moved off at a canter for about half a dozen miles in clouds of dust, to the cemetery—just a cluster of graves in the open bush.

It was a strange sight, the people travelling along in groups quietly chatting and smoking, and anon pulling up at some slip-rails, and, with uncovered heads, allowing the body to pass through first. There were one or two more buggies, and some good nags; but some of the people had got anything in the way of a steed that could be procured; and many were the lanky foals scampering along in the procession after their dams, which were carrying some of the mourners.

Then there was a country race meeting at Brandon. We were invited to lunch with the stewards; but, as we could not see across the room for tobacco smoke, we preferred a picnic with a planter's family.

It is most interesting finding the instincts of the Mother

Country so strong in the Colonies. But abroad, sporting tastes are within reach of most of the people's means, and many of the small farmers and shop boys and clerks own their horses, and enter them for these races.

Some of the Northern horses have done very well at Melbourne.

At this little Northern meeting all the people were happy and as keen as possible, as the horses sped over the course with grass a couple of feet high. When we left the scene at sunset all was perfectly orderly. But after that the "fun" began, which we were well out of.

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT ABORIGINES.

As the white population spreads ever onwards into the Never-Never Country, so the aborigines gradually become extinct.

Captain Cook states that he saw very few inhabitants in Australia; nevertheless, in the North they are very numerous at the present day.

In their own natural wild state, they are not a lascivious race; moreover, the "Table of kindred and affinity" is so strictly adhered to in marriage, that any breach of the rule, whether in the case of members of the tribe or of strangers—white or black—is avenged by death.

This accounts for so many of the so-called "brutal murders" recorded in the newspapers; for the honest wild blacks have their codes of honour and morality which they respect as much, and often more, than many of the white people do theirs.

One of the most extraordinary practices among the blacks is the ceremony of initiation and "making of young men". A great deal has been written about it; and the customs vary as the dialects; but the fundamental system is the same all over the continent.

When a good number of youths are ready for initiation, a large gathering is held, at which the festivities and solemnities last for a week or so. The youths are instructed in the existence of the Father and in the code of morality—the poor women always being excluded from any Theological instruction, for there are no New Women among the blacks. Amongst other things, the youths are placed close to a hot fire to test their endurance, sometimes indeed hung by the heels over it; and one of the front teeth is next knocked out with a stick and

a mallet, amid much excited dancing; after which they are introduced to a mud figure of Daramulun, the Great Spirit—the Master, the Father. The figure is afterwards destroyed.

The youths are then turned out for several days to forage for themselves, being forbidden certain foods. Upon their return to the camp, they are considered full-blown men, and are at liberty to take wives unto themselves.

If the single ladies of the tribe are all within the prescribed limits of affinity, then a youth must seek a bride elsewhere. Now, as tribes are almost always at enmity, there can be no poetry surrounding the sweet season of courtship; in fact, the bold swain pounces down upon a group of unsuspecting damsels, and carries off the first to hand—possibly somebody else's wife. This outrage must be punished by death.

The warriors march off through the forests to the hunting grounds of the offending tribe. They paint their naked bodies, and the battle is arrayed. A warrior steps out from each side and hurls spears at his adversary.

Spears are thin saplings sharpened at one end, about twelve feet long, sometimes barbed. In some tribes the *woomera* is used. It is a flat piece of wood a yard long, with a clip at one end made of shells, to receive the end of the spear, adding its length to that of the arm; and thus giving additional power to the throw of the spear. The *nullanulla*, a short club, is used for close quarters; and the boomerang also. The wooden sword, and a wooden shield, roughly painted, are not very common.

Fighting with spears consists of hurling the weapons with immense velocity and splendid aim, at the same time dodging the adversary's spears or parrying them with a boomerang. It is just as likely that those standing in the ranks will be speared as the combatants. Sometimes the excitement is so intense that the engagement becomes general.

From this it will be seen that the daughters of Eve are again at the bottom of the murders and battles even in the wilds of North Queensland,—if indeed they are daughters of Eve, and not pre-Adamites!

It is the case throughout all parts of the Pacific, where natives are really wild, that if it is a white man who offends,

the white man has to be killed the same as the black one, without waiting for judge or jury, court or verdict. And as one white man is not distinguished from another, it often comes about that when some innocent white people, with the best intentions, unsuspectingly visit a place, they are promptly massacred on behalf of the rightful offenders. And then Men-of-War, or the armed police, are despatched to butcher the honest savages.

Although the blacks in the bush are nude, they are not allowed in the townships without clothing. The *gins* will scrub out a house and rough-wash the clothes, sticking to the work pretty well, until wages of food and tobacco are given out, when nothing more will be done.

Sometimes a *gin* procured early in life from a distant part can be made rather a useful servant, keeping herself tidily dressed and clean; but she lives in dread of being run off with by anybody in a neighbouring tribe in want of a wife.

A friend of mine had a very nice little girl, Minnie, to nurse the babies. The little *gin's* great grief was that she was not white, and the great trouble of her mistress that she would not wash, until told that she would become white by being very good, and by constantly using Pears' Soap. After that the poor little girl was perpetually in the bath-room.

On cattle stations, the blacks are very useful as servants. They can ride the roughest horses, having very good seats, though bad hands. Their wives and *piccaninnies* live with them under boughs, or in some of the station buildings. But, on the other hand, the wild tribes on the stations are most mischievous, spearing horses and cattle for their own food.

One day, calling for a police official, I found that he had taken his "boys" to punish a tribe who had murdered a settler; and, not content with that, had tied grass to their spears, which was set on fire, and then hurled at the thatched roofs of the station buildings.

These "boys"—as all black servants of every and any sort are termed—are troopers in the armed police. Boys are obtained from distant parts and consequently are at variance with the tribes in their police districts, and do not often desert for fear of being killed by their new neighbours. They are armed

with rifles, dressed in a uniform, live in barracks and are well drilled. If any outrages are perpetrated in their district, it affords them the greatest joy to hunt their fellow-creatures. They are marvellous trackers, seeing by a bruised leaf or a bent twig, as they canter along, the course of the fugitive, who is sure to be caught.

Sometimes a boy deserts, leaving his uniform, but taking his rifle and plenty of rounds of ammunition, with which he makes himself a dangerous acquisition in the neighbourhood, for they are good shots.

Pearl-shell divers and *bêche-de-mer* fishers find the blacks very useful in their boats; but this employment leads to a good many murders on either side.

Clothes, when worn, are a mere incubus to the poor creatures; and they rip them off as soon as camp is reached, and often enough before,—very wisely too, for the Almighty has provided them with good waterproof hides. But when covered with clothes wet with perspiration or rain, the pores of the skin cannot act, so that were they to remain in camp with unnatural clothing on, even more of them would contract rheumatism and lung diseases.

In addition to clothing as a means of exterminating wild races, the corruptions with which many of the white people corrupt them near towns and inhabited regions, produce vices and diseases which flourish in them as in virgin soil.

That blacks are shot down in large numbers is an open secret; “civilization by lead” it is called. But people so doing can be tried for murder.

The police, too, handle, them very roughly, though perhaps necessarily so. A friend of mine was out with some police in a district where the blacks had become aggressive. They had threatened some whites,—with just cause be it said,—and had looted a Chinese settlement. So one of the police rode off among the poor blacks with his revolver, coming back bespattered with blood and brains.

Blacks are very savage. A naturalist wishing to obtain the skull of an aboriginal, offered half a crown for one, thinking there would be no difficulty about digging up one. But not a

bit of it! A black went straight out to his camp and struck off his brother's head, bringing it back to the naturalist for his half-crown. The doctor who saw the corpse told me that by the ragged way in which the operation had been performed, he was certain that the head had been knocked off with a piece of wood—probably a boomerang.

Just before I left the Country, a gentleman whom I had met was hewn to pieces with tomahawks by three blacks; and another with whom I often stayed was shot through the head with his own gun by a black.

Dining at a lonely house one evening, I noticed an ordinary spear hanging on the wall. My host said: "It is only the spear with which poor so-and-so had been killed".

At another lonely place, hundreds of miles from anywhere, I was most interested in a wonderful set of native weapons fitted with quantities of iron. Their history was as follows. A man and his wife—settlers in that part—were travelling home to their place. They camped for the night near the ford in the river close by, sleeping under the buggy. It was their last sleep. For at daybreak the blacks found them, murdered them, and with the ironwork of the vehicle made these implements by rubbing the iron on stone until worn to the required shape. It is curious that they know the use of iron, though living in the "stone age".

The worst of it is that when the blacks want to attack you they are rarely to be seen. Like the snakes, they are hidden in the tall grass, and you do not even suspect their presence until the deadly wound is made. Or they hide behind trees and ant heaps; or, again, they get at people when asleep, just before dawn. At night they generally retire, being afraid of the dark; but yet spears have been hurled at shadows thrown by the lamp on the side of a tent.

On one occasion, when travelling with an orderly, the man asked some fellows we met to share my tent for the night. The tent was pitched on the best site obtainable, and the blanket laid on the rough stones, among which were the funnel-shaped holes of innumerable ants' nests. I lay on the outside, squashing ants all night, and throwing off the arms and legs of

the man sleeping next to me, for he flung himself all about the tent, and talked loudly in his sleep—without swearing, curious to relate! He told me that he never had rested quietly since he had been speared as he was riding along through the bush, singing and smoking, and not dreaming of danger, when a black had hurled a spear at him from behind. Half its length had gone through the ribs, without piercing any vital part. He galloped away, taking out his knife and cutting off the part of the spear which protruded in front; but he had twelve miles to ride before he found anybody to help. This was a white woman, who pushed the rest of the spear through him, as it could not be pulled out from behind on account of the barbs.

Another time, in that same part—the neighbourhood of the Palmer Gold-field—I had an orderly with me. The man had a touch of fever, and wished to lie down in the bed of the river, while I was to go on. By-and-by I heard him call from the other side of the river. I was on the wrong side, and had to retrace my steps to a ford a few gunshots behind. Upon overtaking the man I found him lying down again. He directed me to go on between some rocks and up the mountain side. This I did; being soon overtaken, however, by the orderly, who came cantering up the hill, and seemed rather excited. While lying down, the horse was pawing and snorting and pulling at the bridle to get after my horse, as he supposed. But on looking up he saw—exactly where I had been a few minutes before—a number of blacks trying to get an aim at him between the bushes. No doubt about it; for on looking back there was the grass burning at that very spot, and I had not been smoking all day, so could not have fired it myself. This was a signal to other blacks. Rather a narrow escape for me, for I must have been close to them!

Wretched Chinamen who have gardens, or who “cradle” a little gold in sequestered spots, are frequent victims to the spears of the hungry blacks. A good rice-fed Chinaman is a very favourite dish of theirs; but they do not often consume white people; they say we are too salt!

The presence of Chinamen in the Colony is not liked by

the Colonials; and it appeared to me that the destruction and consumption of the poor Chinese was rather winked at by the people, if not by the authorities.

The method of cooking is primitive. Small articles of food are plastered with mud and thrown into the embers, but larger joints or bodies are simply thrown into the embers without even the removal of the entrails. The charred part is knocked off; then they gnaw the food as far as it is cooked, and throw it in again, and so on until the gentlemen have finished their meal, when the remainder, if any, is tossed over the shoulder to the miserable *gins*, with their sweet little babies like young Berkshire pigs.

As to how fresh or how tough the meat is, or how long it has been hung, they are not particular; but I can vouch for it that the smell of a very gamy snake being cooked is revolting in the extreme.

CHAPTER IX.

A CYCLONE.

IN North Queensland meteorological arrangements are very complete. Telegraphic communication is perfect, considering the local conditions; for flooded rivers raging over the tops of the telegraph poles, and severe electrical disturbances, are apt to interrupt communication. The blacks, too, often tear down the wires to make barbs for their spears.

At the time that white women throughout the world considered it becoming to improve their figures by wearing "bustles," the black ones were very mischievous, breaking down quantities of telegraph wire. Apropos of this, an amusing cartoon appeared in a Colonial comic paper, representing a black *gin*, who had ingeniously manufactured a bustle out of telegraph wire and put it upon her sleek, naked body, proceeding to spread over it a blanket, and straining her eyes over her shoulder to obtain a view of the effect, while sundry dusky swains—without even the bustle to clothe themselves with—gaze on in rapture.

After this, coils of wire were left on the ground near telegraph lines, in regions where blacks were troublesome, for them to apply to the uses of art and war, without interfering with the electric business of the Country, which, barring the trifles mentioned, is excellent.

Just at this time the clerk of the weather—for we boast of one in Queensland—wired up North that a cyclone might be expected in our part on a certain day. Such a message as this filled the Bowenites with serious alarm; for only a few years before, the town had been blown away, with the exception of the Court House and the Anglican Church, and the sea had

risen to such an extent that a large steamer was left stranded above high-water mark. On receiving warning of the approaching storm it was quite amusing to see the inhabitants tying their match-board houses down with ropes and chains, and making every preparation for the worst.

R. and I were nevertheless going out into the bush. What is there more glorious than to be well mounted on unshod horses, chatting and singing with the best of companions, as we canter gently along over a boundless expanse of grass, among forests of scented trees and old-world palms and cycads, in a perfect atmosphere, with the hot brilliant sunshine and a soft breeze, which rises every morning at ten o'clock?

Then there is always something to engage the eye and interest the mind as we rove through virgin forests untouched by the rude hand of man, or climb mountains from whose summits the uninhabited wilderness stretches on all sides—a world of trees—bounded only by the far-distant horizon. Travelling along, there would be a glimpse of the sea—a peep at a range of blue mountains—different sorts of snakes gliding out of the way—a creek or bed of a torrent fringed with splendid trees of great variety, including bottle-trees—a lagoon full of large purple water lilies, or still larger pink ones, like china—iguanas waddling off in the greatest hurry, and scuttling up a tree—wondrous butterflies of startling blue or vivid green—the different king-fishers, some with a long tail-feather like a hair with a curl at the extremity—gay parrots flying in great numbers among the trees, shrieking as they flash and sparkle in the sun, like jewels—clouds of white cockatoos high up against the blue sky, of a whiteness that is dazzling in that intense light. They remind one of Doré's pictures with white clouds, which, on close inspection, appear to be angels, until the cockatoo-sentinel spies us out, when he yells, certainly not an angelic note, to the rest, and they all take up the cry and shriek too, as if to see which could produce the loudest and most gruesome din. And then there are black cockatoos, so handsome with the red feathers in the tail and under the wing. Kangaroos and wallabies, too, in abundance you can chase if so disposed through acres of bushes like dwarf laburnum, with

ripe seeds tinkling in the pods like myriads of fairy bells chiming as you fly along. Certainly such a ride is glorious!

Staying at a friend's station, where there happened to be very few mosquitoes, the other things were terrible, for there was a litter of pups under the apology for a bed! Every time I stayed at that house a hen used to come in the morning and lay an egg on the bed. How thoughtful of that hen!

Although between mosquitoes, vermin, and strong tea, I rarely sleep when travelling, I was glad to lie down on the floor of a hut the next night, as a very painful abscess was forming in my ear and another in the leg.

Crossing a large river of sand, with just a stream of water a foot wide and an inch deep trickling along, we endeavoured to bathe, by scraping away the sand to make a bath; but it silted up so rapidly that it was quite a failure. Moreover, I was much alarmed by hearing peals of most vulgar laughter close by; and then a soft voice said, "You — fool," using an adjective which it would not be polite to repeat. And yet I could see nobody as I tried to cover myself from the public gaze in the inch of water. R. was delighted at my discomfort; his unbrotherly joy shocked me excessively. I was most vexed, until told that the laughter was produced by the "laughing jackass," and that the gentle voice which used such ungentle language was that of a pigeon.

In the evening a lovely station was reached, so beautiful, so peaceful, so grateful, belonging to a lady and her family. At the foot of a sloping lawn, on which were the family tombs, ran a pretty rivulet with weeping willows dipping in the clear water reflecting the beautiful form of Mount Dryander which rises to an altitude of three thousand feet from a level fertile plain a few miles off. On the brow of the lawn stood the old-fashioned log house, round the central hall of which were clustered the other rooms and verandahs; the whole being covered with inevitable corrugated iron. But a profusion of lovely creepers gave the building a rural and picturesque aspect.

In the rear of the house rose a well-wooded hill, and on either side opened out a wide valley, through one of which the sun was setting in all his radiant glory, illuminating the golden

fruit, and the glossy leaves of the cocoanuts, and the brilliant blossoms of the shrubs and vines, while the kind welcome to the house was as warm as the sunlit, rosy air.

When the ladies retired to kill and dress a kid for dinner, we wished to bathe. Being recommended not to try the river, as it was full of snags, we were stood out upon the lawn, while the sons of the house enjoyed the fun of pelting us with buckets of water, as if we had been muddy carriages.

After service, a frog fell from the rafters. "Now for a gun, for there is a snake up there." "Yes. There is his tail, and there his head." Bang! down he comes. Only a small carpet snake; but it would have been all the same had it been a dangerous one.

There was a man, F., staying at the house. He had been roughing it in the Colony for many years, and used to work on stations among the cattle, adopting the aboriginals' custom of going about destitute of clothing. One man who hired him insisted upon his wearing at least a hat, in case he might get sunstroke. He was scarlet all over, and as hard as a piece of wood. I need only add that he was clothed at this house.

In the night, instead of going to bed, F., much to our annoyance, paced up and down the house, frequently ejaculating, "There is something terrible going to happen!" He was like the lion in the arena before the destruction of Pompeii.

By-and-by there came across the night air a distant weird roaring noise. The stillness of the slumbering hours was aroused. Something terrible was at hand, as foretold by the clerk of the weather. The wind began to moan, then to whistle, then to bellow; the roof rattled, the trees shrieked, rain rushed and hissed, lightning blazed, and thunder crashed and boomed.

All the household was busy holding on to goods, and catching things as they were being hurled off by the violence of the storm. The roof was ripped up and carried away. Shutters and doors, walls and furniture, off they went, and people raced after them to the rescue. All were at work, myself included.

As before mentioned, I had a bad leg coming on, and considering the bed to be the most valuable article in my part of

the house, I right manfully lay in it, and so held it down. From the comfortable bed I watched the roof go off the room, piece by piece. From it, I saw the slabs and boards go,—I saw everything go, until there was nothing left at my side of the house but me and my noble bed. Together we weathered the storm bravely; together we remained in the torrents of rain and blinding lightning, littered with broken timber, hornets' nests, oranges, bits of furniture from the next room, pummeloes and guavas, boughs of trees and sundry other things too numerous and varied to mention.

I had never witnessed a cyclone before, and the kind bed generously afforded me a front seat on the brow of the hill, from which the whole show was seen splendidly. Moreover, as you do not always require a roof over your head in that Country, it was a mere trifle being left without one on a night like that.

When the storm ceased and daylight forced itself in a measure through the still inclement state of the weather, it was strange to see the river a long way up the lawn, and spreading its turbid waters over the plain we had traversed only the day before, right up to the foot of the mountain. Two trees out of every three were blown down, and no leaves were left on any. Water was running everywhere; and the bright peaceful scene of yesterday was now an expanse of dull grey and wholesale desolation.

As there was considerable anxiety about friends at Bowen, our hostess and I rode a little way to see if the journey could be made; but every outlet was cut off by water.

By the evening, the central hall of the house had been partially repaired. People were busy all day carrying pieces of the building back, especially the roofing, from all the country round; and that night all of us—men, women, and children—lay in a row like sardines, on the floor under the table.

Day broke to find the waters assuaged to some extent; so we took horses and started for a forty-mile ride to the town. Our hostess, R., and I, with four horses, formed the party. For many miles it was a case of plunging along through water and over fallen trees, until a creek was reached which was

running furiously. We stood on the edge of a high vertical bank, from which it could be seen that the chief danger in crossing would be a snag some way down, in which one might become dangerously entangled.

The lady wished to return. I urged further consideration, but none was granted. For at that moment the bank where I was standing suddenly fell in, horse and rider being unceremoniously hurled into the torrent. In spite of getting the horse's head up stream as I swam by his side, we were swept straight down into the snag. Fortunately the horse touched bottom just there, and we were soon out on the other side, where there was a good landing.

The lady then—with the pluck of an Australian woman reared in the bush, or of an English woman brought up in the hunting field—proposed crossing. A place much further up stream was selected for entering the water so as to enable her to reach the opposite bank higher up than the snag.

The lady, with little apology, divested herself of a lovely black silk dress she was riding in. This was fixed to the saddle, and she mounted in her red flannel petticoat and white stockings! With R. on one side of the torrent and myself on the other, there could be little risk; and into the water she rode, being nevertheless swept past both of us right into the woeful snag.

What happened then was most distressing, for the only remaining garment—the red one—was ripped nearly off by that unblushing snag. Just then the horse touched bottom, and, seeing that all danger was past, I playfully recommended that she should put up her lace parasol, as it was raining slightly.

R. then drove the other horses across, swimming after them himself. Soon we were in marching order again; and by beguiling the time with songs and conversation it did not seem very long before we reached the town soon after nightfall.

We were glad to find that the storm had not visited that part with so much fury. No one was killed, and only a moderate amount of damage had been done.

Friends at home received us with joy; but I fear that my visit this time must have been very troublesome; for the bad

ear and leg confined me to my bed, where I remained for several weeks in horrible agony, unable to lie on either side ; and the children of the neighbourhood used to make crosses and wreaths of flowers, bringing them through the open doors and windows to lay on me as if I had been a corpse !

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT CLOTHING.

ALTHOUGH aborigines are destitute of clothing, in the almost unbearable heat of North Queensland every European absurdity of dress is eagerly adopted in the towns by white people, with the solitary exception of the tall hat, although men usually wear white suits. The white clothes of a friend of mine were so highly starched that, when he stepped out into the sun, he was of such a dazzling whiteness, as described in the hymn, that one could not look that side of the street without putting on green spectacles.

Ladies' white walking dresses were certainly extremely pretty and becoming; but I wonder they do not adopt the Hawaiian *holoku*, or "Mother Hubbard," made as prettily and as ornamental as desired, and always comfortable and loose-fitting. Hawaiian ladies wear them indoors; and in North Queensland, where it is so very hot, I wonder exceedingly that they do not adopt the *holoku* always. But then if I were a woman, no doubt I should cease wondering at all, and wear just what all the rest of the people wore, however inconvenient and detrimental to health and beauty.

In the bush, as in the English country, things are different; for every man dresses just as he likes—usually a clean shirt with breeches and boots, or more usually gaiters—for boots are so intolerably hot. There is generally a jacket somewhere about to put on in the house, if the ladies have not the wisdom to order "all coats off," which is almost a general custom among the better class of people.

A man I knew in the bush used to wear underclothes, trousers, a waistcoat, collar, tie, and coat; but he died!

A good story was told of a Northern Bishop, which would redound to the credit of any Bishop. His Lordship was expected to arrive one afternoon at a certain large town. The people were very fond of him, and a large cavalcade rode forth to meet him. Some way out, they passed what they took to be a Chinaman near the road, boiling his "billy" for tea, with his horses browsing around. But no Bishop could they see. So by-and-by, as sunset came on, they cantered home, observing the supposed Chinaman tucking into his "tucker". This turned out to be the Bishop.

The said Prelate was one day reprimanding me for my "unclerical" bush attire. Why did I not wear a "clerical coat" (horrid expression, begotten of tailors!) in the bush? He had heard that I had been seen with even my shirt collar unbuttoned! That was highly probable; for buttons—in a journey of many weeks through forests, jungles, and rivers—were more frequently off than on. I could not, however, refrain from telling the Bishop that one day about luncheon time, as I rode up to a wayside shanty in breeches and gaiters, with hat and neckerchief fluttering in the glorious breeze, the landlord and landlady came bustling out, and said, "Come in, my Lord; come in, and have some luncheon". "You see they took me for you, my Lord."

Anyhow, coat or no coat, buttons or no buttons, gaiters or no gaiters, I was not often mistaken for the Bishop or anybody but myself. For in all my district—the size of the British Isles—people seemed to know me afar off; and in that most swearly Country, where the language is as sultry as the climate, I was always most grateful to the excellent people, however rough, because they never allowed me to be vexed by hearing ungodly language. They used to speak of me most quaintly as "the man of God"; and certainly nothing could be more considerate than their behaviour to me, which was almost invariably with generosity, frankness, and respectful equality.

It is commonly understood that bullocks will not travel without a terrible amount of cursing and blasphemy being lavished upon them. Many are the anecdotes related of clergymen and ladies travelling by bullock teams, and the devices

resorted to by the bewildered teamsters in their futile endeavours to persuade the bullocks to proceed without resorting to swear words.

The dray sticks in a water-course, in a rut, or a bog, and cannot be got out until the live freight has been removed to a distance, when the bullocks can be urged on in the time-honoured manner. All I can say is, that in all the long journeys in my parish, without a "clerical" coat, I have met plenty of bullock teams, but I never saw one in motion! So great is the noteworthy respect for the clergy!

Often enough have I ridden hundreds of miles in the wet season with the spurs buckled on to my bare feet. Is it not better to visit one's flock like that, among the flooded torrents, than to stay at home getting mouldy, like the books and furniture, or to be drowned for the noble cause of mock-ecclesiastical appearance? I have a strong dislike to negotiating a raging river with boots on. I knew two men to be drowned at the same time through crossing a swollen stream in long boots and overcoats, with the addition of too much whisky. A brother parson with whom I was staying at the time had to bury them.

A dear old Irishman was asking if I remembered the first time we had met. No. I had forgotten. But he related how that for three weeks he had camped near a flooded river, waiting for the water to run down sufficiently for him and his mate to get the horses, mules, and packs over. No one had crossed the stream, not even the mailman, until one day he saw a horseman coming up the hill-side from the river. Drawing nearer he observed that the horseman's clothes were not on himself, but hung out on the horse's neck to dry—like a clothes-horse. With great delight the old fellow added, "And it was yer riv'rence entoirely, d'yer moind me?" That old Papist always subscribed to my Church.

Infesting the jungles is a very beautiful sort of creeping palm with a long cane, very strong. I have seen it used for fences and for clothes-lines. It climbs hundreds of feet up the huge trees, with large elegant palm-like leaves and long spines branching out at every node. The spines are supplied with rows of claws like cat's claws, and underneath the beauti-

ful but treacherous leaves are likewise rows of claws. Woe betide the unwary horseman who is caught by one of these "lawyers," as the plant is so suitably nicknamed! The pain makes him start, which alone is sufficient to shake the leaves and spines, which then come nodding down, and sticking in all round. If the rider pulls or struggles, the situation is only aggravated; and the horse, becoming entangled as well, bucks with pain and rage and terror. Extrication is then well-nigh impossible, until man and beast have been torn and ripped and bled and almost stripped.

One day I was exploring a mountain. There was a ledge, just about wide enough for a goat, along the edge of a high bluff. Thick jungle above; sheer cliff below. Going along, I was thinking how unsafe it would be if the horse were to shy or to slip, or if I were unwittingly to jog his mouth; for over we should go to a certainty into the rocks and trees far away below. Just then a "lawyer" caught the front of my shirt and pulled it over my head. What was to be done? There was no time to think. Suddenly stopping the horse, might precipitate him over the cliff; and if he went on, I should be, like Absalom, lifted out of the saddle and dangled in mid space for the fowls of the air to fatten upon; and there my bones would bleach beneath the burning sun, and rattle in the gale, where there would be none to hear the music so much appreciated at St. James' Hall!

Fortunately, the difficulty was settled unexpectedly, for the tail of the shirt came off, and is still in the clutches of that unprincipled lawyer, for aught I know. Moral—How different would have been the case had I been clad in a good stout coat of the latest "clerical design"!

On another occasion the weather was breaking up. A blue-black sky behind the mountain range glittered with lightning, and any moment the dry water-courses and river-beds might become raging impassable torrents. So my little mare had to put her best leg forward, for there was a good-sized river some miles off, where we had tried to bathe in the sand on a former occasion. This lay between me and the nearest habitation. So we swept gaily over the grassy trail for a long way, until the steed began "acting the goat".

In vain I tried to shake her up and pull her together ; but not a bit of it. Just then I espied a large serpent ahead of us. The mare, instead of looking, bounded sideways right over it ; and I saw the snake coil up and raise its head to strike. Then it glided off across a ditch. I was afraid the consequences might have been serious, but the snake must have missed its mark, for soon we were going again at a smooth, even pace, and the river was reached only just in time ; for the turbid water was already tearing down to the sea, right across the sand.

I rode in. It was only up to the girths for some way, and no quicksands engulfed us. A short swim near the opposite bank brought us safely to the other side. But in an hour the swollen torrent had become impassable.

I went to the house close by, where my friends were most kind. It was an outlying house belonging to a large cattle station for which I was bound. One of the daughters of the station was staying there, and, with the host and hostess, we were a jolly party.

A swollen creek a few miles off stopped communication on the other side. So there I was shut in for a week, and a very pleasant week it was too. We rode daily in torrents of rain and deep black mud between the two rivers. In the evenings, Dickens improved our minds, as we sat by blazing logs burning cheerfully in a fireplace made of cement, formed from the great ant nests of the neighbourhood, which is nearly as hard as Portland cement.

At that house was a tame laughing jackass, with its great head and spacious throat. One day I gave it the skin of a large lizard to eat. The persevering bird gulped away bravely, swallowing the creature head first, while I held on to the lizard's tail. When all but the tail was devoured, I pulled the animal out again, and the bird had the satisfaction of eating it once more. This process was repeated several times, much to the joy of the bird.

With my ecclesiastical mind, I could not help thinking that this principle might be applied with economy and profit at Sunday school treats.

On Sunday I conducted service on the verandah, my host

playing the hymns on a concertina, in a key to which nobody could sing.

Every morning a white servant, who was a very strong swimmer, went with me to the river, and we used to swim across, dodging the floating logs and uprooted trees swept down by the flood. Of course, we were carried down a considerable way too, which gave us a long scramble up the other side through the tall cutting sword-grass, so as to strike the landing on our return.

After the daily ride in the mud, I used to go again to the river to take a little swim with my clothes on, by way of cleaning them. One afternoon being carried away further than I intended, and finding the clothes an incubus, I slipped them off and let them go, and thus gained the bank some way down, saving myself from the terrible alligators which infest that river a little further on. But, no doubt, it was a most "unclerical proceeding,"—saying one's life at the expense of a shirt and a pair of trousers!

CHAPTER XI.

RIVER AND JUNGLE.

THE time came when other duties called me away from the continual delight of my brother's home, to go farther North; whence, however, I visited the family often at Townsville,—as it was the seat of the Bishop; and, later on, my brother and his family went to live there; and the Defence Force annual camp was held close by.

Twice I went to camp,—a treat I would not have missed for anything. It was most entertaining and instructive. Never was there such an opportunity for studying the vigorous character and outrageous superabundance of spirits of the fine men of the North. And my brother was there too, which gave additional pleasure to my camp life. My brother was an enthusiastic soldier, first being attached to the Artillery, though afterwards exchanging for a commission in the Naval Brigade. My nephew was a cadet; and I had the honour of being a chaplain.

Officers are generally business men—bankers, auctioneers, lawyers, and so on; and it is most amusing to see some of them who never cross a saddle, mounted and attending the colonel at the march past. Some of the others looked equally funny riding about in uniform with the Australian seat.

The Mounted Infantry are the finest body of men, the best riders, the keenest soldiers, and the most mischievous men in camp to boot; and that is saying a great deal. At one of the sham fights, the cadets fired the best volleys.

Concerts in the ante-room and round the camp-fire were excellent; and there was a military ball in the town, and very good sports; but Church Parade I could not attend, being required elsewhere.

Bathing parade was very fine. At *reveillé* the men were marched to the beach, the officers going in *pyjamas*. Most of the men went into the sea, which gave an opportunity for a swim, as sharks would not venture near so many people. After the first bathing parade I noticed that the beach was strewn with dead fish. I do not know what was the connection, if any.

Local steamers call at the few townships in the sugar districts on the Herbert and Johnson rivers, and pass between Hinchinbrook Island and the mainland, where irregular mountains, clothed with dense Tropical jungle, rise on either hand to four thousand feet.

Just beyond, Mourillyan Harbour is entered between two steep hills. It is considered very beautiful.

Then comes Cairns, a flourishing town, with a fine deep harbour running some way back into the mountains. The town stands six inches above high-water level! We used to go about in mackintoshes and bare legs when it rained, for the place was usually under water; but now embankments and bridges are built at the sides of the streets, and the houses stand on stilts. The heat is terrific, and the rainfall is measured by feet! It is like a wet Hell. Enormous banyans and other trees enhance the beauty of the streets.

At a fabulous cost, a railway has been constructed a thousand feet up the ranges. It goes nowhere, but at least has the advantage of opening up two waterfalls which could not be approached before owing to the dense growth.

Endeavouring to reach the falls, I rode with a friend as far as a track had been cut, and then tried climbing through the jungle. This mode of progression failed; but slipping I fell down the mountain side quickly enough, only saving myself by holding on to a stinging tree. Finding my shirt full of green ants which stung as badly as the tree, I let myself drop over a rock into the creek. Then I swam and clambered to within view of Stony Creek Falls—three leaps of three hundred feet each. The falls were partially in flood, which made the scene very grand.

For two nights there was no sleep, owing to the effect of



The Barron Falls (700 feet).

(*N.B.*—Niagara is 150 feet.)

the stinging tree. Frightful agony came on at nightfall; and for months, every time I bathed, I could feel it. Horses are often driven mad by the stinging tree.

Another day we followed a trail up the mountain among great trees with trunks of fantastic shape, and roots all about the ground and growing over the rocks, resembling serpents and dragons, demons and ogres, like Doré's pictures.

Further on we walked among a lot of stinging trees, along a path overlooking the valley of the Barron, which was in flood, roaring along its rocky bed a thousand feet below. It was impossible to get near the Barron Falls, for the whole valley was full of water and mist and spray; and the solemn mountains trembled with the concussion of the flooded river as it fell over the cliff (seven hundred feet) into the seething abyss below with a terrific prolonged thud.

From the steamers in Trinity Bay I saw the mist from that stupendous fall rising like smoke from a mighty conflagration, far above the mountain range; and, mingling with the clouds, it was wafted away.

Visiting Cairns another time, the railway people were very civil in lending me an engineer for two days, to show me the railway workings. In a few miles the track has to rise above the level of the falls; and, so as to gain length for easing the gradient, it is taken in and out of numerous gulleys. The cuttings in the mountain sides are very wonderful.

The second day we went a different way to the falls, reaching the river above them. It was not in flood that time, though a considerable volume of water was going over as there had been some rain. We got into a pool left by the floods, and swam to the lip of that appalling precipice, over which we peered into the seven hundred feet leap, with the three hundred feet of cascades below that again.

What a marvellous sight it was! Where the floods flow, the rocks are black and sombre and destitute of vegetation; but where the mist rises, plants of brilliant green clothe the cliffs, while beyond is the wooded valley two thousand feet deep. In the midst of all, mad torrents of hurrying waters are precipitated over sunny cliffs into the shadowy depths, where they

tumble and dash into foam and spray against majestic rocks ; or, falling into flakes in the descent, dissolve into clouds of mist before the raging confusion below can be reached. To the left an immense chasm yawns, with a deep black pool at the bottom, into which a brook from the jungles above falls from an overhanging rock five hundred feet in mid air, in turn pouring out its contents over the lower rocks to join the general turmoil and fury and deafening sound of many waters.

The next place Northwards is Port Douglas, a typical Northern township of two or three hundred people, boasting two opposition newspapers, two opposition Churches, two banks, a hospital, and a School of Arts.

Every township has its "School of Arts" or reading-room, where you can see most of the leading Australian, English, German, and American journals and periodicals. In large towns a library is attached, and usually a public hall as well.

Port Douglas is situated on a little grassy hill connected with the mainland by a belt of jungle, with a splendid stretch of sands on one side reaching for many miles. Sugar plantations occupy pockets in the lofty mountains, and a table-land two thousand feet high stretches away above the ranges to another range two thousand feet higher again, on the other side of which is Herberton, a rich silver mining place.

The Roman Catholic clergyman rode with me to introduce me to some of my flock in the neighbourhood ; and I scoured the whole district, visiting the scattered people, and revelling in the wild wandering life I had adopted. Cantering along on the fresh uplands, wondering where I should "fetch up" for the night, or in the salt wind on the sands, I often broke out into the grand old vagabond song—

Homeless, ragged, and tanned,
Under the changeful sky :
Who so free in the land,
Who so contented as I ?

In this neighbourhood are the Mossman and Daintree rivers, where a few settlers lived. I used to reach them either on horseback, or by rowing or sailing. A chum of mine, a

banker, went with me on one occasion. The parents of a child I baptized were anxious for me to receive a fee, which, as usual, I declined. Just then I saw a stuffed rifle-bird, which I asked for, and afterwards gave to an English lady who came that way in a yacht. The banker irreverently suggested that I should have printed on my cards, "Curiosities taken in exchange for the Sacraments".

Near that house wild raspberries grew in great profusion, and, in the jungles beneath, the great trees fan-palms abound. The stems are used for making corduroy roads across swamps; but, even then, travelling is so hard that I saw no less than twenty-six bullocks in one dray.

In that bush life one's eyes become very sharp. One day I found that I had dropped my revolver, and, cantering back to look for it, I saw at once where it lay in the tall grass.

About Port Douglas granadillas grow as large as vegetable marrows. I had quantities of fruit and wholesome food at my snug inn or hotel, where the proprietor and his wife were immensely kind and considerate to me.

When I say that the hotel was snug, I must qualify the expression somewhat. The verandah, which is the chief sitting-room in a Queensland house, was merely a roof over the side-walk of the grassy street. From the verandah steps went down into tiny bedrooms each containing two beds. The doors always had to be kept open to admit a change of hot air, and anything or anybody else that felt disposed to enter.

One morning I found a drunken miner in the other bed asleep with his clothes on. Another time I heard a great commotion. It was a cow in my room! and I had some difficulty in getting it out, as there was no space for it to turn; but I was obliged to put it out, as I objected to a cow for a companion. That was another of the places where hens laid eggs on my bed.

When seclusion was required, the bankers were most kind in letting me use their quiet rooms.

A friend of mine, anxious to find a new route to the Daintree across the shoulder of a mountain, asked me to accompany him. That was just into my hands, for it is so

lonely sometimes going to out-of-the-way places all by oneself. A number of men were sent forward to cut through the jungle. That took them a week. Then we started.

Our party consisted of ourselves, two white "boys," two black "boys," and eight horses. Beyond the Mossman we came to a broad clearing in the jungle for the telegraph wires. This showed off the magnificent Tropical growth to perfection.

From a lofty tree a couple of hundred feet in height, with immense arms, there was hanging right over the centre of the broad grassy avenue a coil of lianas like a hauser. About half way down this was a clump of well-selected ferns and orchids like a basket, with cords and tassels reaching nearly to the ground. How splendid it would have been at Kew! My friend wanted to have it brought to his pretty home; but I told him to observe the size of it. It was far too large to be conveyed to the town, nor would there be any place to suspend such a monstrous rustic basket.

That night we remained at the native police camp near a rivulet. Rising in the morning directly the laughing jackass announced that the first streak of dawn was appearing, we went to the creek for a bath, through grass as high as ourselves, wet with cold dew, which was bath enough in itself.

Thence an eight hours' ride brought us through the newly-cut trail to our destination—a pretty inn, on a high bank in a bit of open country overlooking the Daintree river.

But what a ride that was! One of the roughest bits of country I ever negotiated! Jumping out of the first creek, a horse fell on a man, and had to be thrown back into the river. The foliage was so dense overhead that it was gloomy and dark, except on the top of some of the hills, where views of wild country were obtained. Here and there the sun penetrated through the thick growth, and, glinting on great glossy leaves, caused them to shine like mirrors. Nearly all the jungle trees have glossy leaves. In one place a tunnel was simply scooped out through a tangle of creeping ferns for us to ride through. Some of the hill-sides were so steep that we had to drive the horses before us, and several times the pack horses slipped over the steep sides, having to be hewn out of the

stems and creepers. Sometimes the horses would select a substantial trunk below, and then slide all the way down until their precipitate progress was arrested by it.

It seemed to me very sad riding through acres of most luxuriant lycopodium up to the hocks ; but the whole place was like a botanical garden on a superb scale ; one feature being a curious variety of ferns and palms and tree-ferns, with the fronds and leaves crinkled.

Living in that Country—with its strange aboriginals, barely human, using wood and stone implements—with its cycads, palms, mosses, lycopodiums, and ferns—with its marsupials, iguanas, and alligators—was almost like living in the far off ages of the dawn of evolution.

Near the inn, a lot of land had once been taken up by small farmers. They cleared the jungle, and crops were sown ; but the soil was so rich, and growth so rapid and strong, that the people were unable to keep pace with the weeds, and the splendid " selections " were abandoned.

The only way to manage land of that sort is to get Chinese or German tenants on to it for a few years free, and let them keep you and themselves, and clear the forest and grow crops. They can do it. No other men can at first. But, of course, all this is rank heresy ; so the land is left idle—the richest land in the world too ! Not far from there I have seen sinkings for tin, showing sixteen feet of rich leaf-soil without a stone in it.

From the inn the horses and boys were sent home another way, and the idea of the new route was given up.

And now further North again to Cooktown, with the lovely entrance to the harbour between Grassy Hill, studded with pretty bungalows peeping out among palms and flaming shrubs, and Mount Saunders on the opposite side, striped with different hues of green.

CHAPTER XII.

MY HOME AT COOKTOWN.

SITUATED on the side of a hill, in a large stony garden with fine trees, stood my Vicarage at Cooktown. It was a capital bachelor's house, with good dining-room, a large sumptuous "den," and several dressing-rooms, where people could sleep if they wished. There were also three large verandahs. One of these, fitted with cool stretchers and mosquito nets, was used as a dormitory, another as a lounge, and the third was the entrance.

From the latter a fine view was obtained over the town to the broad estuary of the Endeavour river, bordered with an expanse of vivid green mangroves. The fertile country beyond was bounded by a range of mountains behind which the sun set, lighting up the water with its fiery glow, and nearly roasting anybody who was rash enough to venture on the verandah just then. From the porch of the Church, standing in the same garden, the ships in the harbour could be seen.

The trellis work screening the verandahs was covered with bougainvillias, mauve alamanders, and a splendid bignonia which produced a prolific display of shrimp-coloured blossom where golden honey-birds sip sweet nectar.

My only domestic animal was a fox-terrier, an ungainly brute, devoid of all doggy virtues. When I proposed getting rid of it, my white servant, who was devoted to the animal, suggested sending it to his brothers in the bush for training. They were capital fellows, and good sportsmen. This plan was adopted, and when the brothers came to town they used to call and report progress. One day they came looking very mournful. They related that the fox-terrier had become quite game, and

that in a wallabi chase with their two dogs as well, the terrier was first, although the smallest of the pack. He followed the wallabi into a hole in the rock, the next sized dog squeezed in after it, and the biggest one, in its eagerness, jammed up the entrance and could not be pulled or pushed either way. Being miners, the fellows set to work, drilled a hole in the rock, and put in a small charge of dynamite to remove it. The charge was fired, and the rock was blown up; so was the large dog in the entrance; so was the lesser one; so was the terrier; and the wallabi!

"Australia for the Australians," is the cry of the "rags," or local newspapers. "No coloured labour on the plantations, and no coloured servants." Some of us, however, who had a little idea of comfort and cuisine, preferred coloured servants and wholesome food to the assistance of Irish "ladies," attended with every inconvenience, including indigestion—even if such ladies could be obtained, and, when obtained, if they would attend to their work and remain single. So, braving the taunts of the "rags," I managed my household in my own fashion.

Yet it was rather a difficulty arranging housekeeping affairs when unable to converse with the domestics. For at one time I had a Cingalese, and at another a Javanese—a nice old fellow, who was a *Haji*, that is, a person who has made pilgrimages to the sacred places of Mohamed.

My *Haji* was a good old man, as people go in this world, and a very good servant into the bargain. His dinners were splendid, his industry unparalleled. He did not drink, and was perfectly honest, and he never grumbled—if he did, at least I could not understand him. Yet he had his little peccadilloes too, like all the other good men I ever met. He always managed to lose money at gambling; and he invariably wore my clothes. But there was nothing underhand about it, for he waited at table in the clothes, and asked for money in advance when he lost at cards or fan-tan. He gave a dinner party in the kitchen almost every evening, but did not cheat over that little social indulgence, for the bills came to me. He did not drink my drinkables, but he lavished them upon his

friends. And, sad to relate, on Sundays, when I was reading the fourth commandment at Church, through the open windows of the building I could see him commencing the weekly laundry operations ; but then, he had never been taught his Catechism !

One day he went to the vestry and brought out all the surplices, and then came to inquire—"Me wash 'em fellow-shirts belong 'em Joss?"

I have no hesitation in saying that there never was such a servant. He did everything ; and he only received fifty pounds a year, and rations and clothing for himself and his large circle of friends ; and it caused me deep grief when he had to leave my service to be locked up for trying to murder one of his Countrymen in the kitchen with my carving knife.

Domestic worries there always must be ; but the never-flagging kindness of the neighbours of every degree in the town and in the bush alleviated all troubles ; and what we should have done without the friendship of the Men-of-Warsmen, I do not know. They were so out-and-out English ; and much as one loved everything and everybody else, yet—away from home—a British Man-of-War was a real delight.

The officers did everything they could to make one happy, and so did the men. We used to have shooting parties in the bush, pic-nics by land and by water, dances and dinners afloat and ashore, concerts for charities, cricket matches and rifle matches, swimings and fishings, lawn tennis, and ridings through the varied forests to the beach, on the edge of which waxlike hoias trail over the myrtle bushes growing in the hot sand ; and large frilled-lizards in their fear leap from high boughs, descending to the earth nevertheless quite gently, for they use their frills as parachutes.

One of the institutions was going up the river in the evening in boats with perhaps the steam-cutter, taking a harmonium. Then a pic-nic took place, to which some of the people went on horseback. Moon-flowers and fragrant night-blooming jessamine made lovely bouquets for the ladies. Then we danced on a sail stretched over the rank grass and little bushes—rather lumpy perhaps, but that is nothing when accustomed to it, for it was entrancing under the cocoanut palms in the cool moonlight.

Then there was the ride home, as we sang all through the silvery forest, or kept time with the music to the splash of the oars as we returned in the boats.

Ah! those were happy days! Even the Chinese helped to make life pleasant, especially at their New Year, when their houses were open to all. We went one night to a party at the house of a leading Chinese merchant, where I had on a former occasion partaken of birds'-nest soup. The display of fruit was splendid. But as Mr. Chick-Waw was a musician, harmony was the great attraction that evening.

To attempt a description of his twanging, wheezing, clicking, and thumping orchestra would be impossible. Mr. Chick-Waw himself sang the best song. It was very wonderful! I asked him what it was all about. He told me it was a serenade. Then, how I pitied the object of his devotion! For he sang in a voice an octave higher than that of a town cat!

This worthy came to Church occasionally, and was very devout. When he died he received Christian burial, but was immediately dug up again and treated the Chinese way, with fireworks!

Some officers were dining with me one evening. Soup was just disposed of, when the servant announced that a "gentleman" wished to see me on the verandah. The servant spoke of everybody as a "gentleman," regardless of rank, colour, or sex!

On going out, I found a huge roundabout Irish woman! She had been to me before, without consideration of denominational differences. Trouble and drink had caused her brain to give way, poor soul! and now she had just escaped from the lunatic ward of the hospital, and was good enough to inform me that she had come to stay with me! "How kind of you!" I replied. "You shall have some dinner presently, but the table is occupied just now." I gave her a fan and a comfortable seat on the sultry verandah, the coolest place there was; and, having sent for the authorities, returned to the guests of my choice and invitation. They were greatly amused with the fat woman coming to stay with me, for I did not tell them the sad part of the story—it would have spoiled their appetites.

At the next course another gentleman was announced. He

was rather a presentable old fellow, whom it had been my good fortune to be able to assist somewhat. He was not mad or intoxicated, but just a wee bit odd—just enough to be excellent company in a Country where you like to be languidly amused without having to exert too much brain power. I asked him in. He would not join the party, but offered to recite some of his own verses to us, and taking up his position at the end of the room, he recited some really good lines very well indeed, for half an hour or so. We continued the conversation, or listened, or encouraged the Muse as fancy dictated; for the poet, heedless of everything, went on like the brook.

A little later on, another “gentleman” was announced. This “gentleman” turned out to be a happy young couple who had come to be married. So the Church was lit up, dinner ordered for the rotund lady, and, at the conclusion of our repast, the rest of us adjourned to the Church, where the solemn service was performed, the poet playing the “Wedding March,” and the officers acting as witnesses. They protested that they had never been to such an amusing dinner in their lives.

My usual method of entertaining ladies in my small way was by giving notice in Church that I should be glad of a “bee” for the purpose of mending the Church books or anything of that sort that required attention. Tea at such a time on such a day. At the time appointed, lots of helpers arrived with gum-pots and glue-pots, and kind happy faces, and a nice afternoon was spent.

Sometimes I simply gave out that I should be at home on such a day; for I had no powdered footmen to send round the town with cards, and there were no postal deliveries. When the people arrived they sorted themselves, some going to one room or verandah, and others going to other parts of the house. Those who knew all the sets went from one to another; and some of the gentlemen remained to dinner. I was delighted to find that my Roman Catholic friends did not hesitate to visit me.

These entertainments had to be held when a steamer came in, as I fed the ladies on very expensive tea iced, with limes and sugar—which, by the way, they very much disliked! and ice could only be procured from the steamers. I obtained it

for the sick and for my own use, if the Judge did not come by the boat; for his Honour took all that he could get, not only to ice his champagne, but his bath!

Ice, however, is an unwholesome as well as unnecessary commodity; for sufficient reduction of temperature is obtained by suspending a canvas bag of drinking water in the shade. Evaporation through the meshes of the material produces a delicious and grateful coldness. Another bag is used in like manner for cooling bottles.

If I happened to be in town when an immigrant ship came to port, I used to go out to her, or at least to the immigration depôt, to call on the new arrivals, and ask them to tea at my house. Thus hundreds of "new chums" passed under my roof, were introduced to the Church, and had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of a clergyman in the new land of their adoption; and I often met them afterwards in every direction, in town, country, and at hospitals.

Hardly any of these people brought letters from their clergy at home, which I believe to be a serious defect in the system—or want of system—in the Church. When I was away in the bush I saw and knew nothing of the new arrivals; and no doubt their former pastors at home were quite content that it should be so.

"The Girls' Friendly Society," howbeit, is in that respect a noble contrast to the indifference of the parish parson and the Diocesan.

One day, coming into my house rather unexpectedly, I was astonished to find one of the bedrooms occupied by some of the leading ladies of the flock! They had formed an idea that my sleeping arrangements were not as comfortable as could be desired; so they watched their opportunity, and then, out of the goodness of their dear hearts, had actually furnished a bedroom completely, arranging it all with their own kind hands. It was a delightful room to possess, although my friends and I usually slept in stretchers and cots on the verandah in the rough trade-wind, which begins a few miles south of Cooktown. Though, when the rain beat in, we all had hurriedly to decamp.

Another evening I was asked out to dine. At the end of the repast I was sent for to the Vicarage, and asked to be excused, promising to return if not detained too long. On arriving at the Vicarage I was received by three ladies in evening dress. The house was brilliant with lamps, gay with flowers, and peopled with kind friends and neighbours. A gorgeous supper was laid, and everything provided for spending a jolly evening. The dinner party was a part of the pretty deception. Such is a surprise party!

One Sunday morning, a most regular and devoted member of the choir—a great friend of mine, whose feelings I would not have hurt for the world—came striding up to his place long after the commencement of service. I looked my displeasure. After service I found a table in my den laid out with a quantity of extremely handsome presents. It was S. Patrick's Day, my birthday; and my good friend had been employed to arrange the surprise for me when I was out of the way at Church!

One more surprise and I have done. When standing at the Altar one Sunday, there was a great stamping in the vestry. On looking round to see what it could be, I found that my faithful steed Tom Sayers had come into the doorway of the sanctuary to see how I was getting on!

Although the original Tom Sayers had been my father's instructor in the "Noble Art," I was in no way responsible for the appellation of the steed I rode. Before ever I knew the horse, the name had been given, owing to his violent buck-jumping propensities; though with me, after breaking his bit the first time I crossed his saddle, I was most thankful to find him as gentle as a lamb.

For my part, I called him "the Curate". But, since everybody far and near knew the animal before, whenever we appeared, the people exclaimed, "Here's Tom Sayers and the Parson!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MUSIC AND MANNERS.

EVERYBODY in North Queensland considers it right to play an instrument of some sort, whether gifted that way or not. One evening a brother parson and I were sitting on the verandah in the sultry darkness, trying to compose our minds for the sermons on the following Sunday. Fitful lightning played behind the distant ranges. Mosquitoes buzzed horridly round my ears, and bit my ankles, for I had omitted my usual custom of wearing three pairs of socks, which kept out the tormentors, though adding seriously to the heat. My companion was serenely happy, being one of the fortunate people whom insects and heat do not affect.

In the clear air, with doors and windows all open, every distant sound is heard with wonderful distinctness. Imagine the condition of my feelings then, when, in addition to the irritating buzz of insects, a woman in a house below, with an outward squint in her eye, and a voice to correspond, began yelping Moody and Sankey's hymns in a very high key. She was soon joined by her husband, who put in some bass; and next a man with one arm—I knew him by the sound he emitted—went in and added a nasal tenor. At the opposite corner, at the Roman Catholic establishment, a priest and some sisters commenced shrieking "misereres" as if the last hour were arriving. At the bottom of the hill a fine soprano warbled a popular air from "Maritana". Closer to us, a young man had taken a house, where, with much perseverance, he had learned to play "Rum, tum, tum; tum, tum, tum," in two chords, on the piano; and that evening he had brought home his bride, who gratified him by playing several airs in

octaves, while the delighted husband applied the same “*Rum, tum, tum*” accompaniment to all the tunes. Just on the other side of the Church, a merry Irish carter was dancing a clattering breakdown on his verandah to a concertina; and a dear old lady on the top of the hill was revelling in hymns upon her harmonium. When all was in full swing a cats’ party arrived in the garden, with a yell and a sneeze and a growl; and I postponed my sermon.

Tropical evenings are not conducive to solemn thoughts or deep study. In fact, life is not worth living in such Countries after the sun goes down. The only thing for a person to do who has an irritable skin (and perhaps a temper to match) and an ear for music, is to sing sprightly songs, and to dance in sheer self-defence, every evening until exhausted, and then retire within the stuffy mosquito net.

This remedy was easily put into practice; for many were the neighbours whose spacious verandahs, decked with palms, ferns, orchids, and shaded lamps, were open to their friends almost every week for music and dancing.

When in town, there was plenty to be done. There were the inhabitants to be called upon, and hospitals to be visited, whither sufferers were brought from every part. Immigrants fresh from the Old Country, Ships of War, merchant ships, mission ships, circuses, theatrical troupes, and so on, I visited all that I could reach; and many of these people were good enough to come to my house.

One day I had a party of ladies and officers in one room, a party of blue-jackets in another part of the house, and an intoxicated Irish lady having tea in the garden on a water butt, all at the same time.

Local fever is not, as a rule, very fatal. The worst locality for fever I found to be, curiously enough, in a high sandy region through which the railway was being cut. I brought to the hospital several cases in one day; amongst them an old woman navy, who still kept her pipe in her mouth, although unable to smoke. Two sons came to see another woman off, who, on reaching the hospital, asked me to break the news gently to her husband who was already there. The next time I went to see them the two sons had joined the dismal family party.

Often enough, coming home from the bush, I would find poor fellows "humping their swag," and dragging their fever-stricken limbs towards the hospital. Then I carried their bundles on the horse; and, when out of sight, I used to walk so as not to overburden the animal, which had quite enough to do already. In this manner I came to know lots of people; and when visiting fresh parts of the bush, and wondering how to begin with the men, I generally found somebody I had known in the hospital or at the immigration depôt, which made a good introduction.

One day I overtook three pedestrians. I never saw three such dreadful faces. While conversing, I tried to find out which was the most evil-looking; and, when decided, I offered to carry the fellow's swag, and then wished them good day. The next Sunday I saw my friend at the back of the Church, and put in a word for him.

Another day I saluted a man who was under the trees with his team a little way from the trail. He asked if I were in a hurry; so I rode up to him. He wanted the wheels of his dray greased! So I "hung up" my horse, got under the dray, and hoisted the side on my shoulder to put some props in, while the wheel was taken off and greased. Then he offered me a drink which I thankfully accepted. It was the coldest water I ever tasted in that land. I was just going to mount, when the fellow observed that he wanted the other wheel greased too! So I held up the other side, and when that had been attended to, I inquired what he was going to do with the twenty-one bags of tin lying on the ground. Each bag weighed a hundred-weight. The man lifted them into the dray, and, jumping up, I placed them for him. Then I mounted. As I rode off I asked if he knew who I was. He appeared rather astonished when I told him.

By such means outsiders came at least to take some interest in the Church, if nothing more to start with; so much so, indeed, that when my brother parson got up a "bee" for painting and stencilling the interior of our Church, it was quite interesting to see the strange medley of people who gave a day's work or more. Leading merchants and Government officials

were working harmoniously side by side with some of my friends from the bush and the ships and the low quarters of the town; while an enterprising Churchwarden, who did not approve of the proceedings, walked about among the workers, trying, but with little success, to harass them, according to the special prerogative which exists in the liverish constitutions of sundry Churchwardens' minds.

Again, when starting a good choir, there was no difficulty. We wished to introduce choral Communion services. But, having no means of procuring suitable music, there was nothing to be done but for me to manufacture a service. I used to compose during my lonely rides among the solemn mountains and mighty trees, the roaring torrents and terrific waterfalls, in sunshine and in storm: and then at home I matured the work upon my pillow, and transcribed it from the harmonium in the Church. Every man and woman who had a good voice, and could sing, had a part—it was a “cock and hen” choir—and for everybody who could play an instrument I wrote a part, and they were only too willing to give their services.

The process of transcribing must have worried the neighbours considerably; for one day the other parson asked me to play over a movement to him, and as I played, the man living in a cottage next door quietly put an euphonium through the open window of the Church, close to our heads, and uttered a frightful blast, which sent us flying out.

The other parson wanted to settle the man at once, but I persuaded him to smoke a pipe and leave the matter to me. So the next day I went to call. When the man opened the door he looked very foolish—exceedingly foolish. But I put him at ease at once by admiring the beautiful tone of his instrument of music, and offered to write a part for it if he would care to join my orchestra. The man was delighted, the more so as I bought—at rather a high figure—a chest of drawers of his own make, with drawers that would not open or shut. But even now I love and retain that piece of furniture. It is a memento of the introduction of orchestral music into the Church of North Queensland.

My euphonium player was, however, a source of perpetual

trouble ; for at unexpected moments he would produce terrific sounds. But he ingeniously attributed his inability to control his instrument to the fact that he had been reared in a circus band !

On one occasion a Bishop came to stay—a Bishop who had a rooted antipathy to orchestral music in Church. On the first evening of his visit there was a rehearsal at the Church. During dinner the musicians began to arrive, and we heard A being given on the harmonium, and the violins tuning up. Then C was given, and the brass instruments began to “boo”. The Bishop observed, “How unpleasant it must be having a public-house so near the Vicarage !”

There existed some curious connection between music and drinking in the minds of Queenslanders, which was evidently shared by his Lordship. At that time I used to be fond of music and singing ; and I discovered afterwards that many people, at least so I was told, regarded my music, both ecclesiastical and secular, not as the spirit of the Muse, but rather of the bottle !

When completed, the “Missa Pacifica,” under which title my service has since been published by Messrs. Weekes & Co. of London, was produced in three Churches in the Diocese, with the effect that many pious people of both schools of thought used to attend that service, considering it the most natural form of Christian worship.

The music is intended to be especially tuneful, thus rendering the solos easy of accomplishment ; and the choruses are so designed that the congregation can join in after hearing them a time or two ; and the accompaniment has a capacity for greater or less elaboration with or without orchestral instruments.

Many grown people who attended the service came to inquire what it signified, which, when they had learned, they put themselves under instruction for Confirmation, and numbers who had neglected their duties for years returned to them once more.

The skipper of a Man-of-War asked me to hold service on board one Sunday morning, so as to save his men the hot march to Church. It was rather a serious addition to my already numerous duties, but I gladly consented to do so. In the evening I found about fifty of the blue-jackets at the Church

door, and had a chat with them. In the morning they had sung an anthem on board which our choir knew, and I requested them to sing it as a repeat in Church. I also asked them to sing a hymn tune of theirs with which our choir was not acquainted. Then I marched them into the front of the Church. Without saying why, I asked the choir to sing the anthem through twice. When the congregation arrived, and the officers came in with some of the local families, they were astonished to see so many sailors at Church; still more when they all took up the repeat in the anthem most heartily. When the unknown hymn tune came, I just stepped across to the harmonium and played it for the sailors, who nearly lifted the roof off, good fellows!

Another time, a Christy minstrel troupe visiting the town came to Church, and sang the evening service—though not with black faces! They rendered “He was despised,” and other pieces from the “Messiah,” very beautifully; and the congregation, being enormous, afforded me an opportunity in the pulpit not often obtained.

Some circus people upon whom I called were very civil to me. So I got up a large party to go and see the show on a Saturday evening. There was a very fat black acrobat, who went head-over-heels round the arena so fast that a horse tried in vain to overtake him.

I invited the circus band to play the voluntaries at Church the next day. They liked the idea; but, on second thoughts, remembered that the only sacred tune they knew was the one “Black Bess” died to in the performance! However, in the front pew were assembled the clown, and the lady whom we had seen the evening before in scanty attire riding on horse-back on the tips of her toes, the fat black tumbler, and one or two others; and I could not refrain from smiling when I addressed them as “dearly beloved brethren”.

One week-day evening which happened to be rather wet, none of the ordinary congregation put in an appearance at service; but an acrobatic troupe, friends of mine, who had an off night, came to their devotions!

It seems to me to be the right thing to get people of all sorts

to go to Church. But it is evidently not the accepted Church of England idea. For, wherever I have been, congregations object to people going to Church who are not in their particular set, or of their special quality of respectability. How annoyed Church people will be in Heaven when surrounded by good sound robust scoundrels who have turned over a new leaf and made the angels rejoice! Churchmen seem to think that such men have no souls, or that, if they have, some other sect ought to look after them; and yet we always roundly abuse Dissenters for doing such devoted work!

I have often been asked the question, "Do you really think that all those strange persons you get into your Church and into your choir are regenerate?" Of course not. But they will be, perhaps, some day if they attend Church long enough, and are not hunted out of it by some of you self-righteous snufflebusters!

Even a high dignitary of the Church abroad reproved me for associating with men who bore Her Majesty's commission, some of whom were communicants at my Church, and helped me by reading the lessons, because some officers, the same as some civilians and some parsons, are inclined to be fast!

We also had Church Parades for the Defence Force and Naval Brigade. The men mustered pretty well, and it had the effect of bringing some fellows to Church who never went at any other time.

Although endeavouring to get everybody and anybody to Church, I still had some method. For example, a musician, who was a Dissenter, wished to join the choir. I inquired what time he could give me for preparation for the Sacraments. He did not wish to take such a decided step as that; but rather, having got on well in business in a back street, he now proposed taking larger premises in the main street; and, as part and parcel of the proceeding, wished to join the "more fashionable Church". The man remained out of the choir. For I have a strong feeling that what damns the dear old Church far more than the matter of establishment or disestablishment, is the very prevalent notion that she is merely the Church of the Classes and a Tory Club.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF LIFE.

WHATEVER may be the splendid advantages of North Queensland in many particulars, a few instances will serve to show that it is not a better place for men who have gone to the bad at home to resort to as a reformatory, than it is for parents at home to send their wayward offspring to. Although for the average young fellow it is a grand Country.

One day a doctor sent for me. He wished to sign the pledge. He had been living in my town for several months trying to work up a practice, and with some success, for he was a clever man who knew his business. I had been away in the bush a great deal, and did not know as much about him as the people who remained in the town. Yet I knew enough to see that the unfortunate fellow was battling hopelessly against drink. Then why choose this particular spot on earth to live in?

Yet there he was; and now he sends for me, "the only man he would think of applying to in his trouble". No wonder! for he had previously signed with many other people in the place, and failed time after time, poor chap! So off I went to him. We entered into earnest conversation, and I drew up a document for him to sign, and made him go down on his marrowbones to say his prayers, although he was unaccustomed to prayer, private or public. On rising from our knees he said, "Now, parson, what shall we have for a farewell drink?" He was rather disappointed at having to sign straight away without any nonsense. But he kept his pledge manfully for at least a few weeks, when I found him at a race meeting very bad again.

Another time, just after breakfast, I was at my bookseller's,

and saw this miserable doctor go past in a disgusting state. He had just been released from prison, and some of those low blackguards with whom that Country is swarming—people whose only idea is to drink, and to make other people drink in season and out of season—had been filling the wretched doctor up with whisky. He looked filthy and horrible as he passed close to me at the doorway of the shop.

At first I felt inclined to be a little Pharisaical, and turned up my nose in disgust. However, off I went to look for my *protégé*, and soon tracked him to a Chinaman's shop, with all the Johnny Chinamen shouting gibberish at him, trying to get him out. He came out on my arm like a lamb.

Having no home of my own at that time, I took him to the chief hotel to procure some soup and tea, entering the house by a narrow dark side entrance.

Now, it so happened that a new landlady had come to that hotel only a week before, and I do not suppose that I had been into the place twice since her arrival, so that neither she nor the new people on her staff would be expected to know me, in a white suit, from anybody else.

It seemed that the doctor had been there just before to obtain some drink, and had been summarily ejected. What, then, must have been the good lady's wrath when he appeared again with a companion! So before I knew what was happening, the doctor and I were both pitched out into the gutter! There was plenty of time to attend to that indignity later on, especially when one's feelings might be somewhat calmer than they were just then; so, nothing abashed, I picked myself up, and, assisting the doctor to his feet, took him off to a low quarter of the town, where, I regret, I had not as yet visited the hotels, for they, too, were in my parish. The question was, how should we be received by more strangers under the present conditions?

Just then, I espied a hot pie shop, into which we went and demanded hot pies—so soothing they would be! But my heart sank when we were informed that they would not be ready until ten o'clock at night. We were twelve hours too soon! When the proprietor mentioned ham and eggs, the

drunken man echoed "ham and eggs" with a relish, and straightway demolished two plates full with avidity, washing them down with copious supplies of tea. After this he reposed on a sofa, and I inquired what there was to pay. In a place of three thousand people, where everybody knew me, I did not always carry money about, and that morning I had come out without any. But, alas! the *pieman*—like the landlady—was a new comer, and knew me not. So, as he waxed wrathful, I gave him my watch, and wished him good day.

Outside I met one of the Churchwardens, to whom I related the morning's adventures as rather a good joke—a clergyman being rolled in the gutter with a drunkard, and giving his watch for a mess of ham! The warden was naturally furious, and marched off post haste to the hotel, and to the *pieman's*, to pour out vials of indignation.

The doctor remained at the *pieman's*, with flies crawling all over him, for several weeks, by which time the most excellent *pieman* had recovered him, and I had the good fortune to be able to attach him to an insurance agent who just then came to the town, bringing a letter to me. This appointment brought him in £70, while the agent kept him sober as long as he required him. Then he broke out again, and was found lying in a gully quite helpless, far away out in the bush where the blacks were very bad.

By being "very bad" means that they were wild and unsophisticated blacks, and not broken in to the vices of white men.

Now, as drink among cannibals is an acquired taste, a really wild black will not touch it. And, no doubt, as the doctor was so saturated with spirits, that was the reason they did not touch him! No! they would not have him even as a *snapdragon*!

A year after, in another town where I was living in a hotel, as there was no Church-house for me to live in, my landlord told me that a man had been to see me, and he had sent him away, as he was not fit to be seen. The next day the same, and the next. I reproved the landlord for not allowing me to see parishioners, with the result that the next day I found my old friend the doctor, when he called the fourth time.

He seemed pretty well, and I asked him to luncheon. I took him to my room to wash his hands. He asked for a clean jacket, as his was not fit to appear in in my company. I gave him one. "How about this shirt?" I gave him a shirt. "And the trousers?" I gave him trousers. "Socks and boots?" Oh! yes. He looked quite respectable. At luncheon he was at his best, talking well and ably about a variety of matters.

Knowing he had no money and nowhere to go, I asked him to dine, refusing a dinner myself on purpose. But, just before dinner, in the street the doctor was standing—as a drunken man only can stand without falling on his face—at that peculiar angle just as if the Fates were dangling him by a piece of elastic fixed to the belt behind. Some blackguards had been feeding him on whisky. So, to avoid him, I went out to dine elsewhere.

He had the impertinence to go to the hotel, where he was given dinner after the other people had dined. Then he betook himself to the bar, and invited all the people to drink with the parson! even going into the street to bring more people in to drink, as the parson was "shouting!"

The next morning the doctor looked quite himself again; as he had slept in a ditch in his new clothes. He asked for a letter to the head of the masons, with which I supplied him. The head of the masons was also the head of the police! I fancy the doctor suspected that I was getting that good man to act in both capacities; at any rate I never saw him again.

A doctor in charge of a northern hospital was sent for after his post-prandial dose of whisky to hold a *post-mortem* over a man who had been found dead in the bush. Accompanied by a constable, he arrived at the house, and knelt down to examine the corpse already considerably affected by the Tropical climate. In this position he fell asleep upon the bosom of the deceased, and, when somewhat rudely awakened by the officer, he proceeded to pronounce his professional opinion in the following words:—"If there is no change, he will be a dead man in less than twenty-four hours".

A gentleman I used to see a great deal of, an old man, hold-

ing a high and responsible position, a man with a clear head and strong constitution, and as active as a young man, drank a bottle of brandy every morning before breakfast, just to correct the acidity of the day before. Immediately before breakfast an appetiser of whisky was indulged in. At all hours of the day whisky was consumed copiously, unless anybody "shouted" champagne. I have known the old fellow go to bed with his boots on; but at daylight the next morning he was up with the sun at work in the garden, and correcting the acidity of the day before with his bottle of brandy. At seventy this worthy dyed his hair, and married a middle-aged lady.

After the funeral of a man who all his life had saturated himself with spirits, one of the mourners, who had an eye to business, observed: "It is a pity the deceased has to be buried; it is such waste, for the corpse might be put to far better use at a distillery!"

One evening a well-to-do man leapt out of a cab into my arms at a hotel, and was most pressing in his offers of drink, of which he had already taken far too much. At a hall next door the Roman Catholics were holding a bazaar. I took my gushing acquaintance without delay to the sale, and introduced him to some of the clergy and stall-holders, who very speedily relieved him of everything except his thirst.

What shall be said of parents who have brought children into the world on their own responsibility, and yet have not the ability, or possibly the desire, to influence them for good at their homes? What shall be said, I ask, of these people sending their wayward progeny into such a Country, because from their own stupidity, or from outright malice, they are either incapable of managing them, or desirous of getting rid of them?

On the steps of a hospital I was introduced to a young fellow, whose name I at once recognized. We had known each other as children, and were delighted to meet again at the Antipodes.

His parents had sent him abroad because he was what they termed wild; that is, he wished to marry the woman of his choice; the parents had somebody else in view. So, just at the time of life when he ought to have been in England, surrounded

by all the good influences that wealth, culture, and religion could procure, this young man was living in the black blocks, five or six hundred miles from anywhere. His sole female companions—the mangy black women. His men companions—the typical manager and a few rough hands on the station. His only business—riding after cattle. His only recreation—reading yellowbacks and scurrilous papers, and drinking whenever there happened to be anything to drink. His only religion—no work on Sunday, and consequently nothing to do but mischief.

My friend had just come in from such a station with his allowance and a year's earnings to "knock down". I made a point of seeing as much of him as I could; and he interested himself in my Churches. He was a charming fellow; everybody liked him. Of course, there were plenty of people too who were only glad enough to help him to get through his cheque one way and another. But the pace was too great; he was attacked by typhoid. Getting better, all his friends were glad to see him about again. But a relapse came on, and he lay at the hospital for a long time in a dangerous state. At this juncture, his fond parents—having done all in their power to send their boy to the Devil—had the consummate hypocrisy to cable to me inquiring for the welfare of their son's soul!

About the same time, I met a young fellow whom I recognized at once as a gentleman, in spite of his garb. He was in town for a holiday too. He was far from strong in mind or body. When at Oxford he had joined the Church of Rome, which the Protestant parents made a pretext for banishment—how pious!

The real reason I found to be that the youth had several marriageable sisters; and the presence of a brother who was not quite strong, in the sumptuous halls of the paternal home, was considered to be a detriment to their prospects. So he was put out of the way.

One day, going down the street together, he was seized with a dreadful fit, and a miner assisted me with him as he lay foaming in the dust.

The poor fellow told me how awful his life was on the

station, riding about after cattle all day in the blazing sun, with the black boys for his companions. And then he would feel the fits coming on, and gradually drop from the saddle, with a good chance of being dragged. And there he would have to lie in the scorching sand, covered with black flies, all alone in a ghastly fit, with the magpies stealing nearer and nearer, chattering and screaming to each other to come on to their prey. Then, as he came to, the awful sense of desolation, weakness, and desertion, as he gazed round the trackless waste under the brazen sky, the very blacks gone, the riderless horse gone, and not knowing which way to drag his feeble limbs! Nothing to see across the dull expanse of downs, shimmering in the heat, but a few bushes, a few tufts of grass, some greedy birds, and the inevitable bleached skulls, and skeletons of animals! But no home, no friends, no water!

The day after the fit in the street, a dray was to reach the town to take out some goods, and bring the holiday-maker back to the dreaded place of torment. His father's remittances through an agent were so limited that there was no means of escape. He certainly was not well enough to travel through the bush, so I purposed keeping a lookout for the dray.

When it drove up to the hotel for its live freight, I found that it was laden with coils of barbed wire! A fine couch, indeed, for an invalid nurtured in all the comfort of a rich English home! I objected to the fellow being taken hundreds of miles in such a fashion. A good deal of altercation ensued. The drayman had received strict orders to bring the fellow back; but it ended in my having my way, which was a considerable source of trouble and expense to me. But troubles and expenses one becomes used to.

There was a poor old man who was no good—a broken-down gentleman—staying with me, because he had nowhere else to go. Nobody would employ him, for he was neither sober nor honest. My congregation, as usual, threatened to stop my pay for harbouring the man. It is strange that, after nearly nineteen centuries of Christianity, congregations always think that the righteous and flourishing, not the sinners and the ruined, require all the attention. But, congregation or no

congregation, I was not going to see him, or anybody else, however good or bad, starve if I could help it.

I had a little house at that time ; but, as I could not afford servants, was obliged to procure meals at a pound a week at a neighbouring inn. The old ne'er-do-well remained with me for ten weeks, costing me ten pounds at the inn, which I gladly paid. That same day another needy person came to me for five pounds, and I gave them at once. Another man who had exchanged good turns with me, drove up and asked for two pounds. He had scarcely gone from the door with them when the man of fits came for one pound. I am glad he did not ask for more, for I had no more. So I gave him my very last pound with the greatest of pleasure, only hoping that his miserable parents would smart for it as much as I had to.

The next callers for money went without, the same as I did. No wonder I could not afford to keep a cook!

CHAPTER XV.

TORRES STRAITS.

FIVE hundred miles north of Cooktown the Continent of Australia terminates in a long promontory called Cape York. New Guinea is separated from it, by Torres Straits, where a group of islands is situated, of which Thursday Island is the chief. As these islands were in my parish it was my agreeable duty to visit them.

The islands, grouped closely together, are covered with low wooded hills, with clusters of houses near the beach in every direction. These are the homes of the pearl-shellers; for the industry of the place is diving for mother-of-pearl shells; and fleets of shelling-boats are seen everywhere.

The population of the town is made up of Hindoos, Cingalese, Malays, Siamese, Javanese, Japanese, Poles, Irish, Scotch, and a few English and Germans. In fact, thirty-two different nationalities are represented there; and we used to see a good deal of the New Guinea people.

On a prominent eminence stands the Roman Catholic Church, with its sisterhood and schools. Roman Catholics are the only Christians in Queensland who attach importance to religious education, and to sisterhoods. That, no doubt, accounts for Queensland being practically a Roman Catholic Country, in spite of the fact that they do not number more than one-fourth of the population. Since my visit an Anglican Church has been built.

Another very popular religion in Australia is that most bigoted of all Protestant sects, "The Undenominational Sect". Belonging to this sect, there is in the South a very good and very useful and efficient institution to which "All are

invited"—Methodists, Baptists, Anglicans, Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics—"All are welcome". But a note at the foot of the prospectus is added, to the effect that "No Papists or Ritualists are allowed"!

A few indifferent Anglican Churches with no schools, shoals of Protestants, and some Orange lodges, are not calculated to supply any adequate religion outside the Papacy; and as the sects are not likely to do anything much besides riding their special hobbies and manufacturing more denominations, it is a pity that the Anglican Church does not bestir herself, and come to the front in all her majesty and power.

After all, what a cumbersome unwieldy piece of machinery the National Church is! Here is an example. For years after Australia was largely populated, and had been well supplied with devoted Romish Bishops and clergy, with their educational establishments everywhere, that vast Continent—from the Anglican standpoint—was merely an Archdeaconry of Calcutta, which, for all practical purposes, was as far removed from the sphere of action as "Brummagem" or the North Pole, with the result that only could be expected at the present day.

If unfortunately not able to give an excessively glowing account of the Church in the Pacific, at least I have the consolation of being in good company. For an English Prelate of prominence has recently visited some of those parts,—a man whose utterances are received as worthy of consideration, who after noting many of the weak points alluded to in these pages, observes that in the Colonies, "The Church of England has a right to be hopeful," whatever that conclusion may be supposed to mean.

There can be no doubt that if the grand old Church is to forge ahead, and do the work for which she is so eminently qualified, she must be ridden with spurs to redeem the time, and buy up the lost opportunities.

On a gentle rise at Thursday Island, overlooking the Channel, is the Government Residency, where I was a guest during my visit, my host and hostess being destined to be numbered among my best friends.

From the verandah we watched the great ocean steamers

approaching and leaving the harbour, and dipping the ensign to the Union Jack on the house as they passed. The Channel was always busy with small craft plying about; and sometimes terrific squalls would come along, driving them miles out of their track.

At the Residency bells rang out the hours as on board ship, and all was carried on with the punctuality of an English country house.

On Sundays I held three services at the Court House, splendidly attended. In fact, the hearty white people of the islands seemed delighted with the presence of a parson. When I inquired if any people lived on such and such an island, it was immediately made a pretext for a picnic by some good person or another; and off we went in a beautiful gig, the people returning the visit by coming to service on the next Sunday. We also had excursions to Hammond Island and other islands in the steam yacht, 170 tons.

One evening, coming in to dress for dinner, my hostess asked me to take a glass of sherry, for she feared I must be tired after being in the parish all day. I replied, that I had called at fifteen houses, at thirteen of which champagne had been opened, at the fourteenth whisky, and at the fifteenth raspberry vinegar; and I thought I could wait until dinner. I do not, of course, state that I drank all these beverages.

In the grounds was a tennis court, made of a cement of pounded ants' nests, and lemon-scented grass fringed the court.¹

That was almost the only house I knew where a punka was used. I must say this for Queenslanders, that with all their go and energy, not one person in a thousand has the smallest idea how to build a house, or how to live.

At a picnic at Prince of Wales Island I discovered a new drink. Some tea was made in the boat—the usual Queensland tea, strong as dynamite. It had no chance of cooling under a vertical sun. So I put some soda-water into it, which made a most refreshing beverage, quenching thirst splendidly.

¹ A hospital has since been erected upon that site.

I also stayed for a few days in another part of that island with a fellow who had a snug bungalow and a good Japanese cook.

On Christmas Eve, after dinner at the Residency, numbers of Manilamen labourers came to give their Christmas performance. Chinese lanterns swung from the flagstaff on the lawn, beneath which, with the aid of the moon, they danced and sang. Some clever acrobats were very interesting. Two of them were arranged as giants three times their own height, such as I have seen in religious *fêtes* in Spain. It was most amusing when one of our party danced a waltz with the tall lady.

The band consisted of a concertina, a penny whistle, and a lovely Japanese drum played with vigour, and without cessation. The *repertoire* consisted of "the Marseillaise," "the Spanish Anthem," "Grandfather's Clock," and "Rule Britannia".

Later on in the night Government officials and others came to offer good wishes.

On New Year's Eve the same thing was repeated, with the addition of an illumination of the shelling fleet and the yacht; and the full moon shone down upon the beautiful scene with intense lustre. At twelve o'clock twenty-one guns were fired from the yacht. They were answered by every sort of gun from the lawn; while islands across the glittering channel resounded with reports of rifles and revolvers.

On the evening of my last Sunday such torrents of rain fell, that we expected nobody at the service. My host and I, however, decided to walk to the Court House just to make sure; and were pleased to find nearly all the white men of the town, as well as a few of the women, a most hearty service being held. I congratulated the people upon turning out on such a rough night. The fellows told me afterwards, that as I had entered into the matter of their temporal and spiritual affairs, it had been their desire to "see me through" my last ministration.

Between Cooktown and Torres Straits all steamers carry a pilot, for the Great Barrier Reef, beginning twenty miles from land at Cape Capricorn, closes in nearer the coast, as it approaches its Northern termination at the Straits; and the

channel is so thickly studded with shoals and reefs that it forms a good steeplechase course for surveying ships, which, often enough, leave sheets of copper on the rocks.

Although the reef is an efficient breakwater for keeping out the fury of the open Pacific, it can be at times unpleasant enough even within.

During some dirty weather, a friend of mine going down the coast was determined not to miss a meal on any account. In this resolution he succeeded, until one of the blades of the screw-propeller broke, causing a very unpleasant motion. That day he had ordered some wild duck for dinner; but though he knew a good deal about game, he had never before met with a wild duck that pined so much for liberty; and he was obliged to go on deck to the side of the ship, to give the bird its freedom!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PALMER.

THE Palmer Gold-Field, a few hundred miles up the interior from Cooktown, was originally the scene of one of the largest gold "rushes" of Australia; about 30,000 men, half of whom were Chinese, going off into the wilderness to obtain alluvial gold from the beds of the numerous streams running into the Palmer River.

What an eventful time that must have been with all those thousands of men working and drinking, trading and fighting! The tracks leading out to the field, busy with caravans, were lined on either side with shanties, into every one of which it was the duty of everybody to enter and drink—and a shilling a drink too! Those were high times. One of the routes took the wayfarer through a gorge called "Hell's Gates," where the blacks were wont to roll rocks over on to those passing below.

In my day things were very different. Most of the alluvial gold had been worked out. Just a few Chinamen still "cradled" in some of the sequestered valleys, making an existence where no other people could; and there they lived in perpetual dread of the hungry blacks, who now enjoyed their hunting grounds almost to themselves again.

The reduced population is now employed chiefly in mining on the reefs; and keeping stores, and hotels, and banks, at a couple of townships built on the reefs.

During the dry season, a coach ran from the end of a railway which was being constructed towards the gold reef; but finding that there were settlers on the land off the road, I did not trouble the coach, endeavouring rather to reach every

habitation on or off the road. Owing to this I often enough had to travel for days all alone.

There is something very fascinating about the death-like loneliness of those wild parts, as one went singing along in the bright light, now and then startled by some sound of the forest—the almost human whistle of the magpie—or the voice-like note of some of the pigeons—or the convulsive laughter of the jackass—or some timid kangaroos crashing through the long grass and fallen boughs—and, more rarely, the curious sound of the “stock-whip” bird, for all the world like the whirr of the thong in the air followed by the crack, causing the horse to start.

The trees, usually some distance apart, are mostly scraggy gum trees of fantastic shape, or iron wood, neither of which give any shade, as the leaves hang sideways and follow the sun. The stems are frequently spiral, some having a dark-coloured bark for a few feet up like a dado, while the rest is smooth and white. Often one sees gashes cut every few feet up the stem of a high tree, by which the blacks have climbed to dig out a possum, or to get some wild honey. From some of the gashes a red substance flows out, and drips in pools like human gore.

Occasionally rare blooms are found, especially on the banks of water-courses. In parts where the trees are lofty and handsome, it is splendid after a few days' rain to see the whole forest decked with beautiful new green shoots, still more when the wattles and bottle-brush blossoms are out everywhere—green yellow, and pale red.

On the lonely way, one would single out far ahead some strange-shaped trunk or great massive yellow ants' nest, and it would be quite a relief when the object was past; or distant objects would have the appearance of horsemen or bullocks, but on drawing nearer they would prove to be nothing but logs or rocks.

The most curious part of that district was traversing some thirty or forty miles of weird country, where every few yards heaps of black sand fretted with black pinnacles stood up, some as high as ten feet, and as long as high, all of them lying due North and South, like slab tombstones in a London

churchyard. These are the abodes of the magnetic ant. But one could readily imagine the region to be the burial place of all the Devils, with the exception of those still left to torment us mortals. The very trees are stunted and blighted; everything looking blasted and forsaken.

Close by this is a vast tract of land, covered thickly with huge circular ants' nests made of red sand. The stems of the trees, too, are coated by the ants with red sand, to a uniform height of about a dozen feet, just as if they had all been dipped in red ink.

Ants swarm everywhere in Queensland. I even saw a nest like a fool's cap on the top of a telegraph post. It is a curious fact that, by some natural instinct, immediately before the wet season sets in, some species of ants betake themselves to the trees to live while the earth is submerged.

Sometimes, merely dismounting to open slip-rails, I have been covered with ants.

One night near the Normanby diggings, travelling with an orderly, I camped at a large house belonging to some Chinamen. The people were glad to see us, as the blacks had speared eight of their horses for food the night before. Knowing the black's love for the flesh of a Chinaman, I never feel quite comfortable when staying with those people; it would be so unpleasant if the blacks were out foraging, and in the uncertain light of early dawn were to mistake one for a Chinaman! Usually John Chinaman goes inside the one small room used as an office and dormitory, and locks himself and his Countrymen in with his opium and pastiles and the inevitable shrine to Joss, while his guest is left outside in an apartment open on three sides, and roofed with sheets of bark.

In this shed, which is the living room, there is a bed for visitors at one side. The bed is about four feet long, and as wide as the house will permit. It is made of small logs laid closely together, and a pole reaches the whole width for the sleepers to hang their necks over. If the bed is full, you have to lie on your back, the legs, from the knee, dangling over the end of the bed; but if there is room, a bundle can be made for a pillow—or a saddle will do—and you can lie along the width

of the bed. And as the logs are no harder than the stones would be if camping outside, a good night can be spent, if the tea has not been too strong; in which case the long sultry hours of darkness can be whiled away by keeping off mosquitoes and cockroaches.

Most of these rural Chinese are extremely filthy, but very hospitable. They give you lots of rice and eggs and strange vegetables, infinitely preferable to the tough salt beef and no green food of the white people.

But one is not doomed to travelling always alone, or having to stay every night with Chinese; for there are several hotels made of logs and covered with bark—where you can invite your friends to a shilling drink of rum or Eno's Fruit Salts, whichever they prefer—besides the few settlers' homes, police camps, and telegraph stations. Many of the latter are fortified with corrugated iron, to withstand the spears of the blacks.

For houses of this sort it is usual to try at midday, and at sundown, where the heartiest welcome is always accorded. But when there is no place to make for, and no food to be obtained—not even cockatoos, parrots or snakes to cook in the embers—nothing remains to be done but to fill oneself up with water from a brook, or even from a muddy pool, if either one or the other can be found; and if not, the belt is buckled up very tightly, so as to make the hunger smaller.

If rich, the traveller can take his servants and horses and food, and be independent of everybody; but, for my part, wishing to visit all the people in the land, I used to start out like the Apostles of old, for four or five weeks at a time, with no provisions for the road, except—my horse and my fire-arms!

If not travelling with friends, people of one kind or another are often met with, either party being glad of the other's company.

One day I had not proceeded far, when I met an old teamster with his slow horses, and an Irish youth on a race-horse so good that he would never have procured the animal had it not been rather touched in the wind. The youth admired the horse I was riding, and offered me a mount on

his. So, exchanging for a bit, we romped along through the bush, enjoying the afternoon thoroughly. The lad rode any way and every way like a circus rider. He belonged to a gang of timber getters for the navvies on the railway.

Out of the generosity of his heart, he invited me to stay the night at their camp; also, would I say Compline? for he could serve Compline. Just about dark the camp was reached. It consisted of several very dirty tents, pitched among grass-trees.

One of them was the mess tent. The furniture consisted of a log split in half, held up by a post at each end driven into the ground, making a good table, though not very even on the surface. At each side was a horizontal pole propped up at the ends by posts, the same as the table. These were the seats.

Dinner was already laid, and the table illuminated. For the repast, there was a greasy, filthy tin wash-hand basin containing a bit of ancient salt beef. On a box close to it stood a jam-tin filled with fat, with a piece of an old sock for a wick. This served for a lamp, as well as for supplying the beef with gravy, as the grease dribbled off the filthy sock into the basin! Some "damper" and tea completed the bill of fare.

Although the road had been long and the journey exhilarating, somehow the appetite failed; and when the well-meaning youth said, "And now, yer Riverence, we will make you a bed," balmy sleep failed to compose the mind; so I asked for my horse, and wishing the good boy and his mates God-speed, rode forth into the darkness, knowing there was a police camp somewhere about through the forest, which the horse would probably be able to find. This I had the good luck to strike in about three miles.

There I had a lovely clean cot with a mosquito net, swung outside on the verandah, where I slept soundly, being rocked all night by the gentle breeze from the Laura River.

At that place I once saw the evening sky quite darkened with a mob of flying-foxes—an enormous species of bat. By day, when sleeping, they look most extraordinary, hanging in clusters on trees.

In the morning, after being fed upon wild duck and fresh

vegetables, the kind people came to see me safely over the river, which I was glad of, for the horse stuck in a quicksand; and getting off to pull him out, I stuck too. This was interesting enough, as there were people about to help if necessary; but that kind of thing is very dull when perfectly alone in the wilds.

On another occasion I was travelling with a capital fellow—a Government official. He had his black boy and tent and pack-horses, making the journey quite luxurious. At Palmerville we crossed the bed of the great Palmer River in a cloud of dust at the close of the dry season. A day or two after, owing to heavy rains a hundred miles up country, a great bank of water, like a “bore,” came down, making it impassable for many weeks.

One morning, after a sleepless night as usual, I tumbled out as cheerfully as possible, and went down to bathe in a beautiful brook which happened to run close by. On getting into the warm refreshing water, I espied a nice soft stone, which served for a pillow, and lying down in the gentle stream, soon fell asleep, remaining in tranquil oblivion for about an hour. My companion had meanwhile been anxiously searching for me everywhere; and at length I was rudely awakened by the mode in which he expressed his utter astonishment at a parson who was so hopelessly lazy that he must needs fall asleep in his bath!

Oh, the heat just before the nine or ten scorching months of the dry season—replete with dust and drought—simply explodes into furious thunderstorms! The sun is right overhead, as he passes from the Equator to the Southern limits of the Torrid Zone; the scanty leaves of the shadeless forest are shrivelled and dying; the grass is dead or burnt by the fires; the sun-baked earth is parched, and cracked up as if by an earthquake; the very skin is dry and chippy, the hair brittle and crackling, the eyeballs red; and, often enough, no water to drink!

The next night as I lay awake in the tent, there was a roaring sound, which increased and drew nearer. It was the wind, which brought twigs and boughs crashing all about. Soon

it was raining cats and dogs; and, strange to relate, the tent became full of little frogs, jumping all over us, and climbing up the sides of the canvas. So it was not cats and dogs that it was raining, after all!

The lightning at those times is very beautiful. We were watching it one evening. A huge black cloud, covering one side of the sky, terminated in a bank of white glory close to the moon. At this point lightning bristled out continuously in every direction except earthwards, while a perpetual roar of thunder added to the splendour. But often enough the lightning is very disastrous.

All one morning I rode along the coast after a thunderstorm, but could not catch it up. There was no rain; but in front of me all the way the lightning was magnificent, scattering trees in every direction, and causing much alarm to the people at a wayside inn, who were afraid to remain within the house.

In another part a particular friend of mine, a captain in the Defence Force, was struck dead, together with his assistant, at the tent door.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE GOLD-FIELD.

GOING up to the Palmer Gold-Field one dry season, my flock provided me with a horse, so worn out that you may be sure that none but a "Protestant" flock would allow their parson to be so mounted.

The Irish always provide their parsons with excellent horse flesh, with which they can visit their people in a rational manner. But among some of the bigoted Low Churchmen in Queensland, it was considered very "High Church" to have anything like the Irish Catholics; so I often had to be "Low Church," and ride very bad "Protestant" horses.

This may appear somewhat like hyperbolic language. But I will give other corroborative examples.

There being no Church Schools, and no Religious Instruction in the State Schools, some of us used to collect as many of the children as possible at the Church for a short daily service and instruction before school hours. It is hardly credible that a well-meaning and godly Protestant reproved me for doing this, on the grounds that Roman Catholics are accustomed to worship daily in Church!

In fact, Australasian Protestantism assumes giant and grotesque forms. One Holy Week a German Man-of-War was lying in the harbour of a port where the Sunday School superintendent was an ardent Australian Protestant. On Easter Day, when catechising the children, I asked, "Why did the German ship fly the flag at half-mast on Good Friday?" The good children naturally enough gave a suitable answer; but the superintendent, in his zeal for the Faith (?), blurted out, "Because it's Popery!" In answer to which I had to explain that the Reformation which protested against Popery hailed from the same Country as that Man-of-War; and that

German Christians, although "reformed," appeared to regard the solemn event of Good Friday with much the same veneration as most other Christians.

Moreover, to be logical, such Protestants in the Southern Continent should discard (and I am not quite sure that many do not) the Cross and the Lord's Prayer, the Bible and even the very Almighty,—to say nothing of roast beef and Christmas pudding; for do not their hated Ritualistic and Popish brethren adhere to all that?

From one of the chief Cathedrals in the South they have actually removed the Crucifix, as the French Atheists have done at their Paris Pantheon. No wonder one of the Colonial papers declared that the Anglican Catholic Church in that Diocese was fast becoming one of the most feeble of the Protestant sects! But what can be expected otherwise, from those who have "abandoned the errors of Popery for those of Protestantism"!

To return. This time I was calling upon a very nice old gentleman and his son. The miserable old steed, of approved Theological qualifications, had a good rest and feed at midday. After a little luncheon the young man most kindly walked with me a long way through the bushes, to put me on to a trail leading to the track. Naturally, I walked too.

After bidding one another farewell, the animal and I had a great drink at a clear stream,—the last we should meet that day. Then a mountain was ascended. Still I walked, to save the beast. At the top I walked a mile to breathe the old crock; and when at length I mounted, it was only to find that the animal could not go.

Just then the sun went down, and the full moon rose. It was now night, and fifteen miles had to be traversed to reach the hut I was making for. So off I got again, and lugged that miserable horse those fifteen wretched miles, ploughing all the way through dust knee deep, each step raising clouds which clogged the streams of perspiration with mud, parched the mouth, and stifled the breathing. Had there been no moon, the path through the dreary forests on that interminable mountain-top could not have been distinguished. But, on the other hand, the blacks might be out, as it was so light.

I felt weary, thirsty and cross. I was nervous too. It was so lonely all by myself in the sad moonlight, on the top of a mountain in the wilderness, with a brokendown horse.

I carried the revolver in one hand, and dragged the animal with all my strength with the other, as I watched for any moving objects behind the stems of the tall trees, raising their gaunt forms in every direction and throwing black shadows across the white moon-lit dust. Then as the hours rolled on, thirst—bad thirst—came and increased. Oh! such thirst!—the worst of the several bad thirsts it has been my unlucky fate nearly to perish from.

I had heard of a pool of water somewhere over the face of the cliff, but did not know where to find it; so it was no good going to search for it in the night. There was not even a blade of grass or a leaf to chew, everything had been burnt by the bush-fires. Nothing could be done but hurry on, though hurrying was out of the question, the horse was so slow and so heavy. The thong of the crop had broken off dragging him, and I regret that the crop was broken too, trying to urge him; for though my tongue was hard and swollen, and I was nearly crazy with thirst, I was not going to abandon the miserable creature.

At length the edge of the mountain was reached. Shall I ever forget the joy of turning that corner by the rock where the descent begins?

A little further down, the light of the hut could be discerned on the next rise, a few miles off. So I halted. Dead silence, as if of the grave, reigned supreme, and the moon shone with a marvellous brilliancy across the silver and black mountains and forests; the planets beamed with glory, and the stars glittered in their strange Southern Constellations. Yet some of our familiar Northern ones were visible too; so that, even at that most distressing moment, I felt that I was united with friends at home by the Bands of Orion and the Sweet Influences of the Pleiades.

In such stillness, the sound of a broken twig or of a footfall or a voice can be heard at a long distance. Then I put up my hands and gave the Australian "cooe". In a few moments,

on the still night air, the answer stole up the hill-side to where I stood. Further on I cooed again, receiving an answer. To this I replied in a high monotone, slowly and distinctly, "Rum and eggs". Soon the road began to rise towards the cottage, and a woman came out to meet me. As she put a bowl into my hand containing eggs mashed up with rum and water, I asked her to take the horse and have it attended to. The concoction soon went down to join the mud-pies within, and I was refreshed; but the horse died.

I was told that I was lucky to have reached my destination, because the blacks had been out foraging, and had demolished three Chinamen in a gulley just below where I had passed only a few hours before.

Such, then, was travelling to and from the Palmer off the main trail.

In the wet season the inhabitants are practically cut off from the world, and it takes some months to restore communication thoroughly after the dry has set in. What joy it is when a cloud of dust on Jessopp's Hill announces that the first dray-load of goods and provisions is at last nearing the gold-field!

At the beginning of the mining on the reefs at Limestone on the Palmer, I visited the place twice. On the second occasion I arrived a day later than I had intended, owing to the horses clearing out one night at a Chinese goat-farm where I was camping, and it took nearly all the next day to find them.

The miners asked me to preach on the following evening, as it was too late that day to give notice of a service. That would be S. Patrick's Day, and they were nearly all Irish into the bargain!

An account of the following proceedings will afford no interest whatever for that large class of Church people—lay and clerical alike—who are so thoroughly pleased with themselves, and so entirely wrapped up in their own righteousness, that they possess not even a suspicion of sympathy with men of rough habits of life and thought and manner—those who try to forget that the publicans and harlots will enter the Kingdom before them.

Well, I told the good fellows that I was not able to stay,

being advertised to preach and give the Sacraments the day after at a place forty miles off, and it would take me all my time to get there. They replied that the other place was nothing to them, and I saw that there would be trouble if I persisted in refusing; and as I do not like fighting—I am so afraid of being hurt!—I decided to stay; and notices were put up announcing a Church of England service on S. Patrick's Day at the Irish shanty! And off I went to commence rounding up the congregation.

I was requested to visit a man who was dying. Then the advisability of doing so was questioned, as the man was a Romanist. However, I gladly went to see him. The old chap was rolled up head and all in his blanket, suffering horrible pain, but he recognized my voice at once, having met me before hundreds of miles from there. The next day he had recovered, and so grateful was he for his recovery, that he immediately got very intoxicated; he and the butcher, however, being the only people who kept the day in the orthodox fashion, because,—good fellows!—whenever I was about with them, the miners almost always remained sober and abstained from blasphemy.

In the evening I ate my birthday dinner—for S. Patrick is my Patron Saint too—with a surveyor whom I found near. The dinner consisted of a curry which would have been excellent had it not been burnt, and become fixed to the bottom of the pot.

At Church time I went to the shanty. A large crowd had assembled on the verandah. A young miner, by way of attuning minds to the coming solemnity, was singing to the admiring crowd one of the most disgusting songs I ever caught a few lines of. At the sound of "Here comes the ——— parson, shut up!" the songster slipped out of the way, but not before I had spotted him.

A dear good old Irish Catholic and a young Presbyterian had constituted themselves Churchwardens for the occasion. They had prepared a large room, and now they ushered in the congregation. Some remained outside; others preferred their game of poker in another room. But there was a good congregation.

I went to look for the songster, running him to earth at the slaughter-yard. He refused to come in, for he said, "You must have heard, Sir, that my music is not suitable for that of a chorister". The fellow spoke very good English, and I recognized him at once, having conversed with him before in the steerage of a coasting steamer; and he knew me.

The service began with a hymn. I thought the first two lines fell very flat, as my solitary voice echoed against the other side of the valley; but then several others dropped in, especially a magnificent bass by my side, which proceeded from the "chorister," who kept his word in a curious way. He would not come right in, but he put his head and shoulders through the open window by my side, where he remained all through the service.

At the general confession, the drunken convalescent groaned piteously at the consideration of his sins. The Irish warden thought that that could not be a part of the Anglican Liturgy, and shook his fist at the offender. But his sins weighed so heavily that the groans were renewed, at which the said Churchwarden tripped delicately across the room, picked him up between his finger and thumb, by the seat of his breeches and the scruff of his neck, and dropped him gently over the verandah; and he was heard rolling down with the loose stones to the creek. However, he was soon back, and on his knees again.

The men were all very respectful and devout, but very droll. There were men of many nations, and of many sorts, good and bad. Some retired murderers, retired forgers, retired burglars, deserters from the army and navy among the rest; as well as that noble fellow the *bona fide* miner. But all were attentive, as I prayed, read, and had a good talk with them. There was no cope or chasuble, no gown or hood,—just a Crimean shirt with the sleeves turned up; and even that was too much in that sweltering room.

At the close of the service a collection was proposed, seconded and put into force—and a good one it was too.

After a reasonable interval, I suggested a concert, leading off myself. Lots of men sang, including the chorister, who

rendered several touching ballads with great pathos, bringing tears to many an eye. He was a fine looking fellow, with a deep red handkerchief round his neck and bare chest, and a red cummerbund. When asked to drink he always refused. He told me that he saved his drinking money to send to his parents in England, whom he wished to bring to Queensland.

In the course of the evening he sang some lines which offended the prejudices of the convalescent, who sadly broke out into a volley of oaths; but before they were half out, the watchful Churchwarden had pulled the hat down over the offender's mouth, and he was again dropped like a puppy over the verandah.

The concert lasted into the small hours, when the wardens put me to bed, in a real bed with sheets, into which I got—clothes, boots, spurs and all. But as soon as I heard my kind guardians snoring in the adjacent rooms, out I jumped, hunted over the sleeping hills until I caught my horse, and then rode my forty miles across the mountains, in time to change horses and round up the congregation in a straggling gold district for the Sunday services as advertised.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIRE AND HEAT.

THE wax-match trade owes a great deal to the Australians. Everybody carries a copious supply of wax matches. Even in the wet season they can be kept dry by putting them into small bottles, or into large beans hollowed out, or even into discharged Martini-Henry cartridges fitted with corks. Never mind how heavy the rain, or how humid the atmosphere, or how many rivers there are to swim, the matches are always ready for use. Then the Colonial is happy. He strikes them incessantly for his pipe or what not, and showers the flaming torchlets about the floors of wooden houses, on the decks of boats, and on trails amid vast tracts of inflammable grass.

Curiously enough, houses rarely are demolished by fire. But it is different with the country. Frequently hundreds of miles of grass, and valuable brakes of sugar-cane are destroyed, owing to some carelessness with matches or tobacco.

When rain is expected, it is often desirable to burn off the rank grass on a station. This is easily effected by riding through and throwing in a few lighted matches, when the flames spread with great rapidity.

But when once started, there is no knowing when or where a bush-fire will terminate; and in the dry season the grass surrounding homesteads is often purposely set alight, while men with boughs beat the flames out where required, so as to direct the course of the conflagration. Then, when the bush-fires sweep over the country, buildings are safe, as there is nothing left to burn in their proximity.

The same with fences. A post-and-rail fence stretching for miles over hill and dale is protected by burning down the

grass for a couple of yards on each side, which, by the instrumentality of boughs, is often done as evenly as with a mowing machine.

In a bush-fire the belt of flame is very narrow, so that one can ride through easily enough: and it rarely sets fire to trees, although I have seen forests blazing for weeks over the hills, crackling and roaring and emitting immense volumes of smoke. When trees do burn, the fire smoulders right away down into the tap-root, leaving a vacuity into which the unwary horseman is apt to fall when the grass has grown again tall and thick. At night the glare of distant bush-fires is grand and solemn in the lonely wilderness.

North of Cooktown a row of serrated mountains skirts the beautiful bay, terminating at Indian Head. Some friends accompanied me there for a picnic. The steep hills on the way are clothed with alternating strips of jungle and grass, reaching from base to summit. Nothing would set fire to the jungle growing in the damp shaded soil; but the strips of grass we lighted, and the effect of the streaks of flame creeping up the hills looked pretty enough at night from our grass but under Indian Head.

From the narrow plateau at the top of the mountain the view is superb. The shoals of the Great Barrier Reef are distinctly visible as the shadows of the clouds move over the many tinted waters. In the midst of the undulating plain beneath us stood a sugar-loaf hill, with narrow ravines running up its sides.

While gazing over that grassy territory, suddenly a flame sprang up about half way between the blazing mountains and the sugar-loaf hill. As we could see no horsemen or blacks about, we concluded that a brand borne by the breeze had caused the fire, which now spread furiously. Soon it had reached the base of the sugar-loaf, and in a moment the fire lapped up each steep ravine, and the whole hill was enveloped in a magnificent sheet of flame.

On the march home we repassed the only wild cocoanut tree I knew in Queensland. We enjoyed a quantity of the fruit obtained by shooting at the stalks.

On reaching the estuary of the Endeavour River about sunset, a blacks' camp was visited and a canoe procured. Although the water was too rough for such a craft, we determined to try it, with the result that it foundered with all hands, guns, blankets, provisions and all, much to our amusement. However, a little further on a boat was obtained from a Malay.

From Indian Head right across to the Palmer district, wherever the hills rise higher than a thousand feet or so, they are crowned beyond by vertical cliffs, as at Govett's Leap in New South Wales. Above the level line of cliffs the land is undulating, and covered with the usual monotonous flora.

In the wet season, the rainfall is prodigious, as much as seventy inches in two days having been known. In weather of this sort the geologist can witness for himself the rapid wear of the earth's surface by the action of violent rain. Sand and stones are swilled all over the land, and carried in immense cascades over the rugged cliffs into numerous ravines which become—for the time—rivers of great depth; while the channels in the river beds become altered, and the bars at their mouths are silted up, or extended out to sea.

Stones and pebbles, acting as umbrellas over the soil beneath them, are frequently seen standing as they were, while the earth all round has been cut off by the vertical downpour and carried away, leaving stone-capped pinnacles several feet in height.

Wheel ruts in the tracks are often scoured out to a depth of ten feet or more, disclosing a network of tree-roots, the horse track between being left like a wall, too narrow for use. Then in the wide undulating hollows in the hills, temporary brooks carve out deep beds with vertical sides, over which water pours from every direction. Often, passing the head of one of these, and going again by the same track in a few days, I have had to go half a mile or more further up, to head the new ditch, too wide to jump, and too deep to climb down.

With such rough usage for some months nearly every year, no wonder the mountains are very rugged, with detached rocks standing out like ruined castles, with arches and bastions.

Further inland, the hills on the Palmer, as far as the eye can reach, are like large brown molehills clustered together, covered with scraggy eucalyptus of the appearance of apple trees; and when there is a bush-fire, a smell like incense is produced by the burning leaves. Round Limestone many of the hills are clothed with a blue-leaved eucalyptus which emits, when the leaves are bruised, a scent like lemons.

On the coast, a temperature of 90° or 100° in the shade is a heat that boils all the energy out of people, leaving them limp and clinging, the very cats gasping for air, and the poultry going about with their beaks open and wings partially extended. But on the uplands of the interior, even another ten or twenty degrees has not the same pernicious effect.

I have retired to bed at ten o'clock at night at Mount Leyshon, a place a hundred miles from the coast, and two thousand feet above the sea, with the thermometer standing at over 100° . And in the nominal winter, on the tablelands a thousand feet above the sea, after being out in the sun all day at 150° , at night there has been a suspicion of a frost, thus giving a range of about 120° in twelve hours. I had bedclothes made of blanket, body, legs, and feet all in one piece, to keep out the draught.

At daybreak, the heat, as the sun appears above the horizon, would cause the houses to creak like a ship in a storm, owing to the sudden expansion.

In the morning, when first going into the sun, I have often stepped back hurriedly into the shade, just as people jump hastily out of a bath that is too hot. But in a few moments both the sun and the burning saddle become quite bearable.

The highest reading of the thermometer in the interior of Australia which came under my notice was 130° in the shade, and getting on for 200° in the sun, where one usually happens to be in an out-of-door life, with no really comfortable houses to retire within. It is rather terrible to contemplate how near the sun-heat approaches boiling point.

Just fancy in England, taking a hot bath at the temperature of the air one has to breathe in North Queensland!

When the *Quetta* was wrecked near Torres Straits, a poor

girl who was afloat for thirty-six hours, was nearly roasted by the power of the sun. But at night, when it became cooler, and wet clothes made them chilly, several of the survivors floating about on rafts, took to the water to keep themselves warm: for the water at the surface of the ocean in those parts has a mean temperature of nearer 100° than 90° .

And yet, with all the intensity of the heat, the people of the Palmer and other up-country places are active and vigorous. They make good shooting at the butts, and will ride the roughest horses: and as to the children, in no part of the world have I seen such healthy advanced children.

On a gold-field I observed some objects in the distance which I could not make out. On drawing nearer they proved to be a cavalcade of bare-legged boys with broad-brimmed hats, riding dogs off to a course where they were going to ride a steeplechase. They all had money on their dogs. At that tender age they could handle their own nags, and could swear and cheat, lie and blaspheme, with anybody in the town. They would have their favourite, too, for the Melbourne Cup, the Grand Prix and the Derby! And their parents used to tell me of all these accomplishments with pride!

In spite of the excessive heat, the floods of rain, and fevers which attacked some of the people, for my part I found life in that Country most healthy. I hardly ever knew what it was to be unwell or out of condition.

Some fellows asked me to go out fishing up the Endeavour River. Getting into the boat they requested me to steer, which I considered a most considerate mark of respect to the cloth! We had no sport that day, but I saw some fine specimens of *Periophthalmus* swimming in some muddy pools, and jumping about on the bank. Those strange amphibious fishes have an arrangement of the fins by which they are enabled to swarm mangrove trees and to climb into the boat. The gills are closed when out of the water. Returning in the evening, I was asked to take an oar! Now I had not handled an oar for nearly two years; and, though lazy, was glad to be roused, and to do my share of the work. On emerging from the creek where we had been fishing, we found a head wind

blowing a gale. To make much way was very heavy work, and it was out of the question to stop an instant for breathing or refreshment. The other fellow wanted to stop once or twice; but I would not have it, although expecting to be terribly stiff and sore on the morrow, and we did not miss a stroke until the three hard miles were accomplished. The next day I was as fresh as a lark—so much for that splendid climate!

It never would have done to have shirked that hard bit of work, and to have remained all night in the mangrove swamps, although I have known men who were obliged to do so; for the chances are we should have been devoured by sandflies and mosquitoes, or by alligators or blacks.

About that time a poor fellow who lived in that neighbourhood disappeared. Whether blacks or alligators had him, nobody could tell. But soon afterwards a huge saurian was caught there, and when cut open, the usual bucketfuls of stones were taken out; and a local newspaper added that the fate of the lost man undoubtedly was decided, as in the inside of the monster there were found some human bones, some gold studs, and a cheque book!

CHAPTER XIX.

STORM AND TEMPEST.

THERE are hot days in Melbourne, Sydney, New York, and London, though only a few in the course of a year or two; but in Lands where there is no cool season, it was dreadful having three weeks, during which the instrument ranged from 112° to 120° in the miserable houses where people have to live and die. Such was the case at Charters Towers Gold-Field.

During that terrible period, people dropped down dead in the streets from overheated blood; or, falling lifeless from drays and buggies, were carried away, and in a few hours their friends would be following them to the grave. The streets were filled with long funeral processions following one upon another, until the survivors grew weary of closing shutters and hotel doors as they passed. Clergy of all sects spent the days at the cemetery, without a twig of any sort to afford shelter from the blazing sun. Rows of open graves ready dug, yawned in every direction to receive many of the very people who were standing near them to take leave of those who succumbed first. The cemetery was like a fair.

After a busy day with the funerals, when closing time arrived, I started for a shanty to obtain some dinner. But, going up from the cemetery, in the dusk I espied another funeral procession, and drawing near to inquire "what sect?" I found more employment for me.

When anybody dies, printed bills are fixed to the verandah-posts along the streets, announcing the name of the departed, and the hour of the funeral.

A new curate on the coast, who was not very well, was at that time sent to me for change of air. What an idea! Poor

fellow, he was frightened! In two days he returned to the coast, and took the next steamer to England.

During the excessive heat a friend drove me to the Burdekin River—a dozen miles off—to procure a bath, for there was no water in the town for bathing purposes; I had to go to the bathroom in the usual profuse perspiration, and do myself down with the back of a knife!

On the high river bank some magnificent pumping machinery was being erected for the purpose of supplying the distant town with water. Such, however, is the condition of a Tropical river, that the very next wet season the whole valley, which is really the channel of the river, was so full of the rushing volume of water, that the engine-house—eighty feet above the pools—was almost entirely submerged.

The wild, desolate reaches of the Burdekin have a decided beauty, with rugged cliffs in some parts, and massive ti-trees—like colossal weeping-willows—with twisted stems, ragged bark, and untidy leaves, growing on the banks and all about the sandy bed. When the river is running a banker, these great trees are mere water-weeds, trailing their long boughs down the current, like the weeds in a Hampshire trout stream!

The celebrated low-level railway bridge is in that neighbourhood. It crosses the bed of the Burdekin at about thirty feet above the level of the lagoons; and is so constructed that, when the river is full enough to uproot trees and carry away houses, the water is thirty or forty feet above it, so that the floating debris does not hitch in the structure and carry it away. This bridge has been fifty or sixty feet under water for five or six weeks at a stretch,—a condition of things which may annually occur in a Country of that kind.

There was hardly any water in the Burdekin when we got there. It was a mere succession of lagoons and pools among the rocks and sand in the dry bed.

Into one of the pools in the river bed we ventured for a bathe. Knowing that the sand would be burning hot, I undressed on a solitary tuft of grass, and then ran like a cat on hot bricks to the water; but at the edge the water was shallow, and even hotter than the sand, so that an agonizing retreat had to be

made. The second time I succeeded in getting across the sand and the shallow water to where it was deeper, and there—after getting in very gingerly—I was able to sit down, for hours remaining up to my neck in the hot water, leaning against a rock, and shading myself with an umbrella, shared with dragon flies and little birds, that sat on the ribs in the shade.

Driving home in the evening, the sky became overcast with grey, fleecy clouds all of the same size, and each one tipped with dull red. The bank of clouds seemed to hang like the door of an iron furnace, reaching nearly to the western horizon; while below, the sky was of a glowing colour like molten metal; and from that direction the burning Sirocco was blowing—the breath escaping from the fiery furnace of the setting sun. One's eyes smarted, and the hot dust stuck into the skin like chaff, and the air scorched the lungs.

On reaching my cottage that evening I rushed to the jug and basin to cool my smarting face; but, alas! the Sirocco had cooked the water, and I could not even dip my hands into it.

In very hot weather people do not last very long as a rule when once taken ill. When starting for a drive to the river one day, a friend asked me to dine with him that evening; but when I returned I found that the poor fellow was dead and buried.

One shining day, when everything looked bright and beautiful, visiting some sick people at the hospital, I noticed a white cloud scudding across the distant landscape. It resembled rain lashed into spray by a fierce wind. Behind it the sky had become black. In a few moments, as it moved on, the white cloud turned red, and immediately I understood that it must be dust, for the soil in that part I knew to be red.

There was only just time to give the alarm to the officials and get all the windows in the building shut, before the whole town became enveloped in thick dust, and thunder crashed even above the roaring of the sudden tempest. Not a yard could be seen beyond the windows, except where gaps in the dust revealed trees in the grounds bending down before the storm, the very lightning but faintly glimmering through the gloom.

Suddenly there was a furious rattling noise, and the dust vanished; for torrents of immense hailstones fell, laying the dust, but doing great damage to buildings, and filling all the gutters and spoutings with ice. The thermometer fell over 50° in a few minutes. Then a deluge of rain set in.

“Hooray!” thought everybody, “now the tanks will be filled, supplying water for man and beast.” But, no! The ice had stopped up the entrances to the circular corrugated iron tanks, and not a drop was caught. Next, a still more furious wind came, sweeping the empty tanks away, and sending them rolling down the streets and over the country for miles.

Next came more torrents of rain; but there were not a dozen tanks left in all the town in which to collect any.

Just at that time of the day I was due at the cemetery. It never entered my head that people would take a corpse out in such weather; and I did not attempt to go until the violence of the storm had abated somewhat. But the funeral was then over. The sexton said that nobody had expected a parson in such weather, and had managed without. Then he related the difficulties of that funeral.

The unfortunate people had started in the usual brilliant light, never dreaming of a storm. But in the darkness and confusion that overtook them they drove into a “mullock” heap and capsized the hearse. The coffin being hurled out into the street, was rolled over and over to some distance by the force of the wind, so that the mourners were under the grim necessity of giving chase to the body and bringing it back.

In Queensland the funeral of a known person is very impressive. Almost everybody goes. Many who do not attend any place of worship would never miss a funeral, and never fail to be moved by the wonderful service which has brought consolation to untold multitudes, which several competent critics—among them one or two agnostics of some eminence—have pronounced to be the finest composition in the English language.

But when the Liturgy is terminated, and the congregation is retiring, often enough at the door of the nearest shanty

people may be seen in all seriousness suggesting to their friends that the memory of the departed should be duly honoured!

But to return to the Liturgy. Is it not a service specially adapted for the use of godly persons, in the case of a departed saint? When thus used nothing could be more sublime, as none will venture to deny.

Fortunately enough, parsons are not called upon to be judges of our deceased neighbours. Yet does it not seem rather a farce sometimes having to say that some of those defunct scoundrels, over whose unhallowed remains those sacred words are being recited, are happily delivered from this life, and are on the high road to a joyful resurrection? This part of the proceedings is then followed by several prayers for the complacent survivors, while not a syllable is said on behalf of the miserable soul on whose account the function is being performed.

Again, how many scores of times has one been called upon to bury some poor unknown being, dead from fever, or drink, or starvation, or thirst and want; or perhaps the victim of foul play, or heaven knows what! One's heart bleeds, in that far-off region, as the rough coffin is laid near the gaping hole. The only person present—the grave-digger—has retired beneath the shade of some bush, if he can find one to shelter him; so there is nobody to join in the service. Has the poor lonely dead a mother, a friend, a relation? If so, who, where? In this land, or in any other, or in the far-off bourn? Was he a Christian, or a Jew, or a Heathen? If either or none, did he live up to his honest convictions? Was he good, or the reverse? All one can tell is, that he is alone in death! Poor fellow, all alone! and that if he had no definite form of religion at the hospital or elsewhere, he was sure to be dubbed Church of England,—thus swelling the quantity, but not necessarily the strength, be it noted, of the Church in the census returns of the Colonies; for the Church is supposed to open her arms very wide,—and so a Church parson is sent for.

Under these melancholy conditions, is it rational to read

“the finest composition in the English language” to a congregation of screaming locusts and chirping crickets—the only onlookers of the sad spectacle, unless we reckon the jackass in a distant bough, jibing and laughing in its horrid glee, while the sun beats pitilessly down on the friendless dead, or the pouring rain fills the grave so full of water that the sexton is obliged to come and stand upon the coffin to weigh it down as he shovels on the clay, and the clergyman commits the body to the earth, and the dust, and the ashes?

But what of the poor lonely departed spirit?

CHAPTER XX.

CHARTERS TOWERS.

ALL this is very gloomy. Yet in everything there must be light and shade. And in new Countries and hot climates a great deal that is not unmixed joy falls to the lot of each one. But, for all that, never was there such a cheerful place as Charters Towers Gold-Field!

A railway connects the field with the port of Townsville, passing on hundreds of miles into the West. Fifteen thousand people are congregated there, connected directly or indirectly with the gold mines. The bustle of business by day is wonderful, and in the evenings the houses are gay with social enjoyment, while the roar of the stampers at the crushing mills, day and night, denotes that relays of men are always at work.

Many of the mines contain fine machinery, and are lit by electricity. Below, the heat is so excessive that I was glad to have a good breathe near any escape in the pneumatic drills. Rarely is any gold to be seen in a mine. No wonder, when only a few ounces of gold are usually obtained from a ton of quartz! Nearly all the mines are of a light grey colour; though one, on the contrary, glitters with mica like a fairy grotto.

The active habits of the people affect even the animals; for I saw a broody hen with such a determination to be useful in life, that she sat on a basket of kittens; and, even when the cat was at home to do the nursing, the hen still sat on the top of all.

This reminds me of an industrious aunt of mine in England, who ought to have lived in the Colonies. When stricken with

fever, she ordered some hens' eggs to be put into her bed, so as not to be idle; and, what is more, she actually hatched them!

The town possesses a good library, and a fine hall where lectures, concerts, balls and amateur entertainments are going on constantly, only ceasing to make way for talented companies from England and Australia proper. Entertainments are patronized by the miners to the full, for they are fine, intelligent fellows, and well paid.

Moreover, mine shares being to a large extent on the market, the men buy scrip, paying in so much a week, thus holding a proprietary interest in the mine, and establishing, to some extent, a satisfactory relation between capital and labour. Thus the miner has his chance of making a "pile" in a moment, when a good patch of gold is struck.

I knew a man who made his half million in that way. He added another room to his house, and subscribed to a lot of charities; but still his wife had to scrub the floors; and he purposed bringing up his sons as butchers.

Another man who made a fortune in the same mine speculated it all away. He left the town "humping his swag"; and, trudging off through the bush to another gold-field, for want of a drop of water died there in the wilderness.

All sorts of societies are to be found on the Towers—musical clubs, friendly societies, political and secret ones, religious and the reverse; and every new sect builds its tabernacle, flourishing for its brief day at the expense of some of the others.

The Lutherans are the only people who have built a brick Church. But the Roman Catholics forge quietly and steadily ahead through everything, owing very much to their splendid schools, supported here, and throughout Australia, as much by Protestant as by Roman Catholic money; because the people all respect their singleness of purpose and stability; while other denominations fluctuate so much, and, with few exceptions, do not educate at all.

All through the Colonies, many Protestant parents send their children to convent schools and other Romish educational establishments.

And, again, people see that the money subscribed to the

Roman Church goes straight to the work, for the clergy and sisters have few expenses; while the Protestants, although they like their parsons to be married, and to assist in populating the Colony, always look askance at any new bonnets, or new babies, or new dolls at the parsonage, the expenses of which come out of the collections at Church before any work is done. My Bishop exhorted his clergy to remain single as long as they were in the North; but the charms of Northern ladies being too powerful, his Lordship's advice was usually unheeded.

At one end of the town there is a very fine wooden Church, at which I got up a good choir and orchestra. Three miles off in the opposite direction is Milchester, now a suburb, but originally the beginning, of the gold-field. There is a small Church there; and I built another one near the railway station, half way between the two.

While in course of building, a friend inquired where the new Church was situated. When the locality was indicated, he made the very natural observation, "Oh! I thought that was a hotel going up". To which I replied: "Look at it again to-morrow, and you will not make that mistake". In the meantime I had a huge Cross erected on the gable.

At the opening of the Church I was rejoiced at having my dear old brother with me. He was in uniform, for some of the Defence Force came to the ceremony, forming three sides of a square outside the verandah at the west end, where the introductory service was conducted. Then we went inside, and the combined choirs rendered my "Missa Pacifica" very beautifully before a devout congregation. The building was so full that the inevitable Church-going dogs could find no room but on the steps round me at the Altar.

A snufflebuster, viewing the building, observed: "The emblem of the Cross makes my blood boil"; to which some one tersely replied: "If you do not believe in the Cross, you will be boiled altogether by-and-by!" But perhaps that threat had little terror for the snufflebuster—being cast adrift on an iceberg would be far more efficacious as a future punishment than boiling, to people living in a Country where it is

irreverently said that when the wicked die they send back for their blankets, finding it comparatively chilly down below after life in North Queensland.

One of the many institutions of the "field" was the Saturday evening promenade. At each end of one of the main streets a band played; and nearly all the population seemed to come up from below, who with their wives and families paraded the brilliantly-lighted thoroughfares; yet, so loyal and law-abiding were the citizens, that in all that crowd it was the rarest thing for any disorder to occur.

The only unpleasantness was in a back square, where the usual ribald larrikins blasphemed around the Salvation Army proceedings. The swear-words used were so strange that one had to look them out in a dictionary afterwards. But it was gratifying to find that when I visited the scene the sultry language ceased; for I knew so many of the people, and they were usually civil.

Riding parties were much in vogue at the Towers. A start would be made an hour or so before sunset, and off would go the cavalcade away from the city of burning, glaring roofs, and treeless, dusty streets, through miles of forests and coarse grass to the Burdekin River, whither some of the party had preceded in a buggy with dinner, which would be partaken of by the light of carriage lamps, or of the rising moon, or by the glimmer of blazing ti-trees, whose bark burns brilliantly without hurting the tree.

At one of those jolly parties I was requested to fetch a bucket of water from the river. By the flickering light of the flaring ti-bark I mistook a mass of river weed for solid ground, and, springing on to it, sank right under.

Finding myself gracefully draped with water weeds, I thought it would amuse the ladies to appear at the camp as "Father Burdekin". But when the kind creatures discovered that their "shepherd" was wet, instead of being pleased, the reverse was the case. It was beyond everything ridiculous! I had to do just what I was told, like a naughty child. I was sent behind a big tree to strip. Some of the ladies retired behind other ones, with the result that several riding habits

were sent to me. One of these I put round the neck, and another round the waist. Then I was led forth, and placed upon a possum rug before a huge fire, where fair hands were wringing out my clothes and hanging them up to dry.

As my shoes were spoilt, I shied them away. Oh! how tender those girls were! When we were mounting to ride home, it was discovered that I had no shoes, and in a twinkling one of the ladies—I never found out which—had actually padded my stirrup irons with her stockings! No wonder celibacy was not always practicable among the clergy of the North!

There were many journeys to be made to outlying parts of the field—Dalrymple, Rochfort, the Broughton, and the Black Jack. These places are all approached through endless tracts of gum trees, with no variation except the broad clearing for the telegraph posts resembling in many parts of the Country a superb avenue in a great park; and one involuntarily looks round for the deer galloping across, and the castle standing at the summit of the hill.

But there is nothing to be seen save the inevitable bleached bones, and perhaps some quaint kangaroos hopping along, or, more rarely, some stately emus, or perhaps a flight of galas or parrots.

Then the horrid stench, enough to choke a maggot, of a dead bullock fallen into a water-worn rut or made fast in a mud pool, causes the traveller to hurry his steed until the evil smell is lost in the delicious odour of scented trees and fragrant blossoms. Then a screaming, as of a child in pain, would tell of some poor frog being devoured by a snake in the hollow of an overhanging bough; but that gruesome sound is soon overwhelmed by the hissing of myriads of locusts (*cicala*) on the tree stems, making a noise like a number of locomotive injectors at work.

One cloudy day when there was no glare, and I had a lot of ground to cover, I laid the reins on the horse's neck, and read nearly the whole of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*.

A dozen miles from the Towers is a lovely lagoon or "anabranch" of the river, two miles long, a couple of hundred yards across, and fifty feet deep. Thither I sometimes

rode for a swim. No alligators or anything unpleasant inhabited its waters; nothing worse than the harmless platypus, a curious animal with a duck's bill.

One day two fellows went with me. One of them was a good swimmer, so we romped about in the deep water, ducking each other and diving until we wanted to smoke. Then the fellow who was on the bank swam out to us with our smoking materials. It was delightful cruising about in that lake, with handsome trees growing on the banks, and flights of gaudy parrots flashing overhead in the bright sun.

My companion was a merry man, so I told him a funny story, at which he laughed so immoderately that he sank. When he came up again I told him another; and, when the point of it came, down he went again with laughter. This amused me so much that, each time the man's head began to appear above the water, a fresh story was started, until the stock of stories was exhausted,—like my friend.

Then a lad who had been minding some horses came in to join us in our aquatic exercises, until pangs of hunger suggested that it must be luncheon time. We had been swimming for three hours—the longest time I have ever been afloat.

At that particular spot is the termination of a basalt wall, which begins ninety miles off, at some extinct crater, I suppose. But, although I have crossed the wall in several parts of my parish, I never penetrated to its source. For, after all, my business was not that of an explorer, although I liked to see whatever came in my path. The old lava was cracked into square blocks; and there were large petrified bubbles, partially broken and full of rain water. I also heard of great pits and tunnels, such as I afterwards became familiar with in the Hawaiian Islands.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE FAR INTERIOR.

WERE it not for the humorous aspect even of serious affairs, rough life in a rough Country would be almost unbearable.

I went to call upon a brother clergyman a few hundred miles off in the interior at Hughenden, a town of two streets of red-hot dust, burning the feet as one walked along. The parson persuaded me to exchange duty with him for a couple of Sundays or so, an offer readily agreed to.

No time was lost in calling upon everybody in the place. Every house, hotel, and shanty was visited, and the customs of the Country duly observed. This brought the population to Church as desired. Having got them there—publicans, sinners and all—the opportunity was one not to be lost. So I did my best to go straight to the point.

After Church, a certain amount of indignation was expressed. "The parson was too severe," and so on. The outcome of it was that I was requested to step outside and fight the congregation. Yet the people were not unanimous. For, "was not what the parson said quite right?" and, "had he not made everybody's acquaintance in the approved way?" So I was let off; and they all came again the next Sunday.

During the week the people were very good in lending me their best horses—some really good ones—and they supplied me with splendid wild duck shooting. In short, there was only one aggrieved parishioner left; and the butcher, a man of six feet two, settled him by knocking four teeth down his throat in defence of the sermon!

That was an awful part of the country, right in the interior, in the sheep-raising district. The scorching dry heat in the

sun was almost insufferable, and the iron-roofed houses afforded no proper shade; 122° was the temperature inside.

Although not the fly season, flies nevertheless covered everything; and when the horses played up so that both hands were required, flies immediately swarmed into the eyes. Most of the people suffer from sandy blight, a painful disease in the eyes. There were no trees, there was no shelter, hardly any water. No rain had fallen for eight months, and the hot air was thick with a stifling haze of dust. The mighty Flinders, a vast river of sand, with water beneath, mocked the parched township, the dusty downs, and the burning limbs of the population.

Frequently all the doors and windows of the wretched tin-and-wood houses had to be hurriedly closed, to keep out the hateful Sirocco. The almost bare downs rolled away into the distance, with pillars of hot dust a thousand feet high travelling along in the scorching whirlwinds at a few miles' distance from each other, like giants stalking through the land, rearing their dim heads into the brass-coloured sky.

These dust-spouts are only a few feet in diameter for hundreds of feet up. They come eddying along, sometimes lifting even oil tins and pieces of corrugated iron; and woe betide the houses they take in their track; for they fill them with dirt and rubbish, making a clatter on the roof. Even if people are on the alert to close all the apertures as they see a column approaching, they are filled with fine dust like an American railway train crossing the Prairies; and the very book covers coil up with the heat.

Far away up at the top of the dust-spouts may be seen quantities of kites diving in, and wheeling round to secure the dainties wafted up to so great a height.

Here and there across the downs wire fences are met with, stretching for miles in a straight line. On each post sits a large black crow, waiting for his prey,—some dead animal, or perhaps an unfortunate man, struck down by the sun, thirst, or whisky.

After a thunderstorm or whatever little wet season there may be, the grass grows up several feet in a few weeks; and,

contrary to what might naturally be supposed in such rapidly growing vegetation, it retains its nutriment long after it appears to be dead and dried up. When green, every blade is covered with flies. The people are then driven to wearing veils, in that awful heat, to keep the flies off; or else a fringe of corks is arranged round the rim of the hat for them to settle on.

A plague of cats had succeeded a plague of rats, which the former had been provided to demolish. Their task being completed, there was nothing more for the cats to do, so they died, littering the whole country for thousands of miles. The water holes were fringed with them, and the stench was like Geheenna. Kites, crows, and magpies had a good time.

There are not many artesian wells as yet in that locality: but a few extensive dams retain the water from the violent storms to some extent: though evaporation is so great that the dams often fail before the return of rain. Such is a sheep district in the North!

The people are as happy as anybody else. There they live and toil, make lots of money, marry and are given in marriage. They have their excitements—the shearing season, dancing, and race meetings. All the vices and a few of the virtues belonging to the rest of the world are to be met with in that dreary, scorching wilderness.

I was going to call on some people at a sheep-station thirty miles off, on horseback, when a fellow who lived still further off offered me a seat in his “buckboard”. He had come into town to spend a few days, and to take out some necessaries for his station. I prefer four legs to four wheels, as a rule, but the man persuaded me to let his boy ride my horse, while I was to drive with him. What a pretty team he had! Four well-matched greys. The near leader was a notorious buck-jumper, also one of the wheelers, only one of the four being accustomed to harness. We drove round the town, and then turning into a more wooded locality off we sped at a spanking pace through the grass and trees, over the stones and logs, and in and out of the dry water-courses.

Half way on the road we jumped out to open a gate and breathe the horses; also to refresh ourselves. At starting there

was a case of two dozen of beer in the buggy, but only three bottles were left, the other twenty-one had been shot out by the roughness of the road.

One of the sheep-stations I visited was an estate of eight hundred miles, carrying one hundred and forty thousand head of sheep.

A Roman Catholic Church was just going to be opened in the town, and I had the honour of arranging some of the music for the opening service.

In the North, sheep cannot be raised East of the mountain ranges running parallel to the coast some hundreds of miles from the sea, on account of the "spear-grass," which is fatal to sheep. The seed of this curious grass is like small barley, with a claw where it adheres to the stem, and a beard at the upper end. The beard is cranked, and, when wet, the crank revolves, the cranks of one stem becoming entangled in those of others, so that the long grass is gathered into bunches.

If a seed with its claw is held between the fingers, and the beard moistened with the lips, the crank begins to turn at about the rate of a revolution to a minute. And the reverse—hold the crank, and the seed with its claw revolves. This grass is very unpleasant even for human beings to ride through, for the country is too warm to wear long boots, so the seed has full play upon the ankles.

Now in the case of sheep, the wool holds the crank, the rain or dew causing the claw to revolve and bore down to the skin, and right through to the flesh. Butchers have found the claw in the flesh of mutton right against the bone. So bullocks and horses have the spear-grass country all to themselves, as the spear-grass is not retained in their hair.

CHAPTER XXII.

THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

A FEW gun-shots South of Cooktown those wondrous jungles begin which reach away South for hundreds of miles. A German botanist, who afterwards succumbed to the terrible fever in New Guinea, told me that he had enumerated over a hundred different kinds of forest trees—that is, trees with trunks over eight inches in diameter—and that forty-three of them were unknown to science. There are also one hundred and seventy-six kinds of ferns, which, compared with the forty or fifty sorts in England, will give some idea of the varied beauty and interest of the neighbourhood.

These jungle-clad mountains filled me with delight the first time I steamed up the coast, wondering if anybody lived there, and if the coral beaches beneath had ever been trodden by the foot of white men. How I hoped some day to be able to scale those velvety looking heights, and to clamber about in the wooded depths of those valleys among the glittering cascades, far from the haunts of man!

And the accomplishment of the desire was not withheld. For it was suggested that a few miners were getting alluvial tin among some of those mountains, whom it might be as well to find; and that there was a sugar plantation beyond in one of the pockets, where a sphere of ministerial work might be opened up, especially as no parson of any sort or denomination had yet ventured there.

So off I went, eventually finding a thousand miners dispersed over an area of sixty or seventy miles, by ten or a dozen of the roughest and steepest miles I ever negotiated in that Country. The sugar plantation was, however, almost on its last

legs, hardly anybody living there but Malays and other foreigners, whom I did not understand. One of the Malays—a very good cook—I engaged. He inquired if I kept a public house!

There were also settlements of Scandinavians on the Bloomfield River beyond.

Now, as I made up my mind, after a preliminary canter, that wherever any white man could get for the purposes of gain, I too would go as a clergyman, this district supplied me with plenty of work and exercise for some time.

An old Bluecoat boy, hearing of my determination to go out the first time, most kindly offered to horse me and pilot me.

When a child, my dear mother, who kept me in shoe-leather which did not always come up to my ambitions, used to impress upon me that a gentleman was known by his shoes. Later on, an uncle of mine, out hunting, roundly abused a new silk hat I was wearing, observing that a gentleman was known by his hat. Now I think I am safe in saying that a gentleman is known by his horse—a good horse with a sleek coat, and good points and paces.

The horse my new friend sent round for me needs some description. It was skewballed in colour, skinny in person, "Alligator" by name. Its appellation was obtained from an encounter with a saurian, in which the horse had come off second best, leaving a large piece of its quarters in possession of the enemy. As to points, it had plenty—it could not help it, it was so thin. As the poet observed, "you could hang up your hat on its points" anywhere you liked, for bones were sticking out all over. "You will find Alligator a very good hack," said the old Blue. "He has killed one man at least," by which he hinted that he had plenty of spirit, though appearances were against him.

So, arrayed in moleskins and a Crimean shirt, with a big hat and a revolver, I mounted the steed, quietly hoping that a gentleman might not be known by this horse. But then it was not my horse, it was only borrowed.

The lender, sad to relate, was by this time of day mellow, to say the least of it. His companions were still more so,

and it was no good objecting; for that was the way of the Country.

The road lay between two hills, where tall cotton trees, rearing their bare white branches above even their gigantic neighbours, were thronged with cockatoos wantonly ripping off the deep crimson bell-shaped blossoms which bedizen the tree when the leaves are off. Lianas hanging in leafy festoons and naked strands, twisted and coiled like colossal hawsers, were suspended from lofty branches; while bean-pods, as high as a man, hung from stalks that would have supported Jack easily, if not the Giant himself.

With such a frame in the foreground, the view across a level plain, with a blue bay and the stanniferous mountains rising to four thousand feet beyond, all shining in the radiant light, is a scene unparalleled in any part that it has been my good fortune to visit. It is like the *Plains of Heaven* or the *Garden of Eden*, only far transcending the conception of John Martin.

There too are seen Eden-like ladies and gentlemen in even more scanty attire than the first parents; for although the forests abound with varieties of the *Ficus*, the dusky inhabitants of that lovely Country have not yet learned to sew the leaves thereof together, to make them either aprons or breeches. There, too, serpents glide about and swarm the trees, upon whose trunks wild figs and apples and plums are thickly clustered—on the trunks and boughs, not on the twigs.

The beauties of the scene were lost upon my companions as we traversed hill and plain, or forded the river peopled with alligators, and crossed shady brooks among the ferns, every turn revealing fresh beauties of landscape and foliage.

The brooks certainly had a charm of their own for my mates, for, according to the custom of the Country, at every brook, all hands dismount, and consume potions of rum and water. By this means, at almost every brook or "creek," one of the company who could carry no more had to be left to his own devices. At length the pilot and I were the only survivors. This agitated me; but my mate assured me that they were used to it.

We came to the pass in the Black Trevethan Mountains, where a good coach road has since been made; but then only a mule track was known. Roads in the North are "made" by means of a little cutting and banking here and there, but they are never "metalled".

The Trevethan Mountains are composed of huge blocks of granite, looking quite black though dotted with tiny white spiders' webs the size of a shilling. The place suggests the idea that the Titans had heaped these great blocks one upon another.

Just before nightfall we reached a small store, where there were numbers of packers and teamsters, with their horses and mules. Around camp-fires burning in the approaching gloom men were grouped boiling their "billies" and eating their evening meal. I was generously fed upon tinned meat, and, after a smoke, was taken to the dormitory. This was a small store, with men lying like sardines all in a row on the earthen floor. Why people can be content to sleep huddled up in a close stuffy place like that I cannot think, when there is the broad canopy of Heaven to revel beneath, with the welcome coolness of the night air wafted across the star-lit mountains.

So out I go, supplied with a good rug; and finding a couple of fellows lying near a blazing trunk, I join them, sleeping profoundly *sub Jove frigido*, the rug serving to keep out the slight spray blown from the occasional showers on the mountains, until—

Night wanes. The vapours round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him nearer nothing save his last.
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth;
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth—
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam—
Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream.

The stream was indeed glorious, so cool and invigorating, and moreover free from noxious beasts, as far from the tide as that, so that a swim round could be indulged with safety. Then



A Fig Tree.

a rough breakfast; and getting into the burning saddle and almost red-hot stirrup irons again, off we went in the scorching sun never too hot for me when out in the air. On we rode over soft turf, or coarse, long grass beside rushing rivers, and anon fording them and climbing the opposite hills, past a fig-tree one hundred and forty feet round the trunk, between whose buttress-like roots would be standing room for lots of horses.

Here and there the grassy forest-land terminates in an abrupt wall of glossy green foliage rising to an enormous height. This is a belt of jungle, or "scrub" as some call it. It is so dense that the wonder is how to get through; for the great trunks rise up with fern-laden boughs festooned with lianas and creepers, growing so thickly together that nothing can pass in until an artificial hole is reached, through which our entrance is made into a dark damp place, both to sight and smell like a vast darkened Cathedral. No ferns or grass or mosses are there to carpet the humid ground; but from the bare earth stems and trunks of a hundred varieties and of all sizes rise up tall and straight. In the way of greenery a few fern-trees come first, where any light finds its way. Then the underwood of palms conceals the giant trunks of the forest-trees reaching up to spread their mighty limbs in the glorious light above; while bare ropes and coils of the lianas hang about in every direction, often enough lifting the unwary traveller out of the saddle, or tying up the horse.

To travel a mile and a half in a place where only a man had cut his way through, it took me and a mate three hours with horses; and then the saddles were ripped off and broken, and our own scanty clothing still more reduced.

In that particular place we found two men in a tent. They were employed cutting the track. One of them addressed me by name. How did he know me? He had heard me preach at some place hundreds of miles from there. What a curious place to find one of the "flock"!

Here and there a monster tree has fallen, crashing among his neighbours and breaking many of them down, thus admitting light into the lower parts of the forest, in a very

short time having the effect of producing an endless variety of ferns, orchids, climbing-ferns, and lovely young plants with fern-like leaves, which one would rejoice to have in the "bush houses" of Tropical gardens, or in our conservatories and drawing-rooms at home.

But alas for the traveller who finds such an obstruction in the path, especially when alone! It is often hard enough to get by; and, if the track is not much frequented, still harder is it to find it again the other side of the obstacle.

Once in such a place, the home of the *Monstera Deliciosa*, the *Philodendron Giganteum*, the *Stenocarpus Cunninghamsi*, and so on, I spent a day with some potato sacks for the purpose of collecting, with the result of obtaining nine different sorts of palms, and lots of creepers and beautiful plants. But the sacks were bumped to pieces in the course of a forty-mile ride home in such rough country, only a few specimens reaching their destination.

After travelling for days in the dark, warm, muggy jungle, it is such a relief to emerge at length into the hot, dry, burning light, where the air is fresh and the prospect wide; where the open grass land is studded with gum trees, box, acacia and wattle, and the rivers fringed with splendid ti-trees, sometimes covered with blood-red bottle bush blossoms. And the birds are so happy, and the parrots so gay and noisy, and the ants so busy; while in the jungle there is hardly anything alive to be seen, but a few scrub-turkeys with their huge mound nests ten or twelve feet high and forty feet in circumference,—a kind of village, where the eggs of several families are laid, and then hatched by fermentation. A few snakes may be seen in a stagnant pool; but besides these there is hardly anything except swarms of leeches, which fix on the crown of the horse's feet, and very nimbly climb on to the man who dismounts to pick them off, or to ease the horse on a long steep hill.

Although trees in the Northern jungles are enormous, there are none to compare in size with the gum trees found in parts of Victoria,—trees which would shade the dome of S. Paul's, some of them being seventy feet higher than the Cross!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ANNAN TIN-FIELDS.

THROUGH country of this sort the old Bluecoat boy and I were travelling, when, fording another brook, a hut was reached in a bit of a clearing. "This is your place," said my mate; "good-night, parson," and he was gone, just observing pleasantly to a young fellow who came out, "Here's a — parson!"

"Come in, sir," said the fellow, taking "Alligator" and relieving him of his saddle, "come in. This is where the aristocracy stays." This gentleman seemed accustomed to visits from the aristocracy, for he showed me my room straight away. It was quite ready, just as if he had been expecting me.

The log-hut with canvas roof was the store at a canvas village of miners. The village was situated a little way off through the bushes and across a brook. Three or four hundred tin miners lived there.

My bedroom at the store was under the rough counter. It consisted of a sack hung across among a selection of boots and dip candles, the effluvia of which made me rather bilious.

Being weary, I got into my bunk, and began to read my office. But there was no peace, as it was Saturday afternoon, and the jolly miners were trooping in, not only to procure their week's rations, but to air their grievances in general, and their extreme annoyance in particular, that a clergyman had dared to invade their mountain fastnesses. How furious they were! How they swore! how they blasphemed! how they cursed! Yet it was a very curious and interesting study of language.

Continuing my devotions up to the end of the Psalms for the fifth evening, I emerged from the greasy couch just as I was, in the scanty travelling costume, and beheld all these men

standing and cursing like Shimei. I informed them that I was the object of their maledictions, and, if they had anything to say to me, to say on. Soon we got into conversation, which ending amicably, I made them aware that I purposed holding service the next afternoon outside the store. Then they retired with their purchases, and I withdrew to my "chamber".

In due course the store was filled by another batch of men, blaspheming cheerily, if not angrily. When I judged by the sound that a goodly company had assembled, I emerged again, and the same process was repeated. This sort of thing went on for some time, until a large number arrived for the purpose of holding a meeting to consider the matter of raising funds for tin-miners' plate at an approaching race meeting in the neighbourhood.

Of course, I attended the meeting. The language was warm—sultry—Tropical—Tropical in the extreme. The young storekeeper tried to modify it by making faces at as many of the blasphemies as he could keep pace with, but with no effect, for the company—thinking he was ill—sent for some brandy! At last, he became so absorbed in the subject of the races, that he broke out too, swearing as lustily as the rest. So I removed to the opposite end of the store, where some boys were playing; but their language was even worse.

Then I consoled myself by making a speech. I said that I was a parson who had come out to see the miners, and, being fond of horses and fair sport, I hoped they would allow me to be a subscriber to their tin-miners' plate, especially as I proposed to visit their district often, and to become one of them. And I announced the service for the following afternoon.

After that I made some calls at the shanties, and at my kind old pilot's quarters, and also visited some poor fellows who were down with fever.

Alas! when Sunday arrived it was raining. Yet, about fifty fellows turned up, and sat upon logs outside the store; and when I went out into the rain in my surplice, they all stood up and uncovered their heads. I requested them to sit down and put their hats on, as it was raining, and I would sing them a hymn. Some of these men told me that they

had not attended a service for twenty, or even thirty years. Some actually did not know what it meant, as they had never heard of religion; while others had only just left their Churches in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Australia.

Without meaning anything irreverential, at the close of the hymn there was a slight attempt at applause, and one or two voices quietly said, "Encore!" "All right," I replied. "I'll sing you another;" and so I did. And thus the service proceeded. It is needless to say that, for a sermon, I did not read out a dry dissertation on Theology, but rather spoke to the fellows the best way I was enabled to, in my choicest Australian patois.

At the end of the service, a dear old Presbyterian, whom I shall always remember as one of my best friends there, putting a note into his hat, handed it round to the others, who contributed notes and coins. Then he went on to the shanties, and all through the village, eventually bringing in a goodly sum.

The next thing was to form a committee to take the money and send it to the Church committee in the town. But this plan caused great dissatisfaction; for I found that there, as elsewhere, the people wanted me to take the money personally to swell my wages; for often enough, when it was found that their offerings were to go to a committee, they refused to pay up at all, although most generously inclined.

One day, a good fellow, a red-headed Irish Catholic, drawing me aside behind a big tree, with many apologies for the smallness of the sum, gave me thirty shillings from himself and his mate, "for it was all they had".

Travelling in that rough district, I was often alone; but sometimes I took the opportunity of going when Government officials made the expedition. On those occasions we had jolly picnics by the road side, near some shady creek; and things in general were as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

Sometimes I found other people going that way. A long lanky mailman—an Irish Catholic—was my mate more than once. He was a good fellow in his way. But at every shanty

we came to he always made some excuse to return, after I had used all my arts to get him out.

One day he got more whisky on board than he could carry, and was rather obstreperous. Some of his pack horses were carrying the goods of a stout old lady, who lived with her husband at the top of the mountain among the diggings. Her things were packed in pillow cases! The mailman suddenly took it into his head to hustle the horses. They naturally fled from the trail all among the trees, banging their packs against the boughs and trunks, bursting the pillow cases, and scattering their contents of female linen far and wide in the violent wind. Thereupon, I rode round the country after them, and, modestly shutting my eyes, gathered them up and jammed them into what was left of the pillow cases, tying up the rents with bits of string.

Further on, going down a narrow path on the rough side of a precipice, with hissing waterfalls below, the intoxicated mailman rode furiously after me with his heavy stock-whip, driving me at terrific speed down the steep mule track, yelling out, "I want to see if a parson can ride"!

But the tables were turned, for by-and-by his horse bolted. I watched him go over the brow of a little gully; then, seeing his riderless horse going up the other side, I hurried along, and found the fellow lying on the ground with his head doubled under his back. I got his head out, and, filling my hat with water from the gully, poured its contents into his mouth and over his face, which revived him. Then opening his eyes, he observed: "There's the parson; thank God"!

Going out one day, I was astonished to find a Chinaman carrying a fine cabbage to a shanty some way off. I had not seen a cabbage for years, with the exception of one that had been hanging in a mountain store five weeks, for which they asked half a crown. I inquired how much Johnny's cabbages were. He replied, "One shilling, one cabbage". I told him to meet me with a cabbage where we stood, in three days, at the same time. At the day and hour appointed, I was riding home through the bush, not thinking of the Chinaman or the cabbage, when I heard a voice calling out, "One cabbage, one

shilling". I took the treasure home, thirty miles, and presented half of it to my best friend. But after that I found plenty of them in Chinatown.

One day in that part I saw a cassawary, and gave chase; but the magnificent bird dived into the jungle.

Between the Annan and the Bloomfield the jungles are the finest in North Queensland. Here and there the huge pink stems of Kauri pines rise up among lesser trees, as thick and straight as mill chimneys, with no boughs for more than a hundred feet. Then there are strange banyans of giant growth, laden with parasites, ferns, and orchids. Other immense trees there are with clumps of fern growing on the trunks, and higher up, perhaps, elk-horn or other ferns. The huge boughs are regular stove-houses for orchids, and, among other things, tassel ferns trailing gracefully down. Tall Alexandrá palms, with straight green stems, reach up through the other foliage to the sunlight above, swaying in the breeze that fans the surface of the jungle, reminding one that the breath of Heaven still blows, although it does not reach the traveller in the sultry depths so far below.

At night the aspect of the ghostly jungle is somewhat creepy. For the fungi, as they carry on their function of preparing the decaying matter for fertilising the soil, shine out in phosphorescent brilliance, like the eyes of terrifying ogres and goblins.

On the summit of one of the mountains overhanging the sea a trail has been hewn out amid trees stunted and clipped close like a yew hedge, by the trade wind. Beneath, the boughs are padded with thick moss, which also grows in wreaths from bough to bough. There is an underwood of palms throwing out new leaves quite red, with strings of red berries, like holly berries threaded, hanging from them. I was at that spot just before Christmas, and the appearance of it was quite in harmony with the season. On the banks of a brook below, I saw a fellow on horseback actually resting under the frond of a giant fern—not a tree fern either.

The only place in that country where I saw palms growing without the shelter of other trees was up the Endeavour River;

but in that neighbourhood, right across to the McIvor River, there are few trees, being the only part in that region where there are open rolling downs.

Emerging from a twelve-mile ride through one of those jungles, I reached an inn, or hotel, as all such places are called, in a grassy pocket among the mountains. It was not like an Old Country inn, mantled with jessamine and ivy, with a cosy parlour, a buxom landlady, and a snow-white tablecloth. Nor was it like a French one, with its quaint courtyard, and well-served meal in a bower of vines and roses. No; it was a rough place, built of cedar planks cut from the forest, with a tin roof, and scented like a new box of pencils. The planks did not fit; and scorpions, stenching cockroaches, and tarantulas inhabited the crevices; while beneath the floors pigs grunted and wallowed in the mire.

Rain pouring in Tropical torrents dripped through the roof and sides, making everything damp and cold and wretched. A Chinaman did duty for cook and landlady. Though wet and unclad, there was no fire to hug, and the blankets in the bed were wet and clammy. Yet all the people there were as kind as could be.

After a filthy meal, partaken of sitting on logs for benches, some of us retired to the verandah to chat. My Ecclesiastical costume was what little remained of a dripping shirt and trousers, with bare feet and no hat. Thus I sat on my heels, for there were no chairs, while the rain coursed down me. The subject of conversation was religion; and though my pulpit on the floor was not exactly dignified, it had to do.

One great big strapping lout evidently wanted to be uncivil; but the others were down upon him in a moment. He told me of half a dozen couples living promiscuously together in the mountains. I thanked him for his information, telling him that I would find them out. In the course of some months I had run them all to earth, and more, had married all but one couple in their tents. Delay in procuring necessary documents prevented the last wedding from coming off before I went away.

I was foolish enough, the first time I visited that inn, to

leave it late one afternoon, with the result of being benighted. I had a fresh horse though, and having no intention of sleeping out, I rode on in pitch darkness, whither I knew not. Fortunately it was open forest country. After a bit the horse took me through a river, and I had the good luck to strike a camp fire soon after. The people turned out to be some men who were building a house at which I stayed on a future occasion and was kept awake all night by the baby.

The men were astonished to see anybody so late; but they most kindly gave me some food, and a stretcher in a tent, for one of the party was away. Sitting round the fire that night, we had a very interesting time. One fellow told yarns of his home and bringing up in Petticoat Lane. Another was a Yankee, and another came from Africa. So we did well.

In the course of time I visited every one of the camps among the mountains, climbing up never-ending jungle-clothed hills, nearly ready to drop with heat and fatigue, which used to cause deafness in one of my ears, or else forging on through the open country, sometimes cantering along a newly-blazed track, where a chip or "blaze" in the bark of a tree here and there is the sole indication of the high road through the rank forest. I was always wringing wet with either floods of perspiration or the violent rains, or from fording mountain torrents.

After the first visits, universal civility and kindness were received. I lived in the miners' tents or in the stores, and fed at their camp fires or at the uncleanly canvas restaurants. As occasion required, I travelled with the men, nursed them, romped with them in the glorious rivers, and, although being thoroughly one of them, they never seemed to forget that, as they expressed it, I was the "Man of God".

It was vexing to find that the literature supplied at the stores was so degrading. After consulting some of the fellows, I persuaded the storekeepers to allow me to select the books. Thus the district became flooded with wholesome reading, for which the men were most grateful. One old man thereupon took to reading at the rate of a volume a day. It is a gross fallacy to suppose that miners are a class of blackguards.

When at length sent for to build a Church at another place, my mountain friends subscribed eighty pounds, which, however, did not reach me. But no matter; for, useful as money is, it was the goodwill of the people that I required most, and that was fully accorded.

Moreover, a year or two after, the Commissioner of the part of New Guinea where the mining is carried on, told a friend of mine that wherever he went among the miners, he found that most of them had come from North Queensland, and that they almost invariably inquired after me. God bless them! So it appears that a parson may be appreciated even in the wilds of a pioneer region.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BLOOMFIELD RIVER.

SOUTH of the Annan tin-mining district is Weary Bay, into which the Bloomfield River flows. Sugar plantations flourished there for a time, and then failed. Tobacco followed, with a like result. Both will thrive again, no doubt.



Malays Picking Tobacco.

A few miles from the river some of my kindest neighbours lived. Their bungalow stood on rising ground at the foot of a

semicircle of mountains, stretching on either side into the blue waters of the Bay. In front, miles of pine-apples, tobacco, sugar, meadows and forests spread out, with brooks flowing towards the sea shaded by lofty trees.

The house was unique. Upstairs, where the ladies lived, there were rooms; but below, the whole space was occupied by a wooden floor, with double rows of timber posts all round supporting the upper story. Beyond the floor, a kind of verandah, covered with passion-vines, extended. At the edge of the floor were several cabins, used as men's bedrooms, against one of which there stood the piano; a dining table was placed in the centre, and a book shelf ran all round just under the ceiling. A collection of rare ferns screened the cook-house; and last, but not least, a stack of pine-apples in a corner was always ready for attack. What a perfect Tropical house!

That was one of the few places where there were no mosquitoes to pester one; so that after a hot bath one could lie down on the outside of the bed and sleep profoundly until further orders. What supreme joy such sleep was, none can tell but those who have had no bed and no sleep for weeks at a time, year after year.

The mother of the family used to congratulate herself, that there were no snakes about; for she had several bare-legged children. But one day, at luncheon time, one of the sons came running in for some spirits of wine. He wanted to preserve a death-adder just found by some blacks weeding the pine-apples. That day nearly a dozen more were found. The bite of a death-adder despatches its victim in three minutes of exquisite agony.

Some of us made an expedition up a hill above the house. At the top we could see nothing for the thick trees; but climbing down snake-like roots deriving nourishment from soil below some rocks as big as houses piled one upon another, we crept underneath them, until emerging into a bower on the top of a great rock standing out of the jungle-clothed precipice, two thousand feet, we had a fine prospect right across the plain and bay to Peter Botte, a curious-shaped mountain, rearing its head to a height of three thousand three hundred feet.

On the plantation, my friends succeeded in getting at least a little work out of some neighbouring blacks. They were almost the only people who managed to do so. Sometimes we visited the blacks' camps. The poor creatures seemed pleased to see us. The women usually stay in the camp and nurse the children; and the men loaf about, or condescend to do a little work, or visit the neighbouring mission station, or make spears for a few days' hunting or fighting.

The gunyahs are full of smoke and stench; and when babies die, they are buried for a few days, and then dug up and put into a little bark canoe covered with grass netting. This vessel is kept in the hut, adding its quota to the general perfume.

My friends endeavoured to make their black neighbours wear clothing; but with little success. It certainly was somewhat embarrassing, when singing a duet at the piano with the gentle ladies, to find a number of black people sitting on their heels in a half circle round us, attired simply enough, in nothing whatever but a stick through the nose! But even when garments were provided, they did not know what to do with them. Men sometimes appreciated trousers, which they sewed tightly to the legs. But the wild ladies are hopeless. Imagine a black lady—with a figure like a frog on its hind legs—strutting along past the house, arrayed in nothing but a child's vest!

Further South, blacks make a sort of rough, leaky coracle of a sheet of bark sewn up at the ends with fibre. In this they will paddle about in the rivers and bays, with an old woman or two baling hard all the time with large shells. It was at the Bloomfield River that I first found outrigger canoes (see illustration on the cover).

A son of the house, S., and I, procured an outrigger, in which to proceed up the river. The bottom of the canoe was littered with decaying refuse of fish. It was a small log hollowed out, the bow being neatly formed like the lip of a jug, and the stern resembled the back of a shoe. The thwarts were extended on the starboard side several feet, at the end of which a log was attached by fibre. This log, floating at the

side, keeps the craft steady, in fact, so steady, that we made very good practice at objects on the bank; for there was no game to shoot, and alligators kept out of sight.

The largest alligator I saw was a monster fourteen feet long being taken in a steamer to be exhibited in the South. Casually breaking out of its cage on deck when the passengers were below at luncheon, it strolled on to a sky-light which collapsed beneath its prodigious weight. Making its way to the saloon, its unwelcome presence caused a sudden stampede, every one rushing from the table indiscriminately to the state room nearest to hand. Being somewhat stunned by the fall, and still more startled by the general situation, there was not much difficulty in lassoing the unbidden guest.

The largest specimen of alligators at South Kensington—a beast far larger than our hero—was formerly a parishioner of mine in North Queensland; although I had not the honour of shooting that monarch of saurians on the Bloomfield River.

There were at that time very few settlers on the river, and, for the most part, the steep, sunny forests swept down to the water's edge. Trees, laden with all sorts of strange blossoms, with glossy, dark-green leaves sparkling all up the mountains in the sun, were matted together by festoons of creepers, as if garlanded for the sumptuous fête of some mighty forest-King—a superb picture, wrought in emeralds.

We proceeded to the mission station, where some German missionaries endeavoured to tame blacks. A fine black gentleman attached himself to me. We called him Billy. Two more came with us along the rocky banks, until we reached a splendid fall, where the whole river tumbles over a cliff of one hundred and eighty feet, in one leap, into an immense pool of untold depth, the haunt and breeding place of alligators.

Billy admired my white necktie; and, as he wore no clothes at all, I gave him that priestly garment of mine wherewith to dress himself. He straightway bound it round his head, and looked very proud!

When S. and I began a horrible climb all among the maiden-

hair ferns up a cliff overhanging the side of the fall, the two other darkies deserted.

Above the fall, the river is called the Roaring Mag. I have followed it for miles in different parts. It is the most beautiful thing I know—not a large river, but the numerous falls are fine, and the rocks splendid. Cataracts come roaring down through wooded chasms and rocky gorges into broad still lagoons, where you can peer through clear water down to gigantic boulders, tumbled about one upon the other; and yet further down and down between them you can see through the limpid depths. There are no fish in the upper waters; for, in the wet, everything is carried out of the river by the violence of the floods. But, on the contrary, in some of the sandy rivers, I have seen small fish in new pools made by a recent shower, where an hour ago there was no water at all!

Billy killed a magnificent tiger snake, about seven feet long, over which S. and I both had jumped without noticing it. I peeled the skin off like a stocking, filling it with sand to preserve its shape; but it was too much trouble to carry.

A thick cloud of pigeons then came over, into which I blazed with the Winchester, the only shooting iron we had except revolvers, but none came down, to the amusement of Billy, and to our hungry disgust. So we proceeded to make night quarters under the rocks, and to light a fire to cook our snake for supper, when Billy gave us to understand that there were "devil devils" there, and, whipping up the snake, off he went. We followed.

It was pitch dark when the precipice by the falls was reached. Billy descended at frightful speed, and I hastened down after the white tie in his hair acting as a beacon in the gloom; and S. scrambled after me, sending down showers of stones.

We retired to the mission house, where we were most kindly housed, and fed upon stewed goat. In the morning, two blacks had instructions to take us down the river in the mission boat, and to dress themselves respectably in our honour. Billy, accordingly, wore nothing whatever but the Ecclesiastical tie in his hair, and a shirt, out of which he had sadly grown! and

Corporal had painted the whole of himself red, and donned a white waistcoat, a stick through his nose, and a mother-of-pearl necklace! And thus we descended the river in state!

In time, almost every pocket by the river was cleared of jungle; and the hideous tin roofs of houses peeping above sugar brakes, and fields of maize and tobacco, showed that the rich land was appreciated by numbers of settlers. I knew nearly all the families, though chiefly Scandinavians.

I can conceive nothing more delightful for a quiet family than to have a pretty house on that river. Enough food could be grown on a nice little estate; horses and bullocks could be reared on the hills; shooting, fishing, kangaroo hunting, and exploring could be indulged in to the heart's desire; and a boat would connect with the township at the mouth of the river, whence a schooner or cutter plies occasionally to Cooktown. There the latest papers and books can be obtained; and in a few weeks most luxurious steamers bring one to London. I should be far from sorry to end my days in that peaceful and beautiful valley.

Some Scandinavians on the river asked me to go to their place to marry them. I went. But how we got through the service and registers I do not know, for we had no interpreter.

But, at least, I was interested in two Kanakas, who sculled me down to the township where the horses stood. These fellows came from the Solomon Islands. One of them, after spending his time on a plantation, visited his island home, and then returning to Queensland took up a bit of land. I inquired if these gentlemen would eat me were I to visit their island. They said that the Bishop forbade such doings. I asked how many wives I should be allowed. To which they replied: "The Bishop says, 'More than one wife no good; make 'em jealous'".

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FLOCK IN THE WILDERNESS.

BEYOND the river, in the neighbourhood of Mount Peter Botte, some miners were working. S. and I started on an expedition to reach them; hoping to scale, or, at least, to make a preliminary survey, of the mountain at the same time.

Leaving the horses, we took a boat up the river, remaining the first night at the store, half way up the lower river.

Near the store is a lovely pool in a brook running into the river close by. Many a good time have I had in that pool, although it is unwise to bathe there except in large numbers. S. and the storekeeper and I went down for a swim; and as each of us shirked going in first, we decided to swarm a tall tree on the bank, from which the bottom of the pool could readily be surveyed, to make sure that no saurians were lurking in the depths ready to devour us. We had just climbed on to a comfortable bough, when the whole tree gave way at the roots, and we all went in squash, laughing, as we descended, heartily enough to frighten all the alligators away for miles round.

By-and-by our four black porters were loaded up with provisions, and we started on foot. At sundown we reached the Roaring Mag, having only seen one pheasant which fell to my gun, and was devoured straight off, feathers and all, by one of the "boys". Rain had begun falling, and the river was already running briskly. We crossed a crazy bridge formed by a palm on each side of the river tipped on to an islet in mid-stream, a "lawyer" cane serving for a railing. Though rain now came down in torrents, the blacks succeeded in lighting a fire from the inner

bark of a tree ; and hunger was soon satisfied with “*Johnnie-cakes*” made by the darkeys on a sheet of bark for a paste-board.

And now what about camping? The rain came down harder than ever. We had no tent, and the fire was extinguished. So our scanty clothing was stripped off—for wet clothes are dangerous, though water hurts nobody in a hot Country. Then, to represent a tent, we set up some poles, and spread a small wrapper over them. Water now flowed inches deep over the sloping land, in which we had to put the flour bags for pillows, with the shooting irons between them to keep the locks dry. Then spreading the clothes under the water upon the rough stones for blankets, we lay down all night in the rain, with the water pouring over us.

It was a very amusing night. The flour bags burst, making pudding in our hair, which looked very comical when daylight arrived ; and the blacks, who sat close to us asleep, sitting on their heels like hens on a perch, suddenly became alarmed, telling S., who knew black language, that the spirits of some of their ancestors, murdered at that spot by whites, were lurking in the bushes by the river, and would we be kind enough to shoot them? We got out the guns, but they were choked with mud and flour and would not go off, which was awkward, as it is as well to let savages think that guns never fail.

The poor creatures were most excited, their excitement was intense, almost as intense as the rain and the darkness. In their alarm they clung to us, and upset all the poles. Then just as suddenly, they fell asleep again, sprawling on us : and thus we lay for the rest of the night in our pool of running water, hopelessly entangled in arms, tent-poles, legs, guns, bundles, and, amongst other discomforts, the stones and hard things forming the bed. One of them I found in the morning to be a loaf of bread, which had severely poulticed my back, making it very sore.

When daylight began to struggle through the deluge of rain, the blacks lit a fire, and regaled us with hot tea and hot *Johnnie-cakes*. Then S. and I, putting on shoes and

cartridge belts, and taking Corporal, went to look for some dinner. The rain came down in such torrents that we had frequently to put our hands across our foreheads to keep the water from nose and mouth, to obtain a good breathe.

Though the game had all retired, we were most fortunate in seeing the river, now in flood, pouring over a cataract about five hundred feet high into a gorge in the rocks, where it was quite terrible to behold it.

On returning to camp, we found that our porters were hospitably entertaining a neighbouring tribe at our expense! They had boiled nearly all the tea, and the rest was mixed with the whole of the sugar and flour—to represent currants no doubt—in the numerous cakes that were cooking on the embers for the consumption of the guests. There was nothing to be done but to secure for ourselves what we could, and be thankful, not wishing to resort to violence; and had we remonstrated quietly, we might have been speared.

Seeing a cake in the embers nicely browned, I was just going to appropriate it, when a wretched black dabbed a bit of some head into the embers right upon it. Whether kangaroo head or Chinaman's I could not tell. If the latter, it was the only time I was ever a cannibal; for some of the dripping was on my bun, and very fusty it was too!

On the hill close by, the black ladies were waiting to consume what remained of the feast after their lords and masters had finished.

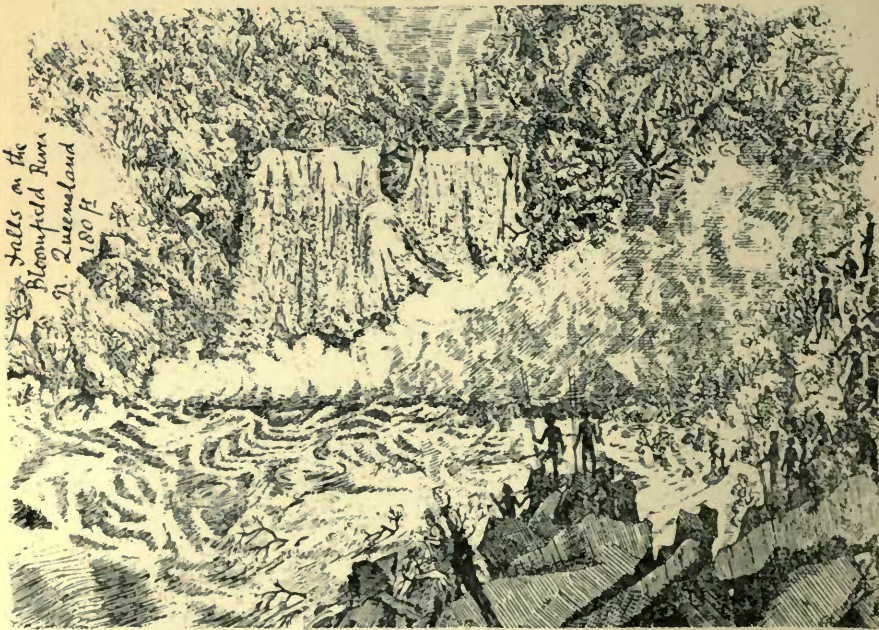
As all our stores were thus consumed, the expedition had to be abandoned. So, rinsing the mud out of our clothes, we put them on and started for the store, arriving just in time for salt beef and tea. Then we had a nightcap, and went to bed. But, as it did not get dark we got up again, to discover that it was the mid-day meal we had come in for,—not the evening one as we had supposed; for we did not know the time, and all meals are just alike. We had a fairly comfortable room, were it not for a hole in the roof, through which the rain poured over the beds.

The next day the weather was worse. No boat could live in the river, and all our endeavours to swim across the creek

were of no avail; we were carried each time down to some snags on the same side.

There is a curious creeper in the North, that grows spirally up the trees. It bears bunches of little black grapes, rather sour, but refreshing; and it springs from a bulb. Its growth is very rapid. On that hot, rainy day, one of them near the store grew about eighteen inches.

The next day the river had fallen three feet, and we managed



Falls on the Bloomfield River (180 ft.).

to get a boat up to Granite Creek, only breaking one oar. Then we climbed along in pyjamas to the great lower fall, which could be seen and heard to advantage. The noise and thud and drumming was truly grand, as the whole width of the gorge above poured its contents over the cliff; while near us, the lower ravine was full of raging waves and eddies rushing madly seawards.

While taking in the wonderful sight, a tribe of blacks

armed with spears came round us. We thought it time to go; but on getting up, we found that our feet were so stiff and bruised from hopping and jumping along so far on the rocks that we decided to go into the river, and swim down the side rapids. That saved a great deal of trouble, as we were swept along over the tops of bushes, and banged against rocks, going homewards towards our boat at a great pace. Two sweet little blacks came into the water with us, while the big ones leapt along the rocks on the bank, brandishing spears and shouting out about alligators.

Owing to these untoward events it was not until the next year that I reached that miners' camp, which proved, after all, to be in quite another direction! I also visited the most outlying settlements on the upper river, when I stayed with an old fellow married to a black *gin*! The only time I had the honour of having an aboriginal lady for a hostess! Her house and all the land round were infested with myriads of loathsome cockroaches.

But, alas for Peter Botte! A closer acquaintance with him must be left for a future occasion. His position is well-nigh impregnable, surrounded as it is by mountains and impenetrable jungles, about which several prospectors have given me strange accounts.

The landlord of the inn at the Bloomfield—a fine young fellow—asked me to accompany him across the river to look for some men getting timber on the coast, in the neighbourhood of Cape Tribulation. They had sent a black boy over to lead us to them. We were riding half the day, up and down steep wooded hills, until weary of them. At length, from one of the heights, I could see the direction—for there are no hunting maps or ordnance surveys in virgin forests. Then, discarding the guidance of the aboriginal, there was little difficulty in persuading my mate to follow me; for I have an idea that I had the reputation of being a bit of a "bushman," in addition to my profession of "sky-pilot".

So we took to the bed of a brook leading to miles of splendid sands by the sea, till cut off by a cliff running right into the sea. The other two wanted to ascend the hill behind

it. I took to the water; and they had to follow. The tide was out, and if it came to the worst, we could but return. But it was good enough going, riding over dead coral inhabited by quantities of *bêche-de-mer*. The water was shallow on the rocks, though we had to jump from one to another, or swim deep pools in places.

At nightfall, a splendid stretch of sands was left, to cross the small neck of land connecting Cape Tribulation with the mainland; and cantering along the sands beyond, tracks were soon seen leading into a small entrance through the thick front of the jungle; and there was the camp.

I found that I knew most of the men. Some of them were suffering from fever, which was very natural, as they were encamped in a damp jungle, nearly dark even in the daytime, with a pool of stagnant, stinking water close by, the very smell of it enough to breed fever.

The men received us graciously. They regretted having no "salt horse" to offer us; and so we were fed upon wild turkey, and dainty turkey broth, made with water from the savoury pool! On a comfortable stretcher in a tent I spent the night, catching fleas. In the morning the men, who had been very considerate, were tired of restraint, and I heard them suggesting a "blow off" before the parson woke. Thinking the very mountains would fall at the sound of the language that broke forth, I called out that I was not asleep, but otherwise employed, as stated; and the sound of blaspheming sank like the gentle rippling of the sea on the extensive sands outside, whither some of us repaired to ride races on that very self-same sunny beach that I had so much longed to visit the first time I passed along the coast in the steamer. We were the first white men who ever set foot there. And as we rode along towards a wall of fern-clad rock towering up a thousand feet from the sea, cutting off all communication on that side, a steamer passed by, fitted with every luxury of modern civilisation. What a strange contrast! I only wish that the steamers plying between England and the Continent were half as good as those in Queensland!

On the wooded precipice behind, was a white streak like a

waterfall. I had often noticed it from the steamers. The men told me it was not water, but a vein of white quartz.

On the return journey, my mate wanted to find an old timber-slide near the mouth of the Bloomfield, saving many miles if only it could be found. At nightfall I had the good fortune to find it; and, dismounting, we descended, cutting our hands frightfully as we held on by the sword-grass at the side, to prevent both ourselves and the horses from sliding to the foot of the mountain with a rush.

At the bottom there shone out the lights of a cottage, where dwelt some Scandinavian members of my flock. My mate's house was only a few miles off across the river, and he was anxious to go over then and there, all in the dark: but considering we had taken no food since daybreak, I was famished, and wished to visit my friends first. These people, likewise, apologised for having no salt horse. Imagine making such an apology when there was beautifully cooked rice and curried turtle!

Being thus fortified ourselves, my mate determined to take the tired horses across. As he lived on the spot and knew all about it, I was content to be guided by him. Two Scandinavians came to help. They lent us two small punts; and a Chinaman came to see us off with a lantern. Instructions for the first part of the proceedings were to swim my horse down to the further end of a long island, and on no account to let him land anywhere else, as he would stick fast in the clay and be drowned in the rising tide to a certainty.

My man and I getting into a punt first, started forth into the darkness, my horse being driven into the river after us. The man sculled, and I led the steed out into the dark water, in horrible dread of alligators. Some way off the horse ceased swimming. I held his chin in my hand to keep the head out of water, and his feet came up at the side. I could see that distinctly, because a bright electric or phosphorescent halo shone round his shoes down in the water. By-and-by I could hold the weight no longer, and told the man to pull for the land. He remonstrated, but I had to insist; and it so happened that the horse walked out on firm pebbles.

Then the sound reached us of my mate in the distance, lamenting, "He's drowning, he's drowning!" We forthwith hurried up to the spot, and borrowing the Chinaman's lantern, found that the other horse had towed his little punt straight across to the island, and had stuck fast in the clay, with a pair of legs on each side of a log. As the tide was flowing rapidly, there was no time to be lost. Asking for the bridle, I made my man paddle as hard as he could at right angles to the horse, while I got the fellows in the other punt to whack at the poor animal with an oar. The horse gave a struggle, and we gave a pull which succeeded in lugging the animal over the snag, only, however, to stick again. So I set the other fellows to work once more, one whacking the unfortunate creature, and the other screwing its tail. Meanwhile, I got its head into my punt, the man pulled stoutly, and I bashed the horse in the face, until between us we got it into such a rage that it struggled and plunged furiously, and, becoming unstuck, nearly scuttled my boat by trying to jump in. And so we saved that valuable steed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

THE morning I was to leave that delightful part, with all my friends of every degree, I was awoke by a jabbering voice in my room. Looking up, I saw a black fellow standing by the bed, with nothing on but a halo of cockatoos' crests and a stick through his nose; and a boomerang was held in his hand.

I called for some of the children of the house, who knew the language, to come to the rescue, and request my visitor to retire. I knew the man, having often seen him. He had come most politely to invite me to a *corobboree*—a wild man's entertainment of stamping feet and howling for hours, until exhausted, when they want supper, at which they eat the first thing that turns up—possibly that might have been myself. With many thanks, I declined the invitation; and soon started on my solitary journey, this time taking no firearms.

To reach a pass in the mountains above, a zigzag path has to be ascended, scaling a twelve-hundred-foot precipice, covered with foliage.

After toiling a long way up, the horses were browsing, and I was mopping myself in the insufferable heat, not thinking anybody was about, when I heard my name called out. Looking up, I beheld a fine-looking buck-nigger on a rock high above. It was a beautiful picture. The nude figure with a handful of long spears, poised with that easy dignity peculiar to the savage, looking like a statue of Achilles in Nature's superb conservatory, as he stood shining in a ray of bright light penetrating far down through the mighty Tropical leafage, forming a frame of unrivalled magnificence.

But the tableau did not remain long enough to be admired;

for in a moment the savage was with me, and had beckoned to me to sit beside him on a rock at the edge of the precipice. This I did, though taking care to put him on the outside nearest the edge. He was a very agreeable gentleman, conversing pleasantly and freely—though I could not tell what about! He addressed me something like the words of the old song—

Jampsee jee ba jabberdy hoi,
Jabberdy poree doree.

Borrowing an idea from "King Solomon's Mines," I replied from the "Ingoldsby Legends"—

Mary had a little lamb, with fleece as white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

He seemed quite to agree to that, adding—

Hyky, pyky, syky, cryky,
Shillinga wallabi doree.

Just as I was going to continue the conversation by observing with my best smile, that "Old King Cole was a merry old soul," to my astonishment I found that his arm was round my waist! What in the world could he be about? Why, he was putting his fingers into the empty cartridge-sockets in my belt; after that, satisfying himself that there was no revolver. Then he strode over to the horses, to examine the saddles and packs. Finding no firearms, he came and sat down beside me again, which was at least better than skewering me with his spears.

Just then there was a cackling noise heard, and, looking up, I saw a number of ladies coming over the rock above. They soon descended, and passed beside us. They were the personification of ugliness,—hideous, with spindle shanks and huge stomachs. One poor thing had a man's shirt on; another wore a jumper, out of which she had grown long ago; and another carried a baby slung on her naked back in a grass net suspended from the head. Others had children held by the arm across the hip, with a leg on each side. White clay was daubed round their eyes, and grease and colouring of different sorts were more or less smeared over them.

None of the party even looked my way, or at the horses. As soon as these dusky beings—possibly human beings—had passed down, with a cackle the gentleman sprang after them. Poor chap! he was simply acting as esquire to the ladies, who must needs pass through the hostile country of the Taltalara tribe inhabiting the upper parts of that mountain, and had no intention whatever of molesting me,—unless I had lost my susceptible heart to one of the comely damsels he was escorting so carefully.

In due time my snug home was reached. Snug? Yes, so snug! For I am a strong believer in supplying the home with every comfort, with wholesome cooking, and appliances for sound rest, when a man's life in the bush is such as mine was.

It is all very well observing fasts and vigils in the even course of existence at a well-appointed English rectory; but in a few years spent in the wilderness, one is inclined to feel that enough fastings and wakeful vigils are involuntarily observed to last the rest of one's career; and, when at home, refreshment, comfort, dry clothing, a good library, well-selected companions, and last, but not least, the stately Liturgy in a comely Church, are matters thoroughly to be appreciated.

I have no patience with ascetic missionaries of the kind who walk thousands of miles through pestiferous swamps, simply for the pure cussedness of doing it, when they ought to ride, and could ride if they wished. Nor have I any sympathy with such folk when they build their houses in unhealthy localities, making their home life hard and uncomfortable, out of sheer ascetic obstinacy. By such means men contract bad fever and chronic ill health, no doubt securing applause at Exeter Hall; but eventually what might be a useful career is cut short, amid the lamentations of those enthusiastic admirers and supporters, who should have counselled them to a wiser course of action, and ought to have supplied them with things needful to the maintenance of a healthy existence.

When the time drew near for my departure from that Colony which had been so kind to me, I was asked—as I had often been before—to go for a cruise in a Man-of-War.

Just at that time there was a great labour strike in several of the Colonies. The Defence Force was called out, and mails were rarely able to run. As the Man-of-War was sailing a fortnight before my time was up in the Diocese, I wired to my Bishop for permission to go. This was at first refused. But the evening before the ship started, the coveted leave was given, allowing just eleven hours for winding up the affairs of several years' sojourn in that Country.

However, I was not wholly unprepared ; and soon after the appointed time I was at the wharf, where the whale-boat was ready to take me out to the ship already steaming into the bay.

Life on board was delightful ; and I was made an honorary member of the mess, thus being relieved of becoming a burden to anybody.

At an island on the coast we stopped to shoot pigeons, and at Cairns we put in and paid a number of visits to our friends. At Townsville we remained several days. My good brother, who had ridden two days' journey to receive me, came off to the ship as soon as she anchored, to bring me to his home, where I spent a delightful time with the family I was now to be severed from. My brother had a splendid trotting pony, which it was a treat to ride, as the usual Australian pace is cantering.

At length the time for parting arrived. Bidding adieu to the Bishop, my brother and a pretty little niece brought me off to the ship in a steam launch, and the little girl presented the officers and some of the men with bouquets of lovely flowers.

Then, while we slowly steamed away, I watched the launch growing smaller and smaller as it sped into Townsville between the breakwaters, with my brother's white coat shining in the glare like a planet, till the bright speck began to wane in the distance, soon becoming so dim that I could see it no more.

PART II.—THE FIJI ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

A CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC.

THE ship I was cruising in was a newly-built gunboat of eight hundred and five tons; length, one hundred and sixty-five feet; beam, thirty-one feet; draught of water, fourteen feet. She carried six four-inch breech-loading guns, two quick-firing guns, and two Nordenfelts. Her engines were triple-expansion, of twelve hundred horse-power. Her complement of officers and men, seventy-five all told.

In this craft we steamed from Townsville Southwards inside the Great Barrier Reef, in water as calm as a millpond. The Eastern side of the Cumberland Islands was passed, and at Capricorn Passage the open Pacific was entered, when we went a few miles south of the Tropics, before steering towards the rising sun.

After a bit, a strong head wind made things very uncomfortable for a week; and I was glad when we arrived at the French Colony of Nouvelle Caledonie.

As we approached the entrance in the reef at the capital, Numea (*Nuumea*, Polynesian), between high green waves curling over on the coral on either side, an old-world French three-decker came out.

The usual wooded mountains of the South Seas rise behind the town to a few thousand feet, and a kind of cypress or pine grows to a great height everywhere on the hill-sides. Here and there, all about the island, where there appear to be landslips, the soil is red.

The town of Numea is very French, with its tall houses

and magazines and depôts. In a fine Place, planted with coconuts and gorgeous flambeaux, is the kiosk for the band—the finest in the Southern Hemisphere. The musicians are drawn from the convict prisons.

Gangs of convicts are seen marching about to their different occupations and various barracks. The unfortunate men seem to be well treated. The better conducted are employed upon public works. Amongst other things, they have constructed splendid roads in every direction. Some of the prisoners look fairly cheerful, and are ready to exchange a smile with the passer-by. The worst characters are shut up on an island across the harbour, where life is not worth living.

Occasionally some of the men manage to escape across to Queensland, where sometimes they get on pretty well; but more often the wretched fugitives conceal themselves in the bush, becoming food for the blacks—an end even preferable, perhaps, to being confined in a convict prison.

In Numea Harbour a French gunboat was lying. Formal visits were exchanged between the officers; and we were made members of the club in the town, where the cuisine was excellent.

The natives are a fine race of light-brown people, with magnificent hair standing out all round their heads, and clipt into all sorts of patterns, like yew hedges. Probably they are a cross between Papuans and Polynesians. In the town, they all appeared to be beautifully clean and tidy. Men wear a blue waist cloth; and the women, employed as nursemaids, are clothed in a sort of "Mother Hubbard".

In the bush, native customs are peculiar. Unfortunately, I was unable to visit the bush.

Natives are intelligent enough. We were inquiring in French of a Frenchman, of what breed his extraordinary-looking dog might be. The Frenchman could not understand us; but a sleek native stacking some bottles close by, stood up and settled the matter splendidly by observing, in good English, "That very good dog, very good dog indeed".

At a miserable shanty—for there are no hotels—we were trying to explain something in French to the lady at the bar,

when suddenly she electrified us by swearing roundly in the choicest Billingsgate!

An Australian steamer seemed to be the only merchant vessel about the place; and we also found some English tradespeople.

French Colonials seem to be economical. I saw a couple of huts on the shore among the mangrove stumps made of sardine tins. It did not seem to be a healthy situation for human habitation; but then the tenants had not far to go, for the gate of the melancholy-looking cemetery was just across the road!

The climate seemed to be perfect. Almost every Tropical as well as European garden flower flourishes in the balmy air.

There is a large hospital; and the day we left a handsome Church was opened. Convicts were at work upon it, and some natives were busy carrying in some of the sacred statues.

Among the splendid groves of cocoanut near the shore, the natives build their villages of circular huts; and the white Churches of numerous mission stations peep out among the trees.

Our visit to the island was very brief, owing chiefly to our short supply of coal; and since officers ashore are not often very energetic, we did not explore, even the celebrated grotto at the Isle de Pines being unvisited.

Between New Caledonia and Fiji, two rocky islets were passed. They were examined through glasses to ascertain if any shipwrecked mariners might be there, making signals of distress.

At Fiji, fifty tons of coal were obtained, at the fabulous price of four pounds a ton; for the labour strike in Australia had affected all the South Pacific.

It was early one morning when Fiji was first sighted. Coming inside the reef at Suva—the white man's capital of the Archipelago—the beauty of the harbour and coast could be fully appreciated—that peculiar beauty afforded by hills densely wooded with dark glossy evergreen trees sloping down to the fringe of graceful cocoanuts or vivid-green mangroves at the water's edge, and deep valleys running back into the heart of

the mountains as they tower up one behind the other to a great distance, attaining an altitude of five thousand feet.

This is the view on one side of the splendid harbour, where several squadrons of the British Fleet could ride in safety. On the other side is seen the wooden town, with its stores, offices, and hotels, and a good pier. The residents' houses are dotted about among groves of flowering shrubs, bamboos, and palms, either along the beach or on the rising ground, and some crown the fern-clad cliffs over the Tamavua River. Here and there clusters of native wicker houses nestle among crimson blossoms and gay coleus.

There was an Australian steamer in the harbour being laden with bananas, and the whole neighbourhood of the vessel was alive with river and coasting craft, and native outrigger canoes. The crowds on the pier, the bright clothing, the brilliant light, the flashing of the water as numerous crafts sped through, the natural scenery, as well as our own smart ship, all contributed to form a scene so beautiful that it never can be erased from the memory.

The natives are an aristocratic race of noble mien, generally admitted to be hybrids between Papuans and Polynesians. They are people of great stature, and of a rich brown colour, with handsome regular features, some aquiline noses, and large, though well-shaped mouths, and good chins. Not a few have quite a Jewish cast of face.

The hair is thick and long and crisp. A great deal of care is taken about dressing it, combing it straight up from the face like a barrister's wig; only it is very long, sometimes reaching to nine inches. The hair is naturally black; but now and then it has to be plastered with lime made from coral—to kill the "fleas". This process has not only the effect desired, but it also takes the colour out, leaving it auburn or red, yellow or brown. Their limbs are massive and well set.

Men and women alike wear nothing but the *sulu*. "Sulu" originally means cloth; but is applied to a strip of material wrapped round the waist, and reaching to the knees. In the town some of the men wear a light jumper, and women put on

a "pinafore"—a garment rather like the top of a low dress, for it exposes the bust; only it is not sufficiently extensive to meet the waist garment! It is an absurd piece of clothing, generally made of trumpery finery.

White calico is a favourite material for a *sulu*; but blue, red, and all sorts of gaudy patterns are also used, more especially among the imported Melanesian labourers.

A man with an enormous head of hair—a very polite man, who made very profound bows—came to Church one day with a Union Jack for a *sulu*! and in this garment made me such a low bow, that my gravity for once forsook me. In the bush, instead of the *sulu*, a fringe round the waist, made of coarse grass dyed various colours, is usually worn.

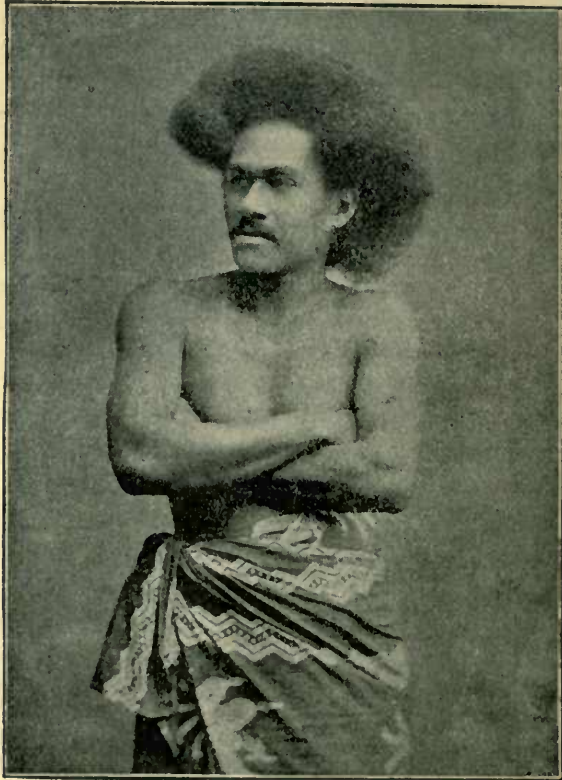
There is nothing at all objectionable in seeing dark-skinned races dressed only in their native clothing, however scanty it may be; for a rich colour in itself almost supplies the want absolutely necessary from even a merely æsthetic point of view in the case of races bleached to an unnatural, faded white in the perpetual fogs of the North, regions perhaps never intended for the habitation of the sons of Adam—the very word meaning red or brown, dark-skinned at least.

I do not wish to say that the Australian black, male or female, has the appearance of being dressed, with not a single article of apparel but a stick through the nose; nor the males of New Guinea, whose only clothing is a piece of string. But a New Guinea female, with her grass skirt as bushy as a ballet dress, and the people of New Caledonia, Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji, nobody can find fault with, unless the elderly women are excepted, poor creatures, all shrivelled and faded, with the skin hanging about in bags, the poor knees wrinkled, and the arms and legs withered to nothing. Such a sight, though common enough in the villages, is very distressing.

We were not, however, troubled with any *anus tam delira* just then, for the Governor's gig came off, some of the crew coming up on the quarter deck, with their splendid heads of hair and handsome faces, and a becoming uniform—a thin blue serge jumper with short sleeves trimmed with crimson, and a

blue *sulu* vandyked round the lower edge, and a stout leathern belt.

As these magnificent creatures strode about on deck with their great bare legs and feet, our boasted English tars looked mere pigmies beside them. Their physique certainly is very magnificent, added to which, the way they do their hair



Kalidoli.

causes them to resemble what one would suppose Egyptian Gods were like.

We saw some very pretty little dark-brown women, who turned out to be Solomon Islanders. Reporting their beauty on board ship, some officers came with me to see them; but they were not to be found. But while we were walking

down a hill at a swinging pace, round a bend in the road there came striding up a huge, magnificent light-brown woman, with a large plait of golden hair down her back. Her appearance on the scene was so unexpected, she was so large, and her gait so majestic, that, from sheer astonishment, I fell over the bank at the side of the road, through some guava and citron bushes, into a brook. This was a Samoan woman.

There are many Samoans living at Suva and other places near the sea. The men are tattooed with very fine patterns from above the waist to the knee, giving the appearance of a close-fitting pair of blue breeches.

In Countries of this kind, it is usual for a bastard Christianity and a false civilisation to go hand in hand in exterminating coloured races. But, so far, it has not been the case in Fiji. Those interested in coloured races may rest assured that in Fiji, as in New Guinea, the excellent men placed in authority by the British Government are doing all in their power to preserve the natives under their charge, although it is naturally impossible to ward off the ravages of epidemics with any certainty. Natives are not inclined, nor are they encouraged, to wear superfluous clothing; spirits are not allowed to be used—except by a few Chiefs who are licensed to drink!—nor are they allowed to kill and eat each other; and, moreover, they are kept clean and healthy as far as possible.

There exists somewhere—I have been informed—a society for the extermination of native races, the method used being a supply of bad spirituous liquors sent in sailing ships. A naturalist, travelling by one of these vessels, was fortunate enough during a calm to obtain a valuable specimen (the *rara avis*). Not being able to have access to his spirits of wine inadvertently stowed away in the hold, some of the cargo was broached, and the bird forthwith treated. But the spirit, intended for the consumption of innocent natives, actually burned the feathers off the bird!

CHAPTER II.

FIJI.

IN 1874, Fiji became an English Crown Colony. The production of sugar, cotton, copra, and bananas forms the staple industry of the Islands. There are about 200 islands; some too small or too rocky for habitation. The total area is about 8000 square miles, or the size of Wales. The native population is 107,000; British and Jews, 2000; while 11,000 Hindoos and 2000 Melanesians have been imported as labourers for the plantations. It is very significant that a handful of white people should be able to live in harmony and security among so many savages.

The method of government is ingenious and effective. It is briefly this: There is an English Governor, assisted by a Legislative Council of Englishmen and Colonials. The Islands are divided into about a dozen Provinces, according to the old native régime. Each Province (*Yasana*) is presided over by a native *Roko*, who is a hereditary High Chief. A Province is subdivided into a number of Districts (*Tikina*), each presided over by a *Buli*. Each *Buli* in turn is superior to the Chiefs of the villages in his district. The higher native officials are hereditary—provided the natural successors be capable persons. This plan falls in with the aristocratic and feudal ideas common to most races in a savage state; thus securing the loyalty of native officials and Chiefs. Village Chieftains (*Turaga ni Koro*) or Mayors are not hereditary, but are elected by the vote of the *Bulis* and other *Turaga ni Koro* themselves at half-yearly Provincial Councils; and they may hold office for an indefinite time, if no complaints be made against their administration. The person elected holds office subject to the approval of the Governor.

Every month the village Chieftains meet their *Buli*; and every six months the *Bulis* meet their *Roko*; and the English Governor meets the *Rokos* and other officials every year—at a different place each time.

This grand meeting is usually held when there is a Man-of-War at the Islands, to add moment to the occasion. At one place, as the Governor and captain and officials, in full uniform, were being rowed from the ship to the shore, a number of natives rushed into the water, shouldered the boat with its stately freight, carried it ashore, and walking along to the village, deposited it in the middle of the village green!

At these meetings a good deal of business is transacted, besides being made an occasion for feasting. Sometimes the whole country-side is denuded to supply viands; although the feasts are not as extravagant now as in the palmy days of the great savage King Cakobau, who at one dinner party had two hundred chickens, two hundred pigs, and two hundred human beings killed and cooked, and served up for the repast!

In the villages the communal system obtains, securing an abundant supply of food and shelter to the serfs, as well as to the Chiefs.

The law is administered by native Magistrates, who adjudicate up to about thirty shillings or two months; English Stipendiary Magistrates go further; and then there is the Chief Justice, who sits in the Supreme Court at Suva on all cases committed for trial there.

There are now a Methodist "Bishop" and about half a dozen white missionaries; with two chief colleges supplying native clergy and teachers for every village in the Archipelago, besides missionaries who go to other parts of the Pacific. From the colleges, where English is taught, many a useful man has been taken on at the Government offices. In every village there is a school where the three R's are taught in Fijian, entirely by the Methodists. The Government has nothing whatever to do with native education, either in the way of teaching or of supplying funds.

The French have a Bishop and a score of priests, with

brothers, sisters, and excellent schools, where many of the white children are educated. At the French Bishop's house there used to be a flagstaff, but the Governor had it cut down, because the foreigner persisted in flying the French colours over the English ones.

The Church of England, having left the work of converting the natives to the Methodists, has wisely undertaken not to interfere now; so that only two Anglican clergymen are required in the Islands, whose duty it is to minister to those white people at Suva and Levuka who do not prefer Presbyterianism, a denomination very flourishing, owing possibly to the rare and uncertain ministrations of Bishops in the Episcopal Church. The English clergy also do some work among the imported Melanesians, materially strengthening the hands of the missionaries of the Diocese of Melanesia.

On my arrival at Fiji, I found that both of my brother parsons had temporarily gone to England, and the poor flock in the midst of the ocean was deserted! Consequently, I was requisitioned to remain until the return of one of them; which I gladly consented to do, although at great personal inconvenience; and so it came to pass that one evening, as I stood upon the verandah of a house on the hill, with the suspicion of a lump in my throat, I watched one of Her Majesty's ships, with my only friends on board, fading away on the distant horizon, in the glare of the setting sun.

But being friendless was a state of things not allowed in Fiji; for people of every position, and of all creeds, began at once to exercise their kindness and hospitality.

Let me give an example of the way the people of Suva do things: There was an old fellow who had knocked about the world a great deal; he had made lots of money, and lost plenty, and given away lots more; and finally he came to Suva in a state of impecuniosity, to die.

Some benevolent person discovered him, and it was commonly reported that he was in a dying condition. Everybody was sent for to go and see him, myself among the rest. Going down the street, people rushed out of the doors and shops,

offering meat, bread, wine, and money for the sufferer. Poor man! he was surfeited! and what a splendid time his satellites had! At last, when he died—killed by kindness—no less than three coffins were sent to him by eager friends!

Yet, in spite of the geniality of the new friends among whom I found myself, one could not help feeling rather a long way off from people and things in general. Some idea of the far-away loneliness of Fiji may be gathered from the fact that, for weeks at a time, no ship ever approached the Country. A few inter-island steamers, coasting schooners, and native canoes plied about the Archipelago, making the harbour cheerful enough. But when a sail was sighted out by Beqa, intense excitement prevailed. Flags were run up at the flagstaff, and the natives from every point of vantage yelled, "Sail, ho!" until the hills resounded.

Were the mail not due, interest was increased manifold. Could it be a yacht? or was it a Man-of-War? If so, to what nationality did it belong? The harbour-master's glass at his pretty house among the bamboos on the hill was a fine one, and it was quite interesting making out the flags and the number of masts. But, alas! since none of my friends knew in what quarter of the globe I was to be found, no sail brought me letters until just before leaving the Country.

While I was at Suva, two German Ships-of-War came in. Of course, I called; and I also met the officers at dinner at Government House; and I brought some of the sailors to my house, giving them refreshment and lovely flowers, which they seemed to appreciate.

It is wonderful what nice society is to be found often enough in out-of-the-way corners of the globe. Suva is no exception. There are the Colonial people, chiefly those born in New Zealand, Fiji, and the West Indies. They speak with the prettiest English accent, with no horrible Cockney twang, such as Australian "swells" affect, and their manners are quiet, though perfectly genial. Then there are the Government people and planters, many of them English, and not a few public school and university men, with their charming families. The houses of the whites are comfortable homes; people being

quite contented with life in the beautiful Country of their adoption.

At Christmas. I was invited to stay with an English family at a delightful house a few miles out of Suva. The servants were Indian, but everything else English—the furniture, the wines, and especially my good host and hostess and their generous hospitality.

I had the pleasure of meeting the wife of an English official in one of the remote islands, whose father was a German, and her mother a Fijian High Chiefess. Never was there such a sweet woman. So pretty in feature and colour, so clever and accomplished, and, in natural grace and manner, so attractive. She had been educated in Germany, and must have seen a good deal of European society.

The streets of the town are always bright with life and colour. For, besides the white people in cool costumes, great handsome natives and other inhabitants of the Pacific, in native attire, stroll lazily along; and fleet-footed Indian servants, in bright liveries, are seen running on their masters' business. And sometimes the procession of some turbaned Chief, with his lofty bearing, will be seen wending its way to Government House, laden with presents of fruit and hogs for the Governor.

In the town there is a club and a reading-room. The thermometer rarely exceeds 90° in the shade, while 58° at night is the lowest reading in the year at sea level. There is good boating, lawn tennis, cricket, and fly-fishing both in the salt water and in several of the rivers; but little shooting, and nowhere to ride beyond a few miles. The rainfall is from 75 inches to 150 inches. But at Fiji it comes down all at once, and then it is done with. When it begins to rain, it seems as if not only the windows of Heaven were open, but as if the whole side of the house were out!

The antemeridian of Greenwich passes through the Archipelago. The effect of this is that in one part of the group it is one day, and on the other side it is the next day, or the day before, according to which side of the line you may be. This being decidedly awkward, a legislative measure was adopted, and styled "The Uniform Date Ordinance," by which the same day is observed throughout all the islands.

CHAPTER III.

THE NATIVES AS THEY WERE.

BEFORE giving some account of life at Suva among the whites, and in the bush among the Fijians at the present day, it should be well understood what sort of people the latter were only a comparatively few years before my visit to the Islands.

Some observations also upon the language as reduced to writing by the missionaries will not be out of place.

To begin with, vowels are pronounced in the Italian fashion, but some of the consonants are used with modifications. Before B an M is sounded. Before D an N is sounded. N G, as pronounced in the English word "ringing," is represented by the one letter G, which is never used for any other sound; while for N G, in "hunger," the single letter Q stands for that sound alone. In English, C is a superfluous letter, being sounded as either K or S, as in "cocoon" and "cynicism"; but in Fijian, C stands for the Welsh D D, which is equivalent to T H in "wither". So the name of the last King—Thackombow—is spelt simply enough, Cakobau. The English word to "taboo"—which comes from the Pacific—in Fijian is called "tambou," but is spelt "tabu". The island of Candavoo is spelt Kadavu. The native drink called "yangona" is spelt "yaqona"; and the island of Mbenga is rendered by the four letters Beqa.

Dialects are very numerous, the more so as many Tongans and Samoans have intermarried with some of the coastal people; but, even far away from such influences in the mountains, the difference in pronunciation I could detect very readily. The dialects are now being modified; for the missionaries teach reading from the Bible, and the Scriptures

are being rendered into the Bau dialect, which will ultimately be used to the exclusion of the others. Bau is the Royal city, and its dialect is at once the purest, and that used by the aristocracy.

One of the great difficulties in learning the language would be having to think and reason from a native's point of view. Frequently I have found those who could speak a little English saying "yes," when, from our point of view, we should have expected "no"; for they clothed their Fijian reasoning with English words without using English thoughts. This may appear strange; but it obtains even in Countries nearer home. For instance, in France, if you are asked to take another glass of wine, and you say "thank you," you do not get it, as that means "no" in French, though "yes" in English; "pardon" meaning "yes".

Added to this, in some of the Southern languages there are so many genders, causing much more difficulty in speaking grammatically than even French, in which one has to consider carefully before giving vent to one's thoughts, whether, for instance, a lamp-post is male or female, or what may be the gender of a turnip.

Fijians are, and always were, an essentially aristocratic nation. The High Chiefs vied with each other in power, progress, pedigree, and possessions. Wealth was gauged by the number of wives they annexed, the number of men they could bring into the field of battle, the number of canoes, and the amount of *masi* they owned.

Tapa, or *masi*, is a kind of cloth made by ladies of rank from the bark of the paper mulberry (*Broussonetia papyrifera*), beaten out into long strips, which, joined together and formed into pieces of any size, are then stencilled in patterns and colours, according to the required use. Stencil-plates are cut out of heated banana leaves. For a curtain, patterns are large and severe, and chiefly black and white, with a little red; if for *sulus*, smaller and of a brown colour. Sashes and turbans are bleached white, and made very delicately. A curtain of *masi* to reach across an apartment forty feet wide, and falling down on both sides, is a really splendid piece of work.

Sometimes a Chief rolls so much *masi* round his waist, like a crinoline, as a display of wealth, that he looks absurd. In fact, a very great Chief at his wedding ceremony, had such a quantity of it wrapped round him that he could not reach across to his bride to put the ring on her finger.

With regard to polygamy, Chiefs often exercised their prerogative with considerable moderation and forethought; although occasionally they annexed so many wives that there was nobody left for the other men to marry.

Ordinary women, as inferior animals, acted as labourers. The men, trained to arms, were at the beck and call of the Chieftains. They built houses for anybody who required new habitations, and undertook any big works they might be ordered to do. They did a little fishing, and also had to supply the larder of the aristocracy with human flesh for their State banquets. Men specially appointed for procuring fish and human flesh were called "butchers".

Many of the fish, however, are poisonous, although natives can eat with impunity several kinds that would kill a white man, because they know the poisonous portions, or, in certain cases, seasons and localities when and where they are unwholesome.

I was unfortunate in not seeing *balolo*, a swarm of myriads of worms which rise to the surface of the sea twice a year for one night only. The natives know by astronomical observations exactly when to expect them; and great is the fun and feasting when they arrive. But if they appear on Sunday, Methodists leave them alone.

Dalo (or *taro*, of other parts of the South Seas)—the staff of life—the *Caladium esculentum*—is chiefly of two varieties, one growing on land, and the other in water-fields like rice. Natives are clever at making the shallow pools for growing *dalo*. In some places, almost all the side of a gulley is a succession of water terraces well cultivated. Sometimes the ponds have to be left fallow for a bit. Natives do not grow or use rice; or else, perhaps, alternating rice with *dalo* might prove a sufficient rotation of crops to keep the pools always in cultivation.

Cannibalism was not practised, as in Queensland, for the sake of satisfying hunger; for the native food consists chiefly of fish, roots, and fruit, such as yams, *dalo*, sweet potatoes, bread fruit, and plantains. There is an abundance of this food. Ten pounds of roots is a man's daily ration!

It was only as a display of hospitality or grandeur that chicken, pig, and corpse were added to the menu; and I fancy that they were all very ill afterwards, as I found that vegetarianism suits them best.

A taste for human flesh was cultivated by the gentry and encouraged by the priests, a visit from a neighbouring Chief, or even from a missionary, being made an occasion for this revolting food: the butchers were sent out to kidnap some of the neighbours, old people and children being devoured as greedily as those who were fit for the table. After battle, it was always correct to eat the slain enemy, crushing them with the teeth by way of complete contempt. Even now this custom is apt to be carried out when opportunity serves.

The method of cooking pig and corpse may be described. A shallow pit dug in the ground is strewn with scented leaves and flowers, and stones heated in a wood fire. The carcase is sometimes cut up; but, if cooked whole, is cut open and cleaned, stuffed with sweet leaves, fragrant blossoms, and hot stones, and then laid in the pit and covered with more hot stones and flowers. A layer of earth serves as a lid for the oven. When steam is seen issuing through the covering, the corpse is considered cooked, and is served up for dinner; but it is usually very underdone! The parts discarded by the dogs which devoured Jezebel are by these strange people esteemed a delicacy!

When the butchers arrived at a village with the human meat, called "long pig" (*vuaka balavu*), there was great rejoicing and excitement and noise, notably the beating of the death drum (*lali*). A *lali* is a kind of wooden trough dug out of a log. When struck on the edge with heavy billets, a great noise is produced, being heard at a considerable distance. At the present time—for a very different purpose—the *lali* is beaten in every village in the land, morning and evening every

day in the year, to call people to prayer! And at the barracks the quarter hours are struck on a small *lali*, and the hours on a large one. Several white people use a *lali* instead of a gong.

Two old fellows used to keep score of the number of corpses they had consumed, by setting up stones in a row, one for each victim. They counted nearly nine hundred between them before they became Christians and renounced cannibalism.

It was not in accordance with the rigours of savage etiquette to eat relations; although, I am sorry to say, even such well-bred people as the Fijians sometimes forgot their manners, otherwise so exemplary. For one day a man was seized with a craving for human food. He and his wife at once set to work to dig an oven. His wife asked where the *vuaka balavu* might be. The fond husband replied that it would be forthcoming. When all was ready he suddenly fell upon his wife, and, popping her into the oven, sent for his friends and neighbours to join in the uxorious feast. But, then, that man was not a gentleman.

And now for an example in high life: A friend of mine—an accomplished Fijian student—asked a High Chief, in a part where we were, if it were true that he had so far forgotten himself as to dig up a relative who had been killed in a skirmish with the men of Namosi, and that he had eaten this deceased kinsman. He replied that he had denied the horrible deed for fifteen years; but, as everybody seemed to know all about it, it was no use concealing the fact any longer.

My friend asked how it was that he had renounced cannibalism when he had a craving for it so unmanageable that he had transgressed the traditions of a gentleman by eating his own flesh and blood. He gave, as a reason, that he had become a Christian. "Where does Christianity forbid cannibalism?" The man did not know; but he had learned to believe in One True God, who had two Sons, by name *Ko Yalo Tabu* (the Holy Ghost), and *Ko Jisiu Karisito*; therefore he had renounced cannibalism! The old man had evidently not mastered much logic, nor had he grasped the subtle dogmas of the Athanasian Creed.

That was supposed to be the last act of cannibalism in the Islands at the time of the conversion to Christianity.

With the exception of those who were kidnapped for human food, an act they strongly resented, the fine old Fijians had no fear of death whatever. And why should they? They held that in this life the retribution of their bad deeds was received, and that in the world to come the dead Fijian, the worn-out axe, the broken stone, the felled tree, and the devoured hog, were all alike wafted away to Burotu, a beautiful island not only devoid of every pain and trouble, but rather equipped with all that could be desired for happiness. So they were content to go when their time came, and no fuss was made about it on the part of the patient.

Alas! how different is the case of the white Christian, who ever prates of Heaven, and sings boastful hymns of Paradise with gushing fervour; while all the time having to go there eventually is the one dread bugbear of life!

At the death of one of the great Chiefs, according to the custom then prevailing, two of the favourite wives and a servant were to be strangled, to afford companionship for his late Majesty's spirit on his journey to the beautiful realms. But a missionary, at the peril of his life, came in and protested. One of the ladies had already been killed; but the good man was successful in begging off the life of the other.

Besides being a wife of the late King, this woman was of high rank in her own right; and most indignant she was at the idea of her life being spared! "What," said she, "is the advantage of being a lady of my rank in society if I am not to be allowed to die like one?" and she commanded her brother to continue the proceedings. So the rope was put round her delicate brown neck again, and the men began to pull at each side. But now she signalled for them to desist. "Hold!" she said. "A lady of my rank is entitled to the use of a new rope: the one being used is second-hand." Thereupon, she waited with patience and calm dignity until a new rope had been made, and then, when all was ready, she died without a movement or a murmur.

Utterly regardless of death even in cold blood, as warriors

they were a most fierce and reckless people, having no fear of foes or of the sea. Warriors would embark in a fleet of canoes, and go all about the Group, or even to other Archipelagoes; although many were the canoes that put to sea, but were never heard of more.

A canoe is made of the log of a huge tree, hollowed out and shaped into good lines. A lid or deck is sewn on with cocoanut fibre, and a hatch formed in the centre. On one side is an outrigger. On the same side as the outrigger is an erection to accommodate large numbers of men. A mast, with a large sail of matting, completes the vessel. When tacking, the mast is sloped the reverse way, and the sail made fast to the opposite end, when the vessel will reverse, for the outrigger must always be kept on the weather side.

King Cakobau, that mighty Royal Savage, had a canoe in which he took three hundred men to sea. After use, canoes are drawn up on land beside the house of the owner. When required again, Cakobau was accustomed to launch them over the live bodies of his subjects, just to let them know that he was King. And they liked it. I do not mean that the individuals thus used as rollers liked it; but the others did, for it pleased them to see their Monarch every inch a King!

Never was there a Country so beautiful to the sight, so lovely to live in, so prolific of everything required to make life liveable. The land almost spontaneously produced all the necessaries for a contented existence; it was utterly devoid of noisome beasts, poisonous snakes, noxious thorns and thistles, or unpleasant insects. Yet it was a land defiled with blood, a land of weeping and gnashing of teeth, where desolate mothers lifted up their voices and wept because their children were not. And, oh! the heartrending sound when the women of the Pacific lift up their voices and wail!

Taking life was accounted nothing in those days. When a Chief built a new house, the huge posts supporting the ridge pole were sunk into great holes made to receive them, while live men were put in as if in a position of holding them up; and then the earth was filled in and rammed tight, burying the

poor fellows alive. And yet, if any of the aristocracy died in a house, that house was either taken down or abandoned.

The Fijian had no form of public worship, although the Gods and canonised ancestors were held in great reverence. Priests were consulted in the *Bure* by Chiefs on any emergency, on which occasion they spoke oracularly, becoming perfectly beside themselves, fuming and foaming at the mouth in a terrible manner when possessed by the Spirit of the Gods.

Forms of witchcraft, such as the "evil eye," "overlooking," and "praying to death," were their principal powers; and are practised to-day in many parts of the Pacific, as well as among the peasantry of Devonshire, and other parts of so-called Christian England.

After thirty years of danger, perseverance, and toil unknown at any other time or in any other land, the Wesleyan Methodists began to reap the reward of their undaunted missionary labours, the noblest work of the kind Christendom has ever witnessed. Numbers of Chiefs and people came over to Christianity, which meant a complete revolution; for the poor were gainers, and the Chiefs—from a savage's point of view—lost most of the emblems of power and wealth.

Cakobau, though standing out for a long time, at last sent for a missionary, to whom he handed over his cannibal fork—the symbol of his heathenism, as the Cross is of Christianity. The old Savage King became a most devout Christian, and a good statesman into the bargain. Consolidating the Islands under one rule, he handed his Country over to Queen Victoria, and spent his declining years in undoing, to the best of his knowledge and power, the mischief wrought during his earlier career.

Accompanied by his two sons, Ratu Timoci and Ratu Epeli, he went to stay with the then Governor of New South Wales. The three visitors spent a most interesting time in the sister Colony, conducting themselves in an exemplary manner, with their wonted dignified grace. The only mistake they made was eating the scented soap in the bedrooms when retiring at night!

CHAPTER IV.

AT SUVA.

AT Suva, a delightful bungalow was placed at my service, with three well-trained servants, savages from Malana, one of the very bad islands of the Salomon or Solomon group.

Solomon Islanders are a people of dark chocolate colour, when clean, and of small stature. The servants were all beautifully clean. Hote was cook, and an excellent cook he was too. His wife, Roma, with her tattooed face, was housemaid and laundress. She did the washing villainously, which was very grievous, as one could only wear white clothing. And Saru was butler and valet. Saru was of a beautiful colour, with a good complexion, and long golden hair combed on end like a Fijian's. His livery was a thin white jumper and a *sulu*.

At seven o'clock this worthy brought coffee to my room; and, after a morning's work, he announced breakfast on the verandah, for which Hote had exercised all the powers of his culinary art, while Saru had decked the table tastefully with flowers. At each meal the decorations were different. At one, perhaps gardenias and honeysuckle; the next time, flowers of scarlet hue would be to the liking equally of the artist and myself; the variety of garden flowers affording ample scope for a domestic of such good taste. The sideboard was usually loaded with piles of pine apples, mummy apples (*papaya*), granadillas, limes, mangoes, and bananas, all presents from kind neighbours. And as the whole district was a thicket of guavas and citrons, there was an ample supply of fruit.

It is very significant that in the Pacific Islands of the most

recent formation, there were no serpents, no mosquitoes, no scorpions, no centipedes, and no thorns nor thistles. But wherever the white man goes, his thorns and thistles and noxious beasts follow him. In New Zealand, most of the English weeds now flourish to excess in every cultivated plot; and in the Tropical islands, too hot for such weeds to grow, wherever there is a clearing for a township or a plantation, up spring the thorny guavas and citrons and mimosas, while the coleus—the hot-house form of the nettle—luxuriates on banks of rubbish. Then mosquitoes come in ships' tanks, hornets with the fruit, and scorpions and centipedes in the timber, although in the bush one is still almost free from anything of the sort.

I am told that Fiji is rich in butterflies. If so, are they not very much of the phasmidae kind, and not in evidence to the uninitiated? On the red baize door of the Church, I saw what I supposed to be a piece of straw four or five inches long, with some other bits of straw about it. Taking out my handkerchief to flick it off, I observed that it swayed about. It was a walking-stick insect. In Queensland, opening some slip-rails, I saw a much larger one on the gate post, just like a stick with twigs for legs, and I should not have noticed it but for its swaying about on its twigs. The praying mantis is very droll, clasping its hands and swaying as if in an agony of supplication.

Guava bushes abound with the leaf insect, a creature with body and wide wing-cases stamped alike with midrib and veins, and an expansion of the legs representing smaller leaves. The colour is light green, exactly the same as that of the guava bushes; and when the insect is settled with its head against a node, it looks precisely like a bunch of new leaves coming out.

My house was very snug. One end of the verandah served for a dining-room, and at the other we smoked, lounging on deck chairs, screened from the sun by bamboo blinds, with creepers of gorgeous colour intruding their fragrant blooms. A few steps led into the garden, where across the great leaves of giant calladiums, and between the stems of palms, glimpses of the bay could be seen, with distant mountains and islands beyond;

while the perpetual roaring of the surf on the coral reef was borne upon the scented air.

When not dining out, it was easy to find one or two of the neighbours who would be good enough to pity my loneliness, and share the evening meal. Tropical evening dress was adhered to, except at Government House, where the unfortunate black coat was worn, unless "white jackets" were specially indicated on the card.

One evening two Chiefs came to dine with me. One of them spoke English like an Englishman, relieving me of all embarrassment. Having to leave these brown gentlemen for half an hour after dinner, I wondered what to do with them during my absence. Remembering the native's love of the water, it occurred to me that they might like a bath. So turning on the taps, I put them into the bath-room. On my return they were still there, with the taps full on, romping and ducking each other, while the whole place was running with water. Are not all the brown races just like overgrown children?

When the first bull and cow were landed at the neighbouring islands of Tonga, the natives fled into the bush in terror, never having seen an animal larger than a pig before. But noticing that the white men did not fear them, they cautiously crept out again to inquire the name of the strange monsters. On being told "a bull and a cow," they tried to repeat it, "a bullamacow". Hence *bulumakau* has become the native word for cattle as well as for butcher's meat. Natives will go to a butcher's shop and ask for a steak of *bulumakau*. And my servant several times, instead of announcing that dinner was on the table, would say, "*Bulumakau* on the table, sar!" which sounded certainly a little startling.

There is a custom among Fijians that after a feast, the guests are expected to carry away all they cannot consume on the spot, otherwise great offence is given. A lady friend of mine who was fond of natives, invited two Chiefesses to afternoon tea on her day at home, before the time for the white ladies to arrive. The fat darkies came, arrayed in *sulus* and flowers and streaming with oil, and sat upon the floor. When it was time for their departure, their hostess gently informed

them of the fact ; and up they got, lifting their scanty clothing, into which they tipped all the cakes and comfits prepared as well for the white ladies as for the brown ones, and thus they took their departure, according to the native custom.

The one plague of the place is the inevitable mosquito. Lots of tiny yellow ants also swarm upon the table after the *bulumakau* ; and I actually found a nest of them in the frame of my bed.

Time in Suva passed only too rapidly. There was always plenty to do. Being a "new voice," people were regular and attentive at the Church. Then there was the hospital to visit ; night schools for the Melanesians to attend to ; and expeditions to several centres of white population to be made. Forming the acquaintance of the people was converted into an opportunity of pleasantries in the way of lunches, dinners, moonlight rides, boating and tennis.

Going to one of the islands to visit the flock, I was told that my host would meet me at the wharf, and he would be recognised at once by the enormous size of his feet. Arriving at the place, from the bridge of the steamer I surveyed the crowd of people assembled on the pier. One man there was who had a clear space in front of him whichever way he turned, no matter how the rabble thronged him at the back and sides. "That's my man," I thought to myself. Going ashore, I grasped him warmly by the hand, and addressed him by name. Expressing surprise at my knowing him so readily, he rather took me aback by asking how I was so sure of his identity ; to which I replied, "Did not your friends give me an accurate description of your personal appearance ?"

The hospital is a most picturesque place on the hill-side, like a village embosomed in flowers and feathery bamboos, which latter grow to perfection at Fiji.

Near this is the gaol, where the brown prisoners seem to be very jolly ; and above that the old Botanical Gardens are situated—a most lovely wilderness, where trees, palms, coloured shrubs, and gaudy, fragrant blossoms of burning hues from every Tropical Land, grow in luxuriant profusion amid gulleys of wild bamboos and tree-ferns, forming a frame of unrivalled beauty

for the view across the azure bay to the lofty blue mountains beyond.

Boating parties across the harbour to explore the brooks in the wooded depths among those mountains are very delightful. The vegetation is truly wonderful. Calladium leaves grow to such a size that natives sometimes use them for umbrellas. I saw a great fellow holding one over his head by the stalk, and the end of the leaf trailed on the ground behind him.

We went a long way up one of the streams, and the mast had to be taken out of the boat, as ferns arching overhead impeded progress. There are not many large trees, none whatever to compare with those in Queensland; but, as the jungle is thick and green at the bottom, it can be seen to perfection.

Bathing in the tempting waters is not very safe; for, although Fiji is free from horrible alligators, sharks or dog-fish are found almost at the head of the rivers; and the sea abounds with sharks, sea-pike, poisonous fish, and water snakes. In one of the brooks I got out to push the boat off a shoal. The craft went off down stream admirably, but, alas! I was left among a lot of little shells each provided with spines a quarter of an inch long, which stuck fast into the soles of my feet, causing exquisite pain, increasing at each step until water was reached deep enough to swim after the boat. I did not mind, however, for did not the mishap afford my companions a great deal of amusement, as well as the trouble of getting the prickles out of my feet with their knives?

How glorious it used to be sailing up or down the coast inside the reef, watching the huge breakers lifting their clear waters in the bright sunshine like liquid emeralds, as they expended their fury upon the coral breakwater! And as the boat bobbed about over the swell that extended within, one was never weary of gazing down through the ever-varying tints of blue and green to the coral beds below. And was it not exciting when outside the reef, shooting the craft, under sail, through the narrow openings in the coral to reach the inside, on the crest of a big wave, with the surf roaring upon the shoal, only a few yards off on either side?

The great drawback to Fiji is the destructive hurricanes.

Down goes the barometer, and the sky turns black in the direction of the storm ; and, sure enough, in a few days news comes in of terrible destruction of life, shipping, and other property. When the barometer goes down very low, ships in the harbour often put out to sea to get clear of the coast.

While at the Islands, I did not come in for a tornado. But one occurred at Suva while I was in another part. It was a very narrow storm, only a few yards wide, but it smashed up everything in its path. Some Samoan women were in a house when the wind lifted it bodily off its piles, depositing it in a creek behind the street. Finding themselves suddenly in the water rather disconcerted these stout brown ladies, for they were not dreaming of danger at the time, but were—as they said—peaceably reading the Bible, or playing cards, they were not quite sure which !

Government House is a fine place, with naturally beautiful grounds. The gardens contain a good collection of Tropical plants, with a Scotch gardener from Kew to look after them ; and near the grounds are the barracks for the native armed constabulary or guards. The “*Champ de Mars*” is a large velvety lawn, with the wicker houses of the officers and men nestling among beautiful trees and gaudy crotons of a brilliancy that can only be obtained in such a bright atmosphere.

The guards grow their bearskins on their heads, and are a remarkably fine body of men. If the authorities at the Horse Guards could be persuaded to make our footguards grow their bearskins on their heads, might not money thus saved be used with advantage for increasing the efficiency of the navy ?

As cricketers Fijians excel ; the fielding being unsurpassed ; for, having been accustomed in their youth to catch spears, upon which life depended, a cricket ball is treated in the same manner, and never missed.

CHAPTER V.

HOB-NAILS AND MISSIONS.

AT Suva, I was fortunate in seeing a Wesleyan missionary *meke*, or native dance. The occasion was the annual subscription.

A few missionaries stood near a mat, with crowds of whites and coloured people to the right and left. Parties of natives then came forward and danced war dances, brandishing their clubs. The little clothing worn consisted of long fringes of crotons, hibiscus, and other flowers round the waist, with long sashes of white *masi*; a few flowers also adorned the neck and shoulders. Their faces were smeared with red ochre, and their whole bodies streamed with oil. The dances were magnificent. All the movements—rapid and graceful as leopards—were made exactly together in time to the howling and chanting of the orchestra. The native medical students formed one group of dancers.

At the termination of a dance, each performer came forward and threw coins on to the mat, at which a missionary exclaimed, "*vinaka*" for sixpences, and "*vinakavinaka*" for shillings; the word *vinaka* meaning "very good".

This is not the only collection held in a year. While I was in the Country, a native travelled sixty miles over mountains and rivers, carrying and protecting forty pounds worth of silver, nearly all shillings and florins.

It is quite reassuring to find missionaries allowing native dances and native costume all over the islands; instead of insisting upon a superfluity of clothing, or even European dress itself, which ensures speedy death, and, in time, extermination of a people.

At Suva, I was interested in conducting a night school twice a week for sixty Melanesians. Besides my class, there was a women's meeting, which I visited sometimes. On Sundays they all rolled up at the Church, morning, afternoon, and evening. Now they have built a Church for themselves.

At Levuka, the same kind of thing had been carried on for a longer time, with the result that the Levuka darkies knew far more than the Suva ones; or was it that the Levuka parson dressed his converts, according to orthodox missionary treatment, in European clothes, boots and all, poor things! while the Suva Christians still remained in oil and a *sulu*?

It was most interesting attending to the night school; the poor savages were so anxious to learn.

At the conclusion of school, they always sang "God save *this* Queen," they would not say *the*; and then I took them across the road to the Church for a few prayers and hymns. They were delighted at this, the number of scholars becoming doubled while I was at Suva. The poor creatures were quick at picking up a tune, but words they could not repeat very well or understand. The men in clothes knew the most, while some of those without were able to understand what the Cross over the Altar meant; and it was a pretty and touching sight, at the conclusion, when all those people, with their shock heads, knelt upon the floor of the Church to receive the benediction of Him they were so eagerly seeking.

For my own part, I attended the night school and mission service in the nearest approach to native dress that mosquitoes would allow, by way of entering my protest in a small way, against the cruel manner in which so many missionaries wantonly destroy the lives of their converts. Do they think that, by clothing them to death soon after conversion, their *protégés* will gain Heaven before there is time for relapse?

This method is the same as that adopted in the story of the Irishman who, at his "duties," confessed such a list of horrors and crimes, that the clergyman asked if he had ever done anything good, to balance the scale a bit. "Yes," said the man, "I once converted a Jew."

Rescuing a drowning man by the hair of his head, as he was

rising to the surface for the last time, to Pat's horror, he found that it was a Jew he was saving. "And is it the Faith ye belong to entirely?" anxiously inquired Paddy. "No," said the Jew; and Pat promptly ducked him under the water. At length, pulling him up again, he addressed the same question; and, upon receiving a negative reply, the Jew was held down once more beneath the water, to consider gravely the desperate condition of his case. "And now," says Pat, pulling him up for the third time, "is it the Faith ye belong to now?" "Yes, indeed," gasps the hopeful Hebrew, in his last extremity. "Then may ye die in it," observes Paddy, as he thrusts him under for good.

Talking with the Governor on the subject of the attitude so frequently assumed by missionaries with regard to suitable native clothing, and those national customs with which there is no need to interfere, his Excellency told me a good story of a predecessor of his who—like most people in such regions, barring missionaries—adopted a form of native costume when in the bush.

That Governor was a religious man, always attending public worship when an opportunity occurred. At a place—I believe it was Tonga—his Excellency and suite arrived at the King's town on a Sunday morning, dressed in flannel jackets and *sulus*, and immediately repaired to Church as they were. At the end of the building, where the Altar would be in an Episcopal Church, the King's throne was located; and there sat his Brown Majesty, arrayed in gold lace and orders, surrounded by his courtiers in frock coats and everything else.

In the front seats, with special doors, there sat people who could command most European clothing. These "elect" darkies were to occupy front seats in "the Kingdom". Next in order, with a special door too, were less regenerate people, with less clothing to correspond, amongst them being a religiously-disposed couple, who had bought a marine's scarlet tunic between them. As they could not both wear the garment simultaneously, one wore the sleeves and the other the body.

The brown clergyman was dressed in a soiled white shirt

without a collar, a white waistcoat, a frock coat, and trousers, but no socks or shoes.

The Governor, seeing at a glance the state of affairs, walked in with his staff to the place at the end reserved for the hopelessly unregenerate wearers of native clothing, and there they sat cross-legged, or knelt upon the mats with the rest, very much to the discomfiture of the parson, who had always known his Excellency to be a God-fearing man; but now could only believe that his soul was past praying for.

To the thinking of many of us, there is nothing more comfortable than native costume, with just a thin flannel jacket or shirt. In the morning, a coating of cocoanut oil, beautifully made, and scented with grated sandal wood and sweet herbs and flowers, protects the skin from the sun; and then, with the attire mentioned, all is ready for the amphibious life of the Islands. Just fancy having to swim a roaring, rushing river, fifteen times in one day! Imagine having to get in and out of a shooting suit or a cassock, with stockings and shoes, gold studs, and a white tie, fifteen times, besides getting up and going to bed! But, *à la mode*, there is no trouble, no heat, no discomfort. There is velvety grass to walk upon beneath endless avenues of paper-mulberry, or else soft mud between high rank grass or wild sugar-cane. And if the track should become rough, or hot to the feet, a servant is at hand with a pair of indiarubber shoes. But it is better to do without shoes, if possible; for at each brook or swamp they become full of sand or mud, and gall the heels.

“How dreadful!” people say. “How wet the feet must become, going without shoes! what rheumatism! what colds must be caught!” On the contrary; one is always wet, in a country like that, from perspiration, rain, or rivers. And, after all, it is not wet *feet* that give people colds, but wet *shoes*. That is the difference.

When croquet came into vogue, with rheumatism in its wake, if people had only played on the wet lawns with bare feet, instead of in damp shoes, what a different course affairs might have taken! Had charming ladies among the leaders of fashion only tripped upon the lawn with nought but some

dainty gems upon their coral toes, depend upon it the world would have followed suit, and the lives of many a holy curate would have been spared for a protracted term of noble deeds. But, no ! those valuable lives were sacrificed upon the altar of damp shoes !

When will people learn the difference between shoes and feet ? Let me give an example, which cannot fail to demonstrate the distinction. If the story be not reverent, it is no fault of mine ; for, unfortunately, it has the merit of being true.

In the early days of Fiji, an enterprising missionary ventured too far into the interior of Viti Levu. In spite of all remonstrance, he would go on. Sure enough, he was killed on the side of a wild, though lovely mountain—a spot far too lovely to be so ruthlessly forced to leave. The poor fellow was carried an immense distance over mountains to a most beautiful but weird village in the depths of a dark gorge, where he was cooked. As stated before, the hands and feet of “long pig” are in Fiji esteemed the *bonne bouche*.

The Chief was delighted with his faithful butchers for procuring him a white man. He had often heard of such beings, but had not seen or tasted one. So, great was the joy at that village in the bowels of the earth, beside the black brawling river !

The interest in the new specimen was keen. How was it that the skin of the face and hands was light, and that of the body black ? The black skin or coat was soon pulled off ; likewise the shirt, and so on. Then the wretched missionary was ripped up and stuffed, and put into the earthen oven.

When cooked, amid great rejoicing, the victim was brought out all steaming ; and the King asked for the feet. His Majesty began to gnaw with avidity ; but it was not the feet he was gnawing, but the boots, which had not been taken off ; for, being leather, they were considered by the *chef* to be the peculiar feet of a white man.

And now his Majesty has broken his teeth against the hob-nails ! Great is his savage rage and fury as he proclaims a law,

that in all his dominions no more hob-nailed missionaries are to be eaten !

And so it was, that, owing to not knowing the difference between boots and feet, only one missionary was killed and eaten at Fiji during the most hazardous work carried on by those estimable Methodists.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AMONG THE NATIVES.

ONE of the Government people, the Honourable C., was going to make an official tour through a part of the large island, Viti Levu, an island ninety miles long and sixty wide.

C. most kindly offered to show me the country, if I would accompany him. He had been a champion amateur two-mile runner in England, and always won the high jump at school. He was a man of culture, and an advanced student of everything Fijian. He had also been one of my kindest neighbours at Suva. What more suitable companion, then, could be found for a journey of several weeks over a rough country, among savages whose tongue was unknown to me?

Gladly I accepted the offer, and, on the day appointed for the start, we were at the wharf, where our whale-boat was being loaded with the necessary impedimenta.

After life in the wilds of North Queensland, it seemed strange that firearms for personal protection were not required; for the Fijians are now considered tame, and do not often break out into violence or cannibalism; although, since my visit, on the occasion of a body of native officials being sent to one of the islands to collect the taxes consisting of a trifling amount of cotton, these islanders refused to pay; and, when remonstrated with, they fell upon those officials, and summarily ate them all up! However, they will soon grow out of such tricks as these.

Mrs. C. was coming with us the first day's journey, to stay with a planter's family on the Navua River. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C. and Ratu Joni Mataitini, C.'s native secretary, who was also medical practitioner to the armed constabulary. C. had his servant Kalidoli, and I had my Solomon

Islander Saru ; and there was also an orderly from the armed constabulary.

It was amusing to see two servants carrying their mistress ashore near Navua, for their mop-heads nearly enveloped her. The planter's house was picturesquely situated on the summit of a conical hill, rising from the level cane-fields ; and on more than one occasion I was a guest at that hospitable home, where literature, art, and music of the best find a congenial soil, although so far away from any kindred spirits.

It was here that we bid adieu to the ladies and other white people, and, embarking in the whale-boat near the foot of the hill, proceeded down a mouth of the river to the sea, passing several clumps of ivory and sago palms. Native costume was now adopted—the most rational and comfortable dress imaginable.

Once out of the river, we flew before the wind down the coast Westwards, until progress was impeded by the fall in the tide, when we ran the boat into a creek to wait for more water. I beguiled the time by taking hermit-crabs out of their shells and putting them into other ones. It was so comical when the new shell was too large or too small ; but, all the same, the creatures managed admirably. Then I paddled out to the reef to watch the ocean swell breaking, and to see the strange inhabitants of the crannies in the many-tinted coral, especially little fishes of a most brilliant light-blue colour, and queer creatures like sand bags, which let their "insides" fall down to each end if held up in the middle.

Meanwhile, a courier had been despatched to the Chief of Navola to intimate our intention of remaining the night at his village. And when the water served, the place was soon reached—a clean, well-built village, with a splendid fan-palm (*Pritchardia Pacifica*) in the centre. Each house is built upon a bank, with a ditch all round. A log, with nicks cut in it like fowls have to go up to their roosts, does duty for a staircase.

We were conducted to a splendid house ; but, in my endeavours to ascend the perch gracefully, I fell off into the ditch. The second attempt was, however, more successful, and, creeping through the small aperture that serves for an entrance, I found myself in a vast apartment.

Just inside, the Chief was sitting cross-legged on the floor. Without rising, he shook hands with us, thereby recognising us as superiors ; for no Fijian stands or walks in the presence of a superior. But, until becoming used to this method of politeness, it has decidedly the reverse effect.

The fathers of the village sat all round the opposite end of the house, gazing upon us in silence.'

Being unable to converse with the Chief, an opportunity was afforded me of observing the wonderful construction of a Fijian house, as well as the novel situation in which I found myself.

I have been in houses attaining the dimensions of eighty feet by forty ; but, although not as large as that, our present abode was a fine specimen of domestic architecture, in which Fijians excel all their neighbours in the Pacific. The ridge-pole is supported by two, or sometimes three, enormous trunks of great height, trimmed into shape with adzes. The wall-plates are four or five feet from the floor, supported by massive posts, between which stalks of grass are placed in vertical rows, bound together by vegetable fibre of various colours, formed into ingenious and pretty patterns. The rafters are either timber poles or bamboos, reaching to the ridge-pole in the dim distance above. The whole is thatched with a great thickness of leaves of sugar-cane, reeds, pandanus, or other trees. Sometimes the thatch reaches from the ridge to the ground, in which case a house resembles a colossal beehive ; but in some districts the low walls are embellished with reed-grass and sinnet patterns outside as well as in.

On the exterior, the ends of the ridge-pole protrude for some yards, and, in the case of a Chief's house, are covered with large white *kauri* shells.

A village has very much the appearance of a Dutch stack-yard, with the high-pitched thatching.

On one side of a house is the hole through which the aristocracy creep in, and at one end is another hole for the use of other people. The floor is padded with a foot or two of grass or fern, covered over with plaited mats of pandanus leaves, fringed with bright feathers or worsted. At the end of the

house opposite to the plebeians' door is a dais a foot higher than the rest of the floor, upon which the grandees recline, and no one else may approach it, when occupied, except on all fours. Near the door at the end is often a square wooden frame filled with earth. This is the fireplace, where a few earthenware globes stand upon round stones among the embers, but most of the cooking is done in a separate house.

The bamboos of the roof become coloured by the smoke like meerschaum.

With the exception of the fireplace, it will be seen that the whole extent of the floor is one expanse of mattress. On the occasion of a visit from distinguished personages, quantities of clean new mats are put down all over the house, and especially on and near the dais, where they are often piled on in great numbers, being a grand display of wealth. The doors are screened by curtains of matting, or fringes of grass, to exclude the heat and glare and flies. What a superb abode a Fijian house of the better sort is! and how wonderful that the whole magnificent edifice is constructed without saw or nail, plane or screw!

Furniture is rather scanty; for there is nothing but a *yaqona* bowl, and a number of things like fire-dogs lying about the floor. These are for people to hang their necks over when reclining, so as not to spoil the back hair. *Kabi* is the native name. Yet the furniture is quite enough; for wherever one chooses to loll about on the dais, your servant hangs your mosquito net over you, and brings a pillow and a clean *sulu*, or anything else that may be required; and all is complete.

CHAPTER VII.

AT A CHIEF'S HOUSE.

BY the time our goods had been brought from the boat, and stacked in the centre of the house at Navola, and we had arrived and taken up our position near the Chieftain, night had set in. A wretched oil lamp, assisted by our candles, gave enough light for our purpose.

The house looked like an enormous wickerwork marquee; and all the old gentlemen at the other end, with their grizzled hair and beards and scanty clothing, kept their eyes on us, as no doubt they reflected upon the good old days of yore when they were feasted upon dainty human flesh in honour of their visitors, and white man's flesh was a novelty. And thus they sat cross-legged, pulling their toes and looking very grave.

Presently a man scrambled through the entrance, and came towards us on all fours with a piece of *yagona* root, which was laid on the floor before us. One of the people then stood up and delivered a speech with a great deal of tautology. It was to the effect that they were all poor and humble folk, possessed of nothing worthy to offer to us; yet they were glad to welcome such mighty white Chiefs. All they had was ours, and would we honour them by accepting their proffered hospitality?

Then one of our people stood up, and briefly returned thanks; and, in a few moments, a bevy of buxom brown ladies, young and beautiful, dressed in grass fringes round the waist and flowers in the hair, came scrambling through the hole at the end, laden with baskets newly plaited from cocoanut leaves, and lined with banana leaves boiled to make them tough like indiarubber. These were pushed along the floor before them as they advanced on all fours. The baskets were

so numerous that the floor was nearly covered with them. They contained boiled *dalo*, sweet potato, yams, bread fruit, plantains, and chickens. The supply was enormous.

It is the root of the *dalo* that is eaten, like potato. The chickens are tough and indigestible, being boiled to rags, and only just killed; for on arriving at villages there is a great commotion as the youths begin hunting the poultry round the place with great energy, and still greater noise; and in half an hour they are set before us cooked! But delicious as the roots are, they do not afford much nutriment for white men; so we were left mainly to our own provisions—biscuits and rice and tinned meat, though they are not much good either.

Rice I found to be my special staff of life in the absence of bread and meat. Saru or Kalidoli often made us a curry of tinned meat, at least flavouring the rice. This we ate out of our tin plates on the beautifully clean floor, with cocoanut water for a beverage.

A meal is a very long proceeding, as eating has to be indulged in according to rank. No one ate while we were dining. When we had finished, Ratu Joni Mataitini dined alone, for was he not a grand-nephew of the great King Cakobau? The title *Ratu* means "My Lord," and is never dropped even by most intimate friends. *Adi* (pronounced "Andy") means "My Lady".

Ratu Joni speedily crammed a few chickens and many pounds of roots into his spacious mouth, and then the rest were fed, the poor *adis* and other women partaking of their food in another house.

At the conclusion of this long business, the *yaqona* root is again produced. The Chief looks out a few young ladies and gentlemen with "clean mouths," and the root is cut up and handed to them. The *yaqona* bowl is now brought out. It is a splendid thing—a circular wooden dish a couple of feet or more in diameter, with several legs all carved out of a solid piece of wood, and coloured like opal within with constant use. Round this bowl the selected persons sit cross-legged, and, with their lovely teeth, chew up the root; and when well masticated,

it is put out of the mouth into the bowl. Water from a bamboo bottle is then mixed with it. Next, all the grit and sediment is strained off with a sort of sponge, made of very fine hibiscus fibre. All this time the company are getting very excited.

The etiquette of *yaqona* is very intricate, and closely adhered to. On one occasion, C.'s servant did something incorrectly, and was instantly ordered outside to be manacled. But C. demanded: "Would Queen Victoria allow that?" And the man's liberty was spared.

When the brew is finished, the Chief tastes it to see if it is all right; and, if so, he orders a *bilo* of it to be taken to the most distinguished person present. As I had the honour of being indicated, Saru went to the bowl with a *bilo* he always carried for me. It was half of an enormous cocoanut shell, as thin as a leaf, and gilt. It was given to me by a lady at Suva, and was much admired by the natives.

The *bilo* contained about a pint and a half of the masticated infusion, and Saru brought it to me on his hands and knees. All eyes were directed to me; and immediately the *bilo* touched the lips, the people flopped their hands together until, holding my breath, I had gulped the whole of it down—no heel-taps! Then they all screamed out with evident satisfaction, "Ah mother!" (*a maca*) which means "it is dry or drained". Afterwards the others imbibed in order of rank.

After dessert, I wanted a whiff of a cigarette. Directly my desire was made known, a fat podgy damsel who was sprawling near me, quickly made a *suluka*, by rolling up a leaf of tobacco in a bit of dried plantain; and, lighting it between her pearly teeth, handed it to me all alight! What consummate politeness!

When recounting this piece of graceful native attention to a white lady, she observed: "You don't mean to say that you put the wet end of the *suluka* into your mouth? how horrid!" Did she expect me to put the lighted end in?

More *sulukas* were made. The natives take a puff or two, and then hand it on, not seeming to be heavy smokers. The new leaf grown round their houses is frightfully strong, as I

found by greedily adhering to mine, instead of returning it after a few whiffs to the pretty brown lady.

I could not help thinking that, in her airy attire, she looked far better than she ever could were the missionaries to insist upon the adoption of a corset and bustle. But there is little fear of that, for would missionaries be able to procure a bustle large enough to go round a Fijian lady of proportions?

To return to *yaqona*. It is the *ava* or *kava* of other parts (*piper methysticum*), and is the colour of pea soup, and, to



Fijian Damsels.

drink, is just like pills mashed up in camomile tea. But it is, nevertheless, pleasant to drink. It makes one feel cool, clean, fresh and comfortable, and entirely free from biliousness. It ought to be used at sea for *mal de mer*. I am persuaded it would be a perfect cure. Try it! I only wonder that it is not used extensively in England and America. Would it not be splendid? Medical men have told me that its properties are wonderful.

Some other method, forsooth ! would have to be resorted to for preparing it ; it would take too long for the butler, or the barmaid, or the steward to "chew" you some *yaqona*. At Suva it can be bought at shops for 3d. a *bilo*; but it is prepared with a nutmeg grater instead of by mastication, and the inferiority can be detected at once, just as coffee that has not been freshly roasted can be, or the difference between Scotch and South Down mutton.

Later on, I found that the missionaries here, as elsewhere, have twelve commandments for the poor brown folk, the last two being, "Thou shalt not smoke tobacco," and "Thou shalt not drink *yaqona*". Many natives drink it to excess, which has the effect of spoiling the complexion, making the otherwise soft and delicate skin hard and scaly. It also produces intoxication ; but, strangely enough, not in the head, but in the feet. Moreover, are they not apt to sit up all night drinking and talking scandal, like their white sisters over the tea, and their white brethren over the claret ? Hence the twelfth commandment !

White people, too, acquire a liking for too much *yaqona*. An official of my acquaintance, on leaving the Bench one day, managed to proceed as far as the gutter outside the Court ; but there he had to sit, with a perfectly clear head, reflecting upon the unsatisfactory condition of his feet, into which his superabundant potations of this strange liquid had strayed.

Upon what principle, I wonder, do other intoxicants defy the laws of gravitation and ascend to the head ?

And now, as the evening wore on, C. and I retired into our nets, the company left, and the lights were extinguished. But there was no sleep for me. Was it the strange situation among the savages that banished slumber ? and the thought that my hosts had so recently been cannibals that caused restlessness ? Was it the spirits of the poor people murdered and eaten hovering about and driving away sleep ? No, no. It was worse, far worse. It was—fleas !

Directly the lamp was put out, the whole place seemed to become alive with fleas. The very worst thing that could have happened ! And to add fuel to fire, mosquitoes got inside the net. The sultry heat became intolerable. C. and everybody

else snoring contentedly, aggravated me to distraction. It was simply awful. I got up and walked about in the black darkness, or sat in the entrance, being bitten on toes and fingers, head and everywhere. There was not a breath of air. If the mosquito net could have been hung by the door, it might have been better; but I had no matches, and did not know where to find my servant, and I could not tell how he had fixed up my net; and if I had roamed about the other end of the house to search for him, I should have stumbled over sundry slumbering Fijians, who might have objected seriously, for they have very irritable tempers.

I did not want to wake C., he slept so sweetly. I knew from my own wakefulness at night, under such circumstances, how cruel it would be to deprive a man of even one restful snore. So I went outside, and sat like a fowl on the log leading over the ditch to the entrance, but nearly fell off, being so sleepy. Then I promenaded the village for a bit, and lay down on the ground. But the ground was wet, and smelt horribly. Moreover, some pigs insisted upon coming and snorting all round. I have slept among all sorts of odd things in the course of my wanderings, but never with pigs; and, as I did not intend accepting their company then, I returned to the perch and wished for morning.

The morning was a very long time arriving. Is not morning much more expeditious when you are in a snug, warm bed in some cold Country, and the servant has put out your bath and your things, and the clock strikes, and the rain patters against the window, and there is just ten minutes more under the glorious bedclothes?

But, oh! how long and laden with woe were those miserable hours as I sat on my heels, nodding and wobbling, perched upon that log 'twixt mosquitoes, pigs, and fleas!

If there were to be fleas in every village, I should go home. I wished there had been a train then and there to take me home. For I cannot abide fleas. I can put up with sharks, alligators, savages, mosquitoes, and other creeping things; but the unmentionable flea is beyond all endurance. I was a mass of large white blisters, maddening me with irritation. The

beasts nipped and made me start as if I had been peppered with shot. Mosquitoes buzzed and bit too, and I groaned and howled and wept. The pigs grunted and snuffled, and the men snored the weary, sorrowful hours away. But with the morn, the offensive insects retired. The sky became radiant with glory. The sea danced and sparkled in the beautiful warm light and fresh breeze. The people were soon about, and the children joined the pigs and chickens in their gambols on the village green beneath the fan-palm.

My spirits rose with the sun ; and I found only one other village in the Country where there were—fleas.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY AMONG FIJIANS.

COURIERS were sent ahead to prepare for us again; but progress was impeded by the tide. Within the reef the sea had retired near to us, and the water left behind was running over a coral ledge like a weir; but we were just able to reach Wavunaitu in the afternoon.

We were fed at the Chief's house; and after dinner a *meke* was provided. Twelve little girls, all streaming with oil, with skirts of pretty flowers, and garlands in their hair, sat on the floor in a row, and sang a sort of "plain-song" chant, which I could not quite catch, accompanied with a great deal of action. The centre girl seemed to be an *adi*; but a little albino was the sharpest of them, and was prompter to the centre one.

The only light was produced by a man who kept feeding a flame on the top of an old jam-tin with resin.

When the tide served, we started by moonlight; and one of us standing in the bows, could see the white rocks below the keel, as we sped over them, though not soon enough to have avoided them had there been any danger. It was beautiful watching the coral as we passed over, and gazing into the dark depths between the rocks where phosphorescent lights shone like stars.

By-and-by the moon set, and we found ourselves rocking about in the dark, in an open bay, where the sea was raging on the beach. It was difficult finding our destination, Vatukarasa, as villages do not show at night; and we could hear the waves breaking heavily against some rocks near to us, some way from the shore.

At last a landing was effected, and the villagers came out

and took care of us. A very officious man gave me a back, and took me ashore. I thought he must be very hairy, as his skin was so rough; but in the morning I noticed the very officious man was a mass of ringworm!

A nice house was placed at our service by the brown clergyman, where sleep came to our aid without interruption.

Natives taught reading from the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, as a rule know of no other literature. In the house a printed notice was fixed to a post saying, in Fijian, "No smoking tobacco or drinking *yagona* is allowed here". On the same post was affixed a tradesman's almanack displaying the picture of a buxom English girl, with an advertisement of some brewery or other over it, with the inscription, "Always drink so-and-so's beer". Could the parson read it? Of course not, and no doubt he took it for granted that the writing was a text from the Bible, and that the gorgeous young woman was Tabitha, or some such favoured personage.

We found a good bathing place, with a quantity of pipe-clay on the banks. Some natives were there with a canoe, which Ratu Joni and I borrowed to go down the brook as far as we could. Having left our *sulus* up stream, we made skirts of creeping ferns, by winding the stems round the waist, and letting the fronds hang down, forming a bushy and picturesque dress. In this costume a game of leapfrog was indulged in on the sands, much to the amusement of C.

Natives often make an impromptu dress by tearing down a plantain leaf; and ripping out with their massive jaws most of the midrib, the two sides hang down, making a double thickness for the skirt, and this is wrapped round the body and tucked in at the end like a *sulu*.

The character of the country here was quite different. The hills are covered with coarse reed-grass; and a few trees, rather like Australian she oak and iron wood, grow near the sea. The native name is *nokonoko*.

Soon after starting from this place, we overtook a canoe being poled by two boys, while a very fat gentleman of colour, with no hair on the top of his head, sat upon a box in the canoe fanning himself. His dress consisted of a piece

of *masi* strapped round his waist with a broad belt; and an umbrella completed his attire. This man turned out to be the *Buli* of that district, who lived at Vunavutu, for which place we were bound.

Soon the Wai Levu (great river) of the *Siga Toka* district was entered. In every district the chief river is called the Wai Levu, just as if there were no other Large River in the land. Did not the same thing obtain in England; where the natives of a district called their river the Avon, as if there were no other avons or rivers?

Siga Toka means "perpetual day". It never hardly rains there; but the fertile land would grow anything. The soil is good, and the numerous rivers and brooks could be used for irrigation with very little trouble. And yet none of the land is cultivated by white men.

A mile or so up the river a magnificent house was lent to us, and the *Buli* received us lying on his back with his bull-neck on his *Kali*, fanning himself with one hand, and spanking his dome-like abdomen with the other.

I went to the river to swim with a number of natives; but they were poor companions, for they swam under the water, just coming up now and then for a gulp of air, and going down again. Could that be the usual method of locomotion in the water in that particular locality?

C. thought he would be more comfortable that evening in trousers, and proceeded to get into some, much to the interest of the villagers, who had, as usual, assembled at the other end of the house to stare at us. They were exceedingly delighted with the performance. When the first foot came out at what they supposed to be a hole in the bottom of the bag, they could not control their merriment. The *Buli* snorted with delight. And when the other leg was put into the other half of the garment, and that foot came out too, they were rejoiced beyond everything, and simply writhed with laughter, the fat *Buli* rolling over and over again. Combing the hair and whiskers also afforded them much innocent joy.

The village was a beautiful place, with lots of neatly

constructed bamboo palisading to keep the pigs outside, while peacocks strutted about within.

One morning we left our people at this place, and only taking Ratu Joni, strolled across the downs to Nadroga. A cattle ranch was passed, belonging to some half-castes, and I was rather afraid lest the cattle should take me for a matador, and run at my red *sulu*; but on the other side of the world they do not appear to admire red as much as they do in Spain. Pandanus was the only sort of tree found on those downs; but near the mangoes were a few small timber trees.

A lot of villages were passed before reaching our destination—the prettiest village I have seen. It is entered through a sort of bamboo cage with a stile inside. Ranged on either side of a long velvet lawn, are the houses, all among fine *ivi* trees, mangoes, crotons and cocoanuts. There are three ancient cocoanuts growing from one nut, and two more growing from another nut. Behind the village a low cliff rises.

A nice house was lent to us, which we found useful when not reclining on the lawn.

One of the people possessed a miserable dog. Fijians like dogs, but they cannot get good ones. They envy white people's faithful dogs.

Our intention was to walk back to our people by the cool moonlight; but after an excellent native repast, contentment with our lot replaced a desire for locomotion, and we gradually crept into some spacious native mosquito nets, and with one consent fell asleep.

I woke up though, at the sound of the *lali* calling people to prayer. Soon the strains of a hymn could be heard, when out I went in the direction of the music, proceeding from a house of huge dimensions supported by massive timbers bound together by lianas resembling cables. It was a dusty dingy old place though. By a dim light I could see people asleep in mosquito nets on several parts of the vast floor, while some roused themselves and knelt; and others were kneeling near the village parson who was offering a prayer in which he did not omit to put in a word or two for me. To this party I attached myself.

Later on I found out the parson's house, and went to pay him and his wife a call. They had a clean, tidy little wicker house. The lady wore a "Mother Hubbard," and the parson a white shirt and *sulu*. They seemed glad to see me, for they conversed most agreeably, though I don't know what about! When it was my turn to talk, was it wrong to recite Horace, or anything that came into my head first, just to keep up the unintelligible conversation? Sometimes it became quite animated.

On returning to our house I found C. still sleeping soundly with his neck on a *Kali*, evidently going to make a night of it; so I put out the light, and got into my net. For sleeping, there is nothing in the world to be desired better than to lie upon a springy Fijian floor inside a roomy net, with a comfortable pillow. A *Kali* does not suit me, it gives me pins and needles in the brain. But, alas! I had neither pillow nor *Kali*; nothing but a hard volume, "Ai Vola ni Mate," "The Register of Deaths"! This I supplemented by rolling up my scanty shirt upon it, and thus I slept profoundly, dreaming all night that I was reading a never-ending Funeral Service over my brother.

In the morning the parson and his wife came to return my call, bringing with them a chicken beautifully curried, several baskets of nicely cooked roots, and a whole baked hog! We ate the chicken and roots off the floor with our hands; but the pig was a source of some anxiety. Eating the beast was out of the question; and as it would not be polite to leave it, we had to shoulder it and carry it away according to the custom of the Country. And espying a convenient ditch, it was then and there deposited, when nobody was looking.

It was a peaceful Sunday morning when we walked back to Vunavutu. At the first village we passed, people were preparing for service. Some of the elderly ladies had arrived at the Church, and were sitting with their backs against the posts of the wall singing hymns. The Church was a large, airy wicker building, with gaudy pictures, representing Old Testament subjects, hung about the posts.

I wondered why the New Testament was not represented; it would have been far more teaching. Do Methodists

think that a Crucifix might be adored by the faithful, while if that honour were paid to Daniel or his lions, or the brass-snake, it would not matter so much?

The mysteries of the Second Commandment, as reduced to "Theology," are very subtle. Are you not permitted to have your photograph taken? or your portrait painted to hang in the ancestral home? or, if a Bishop, to be handed down to future generations at the Palace—provided succeeding Bishops are willing to pay legacy duty on it? This is not accounted a likeness of anything in Heaven above, or on earth below, or even under the earth; and it would be considered mere idleness to burn incense or tapers to such works of art. Nor, indeed, are pictures of Eve or Methuselah, of Jehu or Rahab, Asenath or Zerubbabel considered seductive of worship, even though represented with green skirts surmounted by blue cloaks, and with pink halos shedding a rosy lustre upon their auburn locks.

But is not the alleged danger of breaking the Commandment when the picture is a reverent conception of the Central Truth of Christianity, which, to the outward vision at least, was purely human, and therefore capable of being represented by human art?

For my part—after seeing the splendid Christian work done by Church and Dissent and Rome in every part of the world—I am sufficiently heterodox to feel that, regardless of sect, or denomination, or political privilege, I should like to see the Crucifix in every place where the Gospel of that subject is preached.

Our destination was reached in time for some refreshment before the afternoon service at Vunavutu, which we attended. Near the pulpit mats were placed for us, upon which we sat tailorwise and knelt.

Ladies arrived first, taking up their position after a preliminary prayer, with backs against the wall, and feet stretched out in front as far as they would go. The men then came in on all fours through the little hole that served for a door, and knelt in prayer, placing their bushy heads by their knees and elbows on the floor; after which, they sat up cross-legged.

The ladies then sang a hymn; which done, all the people

recited something vociferously. Most of them monotoned it, but each one on a note of his own, each syllable being said exactly together; and the others went up and down a few notes of a minor scale, likewise all in different keys. Oh! did not this recitation produce a gruesome sound?

One or two ladies of beauty crawled in rather late, dressed in some miserable finery consisting of a short cape, adorned with cheap lace and fine ribbons, which did not fit, exposing between this garment and the grass skirt an expanse of fat brown skin. The capes, however, being found too hot, were soon discarded, and thrown down with disdain.

The parson at length came in. He was a podgy gentleman, with closely trimmed hair and beard, and an intelligent and good face, dressed in a white shirt and a white *sulu*. He was a very eloquent man; C. told me all about the sermon afterwards. He prayed with fervour, read splendidly, and the sermon was a display of piety, energy, suitable illustration, and originality.

After explaining the doctrine of the Resurrection, he passed on to speak of the advantages of Christianity; among other things, saying:—"A few years ago there was no security for life or property in the unhappy Land. We would have clubbed and eaten anybody who had dared to visit our village; and any day a neighbouring Chief might kidnap some of us. The missionaries came, and things were changed. To-day we see two white Chiefs in our midst (he pointed to us), and we are glad to welcome them." Then I observed that his Reverence licked his lips and stroked the lower portion of his shirt-front, as he went on to say that if we had visited them a few years earlier they would have been equally pleased to see us; for what a good dinner they would have had!

At the close of the sermon, I was considerably invited to have my turn; but, not realising what the clergyman said until the day after, I did not comply.

I observed that the sermon was attended to reverently by many of the men present; but the ladies, for the most part becoming weary, beguiled the time by stretching the feet out in front, and, with heads on one side, counting their toes as they twiddled them about!

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE SIGATOKA RIVER.

LEAVING the coastal country, the direction of the interior was now made.

It was interesting, at a village we passed, to see the renowned Fijian pottery being made. Women do the work, making ornamental vases with great skill and taste, as well as the large globes in which they boil the food.

Some of the villages are beautifully clean, and planted with useful and ornamental trees. Others are filthy in the extreme, and peopled with loathsome beings—a mass of dirt, disease and sores. I could not help thinking that the painfully offensive sights of such villages were nearly as disgusting as those of English towns, where butchers' shops—revolting sight!—and coffin shops, are displayed in public thoroughfares.

A native doctor who was now with us was severely reprimanded by C. for allowing such a state of things. Every village is supplied with a house for fumigating with sulphur people suffering from a prevalent form of ringworm. But many of the patients prefer the disease to the remedy; and some of the Chiefs and native practitioners do not enforce the use of the apparatus.

At a house we saw a most ingenious rat-trap, made of bamboo, springs and all. An old fellow taking his goods to market also took our fancy. He sat upon a banana-log floating in the water, just as one would sit on horseback, and thus he travelled along, with only his head out, while he towed a small raft of banana-logs, upon which were deposited his commodities.

Villages are very numerous near the river. Almost all the

way along, palms, oranges, and other trees of the villages can be seen; or else a narrow path from a village is espied, leading down the high banks through the rank grass, with women going up and down to fetch water in bamboos, fresh leaves protruding at the end to keep the water cool; and generally there are some women bathing children. I noticed an albino child having a bath.

Up one of these slippery paths or ruts, we scrambled one evening to reach Raiwaqa, a large, well-built place, with three rows of houses on each side of the main street.

As there did not appear to be one of those immense houses in the place, we were put into an ordinary one, about twenty feet square, and were glad when, towards midnight, everybody had taken their departure, our people and all. But, alas! the house was not left to ourselves, for it was alive with rats, racing about all night over the mosquito nets, posts and rafters, and up and down the baggage, eating our soap, and upsetting boxes and bundles every now and then with a crash and a rattle.

At Raiwaqa we left most of our people for a couple of days, to make a trip away from the river to Saru, a place of the same name as my Solomon Islander.

After much careful thought, C. arrived at the conclusion that we were in the habit of eating too much, and suggested starting that morning without breakfast, and having some tea at any tempting spot that might offer. Then could we not have tiffin later on when hungry? To this I quite agreed, for I consider eating to be a disgusting process, and have always been of the opinion that the Gods might have devised some other method of sustaining nature.

Is it not truly a strange idea that people should ask their best, cleverest, wittiest, and most distinguished friends, all arrayed in gorgeous attire, to come and sit round a table bedecked with a wealth of delicately wrought gold and silver, and lovely crystal, and rare flowers that it has taken hours to arrange? and then, just when the brilliant conversation is at its height, the whole affair is utterly spoilt—think of it—by the otherwise cultured people gulping and gasping, and shovelling all sorts of

unwholesome ingredients between those dainty lips made for higher and nobler purposes? And this they do, knowing full well what are the terrible consequences, and how hideously ill they all will be; and that one day they must die of it, unless some unforeseen casualty should mercifully intervene to prevent them from succumbing to indigestion in one form or another.

Truly, the idea of eating is awful, and as disgusting as awful. As we have to eat, let eating be indulged in rarely, and then, by each one separately, in the seclusion of the chamber!

It is not often that two people, with nobody else to speak to for weeks together, agree in every respect. But on this point C. and I were absolutely at one. So as soon as our people had been fed, a start was made. A cool stream near the village afforded a grateful bath. Then off we tramped over soft grassy paths under a protracted bower of paper-mulberries, to another village; after which the road became nothing but a slippery path the width of a Fijian's foot, under the tall coarse grass; for natives walk placing one foot exactly in front of the other.

The grass cut my ankles as we slithered along, and I had to tie my handkerchief round one ankle for an hour or so, and then change it to the other one for a bit.

After a while a beautiful brook was reached. Our men stood at the edge drinking, by splashing water up into their mouths; and then we all sprawled in it like tired hounds. Tea was suggested. While the water was boiling, one of the men caught a snake of a red and green colour. Instead of tea we had a little Liebig flavoured with chilis, ginger and tomatoes, growing wild on the bank.

That day we only came to one village, and that consisted merely of two houses. At one of these—the parson's—we rested; and a meal was provided, which was indignantly refused, for we forgot that we had had no breakfast. Yet the viands had to be carried away with us for the sake of manners; and I was not sorry; for soon afterwards pangs of hunger seized me, and I remembered that we had partaken of no meal that day.

C. considered my hunger very carnal. And indeed was it not? There was no doubt about it; and taking a cold chicken, I devoured it as we strode down the hill nearing Saru.

Tramping about in a savages' Country like that, with a perfect climate, a soil that would grow anything, and coverts that would hold any amount of game, the thought will rise uppermost, how unaccountable it is that average English people insist upon herding together in foggy old London, in dingy offices, belonging to over-stocked trades and professions, while there are places like lovely Fiji basking in a perpetual sunshine, producing wild grass and unused forests, crying out for some to have pity on her, and to cultivate her waste places, that they may rejoice and blossom as the rose.

How unenterprising the *fin de siècle* British youth seems to be, compared with the times of Drake and Frobisher! Have ambition and love of the vast Empire vanished from the youthful breast?

And thus I mused while the distant sound of the *lali*, calling the newly-tamed savages to school and to prayer, rose from deep valleys of bamboo forest, as we traversed uncultivated hills and undrained swamps until Raiwaqa was reached again.

There we collected the people and the baggage, and, ascending the hill beyond, just lingered a moment to gaze upon the prospect: the village, with its neat rows of wicker houses, and avenues of cocoanuts, with a square of oranges outside, and bordering that again a square of butterfly trees all in full pink blossom; and on the other side was the rolling river, reflecting the colour of the brilliant sky, and the outline of the blue mountains bounding a spreading valley of wondrous fertility, at present merely the abode of parrots and owls; yet, by-and-by, destined to be peopled by thousands of our Countrymen, always cheerful and bright, like the sunny atmosphere so exhilarating to the system.

CHAPTER X.

AT NATUATUACOKO.

By the side of the river, a path has been constructed for riding. Every half-mile or so a stream crosses it, running into the river. The streams frequently rise, carrying away the road. But it is good enough going for pedestrians in native costume, who can scramble down the banks or cross by fallen logs; though it may be just a little awkward, however, where the water is deep. for sharks or dog-fish from the river are liable to attack people!

On the road, we often met natives, with their faces and shoulders blackened or coloured red, all carrying large butchers' knives, to smash into anything they fancy—wild yams, or cocoanuts, or even their wives.

One day, on that river, a man saw a young shark, and at once diving after it with his knife, followed it into its cave under the bank. Unfortunately the shark's mamma was at home, which the man did not expect; and the poor fellow got his hand into her mouth, losing the flesh from it in tearing it out. Being now time to go to the surface for air, he turned round to go. But the shark's mamma had not finished with him, for she bit a piece off the man in such an awkward position that he was unable ever to sit down again, as there was nothing left for him to sit upon!

Our next resting-place was Korokula, a dirty, smelling village, swarming with flies. When outside, Saru kept close to me to brush them off. Flies swarm all over the people's wounds, and the babies' faces and sore eyes, and all over the pigs and the filth in the street; and then they wanted to settle on us!

At this place the boat had to be left, as the river is navigable

no further ; and the goods were carried by porters. The party now consisted of sixteen of us. We breakfasted a little way on the road, under the cool shadow of a dolomite cliff some five hundred feet high, from beneath which flowed out a stream of water so cold that it was quite unpleasant.

The next place of any interest was Beimana. As we lay on the floor at dinner, a huge cooked pig was brought in, and



Some Fijian Men.

placed close to my face, with its tail dangling in my plate ; and a man rotten with leprosy squatted next to the pig. Fortunately the brute was soon taken out, when it was torn to pieces and devoured by our people.

There was a small Roman Catholic Church at the place, to which I repaired for evening service. A crowd of people who escorted me came in and knelt down without putting their heads on the floor like their other brethren.

The natives were most interested in our mosquito nets. When I got inside mine, they came and chatted all round it; and when I pretended to snore, they came close and fingered it, jabbering away until I was obliged to burst out laughing, in which they joined heartily.

I bought for four shillings a club from the Chief. They, however, use very little money, only requiring a few shillings to give to their clergy.

At a village near here there were a few cows and bullocks. I do not know what they were for, as natives eat very little meat, and drink no milk. They think it disgusting of white people to use milk, and still worse to eat eggs. They never gave us eggs. Fowls lay anywhere about in the villages, and the eggs are hatched naturally. Fijian hens reverse the usual order of things—cackling before laying, instead of afterwards!

After seeing no white people for eight days, we reached Natuatuacoko, the headquarters of Mr. W., the Commissioner of that District. He lives at Fort Carnarvon, a depôt of the armed constabulary, where twenty or thirty soldiers lie.

This part of the Country was the scene of the little war of 1876, when the Mountaineers fought against the English and the Coastal people, in defence of cannibalism and native rule.

Here we passed three very pleasant days. We could not have proceeded earlier, even if desirable, for the Beimana pig-feast had disagreed with our people; some of them had broken out into boils. One man could not stand up, and another was unable to sit down. Moreover, C. had six of his toes in poultices made of biscuit—as there was no bread,—not from the effect of pig, but from walking with sand in his shoes.

Natives are very fond of shooting rapids on banana-logs. W. offered to take me down a fine rapid close by. After a breakfast of tinned sausages, biscuits, yam chips, spinach made of *dalo*-tops, mangoes and oranges, and native-grown coffee with goat's milk, with roses and gardenias on the table, we started off with some soldiers along a bamboo avenue for half a mile, until the water was reached, at a horseshoe bend in the river, where the water seethes over the shallows for nearly half a mile.

Now I had never ridden on a log, and had only seen one person doing so, and that in calm water, sitting as if on horseback; and my conception of the method was entirely incorrect. The men soon chopped down enough logs for the party, and stuck their knives in like masts. The soft pulpy logs are about six or seven feet long. But, alas! directly I was seated on my log, as on horseback, the swirl of water carried me off, and I was under the log, in front of it, behind it, and anywhere else except lying flat on my chest upon the top of it, which it appeared was the right position; and, in a moment, I was carried by a backwater out into mid stream; and, before I knew what was happening, was banging away in the waves and spray, far down the rapid.

I felt that I should have been somewhat anxious about my immediate future, had there been any time to consider the critical situation, as I was being dashed at a frightful pace, the wrong way round, straight for a rock, where the spray was foaming up. But just then a native came alongside, and placing one of my hands and feet on his log, we were hurried on together in safety; and when smooth water was reached, some distance further on, the natives all broke out into a *meke*.

Then, in a few moments, I learned the art of riding the log. It is wonderful the power of steering one can command, and the pace that can be got up. Another day we had a splendid log regatta with a lot of natives. We went down the rapids twice, enjoying it immensely.

One evening, on hearing the sound of a hymn, I went to the Barracks. At the opposite end of the house the chaplain was sitting, and at my end was Ratu Joni Mataitini. The men were ranged in a row the whole length of the house. And how odd they looked! they were dressed for a *meke*—a few flowers in the hair, a few over the shoulders, and a skirt of flowers, with the skin streaming with oil. Thus they sat cross-legged, singing a hymn, and looking very serious. Then they knelt with heads on the floor, bristling with flowers, grunting and groaning and ejaculating "Hallelujah" and "Amen," like good Methodists as they are.

After service I went across to his brown Reverence and

shook hands, and when he retired, the soldiers set to work chewing *yaqona*, and singing Gregorian chants. I drank a *bilu* of *yaqona*, and smoked a *suluka* (thus breaking two commandments) before retiring; and from my resting-place on the floor of our house, I could hear the chants still going on at three o'clock in the morning. What a curious way savages have of spending the evening!

About the only game I saw in Fiji was that of throwing spears, made of reed-grass, along a prepared ground.

The soldiers are very fine men. One of them was seven feet high up to the top of his hair. Some comb the hair straight up in front, wearing ringlets behind.

The chaplain, who also conducted a small Theological College near the camp, was rather a prosy old gentleman in the pulpit, we thought.

In the mornings, when the soldiers are drawn up for parade, the parson comes, and they recite a psalm with him. Then the sergeant drills them in English; and when they do it wrong he swears at them in Fijian! At the camp the hours are struck on the *lali*. In the mornings the men go and work in the gardens. In fact, punctuality and order reign supreme.

W. had a piano in his house. It took a week bringing it in a boat as far as it would go; and three days more, eight men were employed carrying it on poles over the mountains. There was not very much piano left!

I asked a native who was in the room, to sing me a certain hymn-tune I wanted to remember. Not comprehending which tune I meant, I sent him to the chaplain to find out. He soon returned; and coming along on all fours, sat on the floor by the piano and sang it. Then I made him stand up to sing while I played. He had a rich, full voice, and sang correctly all except the semitone below the keynote at the end; for is it not an interval unknown in barbarous music?

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

BEYOND Natuatuacoko travelling became very different. The mountains closed in upon the river on one side or the other, sometimes on both; and the grassy boulevards beneath mulberries and crotons ceased, though cocoanuts grew beside the rivers of Viti Levu, even right in the interior, far from the sea.

Would not native costume be indispensable now for even the most priestly missionary? for the river had to be forded perpetually to find any foothold.

At one place the task seemed hopeless. A great many miles of steep hills would be avoided by crossing the water; but the difficulty was to do it. The luggage was sent over the mountains, and we essayed to cross the stream. We judged that it would be about waist deep at the edge of a rapid, below which the water dashed into spray against the base of a mountain. Should the current prove too strong, away we should be swept and be smashed to bits. Above, there was a broad deep pool, which might have been negotiated regardless of sharks, had there been a place to get in far enough up; but a vertical cliff, rising from the depths of the river, prevented a swimmer from embarking at a sufficient distance from the brink of the rapid, to avoid being carried over. So there was no alternative but fording.

Kalidoli took C.'s hand, I took C.'s, and Saru, the smallest of us, took mine; and in we went. In the middle it was deeper than we expected, and further on it was up to our necks. The rush of water was terrible; it was too strong. Saru was washed off his feet, and I followed; but we hung on to the other two. Just then Ratu Joni ran in as easily as if there had been no



THE
JUNGLE
SCENE
BY
J. H. B. S.

torrent of water at all, and held us down ; and so we succeeded in getting across.

One can understand Fijians being good swimmers and good divers ; but it is always a puzzle why they should be able to stand like a rock against an enormous pressure of water where nobody else can live.

After our dangerous ford, C. and the others started off at a furious pace, Saru going with them, and carrying my shoes, leaving me alone to hop for miles over sharp rocks and stones burning hot in the sun, until I found them waiting for me on the other side of the river again, at a village with a warm spring of about 130 °, hard by.

To avoid the big river one day, we went a long distance up a smaller branch, and then, crossing a hill, met the big river again. As the hills were too steep and too overgrown for any foothold to be found for many yards at a time, the method of progression adopted was scrambling over the rocks and up the cascades, and swimming the pools ; and yet the porters were so wonderfully nimble with the boxes swung on bamboo poles, that they never slipped, or fell in, or dropped the baggage. However it was almost too much for C., who threatened fever. But when the big river had been forded for the fifteenth time that day, and we were snugly ensconced in a comfortable house at a nice village, he felt better, and slept well.

Over the door of our house was a small picture-frame, containing the incongruous arrangement of a Crucifix, and a ballet-girl out of a cigarette box. The latter, no doubt, was innocently believed to be a winged being, as described in the Scriptures !

C. recommended drinking the water fowls were boiled in, instead of wrestling with the tough birds themselves. This was rather good, with some salt, chilis and rice. We had five chickens for dinner that evening !

At this place Saru left a pair of my shoes ; but the honest natives sent some lads many miles after us with the lost property.

After a few more fords, the river had to be left, there being no room at the foot of the hills for a track. So we toiled up

four thousand feet to a region of dense foliage of great beauty, and saw an ancient citron tree, in whose forks the bones of devoured human beings were placed after cannibal feasts; and, sitting upon a stone where the poor creatures' heads were broken, we drank the juice of those citrons with cocoanut milk, while a thunderstorm raged around, having the advantage of showing off the deep ravines and the thin razorback ribs of the mountains dividing them; and thunder, echoing grandly in the valleys, died away in the woods.

Just before nightfall we had slithered down the slippery mountain paths and reached a village across the river—passing the spot where the poor missionary, before alluded to, was murdered—only, however, to mount again the next morning.

The wildness and desolation of the extensive view from the uplands is intensified by the appearance of a deep rift in the mountain, with the gloomy river at the bottom. Descending rapidly, a bluff appears, and down the face of it we scrambled. Below the cliff, at the water's brink, there is just room for a grove of cocoanuts and other trees, with the high roofs of Nadrau peeping out. Across the river a vertical wall of rock rises to a great height sheer out of the deep, dark waters. It is a weird, though exquisitely beautiful, spot,—at least, to look at from above. But once down below in the shady depths of that abysmal gorge, so deep that the rays of the sun only penetrate for a few hours in the day, one's first instinct is to hurry up aloft again as soon as possible.

Enormous masses of columnar basalt detached from above, lay about the banks and in the black Stygian waters as they hurry on, drinking in the silver streams hissing in their fall from the towering rocks above, where the sun shone brightly.

Yet down below life went on just as in other places. Ladies were hammering away making *masi*. People ate and drank the same as ever, and I was as glad as anybody of my good meal of curry and *dalo* cooked by Saru after he had washed a few garments, standing in the river and whacking the things against rocks, until nearly banged to bits.

After dinner I fell asleep in my net, for I was weary, and

slept for thirteen hours, dozing off to the sound of C. conversing with the Chief—the successor of that notability who a few years before had broken his teeth trying to eat the hob-nailed missionary at that very place!

When inquiring for a different path by which to gain the upper world, we were asked: “Would not even a cat remonstrate if it had to get out any other way?”

Leaving Nadrau, the Sigatoka River was also left for good.

Taking now the valley of the Ba, in two days we had walked down stream to the sugar plantations near its mouth, on the North shore of the island.

It was naturally rather hot work walking twenty miles a day, and thirsty work too. I used to drink the milk of half a dozen cocoanuts at a time, and did not at all despise coffee made with it.

C. was a tremendous man to walk; and, when he got too far ahead of me, I plunged into the stream and sailed gaily down with the current, regardless of dog-fish. It saved an infinity of trouble.

At the mouth of the river the white Magistrate entertained us most hospitably for several days at his delightful place. There was meat and bread to eat, there were chairs to sit upon, and beds to sleep in.

There was a Chief near by with an accomplished wife, who painted on satin and china, bedizening her wicker house with her art productions.

There was another Chief, Ratu Tui Ba, who was likewise advanced in civilisation. Did he not have his teeth taken out, and new ones put in, preferring artificial, civilised teeth to those that had been defiled by masticating human flesh?

Now, being a religious as well as a civilised man, he had his old teeth buried in the tombs of their ancestors, with full religious ritual, including a long sermon. All the neighbourhood came to the mournful service, the Ratu himself being chief mourner at the funeral of his own departed teeth! Funeral reforms had not at that time been instituted at Fiji, for there was a funeral luncheon; and a lordly banquet it was! Pigs galore were devoured by the numberless sympathising friends who had come

to pay their last tribute of affection and respect to the late lamented teeth.

But an unexpected feeling of disapprobation suddenly marred the peace and solemnity of the proceedings, when it came to be known that the partially-interred and partially-bewailed gentleman had not only killed all his own hogs to supply the liberal board; but, these not sufficing, had robbed his neighbours' piggeries too, far and near!

CHAPTER XII.

ALONE AMONG THE NATIVES.

AFTER the pleasant days spent at the Magistrate's at Ba, I determined to proceed on my own account, as C. had a few more days' business to attend to, and, moreover, was going a different way.

Along a part of the North coast of the island, a good road of two days' journey has been constructed, and horses were most kindly lent to me. Laying in more supplies, and being furnished with necessary introductions, I parted from my kind host, and from my excellent companion C., and off I rode accompanied by a capital orderly. A fine ferry-boat took us and the horses over the river near a monster sugar mill. Meanwhile Saru and my porters had gone ahead on foot with the baggage.

My new mate spoke a little English, and was most amiable and obliging. Cantering along the soft grassy road, I heard him calling out in an excited manner; and, looking behind, I found that the poor fellow's saddle had turned round, and he could not stop his horse. He, nevertheless, kept his seat well—underneath, with his brown legs sticking up in the air!

The country was undulating and fertile, with a high grassy range inland, and cocoanut groves fringing the sea. Telling the man to get me cocoanuts from some of the groves, he replied, "*sa tabu*," meaning that they were private property and tabooed. Near each grove I noticed a stick with some grass tied on, something like a scarecrow. This was a *tabu*; and that is all that is necessary to protect Fijian property. But as soon as those good people become civilised,

a high stone wall, with a stout gate and padlock, will be required, instead of a simple stick and a tuft of grass.

By the sea-shore we stopped to converse with some natives with their great knives. As they talked they sat on their heels, and with the knives drew on the sand. A vertical line represented the sea. Another by the side was the deck and bowsprit of a cutter. A horizontal line was the mast, and so on. When the drawing was complete, I had to turn round to see it; but Fijians generally read and write and draw at right angles. I once asked a Hawaiian, four thousand miles from that Country, to sing, from a sol-fa music book, a hymn-tune I wanted to know. He held the music at right angles, and sang it quite correctly.

That afternoon we arrived at Tavua, where a Samoan family looked after me. The head of the family was a sailor, who knew some English. The daughters, though enormously adipose, were pretty, graceful and accomplished. They were making cocoanut oil; and grating sandal wood, and preparing sweet flowers and herbs for scenting it. One of the gentlemen was contentedly lying on the lawn basking in the sun, and smoking a *suluka*, while another one tattooed his thighs.

The Chief of the village had just lost a nephew, and being invited to the funeral, I repaired to the house, but did not venture in, as the women were "wailing" vociferously within.

Finding that there would be time for a bath before the funeral, I went to the river just as the Samoan damsels chanced to be returning. The water was hot, and so shallow that there was no fear of sharks; but it was very dull all alone. Just then a great strapping fellow came down with an enormous earthenware vessel to fetch water. I tried to drag him in by the feet; but he put on an expression of such terrible anger, as only a savage can. So I looked up and smiled, as much as to say, "All right, old fellow, let us be friends". He smiled too, and we played together for some time like great children, he dodging away, as I tried to catch his feet; while the water pot was filling with water. Suddenly, without any warning, his face turned to fury again; and seizing the great pot of water, which no ordinary person could have lifted, he

was just hurling it at me with all his force, when I dived down stream as fast as I could go. On coming to the surface at a respectful distance, I saw him striding along the bank towards the village, as if nothing had occurred.

When the funeral was ready I went to the house, situated on an extensive green studded with *ivi* trees, bread-fruit and cocoanuts. The village choir, in white shirts and *sulus*, and a couple of brown parsons, were ranged along the outside of the



house, where a grave had been dug under the eaves. Stretching all round the green was a large circle of villagers; and the Samoan women reclined on mats on a hillock hard by. Right in the centre of all, under an *ivi* tree, was a chair, to which I was conducted with considerable pomp, my costume being a shirt, a red *sulu*, and a fan, with bare legs and feet. There I had to remain, for an interminable length of time, with Saru behind fanning me.

Some hymns were sung, and the deceased was brought out, wrapped in a number of costly new mats. The officiant read a chapter, and preached violently; and then we engaged in prayer. It was an impressive service; but the women, I noticed, did not seem to attend very much.

Woman is still the inferior animal in Fiji. Natives have not been Christianised long enough yet, for the women to have been raised to the honourable position allotted to them by Christianity.

In spite of the solemn occasion of the funeral, I could not refrain from thinking how droll it was sitting in the centre of all those dear old savages, quite alone in a strange land.

In the evening I strolled up and down a grass lane with some natives, who pointed out various objects, giving Fijian words for them, and inquiring, "What name in London?" England is such a small place, it is often spoken of abroad simply as "London". Then a deputation came asking me, as far as I could make out, to inspect the schools in the morning. So, after a restless night on the floor of my lonely house—fleas again!—I repaired to the school, being evidently expected.

Just inside the door a number of sweet little naked brown children were sitting on the floor, while one, a little larger, with a *sulu*, was pointing to the letters on a card as the youngsters read them out, A, Mba, Tha, Nda, E, Fa, Nga, Ha, etc. Further on were big girls; then big boys; and, in another part, elderly women—for people of all ages go to school—while at well-made desks were a number of men of all ages, but chiefly young, sitting on forms and writing in copy books. And splendidly most of them wrote too!

When asked to use the blackboard, I copied from the Fijian Bible a verse from the Gospel referring to our Lord. Thinking this perhaps too serious for school work, on another board I drew a caricature of a native's head; but nobody smiled. On looking to see how the scholars had written the text, I found that it was beautifully written; and, to my astonishment, at the end of it was an exact copy of every line used on the board to portray the caricature. This they probably took for an illustration of the text!

The women and girls requiring a separate copy, I gave them a couple of verses about Martha and Mary (Marica and Meri) with illustrations. But the ladies were not as proficient as the men and boys.

The arithmetic was wonderful; and how thankful I was not to be requested to do the dreadful sums those poor naked people were set!

It was most interesting inspecting such a school, in a remote village, in one of the most remote islands in the world; and entirely satisfactory to find education so well carried out, and so highly valued by people of all ages. This is only another example of the glorious work the good Methodists are doing, and how beholden the Government must be to them for taming and educating those ferocious people; as well as forming them into God-fearing men, and law-abiding citizens, for the time being, until "the blessings of civilisation" creep in, making them as bad as the rest of the world, of which at present they happily know nothing.

A school such as I have described is in no way exceptional. One is provided in every village in all the eighty inhabited islands of the Archipelago.

In two days I was due at the house of the Ratu Joni Madraiwiwi (Lord John Sourbread), the deputy Roko of Rakiraki, for whom I had letters, with instructions to take care of me, and to pass me on through his country.

I happened to find out, through my man, that the Roko was not at home, but on his rounds; being expected that day at a village a few miles ahead. But savages are not the most punctual of people,—one day is as good as another to them; and it was most important that I should meet him. Fortunately, just as I was entering the village indicated, the Roko had arrived in his cutter, and his procession was passing up to the great house; and, as the people squatted down inside the door, and the tall Chief strode up to the dais, I marched up too, and, sitting beside him, introduced myself, for he spoke English perfectly.

A small feast was then served. A *bilo* of water a fish had been boiled in was brought to each of us. I drank, but did not

care for it ; and I felt so ill, I could not eat very much of a large well-cooked fish which was next brought in wrapped in leaves ; and I was thankful that the scented finger-bowl then terminated the repast.

When my people arrived, I presented the letters ; and the Roko promised to attend to them. He showed me, with just pride, a large silver watch with the Royal monogram and crown, which Queen Victoria had sent to him ; and he expressed a strong desire to go to England to see the Country and the Queen.

He urged me to remain at the house that night, and I felt rather inclined to do so, not being well ; but when I determined to proceed, he said that it was only kind to speed the parting guest as the afternoon was drawing on ; and, offering me the use of his house and people when I arrived at Naiserilagi, with many regrets that he should not be able to receive me himself, we bade each other God-speed ; and off I went along the grassy, springy road, feeling quite well again in the saddle ; and, towards evening, from the brow of a hill a large fertile pocket in the mountains came into view, cultivated with miles of sugar.

As the sun set, I rode up a velvet lawn to a thatched house made of reed-grass, and I was kindly received by a white lady and gentleman. But as to eating any salt beef, I could not, I felt so ill ; and, after endeavouring to make myself agreeable until ten o'clock, I was most thankful to go to bed. But once there, oh ! the pain ! how I did ache ! It seemed as if I had swelled to such an extent as almost to fill up the mosquito net, thus affording extra capacity for aching. And when at length sleep came, it only gave scope for dreams of bumping against rocks in rushing cascades, and the horror of scaling giddy heights.

At daybreak it was with the greatest difficulty that I crawled to the door ; and at breakfast I put in an appearance chiefly for the purpose of asking my host to arrange with my darkies, as I could not speak the language, for my departure at three o'clock in the afternoon ; being determined to reach Ratu Joni Madraiwiwi's village that evening, even if necessary to be carried, slung on a bamboo pole ; for the end of the road

had been reached, and the horses were returned from that place. Then I spent the day in bed, suffering horrible pain.

At three o'clock I got up and started. In spite of orders to the contrary, Saru had gone on with the others; and my nice orderly had been exchanged for a wretched individual who knew no English. So, in a bad temper, and dreadfully weak and ill, I stumbled forwards at a good pace up a steep, interminable hill, through lots of swamps, only stopping to rest once; and then on again down the slopes of the other side, expecting every turn in the path to bring me to the Roko's house. When wearied to death, I asked the man, "How far?" He replied, "Three mile". How dreadful! I thought I should have to give up. But yet on I went at a furious pace, simply by leaning forward, and insisting on my tottering feet following. After nearly an hour, I inquired again, "How far?" "Three mile." That was all the English the poor fellow knew!

Some miles further on we came to a store—what a funny place to have a store! It was kept by a kind old Scotchman with one eye, who had been at lots of the Australian diggings, and we had a great deal to talk about. That is to say, he had; I had not. I asked for some tea, and lay down on his bed while he made it. Ah! how good it was! But as to tinned salmon which he opened, oh! no.

From the store, it was really only a mile or so to the Roko's house; and, summoning all my energy, I got up from the couch and trudged forth again in the dusk, at length, with great difficulty, scrambling down a steep place to the house at Naiserilagi.

All the village was assembled outside to receive me in the absence of the Chief, and they respectfully squatted down as I marched through the crowd. Going up the log, I stumbled across the house to the dais, where there was a heap of pillows, upon which I fell down exhausted, there to remain in a helpless condition for nearly a week, all alone among the savages.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LONELY ILLNESS—KALIDOLI.

IN the case of illness, savages have very curious ways. They expect the patient to give up pluck and die. A savage can always die when he likes, by simply giving up. Let him think that a priest or medicine-man has "overlooked" him, or is "praying him to death," and he will worry himself, fret, pine, and in a short time is dead.

And in my case, instead of nursing me and looking after me in my illness, the people sat in rows at the other end of the house waiting for me to get ready for the funeral! and at night they withdrew, leaving me alone in that vast house, only to return to gaze upon me again in the morning.

Saru, naturally enough, poor lad, took the opportunity of having a holiday, expecting to be back in time for his master's mortuary festivities. But, on his return, I think he was glad to find me still alive, although a funeral pig-feast is a temptation and a joy not to be foregone. For in the early dusk one morning, I saw him coiled up asleep, as near to me as he could respectfully come, without encroaching upon the dais. And he did not leave me again.

While he was away it was very miserable. I seemed to be of an enormous size, thus giving more scope for the pain. Sometimes the heat would be intolerable, and hot perspiration swamped the pillows and mats, so that when I could summon sufficient strength, I had to leave my pool and struggle to my feet to slide the mosquito net along a cord reaching the whole length of the dais, to secure a dry spot. Then, perhaps, unutterable cold, with torrents of icy perspiration, would make that part uninhabitable. When strong enough,

another position would be sought, till after a bit, I had to be economical of space; and my solitary blanket afforded more discomfort than otherwise, as it was so wet.

And then, in my delirium, I could hear that most melancholy of all sounds—Church bells in the distance, wafted on the breeze in the sad moonlight. I sat up to listen. Yes! There seemed to be no doubt about it! What thoughts of friends and home the phantom music aroused in my fevered brain as the mellow notes reached imagination's ear, now rising, now falling in the warm night air rustling round the savages' home in far Fiji, where the darkies came day after day and sat with unmoved expressions watching the sick white stranger!

Not a soul on earth knew where I was, or how I fared.

When Saru returned, he succeeded in getting the people to understand that I wanted the water in which fowls had been boiled, every morning and evening; and I made some of them chew me *yagona* three times a day, which they thought extraordinary, as it is a ceremonial drink. But I found that it did me good, it was so cooling. Cocoanuts I could not procure, as they do not grow in that district. What strange diet, to be sure, for an invalid—chicken water, and a drink brewed in the mouths of retired cannibals!

Fortunately, I had a wee drop of brandy. Being moderate people, only one bottle of whisky and one of brandy had been brought from Suva, and that lasted very well until now, when the slender supply came to an end.

Next, I got Saru to despatch one of my men to the white people where I had recently stayed. They could not come to me, but sent a small flask of brandy—a commodity they were naturally short of themselves in such a place. I then sent for good old Monops, who came over at once from his store; and, on his return, he forwarded some provisions which I required, chiefly rice.

When the impatient darkies thought the time for my funeral had already been too long delayed, they came and laid me out, and oiled me up; and I had a horrible dread lest they might hold my nose to finish things off, an unpleasant way they sometimes have. Added to this, when I heard a scraping

sound in the earth outside, that was a little more than I could endure ; and, thinking it high time to go, I rose, and, staggering across to the Roko's writing-table, fell down helpless in another corner.

From that time I began to mend.

Was it ungenerous of me to have cheated the villagers out of their mortuary pig-feast? Perhaps. Yet I felt that even a good-natured fellow must draw the line somewhere!

The Roko's house had a verandah all round, with French windows, spoiling the place, making it like a white man's house. Soon I was able to get on to the despised verandah ; and by-and-by I crept to a house across the green, which I took to be the parson's. There I saw some prawns or crabs, red, and all alive oh ! They were delicious to eat, with a good flavour, and as soft as butter—and they remained red when boiled!

On Sunday, the Roko's cutter was sighted. On his return he was very kind. He found a little drop of gin—for was he not one of the favoured beings who had been "licensed to drink"? and, with the assistance of gin and lobsters, my convalescence progressed!

Ratu Joni Madraiwiwi the Roko was an intelligent man of education, but somewhat too civilised. He broke the Sabbath! did not live with his wife! wished to join the Church of England, because its professors often seem to be more lax than the Methodists! and he actually proposed boarding the floor of his house! all of which ideas I scouted. Just fancy a Fijian sitting on a hard wooden floor, when he can have a good soft padded one!

One day he took me to see a French mission near by. We went through a river heated by the sun, in which I revelled ; and, just beyond, we met the clergyman walking along in a cassock and a wide straw hat. His Reverence took us to his cottage and the Church. He told me that his mission was very up-hill work, which, I confess, I did not regret ; for it is a pity that the Papists should try to upset a work so complete as that of the good Methodists. Let them start their own missions in fresh pastures—the world is plenty large enough. Besides, have not French politics in the South Seas somewhat to do with the French mission at Fiji?

In due course, the Roko sent me and my people off in a canoe over Viti Levu Bay, whence we crossed to the Wai ni Buka, a large tributary of the Rewa River—a river larger than the Thames, though perhaps not much more than half its length. This river I was to descend.

But there seemed to be few people about at the village ; and as I could not talk to them, it was difficult getting a canoe and a pilot, and to bargain with the man when found. After many hours—for Fijians do not hurry themselves—a native with one eye undertook the business, and we started in a small outrigger.

At the numerous rapids my people were turned out, and they skipped along the banks or over the rocks ; but being too weak, I remained in the boat ; and very good fun it was shooting the rapids. The man would sometimes hold the boat and examine the foaming torrent ahead ; and when the course was decided, off we would go, always keeping at the side, for the waves in the centre would have swamped us. Sometimes he would jump out on to a rock, or into the seething surf, and hold the boat while he surveyed the channel, and then off we would shoot again all among the rocks. Several times the canoe was on one side of a boulder, and the outrigger on the other !

At a village where we stayed one night, Saru, in his generosity, boiled all the rice and gave it to the natives ! How tiresome savage servants are sometimes ! After that I had to subsist entirely on roots !

Lying on my bundles across the thwarts of the canoe, I saw an old man boring a hole in a circular pebble to form the top of a bludgeon. The way it is done in “the stone age” is this. The old fellow held the stone just under the water, and whacked away at it casually enough with another stone. By this means he had already worn away about a quarter of an inch on either side.

Below the junction of the Wai ni Mala, the river is called the Rewa. Here a magnificent canoe was waiting. In a grass deck-house, constructed on the platform between the canoe and the outrigger, I sprawled on a mat reading, while four men at

each end paddled away at a great pace ; and I was fed upon *dalo*-cakes, roots, and plantains boiled in sugar-juice.

From the banks further on, sugar brakes and mills could be seen in all directions ; and in the afternoon the house of the Magistrate was reached, at a bend in the river, a dozen miles from its mouth.

It was difficult to realise being in civilisation again ; and I scarcely recognised myself in the glass, with the skin burnt off my nose, blear-eyed, ragged, and pulled down by illness.

The doctor sent me the next day in his boat down the river to Nausori, where the largest sugar mill in existence stood.

The party being now reduced to two, we tramped along through beautiful woods with pretty gullies and waterfalls, the haunt of large blue parrots. A dozen miles brought us to Tamavua, overlooking Suva. Several good friends met me on the road ; and it was not until after dinner that I reached my own snug house, having made a complete circuit of the island of Viti Levu.

Saru declared that he would never go out with me again, as he had worn the soles off his feet. C. returned from his journey a week later with Kalidoli.

And now for a little bit about Ratu Kalidoli, for we must give him his full rank and title now ; for was he not after all a petty Chief of Somosomo in the island of Taviuni ?

When his dependants visited him at Suva, laden with hogs and fruit for their Chieftain, they used to march in solemn procession to the C.'s house, and come crawling on all fours on to the verandah. Then C. had to turn them off, and send them to the back door, as their head servant was not recognised as a Chief in their house !

Since my sojourn at Fiji the C.'s visited England, bringing Kalidoli with them. The poor fellow had to be enveloped in European clothing, boots, and everything except a hat, for no hat would fit a head of hair two or three feet across. In London, when he drove out, the traffic stopped, for coachmen paused to see what the strange creature could be. And one day, coming out of a shop, his people found that some persons

had actually got on to the step of the carriage, and were feeding the shaggy-headed being with buns! After that, whenever he went out, his head was swathed in yards of silk to protect it from the public gaze.

Only one other Fijian has ever been brought to this Country.

The great savage was most gentle with English children, who on their part were delighted with him. I took a number of boys from a working lads' home, with Kalidoli, to the South Kensington Museum. The youths asked so many questions about the exhibits, that I suggested that some of them should inquire of "Mr. Fiji"; and for the rest of the evening two of them attached themselves to the foreigner, and it was most amusing to see those three discussing cases of curiosities together. How did they manage the conversation? I could make nothing out of it myself.

Ratu Kalidoli came to spend a few days with me in London, and I took him to my Church on Sunday, he—and one other Fijian only—being members of the Anglican Church.

A kind lady undertook to mind him during service. And the courteous savage, observing that the lady, instead of kneeling down, only "hunkered" or leant forward in her seat, brought a hassock to her and politely placed it beneath her knees.

I took the converted savage to Church on that particular Sunday, because there were sermons and collections that day on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and I thought the people might like to see what sort of thing was done with their money!

CHAPTER XIV.

NATIVE COLLEGES.

BEING desirous of seeing the once Royal City of Bau, as well as the headquarters of the mission situated there, I was introduced to a missionary who had just arrived at Suva from Bau, preparatory to leaving for England. The departing missionary honoured me by coming to breakfast.

Hearing of my desire to see Bau, he at once proposed that I should make the journey in the boat he had arrived by, which would soon be returning with its crew. The boat was a capital craft with jib and two lug sails, commanded by a young Chief of some importance, with a *sulu* and a silk jacket over his brown hide. He and all the crew were members of the Theological College at Navuloa—a place on the way to Bau.

There was also an *Adi* on board—a very handsome young woman, with good features, a nice face, and beautiful complexion. She had the sweetest little brown son with her. Mother and child were so devoted, it was delightful to watch them. They suggested to my mind a brown Madonna; the more so as there was also in the boat another youthful Chief—a frightful young pickle, be it said, but extremely handsome, with long golden hair standing out all round his face like rays of glory, reminding one of Holman Hunt's picture of Christ in the Temple among the Doctors. Ratu Savinaca was his name.

The skipper and I sat in the stern sheets; and being unable to converse with him or anybody else, the lovely child unwittingly diverted me by singing *mekes* to his mother, performing the usual antics as he sang. Then he went through bayonet exercise left-handed. This he did with a reed or stem of grass, always returning the weapon to the left shoulder. When a

squall came on, and the sea rose, and the rain came down, the little fellow tucked his naked body into his mother's soft brown sides as a kitten would, and soon fell asleep. The *Adi* was wife of an officer in the armed constabulary.

Three of the men were wearing shirts. But when it rained, and the seas broke over the boat, one of them divested himself of his useless garment; the skipper, too, took off his silk jacket, and then they were all right. Do warm rain and warm sea ever hurt oily skins made by Providence to withstand the wet? But the two who piously remained in damp shirts, as might be expected, coughed and sneezed and spluttered dreadfully, poor things! Were they so desperately anxious to go to Heaven as soon as possible, that they must needs wear wet shirts to hasten the happy event?

Rather late in the evening Rewa village was reached—the largest village in the Fijis, situated on several of the numerous islands formed by the delta of the Rewa River.

In the morning, I was shown the admirable Theological College. It is a row of native huts, with a good schoolroom, situated in a fine garden, where the students grow their own *dalo*. The students were sprawling about on mats upon the floors of their houses, in some of which the occupants had affixed rules, drawn up by themselves, for the better regulation of the household.

Between the various parts of the village, the river is full of canoes plying about, as well as of children paddling and swimming with toy canoes and toy cutters beautifully made, and rigged correctly, with bits of *masi* or plantain leaf or even bits of their *sulus* for sails. The great ambition of natives living near the sea is to own a real cutter.

The French have a mission at Rewa, with a large Church, schools, an establishment for sisters, and so on. Their business is to make "Holy Romans" of Methodists; and do not the latter in turn relate with fervour, that they not only convert the Heathen, but "turn some of the Papists, who are far worse than Heathens, to faith in Christ"? Sectarian strife is no doubt quite right from a commercial point of view; for is it not said that unless missions work one against another to some

extent, causing competition, the business will decay, and many missionaries, being thrown out of employ, will be cast on the rates? In another of the Pacific Islands, I actually saw the statement in a book written by an American dissenter, that the term "Roman Catholic" was synonymous with "adulterous"! And thus so-called Christianity is too often presented to the honest old savages, who know far better than that in their wild condition!

In this village I had the honour of being introduced to a lady of fashion with very few fingers remaining, showing that she had mourned the loss of a goodly number of relatives in high life. In old-fashioned times, a finger-joint was cut off as a sign of mourning for every deceased relation; and the severed fingers were made into a sort of lamb's-tail pie for the funeral feasts! When no more fingers were left, and still more relatives died, the stumps were rubbed on a stone until the blood flowed.

On this expedition it was necessary to wear town clothes, trousers and all, like the missionaries; only that they wear black, and I could only exist in white ones. Apropos of this, the missionary at Rewa told me a good story against myself.

It appeared that my tour through the island had afforded the natives a deal of interest; for they had not till then seen one of Queen Victoria's clergymen, as they consider the Anglican clergy to be; the French priests in cassocks, and the Methodists in trousers—their special priestly garment—being the only sects they had known. They somehow had conceived the idea that Her Majesty had sent me to convert them to her particular way of thinking, which, by the way, rather flattered them, as they would rather adhere to the "aristocratic" Church to which the Governor and the "swells" belonged. "What a pity," they said, "the Queen was so late in the day, for all the work has been completed by the others!" But what astonished them most was that the Queen had sent her clergymen to them without trousers!

By-and-by we started again, and indulged in a swim. When the others had had enough and began to get out, I tried to persuade them to stay in longer to keep the sharks from me; but they did not understand. Young Ratu Savinaca got

out too, and put on his *sulu*. Being the smallest weight of the party, I took him by the ankles and swung him out into the water again. Rarely have I seen even a savage's face change so entirely. The lad was consumed with mad fury, and looked like a young demon as he raged about, vehemently ordering his men to kill me at once, and no *malua* (delay) about it.

But the days of blind obedience to Chiefs, and wanton murder, are almost over in that Country. Yet, being as well to keep at a respectful distance from Fijians when irritated, I swam to the opposite bank, and sat down until the young gentleman felt better; and in due time we were on our way again down another mouth of the river, in one place going through a channel cut by the natives, so they say.

At length, emerging into a bay on the eastern side of Viti Levu, an undulating, park-like island was reached just before nightfall. Walking from the little pier, up a grassy path among fine trees and lovely shrubs, one involuntarily looked out for the first view of some Lordly mansion. But, there was only the simple wooden residence of a good man, humble enough in bearing, but noble in his grand work.

This venerable missionary and his charming family received me most kindly, and then his Reverence proceeded to show with just pride their splendid establishment—the Theological College of Navuloa.

Among choice shrubs and trees a croquet lawn spreads out. Beyond this is a cricket field, bounded at the opposite end by a spacious hall; while among the bushes on one side of the field are wicker houses for the married students, and those of the single ones are on the other side.

It is a splendid sight when the hall is occupied by its hundred students, dressed in white, all at work within. They sit upon forms, and write upon well-made desks. The drawing on the blackboard and writing was wonderful, such writing that any clerk might envy. Amongst other productions was a ground plan of the Temple in the days of Hezekiah, or some such worthy.

The students are mostly people of rank, intended for the ministry. At the termination of the course of study, some

of them shirk so serious a calling and retire, undertaking perhaps their hereditary duties. Some few have gone into the Government offices at Suva. But most of them adhere to their purpose, and go to the villages of Fiji, or even to New Guinea and other savage Lands, as missionaries, teachers, and semi-parsons. But I was told that not a very large proportion attain to the full Methodist ministry, which is carried out according to the strict principles of the Society.

Thus it will be seen that the work of the Seminary at Navuloa, as it is observed on the spot, as it is carried forth into every village in the Archipelago and into remote parts of the Pacific, and as it transforms the character of the races, is beyond everything astonishing.

I could not help thinking though, that if it is necessary for those good people to wear shirts at all, it is a pity that white linen—of all materials—should be chosen. It is dreadful to hear the poor things cough—a thing unknown almost when properly and decently clothed in their own attire. When mentioning this to my kind host, he defended the practice on the ground, that without shirts, the smell of brown people is offensive.

Now, I do not wish to be ungenerous to any class of persons. But, as a casual observer of natural history, I am of the opinion that the ideas and manner of life, and the moral and physical qualities obtaining in the various religious sects, are chiefly constitutional. You can tell a Baptist from a Methodist across the street by his gait, by the build of his shoulders, or by the expression of his face, long before he speaks. An Evangelical from a Ritualist can be discerned just as surely as you can tell venison from vinegar.

And I am persuaded that the physical and moral developments which produce the Methodist character do not as a rule tend to sharpen the olfactory organs, nor to beget a love of cold water—either at home or abroad.

So I still thought it sad that the students of Navuloa should wear white shirts!

CHAPTER XV.

BAU AND LEVUKA.

Now, at Navuloa there was a fine bath. It was a deep, roomy, wooden trough, native made. But when revelling in it, I suddenly sprang out, being seized with a great horror. It occurred to me that it might be an old cannibal dish for cutting up "cold meat"! But, after all, it was only made for the manufacture of cocoanut oil!

After breakfast and prayers with the dear old parson and family, I was taken across the beautiful inlet to the Royal City of Bau.

Bau is an island a mile in circumference, situated in a bay surrounded by hills. The city is built on the low-lying ground near the sea. A hill occupies the other part, on the summit of which is the house of the "Bishop". We went straight up to call upon the grand old fellow and his wife and adopted family.

The brief visit to Bau was like a dream. I was filled with emotion. How strange that on an islet in the midst of the ocean, perched upon a hill, surrounded by the dwellings of the head families of the most ferocious race the world has ever witnessed, there should be a house wherein everything, from its inmates to its furniture, spoke of piety, culture, gratitude, and that wonderful peace only attained after years upon years of the terrible storm battling against the well-nigh insuperable powers of heathen fury! The voice almost seemed to disturb the supreme calm of that house; partaking of luncheon an action too material altogether. It was preferable strolling all alone with one's thoughts to a pretty field on the brow of the hill, where there lies all that is mortal of the world-renowned Cakobau, with some of his family buried near him.

What a fair prospect that was as I stood by the ashes of the mighty dead! The rippling sea below, the blue hills and distant islands beyond, with the glorious sun pleasantly warming and illuminating the scene; while from the foot of the hill there rose the soft murmuring voices of the peaceful and contented inhabitants of that city, at which I was shown the row of stones at the base of the *bure* where the slain were wont to be thrown before being cast into the ovens to become the food of many who are still living there. I saw the site of the royal oven where hundreds, nay, thousands, of our fellow-beings have been cooked for human food. There, too, is standing a part of the tree, in the bark of which the shin-bones of victims were placed after the horrible feasts. A chunk of that tree, full of bones, is now in the British Museum.

But most wonderful of all is the Church, a massive stone building of vast proportions, where a thousand people can sit and kneel upon the soft springy matted floor. Two pieces of furniture suffice—a low pulpit, and a rough stone against which, a few years ago, the brains of living people were dashed out when being offered to Demons; but now a small bowl has been chipped in the top, and at that font men and women and children of the same stock are presented in baptism to the True God.

It was in this building that Cakobau himself, after mature consideration and due preparation, formally renounced Heathenism and embraced Christianity. Before the ceremony, he had dismissed his superfluous wives, thereby sacrificing great wealth and influence, and had publicly married his chief wife.

At his baptism he addressed the enormous concourse of people. To quote from *James Calvert*, a little book that was given to me on the spot by the missionary:—"It must have cost him many a struggle to stand up before his court, his ambassadors, and the flower of his people. . . . What a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured! widows whose husbands he had slain! sisters whose relations had been strangled by his orders! relatives whose friends he had eaten! and children the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the

wrongs inflicted on their fathers. . . . From this time the King took no retrograde step."

But, poor old gentleman, his troubles did not end here. For, on sending messengers to his neighbour, the King of Rewa, desiring peace, he received an answer that that worthy had serious intentions of killing and eating him! How very aggravating, to be sure!

However, he lived many years after that, to enjoy a pension of £1500 a year, and a yacht which cost £1000.

At the missionary's house at Bau, there is a very interesting museum, containing many war-clubs and cannibal-forks, which had been handed to the missionary as his converts among the Chiefs came in turn to renounce the arts of warfare and cannibalism.

At tea his Reverence gave me cakes made of *dalo*, sugar-juice, and cocoanuts, which he told me he uses together with cocoanut milk at the Sacrament, there being neither bread nor wine in the land, except in white men's towns.

We went to pay a visit to Ratu Epeli, Cakobau's son, a huge savage, with *masi* wrapped round his massive body. He produced chairs for us, while his Majesty sat tailorwise upon the floor—a mark of great respect. His wicker house was a very fine native structure, though not nearly as large as many I have visited. It contains some very fine *masi*; but was spoilt by the addition of European doors and windows in high walls, a "civilised" innovation having the effect of admitting the glare, as well as flies and mosquitoes. People never know when they are well off.

Ratu Epeli asked me a good many questions, and he hoped Queen Victoria was very well. We were taken out to see a fine canoe drawn up on land beside the house, and he inquired: "Does the Queen draw up her war-canoes beside her house in the same manner?" Fancy the Channel Fleet drawn up on the lawn at Osborne!

At another house I saw a nose-flute, but the owner was too shy to perform to me. This strange instrument is played by stuffing the thumb into one nostril, and the whistle into the other!

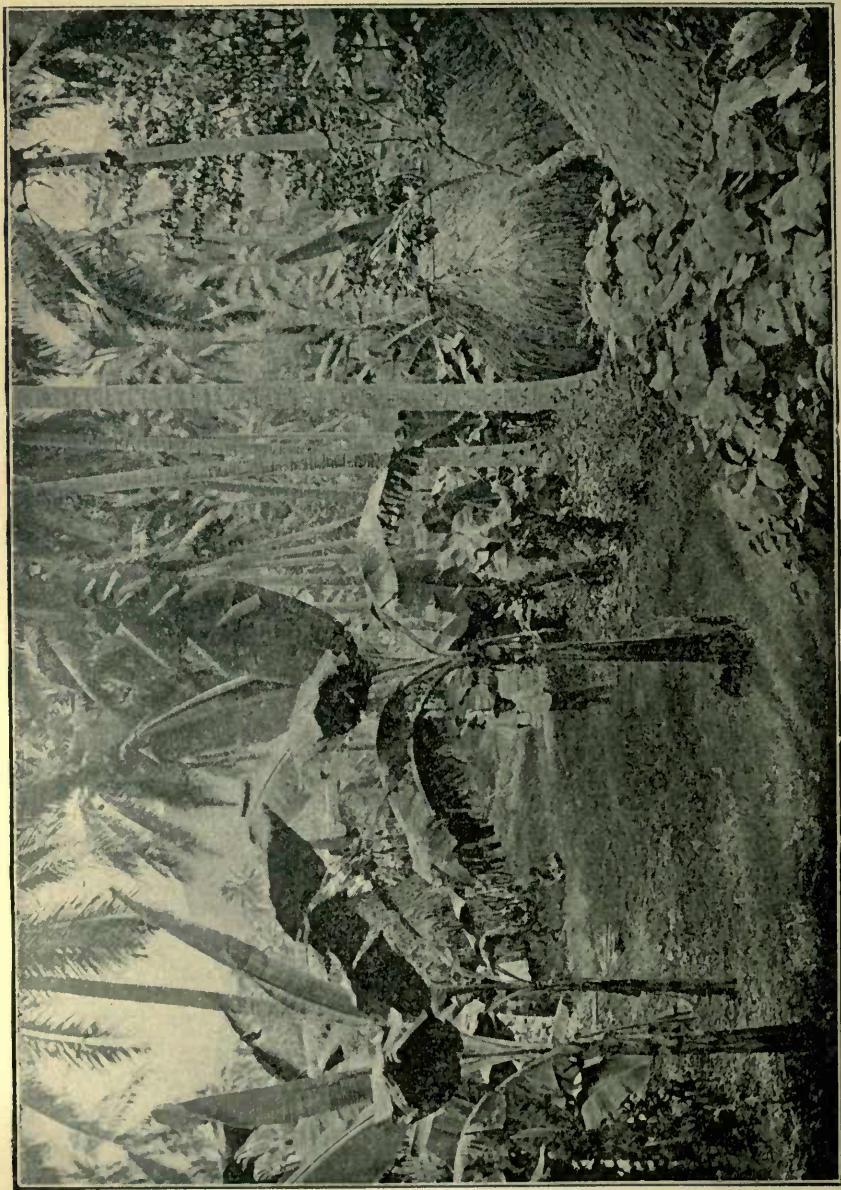
Ratu Timoci's widow we also called upon—an enormous Tongan lady, extremely handsome, and as clever as handsome. We sprawled upon the floor in her magnificent house, near where she gracefully reclined, spanking loudly her great bare brown limbs. She was engaged upon the construction of a piece of *masi* of huge dimensions.

Several other *Adis* and *Ratus* were visited; and then at five o'clock, as the death drum went—not for a cannibal feast, but for the evening meeting in the Church—I reluctantly had to leave that most remarkable island. The kind missionary and the family came to see me off at the native wharf, with its slabs of stone, like tombstones, to prevent the sea from encroaching. The last person to press my hand was the young Savinaca, who smiled and showed his beautiful teeth, just as if he had never wanted to put me out of the way by their instrumentality.

Before leaving the Islands, I paid a short visit to Levuka, on the island of Ovalau, the former Capital of Fiji. A friend took me in his gig to Laucala Bay, to join the night steamer. His native crew rowed splendidly as we sped along inside the reef for eight or nine miles, watching the trails of phosphorescent light in the water, produced by schools of fish darting about to get out of our way, or to evade their larger relatives that shot along after them with a brilliant streak of light in their wake. Lots of canoes, too, bobbed about on the reef, where natives were fishing by the light of torches made of palm leaves, flaring out in the darkness.

From the sea Levuka looks very pretty, with its row of white houses by the brilliant water, and steep wooded mountains rising abruptly for thousands of feet behind, where cocoanut palms grow amongst the other trees right to the summit.

I was taken up a lovely valley, highly cultivated by the natives, to a pool on the mountain side, which seems to be the lion of the place. A cascade leaps into it among some dark rocks; and by swimming to the brink, where the water flows over into the valley beneath, a view is obtained as beautiful as anything in this world could be. Across the depths below,



A Village on Ovalau,

(The *Yagona* Plant.)

filled with feathery palms, the Pacific glows in Tropic glory ; while in the distance islands of surpassing loveliness rise from the water in the warm bright light.

In the evening I preached at the Church, for the parson was away in England. About twenty white people took the trouble to come out from the town ; but the large transept contained a great number of Melanesians. From what I could gather from the darkies and their teachers, these brown folk seemed to be well instructed, devout and consistent Christians. And I am persuaded that the most fastidious missionaries of any sect would consider their salvation secured ; for were they not all clad in European clothing of the latest cut ?

When I found myself at Suva again, there was great rejoicing at the return from England of their deservedly beloved clergyman. He and I spent a happy Sunday together at the Church, with overflowing congregations.

And then the time of my departure from the Islands arrived. The warden of Suva invited me to take a glass of wine with him and the citizens, over which kind and complimentary speeches were made.

The Church people once again asked me to “ send a Bishop along ” ; and, in accordance with that request, as well as my own inclination, I have discussed Fiji and the Melanesians with many Bishops in the Pacific, in Canada, in Australia, and in London.

And, now, beautiful Fiji, farewell ! When shall I behold thy loved shores again ? When thread those shady paths, and battle with the surging waters more ? Will the gentle voices of thy people, cooing songs of love and peace, ever fall again on my ear at the hour of evening prayer, among those stately mountains and waving palms beneath the star-lit sky ? The shadows of night shroud the familiar hills in gloom—a fit emblem of my own feelings—as, all alone, a solitary passenger, the heaving ocean severs me from a home—though only of brief sojourn—yet so well loved !

PART III. (A)—NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

AUCKLAND.

AFTER being in the Tropics several years, it was quite a novelty visiting New Zealand. Steaming into Auckland Harbour was just like arriving in England. The air was cool, the water green, and all round the numerous bays and inlets the wooded eminences were studded with pretty villas. The British squadron, too, was at anchor, while steam-cutters and other craft were plying between the Men-of-War and the wharf; and great paddle-wheel ferry-boats hurried across from one side of the harbour to the other.

Auckland, with its suburbs, is a place of 70,000 people. The main streets, built of brick and stone, compare favourably with those of many provincial towns in the Old Country. The suburbs, with their wooden villas, are extensive, but bewildering, though easily accessible by rail or tram. English oak, fir, and poplar, and Australian gum and ironwood, flourish everywhere; and, in the gardens, geraniums and fuchsias grow into bushes.

Life at Auckland is perfectly English. The Clubs are very good; the Northern Club being the best in the Southern Hemisphere.

After Tropical clothing, European garments were very uncomfortable, and several pairs of boots had to be purchased before I could obtain any comfortable ones. However, when talking to an officer and casually mentioning some of my rough experiences in rough parts, he was astonished, he thought I was a gentle creature just arrived from London.

Some hobbledehoys mending a road, evidently new arrivals, particularly reminded me of England, with their bent knees and round shoulders, as they drawled to each other in a slow, dreamy way, just as they do in the depths of the Cotswolds, or in any other rural part of England—such a contrast to the life and bustle of London or Australia or the States! But the most English thing of all was the clear complexions and rosy cheeks of the pretty bright-eyed girls.

Fruit is magnificent, especially to look at; but the flavour is disappointing. In Australia, everybody one meets tries to rush one into a hotel to drink whisky. In Auckland, I asked everybody I met into the splendid fruit shops, which are almost as numerous as drinking shops in Queensland. What a pity they do not like fruit in Queensland! I used to take huge bunches of enormous grapes to the hospital, a place like a palace, to give to poor sick blue-jackets.

The usual religious sects are well represented, and their places of worship abound. Most of them are built of stone, except the Church of England ones, which are of wood. Some of the wooden Churches are very beautiful. They contain fine organs; the choirs are good, and the services well attended. In fact, the Anglican Church is the most flourishing denomination in Auckland.

S. Sepulchre's Church is a noble wooden building, constructed to last a hundred years. It is very lofty, and in shape cruciform, with choir and transepts the same height as the nave. The whole of the vast interior is of a light-coloured wood, French polished. When the breeze blows, the building heels over slightly, with a creaking sound, like a ship at sea; and, as the wind subsides, it creaks back into its former position again. The Cathedral, too, is built of timber; and, when completed, will be a fine example of what can be done with a variety of beautiful native woods.

At Auckland I met a number of missionaries from the Melanesian Diocese. This was interesting to me, knowing thousands of their people in Queensland and Fiji, a fact that did not appear to interest the missionaries, whose sympathies do not seem to reach to those *protégés* of theirs who have left

their immediate territorial jurisdiction. Then they sailed for Norfolk Island, and I went to see them off in the *Southern Cross*. Some of the ladies, poor things, were not in the best of spirits.

Telephones, a comparative novelty to me, were a great nuisance. One was perpetually being called up by them. The Bishop arranged with my landlady by telephone that I was to preach six sermons on Easter Day, four of them at the same time!

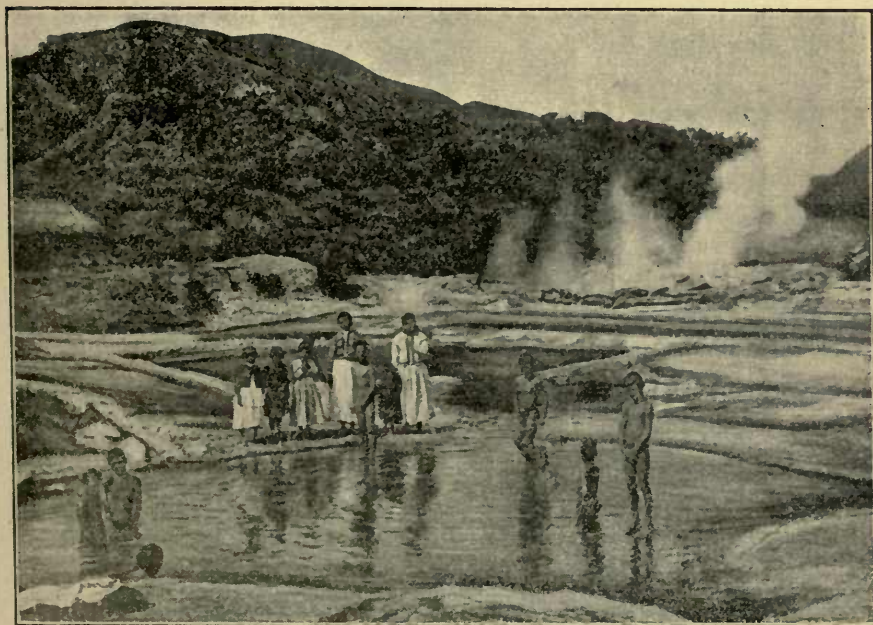
But, in spite of all the preaching, Jews abound. One of them—a man who was civil to me—was crossing to the States in the same steamer as an Auckland usurer of the Plymouth Brethren persuasion, and his sister. The latter was a man warranted to squeeze the last penny out of any of his victims, against all the Jews in the town put together.

During the voyage, services and classes were held by a couple of parsons. But they were not good enough for the Plymouth Brethren. They must needs go on to the bridge in the sight of everybody, with Bibles nearly as big as themselves, just at the time other people were going to worship. But, towards the end of the voyage, the Plymouth brother felt it incumbent upon him to have a word with the people. So when they were gathered round the hold looking for their luggage, he ventured to observe that the voyage was drawing to a close, and proceeded to moralise about the end of the voyage of life. Turning to his sister, he asked, with a tremor in the voice: "And where will you be then, sweet sister?" to which she replied, with decision: "I shall be there, I shall be there!" He then made the same problematical statement: "And I shall be there, I shall be there!" And, addressing the Hebrew, he inquired, with a leer: "And where will you be then, Mr. N.?" To which the Jew replied: "I shall be there too, I shall be there—with a large scuttle of coals to put on the top of you!"

Rides in the country round Auckland are delightful. There is the historic S. John's College to see, at that time a Church of England boys' school, but now closed. Numerous villages are passed; and narrow inlets of the sea, almost connecting the Eastern and Western waters, are crossed by

wooden bridges. Some of the fellows from my old ship rode with me a long way to see a large ostrich farm, where hundreds of ostriches in all stages of growth run about in the paddocks. The great eggs are hatched in colossal incubators.

As the pink and the white terraces had been destroyed by a terrific eruption, I did not visit the Taupo district with its geysers and oil springs, but made some expeditions into the



An Oil Spring.

country nearer at hand, where I was fortunate in seeing some natives.

The New Zealand native is a pure Polynesian, and is called a "Maori". The Australian aboriginals, and the Papuans of New Guinea, are of such a dark chocolate colour as to be almost black. In the Solomon Islands the native is of a rich chocolate hue, very beautiful. In New Caledonia and Fiji the Papuan hair is a feature, but the colour inclines to that of the

Polynesians ; for the Maoris and all their Polynesian brethren are scarcely darker than the people of Southern Europe.

Twice I went to Helensville in the *Kauri*-pine district ; whence I rode several times to visit a retired army man, M., who, with his good wife, was very kind. How damp and chilly it was sometimes at night, riding along the corduroy-road, fringed with flax plants, across the low-lying land to his place, after evening service at the town !

On M.'s place some Maoris lived. He had taught them to abandon their communal method of living, and that each family should live in their own houses, tilling their own *Kumera* (sweet potato) fields, so that the industrious ones should flourish, and the idlers go to the wall.

They lived in well-built match-board houses ; though within they were the picture of desolation, having no furniture beyond wooden boxes, like benches at the kennels, with sacking for beds. The people were all working casually in the fields, and looked strong and healthy, but very hideous in European clothing. The children were frightened at first when I wanted to play with them.

We called upon an English family some way off. The father had once lived among the Maoris—a *Paheka Maori*—and was most interesting, being full of information about native customs and history ; and when carried away by his subject he tucked his legs upon the sofa as if sitting on the floor of a native hut.

We went on, through a rolling country covered with ti-bush, and interspersed with ponds abounding with water-fowl, to the Western coast, and rode a great distance on interminable sands called Rangitira, upon which the open Pacific hurled its huge waves. When it grew dark, M. did not know where he had got to, so I undertook to be pilot. We crossed miles of sand-hills, in some places as steep as those in Egypt, and in a short time were at home.

Another expedition I made was to Coromandel, across Hauraki Gulf, studded with beautiful islets. From the summit of Tokatea, behind the township, the view is magnificent.

On that mountain we went over a gold mine. Out of the "drive" flowed a stream of water, so cold that I could hardly bear to walk in it; for it was almost the first cold water I had met with for years. On coming out of the mine I watched the clear, cold stream running over a wooden trough into a mossy pool. It looked so tempting that I got in and had a shower bath; and was rejoiced to find that cold water had not lost its charm.

It was delightful to see the bare-legged country children going to school on their horses. Sometimes a whole family would be mounted on one horse. The elder ones would scramble up into the saddle, and the younger ones climbed up the hocks to procure a seat behind.

CHAPTER II.

MAORIS.

IN the Churchyard at Coromandel is the grave of the old Maori Chief who gave the land for the Church. Maoris object to being buried; and this old gentleman's coffin can be seen at the bottom of the open grave, with ferns growing thickly down the sides; and a little wooden house is built over the top. In many of the Maoris' gardens are little houses where their dead repose.

Some people at Coromandel took me for a long ride over high hills and through wooded valleys, where the tree-ferns and many other trees very much resemble the flora of Fiji, but more especially of the Hawaiian Islands.

A long way off at a Maori village, some natives were cooking out of doors with hot stones. Some of the huts were very squalid, others were made of match-boarding. There was a miserable-looking Anglican Church; but the object of greatest interest was a *Hauhau* Church. It is a regular Maori structure—a rectangular building, with a mud floor, and no windows or furniture. The roof and sides being produced beyond the end wall form a large porch, the front of which is elaborately carved with figures, though not obscene ones, like older carvings always were.

The *Hauhau* religion was concocted by the Maoris themselves, subsequently to the introduction of Christian sectarianism, and at the time the English made war upon them over the matter of the land laws.

At one of these places, the congregation having become slack, a revival was held. The people rolled up in force, and the collections amounted to eleven pounds. A meeting was then

called to decide what to do with the money. It was determined that it should be expended in purchasing the most expensive Old Testament that could be procured, for the New Testament has been discarded by the votaries of this sect. One of the brethren was forthwith despatched to Auckland on that sacred errand. But, to his embarrassment, five pounds was the highest figure asked for an Old Testament. Now, what was to be done with the rest of the money? As he could not summon a meeting of the Churchwardens then and there, nothing was left for him but to act upon his own judgment.

The revived flock hailed his return with joy. The new book was greatly admired; and they thought their brother a man of sound understanding when he explained that the surplus six pounds had been expended upon—a cask of rum!

And now, what was to be done with the rum? Since they could not charge so much a “nip”—for was it not bought with their own money?—they agreed that the cask should stand just inside the Church door, anybody helping themselves to a drink free whenever they required one, though no one must overstep the limits of sobriety, on pain of a fine of half a crown. All fines to be applied to the fit purpose of replenishing the cask of rum!

Having made arrangements to their satisfaction, things went on splendidly at the *Hauhau*, none of the flock being fined more than five shillings or so, until one Sabbath morn, when a Maori lady coming rather early, had a pull at the run. Now, as it seemed to her that the congregation was a long time arriving, she had another turn at it; and when at length her brethren and sisters did arrive, she pleasantly kept them company at the cask just to show that there was no ill-feeling. But by the time the sermon began, the poor lady did not feel very well, and the verger thought a little stimulant would do her good; but it did not. It made her so irritable, that when she wanted still more, and it was denied her, she rudely broke the back off a pew, with which she belaboured the gentle verger, and the parson, and the flock.

This unruly damsel so upset the pious folk, that they immediately turned to discussing what line of action would be

most desirable. At the conclusion of the deliberations, their resolution was put into force at once. They all sat down upon the ground and finished that cask of rum, so as to put it out of harm's way! And then the Church was closed for good and all!

It is most deplorable that such a splendid race should have fallen from their former high estate and become so degraded. They certainly were not so before they became civilised; for, although cannibals and savages, they were at least brave and truthful and honourable people, and men of great capacity. A Chief, named Renata, once said: "My custom with regard to my enemy is,—If he have not a weapon, I give him one, that we may fight on equal terms".

British officers declared that the Maoris as soldiers were equal to any people in the world.

Lawyers and statesmen who had to deal with land claims found that the Maoris argued their cases with astuteness and eloquence. Buying land from the natives of New Zealand was a work requiring as much careful investigation and knowledge of native law and custom as purchasing an English estate.

In the early days of the settlers, a European rented some land of a Chief at so much an acre. An agreement was drawn up, and the landlord was required to sign it. "Why?" demanded the Chief. "Because," explained the settler, "when the document is signed, the use of the land is secured to me, even though another man come and offer a larger price for it." But the Maori refused to sign, maintaining that the word of Maori gentlemen, such as himself and his heirs, was a sufficient guarantee, though ten times the amount might be offered for the rent of the land. But now, most of the natives who have survived the ravages of so-called civilisation, can lie and cheat the same as any other men.

In the Northern Island, there is a tract of land called the King's Country, out of which the natives have always persistently kept the English. There are some fine Maori people living there. Long may it be so! It was not until 1894 that the venerable King of this disaffected territory, Tawhaio, handed over his *taiaha*, or sceptre, with the request that the British

Flag might be sent to him. Shortly after the exchange had been effected, the noble savage was gathered to his fathers.

But for its miserable sectarianism, Christianity might have



Tawhaio.

come to the rescue of the race long ago. There was an old Chief living on a hill overhanging a river. All the different denominations worried the old gentleman in their endeavours

to entrap him into their particular sect. But he held aloof from them all, being ready to accept the principles of Christianity, but refusing to join any denomination until the missionaries had decided among themselves which was the right one. In the meantime a landslip occurred, sweeping away the good Maori and his home, engulfing them in the river.

When the English missionaries first arrived, the Maoris consulted the *Atuas* (Gods) as to the truth of the message of the white teachers; and it is an interesting fact that in every case they received an affirmative answer. On the strength of this, in about nine years the natives began to substitute the new religion for the old. They condemned cannibalism. They held daily worship in every *pa* and village, observed Sundays, abolished slavery and polygamy, though by so doing their social system was completely disorganised, reducing the gentry to poverty, and inflicting much pain on those who were forced to sever some of the tenderest ties of human relationship.

Then, just as they were beginning to train up children in the better ways, the Country was flooded with *Pahekas* (Europeans), who ridiculed the observance of Sunday, and the virtues of temperance and chastity, teaching that people might do just what they liked, provided they kept out of the grip of the law. The clergy calmed the natives a little, by explaining that the class of people who had come to the Country were not always the best samples of Christianity.

That was natural enough. But what distressed and mystified the new Christians most, was the arrival of well-paid teachers belonging to multifarious squabbling sects, who set to work undermining what had been done, substituting contradictory teaching.

Then the action of the Government puzzled those honest people; for though professing to be bound by the moral law contained in the Bible, they did not hesitate, when they had crushed the Maoris, to break the promises made to them when they were more powerful; and the sword which had never been drawn to vindicate the law was drawn to break it, and war was made in the name of Queen Victoria upon her own Maori

subjects on the question of civil contract. Ten thousand regular soldiers were marched against the savages ; and a very unpleasant time those soldiers had !

All these unsatisfactory circumstances combined to break the spirit of the native race, and to lower the Europeans in their estimation. Bishop Selwyn said that the *Hauhau* superstition was simply the expression of an utter loss of faith in everything English, clergy and all alike.

Yet what splendid people they had been ! Never will the name of that grand Maori General be forgotten—Henare Taratoa, who was commanding the native forces after the defeat of the English at the Gate Pa in 1864. The English charged their rifle pits and drove out the Maoris. The Maoris slowly retreating, faced the enemy all the time, and thus were bayoneted to a man. When Taratoa's body was searched, they found on him "the orders of the day". They ended with the words, "Ki te mate hiakai tou hoa riri whangainga ; ki te mate wai, whakainunia". "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink". Nor were those vain words ; for, a few days before, an English officer had been left within the Maori redoubt mortally wounded. All night Taratoa nursed him most tenderly. The dying man asked for water ; but there was none, save within the English lines at the foot of the hill ; and Taratoa crept down under cover of the fern within reach of the enemy's sentries, and procured a calabash of water for the dying foe, who had invaded his Country with his army, to rob him of the land and the home which his ancient and honourable race had inhabited for perhaps a thousand years.

In more recent times, great was the surprise of the surviving Maoris when the Parliament, composed of *Paheka* gentlemen professing Christianity, expelled the Bible from the schools ; and while directing every other kind of knowledge to be taught, excluded the teaching of the Christian Religion, and everything pertaining to their God and His laws and His honour.

In the old days they were instructed by their Heathen teachers and parents to order every action of life in obedience

to the will of the *Atuas*, and to observe Their *tapus* (restrictions). But now their children are taught in the Christian schools, not to reverence any being beyond the policeman or the magistrate. So, sad to relate, some of the Maoris of to-day are apt to question whether they would not have had a better chance of developing into honourable men and women, and would have had a better prospect of happiness when the time comes for them to enter the unseen world and meet their Maker, if, like King Potatu, they had refused to make an open profession of the *Paheka* religion until its more experienced followers had settled among themselves what it really is, and whether its *tapus* are worth observing. Better, perhaps, the real belief in the unseen Spiritual world which sustained their heroic forefathers!

Europeans have now settled in the land to the number of six hundred and thirty thousand, with the effect that the Maoris are reduced to forty-one thousand. It is generally admitted that English Colonists are more just and humane in their attitude towards coloured races than other Europeans.

Then God help the others!

CHAPTER III.

IMMIGRATION.

IT is no good crying over spilt milk. Maoris have had their day; and in their place is springing up a new England, with room for millions of men and women to develop the vast resources of the islands.

And where are all these people to come from? Not from the Old Country, I fear, unless a great change comes over the average young men of the day, who for the most part persuade themselves that our vast Empire consists merely of the offices, shops, and haunts of pleasure in London.

Will the time ever come when more of the sons of country gentlemen—brought up to country pursuits and a life of freedom, so conducive to strength of character—will go forth to people our great Empire, across whose boundless regions the sun never sets; and there carve out for themselves lands far broader and richer than the grievously reduced inheritances of their elders at home, which, alas! owing to the deterioration in the value of land, can never again be what they formerly were—the proud, rich, beautiful homes of old England?

Will the day arrive when School Board boys and girls will fill the quill-driving appointments in cities; and the poorer gentry, who have no profession, and are not enterprising enough to enter upon a splendid career in Greater Britain, become cab-drivers and gamekeepers?

But were this change for the better made, what about labour and servants? Why, this. When the Briton is properly dispersed over his immense realms, instead of congesting this little island and choking the cities, then inferior work will be done by coloured races. None can tell the

comfort of coloured servants except those who have been blessed with them. It might be well enough to continue white servants in the housekeeper's room; but in the servants' hall and upon the farm, why should one have the trouble and expense of hiring the best educated people in the world, who rightly enough, will not much longer submit to menial employment?

At one time, I believe, half-pay officers were encouraged to take up land in one of the Colonies. If that plan were continued, would it not help to bring the right sort of man into the right place? and would not such men find much more interest in life, building up a fair estate in some sunny clime, surrounded by their comrades, and followed by their dependants and military servants, rather than maudling away their valuable lives in card saloons at Bath and Cheltenham? or else underbidding for civil appointments impecunious men who have no pensions or private means to help them out; and who consequently cannot compete for those comfortable posts?

Then again with regard to clergymen. What strikes me most forcibly is this. How is it that there are not more of the better sort of English clergymen willing—aye, eager—to go out and work—at least, for a term of years—in rough parts of the Colonies?

None who are acquainted with those parts will venture to deny that there are numbers of zealous Bishops and other parsons abroad, capable men, men of common sense too, physically and mentally capacitated for negotiating, where required, vast and rugged districts inhabited by people of similarly rugged manners, though of shrewd intelligences and kind hearts. Such clergymen, however, are not always to be met with; and without leaving the shores of England, it is easy to learn that, when a parson is a failure here, the remedy so often adopted is—to send him to the Colonies!

But the Colonies do not want “duffers;” for Colonial people are sharp, keen-witted people, well-read in modern literature. Believe me, there is hardly a person in all Australasia, or Canada, corresponding to the millions of rustics and hobbledehoys at home, whose simple souls are

ministered to by the flower of the English Universities; while the intelligent Colonial is expected to content himself with an inferior article.

But is he content? It does not take a sage to observe that this method is apt to bring the Church into disfavour in the Colonies. It plays into the hands of apathy, or of those denominations which are wise enough in their generation to see how things stand, and to supply the best men where they are most needed. This does not in any way disparage work in pastoral districts at home,—far from it! But I do maintain that there are parsons more suited to that class of being, than to a more sharp-witted congregation; and that the Church should economise her ability, unless she is willing to be outdone by more methodical denominations.

Then who are to be the men to become parsons abroad? Certainly not “suufflebusters” or “holy Joes,” or those very ladylike clergymen who abound! They will never obtain a hearing! nor will men who are half-hearted, and not in earnest.

A few years ago my Bishop in North Queensland visited England. At Oxford he pleaded for capable men to work in his decidedly rough Diocese. To his eloquent appeal six men responded. Now there were at the University at the time some undergraduates from Australia, who represented to these six men that North Queensland is very hot, that there are alligators, flies, savages, and so on. Well, out of these six volunteers, five were weak enough to be frightened out of their purpose. And what a good thing! For men of such material are of no use abroad; and surely they are not wanted for the grand old Mother Country either!

When I was called away from my large, wild district in North Queensland, to build a Church elsewhere, my old work soon collapsed. Why? Because nobody could be found to take it.

Then, who are the fellows to go to such regions? At the Universities and Theological Colleges are numbers of spiritually-minded men, who have been brought up to think nothing of wading all day with a gun through fields of dripping turnips in damp chilly November. To them, it is mere child's-play

being thrown into a brook out hunting, and having a twenty-mile ride home after, on a dark night, with a keen frost setting in. But they are told that if they enter the sacred ministry, such "vanities of the flesh" must be given up, and the society of those very people who need their good influence must be discarded. Hence we find those worthies a year or two later—arrayed in the latest absurdities devised by some "clerical" tailor, sipping tea with old ladies of both sexes, and playing a gentle game of tennis or billiards; quarrelling with well-meaning Churchwardens about the hue of a stole, the length of a taper, or the cadence of a chant; and believing they are doing the Almighty a service by never crossing a saddle—regarding the noble horse as an Engine of the Devil; and prepared to spend the rest of their existence in some uninteresting parish, casting their priceless pearls before bucolic herds!

What a mistake! Men who have learned to rough it at home, and to cope with men of the world and of education, are the very people to put into practice all their faculties, not only of soul and spirit, but of muscle and limb as well, either abroad, or in those parishes in England where they will not be wasted.

It should never be regarded as banishment by those who make up their minds to go abroad, where there are such good openings for fellows of gumption; for communication with Home and other civilised places is so rapid and so good, that distance is reduced to a minimum.

Were clergy to be enlisted for a term of years; and, moreover, were their return home not looked upon with disfavour by the authorities, who are actually beginning to see the force of this idea, I am persuaded that the right men would be found in numbers to go to the roughest parts; and that, when their term expired, many would be only too glad to enlist again.

Next: there is a class of men at the Universities who inherit a fortune of just a dangerous proportion. There is no need of a profession, for their income will suffice for paying the tailor's bill, and covering expenses at a third-rate London club, where life is to be dawdled away in an effete manner unworthy of any gentleman. As to Parliament, or the Commission of the Peace

that is quite out of the question. Now, many of these fellows are possessed of ability and some goodness. If shaken up and pulled together, would a parson's life in some of the places described in this book have no attractions for them? Would there be no calling for such a splendid life of usefulness?

In the Colonies, clergymen are wanted who are specially qualified and adapted for the work; men who can get over the rough ground cheerfully, and whose generous character would bring them at once into touch and sympathy with the fine fellows whose spiritual welfare they have at heart—our own dear fellow-countrymen, whose faculties have become developed in the more vast regions of the Empire, in a manner that can rarely be attained in our crowded little Island Home, where millions of talented people are compelled to sink back into the throng of disheartened spirits, to languish in obscurity, being battered down to the same forlorn dead-level of mediocrity simply from want of ample room; where nothing is left to the ambitious who do not happen to be propelled by patronage, except righteous discontent, which often finds expression in agitating for the possession of the limited acres in little England, already in the possession of other persons.

Go abroad, boys! Go and people the wide dominions of our glorious Crown, where there is space in abundance to spread your wings and to rise above the sea of heads in the struggling mass below; where you can soar aloft on the pinions of those abilities with which God has endowed you; where talent must make its way, and where success will eventually crown intrinsic worth!

CHAPTER IV.

POLYNESIAN GENESIS.

A KNOT of men were listening in rapt attention to an American, who was describing with characteristic vigour the wonders of Niagara, where the waters from the inland seas of the Great Continent pour unceasingly over the broad cliff into the seething abyss below.

When the speaker ceased, one of the listeners quietly observed, that were he came from a perpetual fire was burning which all the waters of Niagara would be insufficient to extinguish. All eyes were turned upon the last speaker to see if he were the possessor of the forked-tail and red-hot trident. But, oh no! He only came from the Country of Hawaiinei, a group of islands in the Pacific, where Mauna Loa is situated, the largest and most terrible of all the volcanoes on our Planet!

To this land of fire I straightway took a ticket. The Hawaiian Islands—for some time known as the Sandwich Islands—lie just within the Tropic of Cancer, two thousand miles from the coast of North America. They take their name from Hawaii, the largest of the eight islands comprising the group.

I embarked in an American steamer of 3,000 tons, commanded by a fine fellow, cousin of a celebrated American inventor. The voyage was of the usual kind. There were interesting people on board, and dull ones; some jolly, others sick. The time on week-days was beguiled by concerts, lectures, sports, music, tournaments, and so on; and on Sundays services were held.

One Sunday the Anti-meridian of Greenwich was passed; and, as usual, an extra day had to be put in to make the world

go round. Fortunately for me, the skipper gave us two Mondays; for on Sunday, when preaching in the steerage, there had been some opposition to the sermon, and a prize-fighter of renown was requested to settle me on behalf of the congregation!

In the saloon, a fine old Congregationalist parson did most of the service, and I had the honour of assisting. I was astonished that his Reverence read the Episcopal service, even stating that he possessed power and commandment to pardon penitents, which power I always had believed was repudiated by non-Episcopalians, and, in fact, by a goodly number of those who have verily received it at Episcopal ordination. It also seemed strange at first, under the Stars and Stripes, praying for the President of the States before Queen Victoria and other Christian Rulers and Potentates.

There were also on board, the survivors of a Norwegian barque, wrecked six hundred miles from Sydney, who had travelled that distance in two open boats, with an allowance of half a pint of water a-day each. They were now on their way home. But which home they would arrive at was a matter of conjecture. The skipper, poor fellow, had gone mad; and two of his men—brothers—were in the steerage; one dying of the hardships endured, and the other nursing him day and night, not allowing any of us to take a turn with him.

The voyage of four thousand miles from New Zealand to the Hawaiian Islands takes one through the whole length of that part of the world known as Polynesia—both New Zealand and Hawaii being ethnologically included—and, although only pulling up once all the way, at lovely Tutuila, one of the Samoan Islands, yet we were almost within sight of land during the whole journey, the ocean is so thickly studded with islets.

At Samoa, several native canoes came off. The brown ladies thereof dived for sixpences, and the gentlemen—beautifully tattooed round the waist and thighs—came on board to sell curiosities.

I had seen something of Samoans at Fiji, and of Maoris at New Zealand; and how remarkable it is that, all that vast distance apart, the topographical names, the language, and the

people are similar to the Hawaiians! How is it? This is the reason:—The Polynesian Race inhabits all those islands in the Pacific which lie to the East of the Anti-meridian, as well as the great islands of New Zealand. The tongues spoken in the whole of that district, stretching across more than seventy degrees of latitude, are mere dialects of the same language; and, moreover, are closely allied to the family of languages spoken in Micronesia, the Malay Archipelago, the Philippine Islands, and Madagascar!

The origin of the Polynesian Race has been the subject of many scholarly works; their own traditions supplying the chief basis of information.

The chanted traditions or *meles* (*meke* in Fijian), though mixed with strange exaggerations and fictions, embody real history with astonishing accuracy. For, in a nation which has lost the art of writing for a thousand or perhaps a couple of thousand years—if, indeed, it ever had been known to them—the memory, especially of that class to whom family and National *meles* were committed, becomes abnormal. Did Homer ever write his verses? (τὰ μέλη) or, did he merely chant them to a lute in the same manner as the Polynesians do to-day? And were not the early histories and psalms of the Old Testament perhaps rendered in the same manner before ever they were written down by Moses and David and others?

After being in Polynesia, one can readily picture to oneself David dancing a *hula* and singing a *mele* before the Ark, to very much the same “plain-song” chant that his Psalms or *meles* are sung to now in many Churches and Synagogues—those ancient chants, which, in interval and cadence, so much resemble the music of the South Seas, where they sing from memory to-day, long, long psalms and pedigrees, just as they have been recounted for ages.

A former Judge of Land Courts in New Zealand—who was civil to me—states that he has received *vivâ voce* from different natives pedigrees containing many hundreds of names; and, on comparing them most carefully, had found absolute agreement, except, perhaps, in the sex of a person who lived ten or

fifteen generations ago—from three hundred to four hundred and fifty years ago. And this is easily accounted for, since many proper names do duty for either men or women.

The *Kahumas* or priests—the living archives—were specially protected by *tabus*, and their lore was passed on to persons regularly appointed as depositories of history, astronomy, and medicine.

Since the dispersion among the islands of Polynesia, each branch of the race has acquired its own local *meles*, describing matters concerning their own Group of islands, their own heroes, their own wars and voyages; while all Polynesians alike recite numbers of histories relating to occurrences before the dispersion.

These histories are traced to Samoa in mid-Pacific, from which Group several dispersions took place from six hundred to a thousand years ago. And, before that, evidence goes, so it is said, to show that they dwelt in the Malay Archipelago; before which they were the Sabaians of Southern Arabia and Ethiopia, the *meles* describing the deeds of their heroes, and the voyages of those early Cushites among the Countries and islands about the Indian Ocean.

The Polynesians were, until “civilised,” the tallest and finest men in the world, the Lowland Scotch coming next, and the Patagonians coming third. Now Jeremiah speaks of the Sabaians as “men of stature,” and Herodotus states that the Ethiopians were the tallest and handsomest men of his day.

Judge Fenton, of New Zealand, in his “Suggestions for a History of the Origin and Migrations of the Maori People,” traces the Polynesians to Hinnyar, the third in descent from Joktan, son of Eber, the ancestor of the Hebrews; and pictures to himself these people under the names of Chaldeans, Babylonians, Cushites, Akkadians, or Ethiopians, dwelling together with Abram in the great city of Ur.

When the Bible was being rendered into Maori by a learned divine at Auckland, it was found easier to translate from the Hebrew than from the English, owing to the construction and idiom of the Hebrew so much more resembling the Polynesian; and Müller says, “Strange as it may sound to

hear the language of Homer and Ennius spoken of as an offshoot of the Sandwich Islands, mere ridicule would be a very inappropriate and a very inefficient answer to such a theory”.

The language of the more ancient *meles* is very archaic, some of it not being understood even by the *Kahunas*.

It must be borne in mind that the more ancient narratives could not have been influenced by any stray shipwrecked mariners, for that would only have had a local effect; besides which, such persons would have told of Christ and Mary, rather than the early stories brought to the islands ages ago, possibly from the very plains of Shinar.

They tell of several Gods, usually four or three: Kane, Ku and Lono, who made the world. Kane was the Head God, the Father; Ku being chief Architect and Artificer, “by Whom all things were made;” and Lono dwelt and “moved upon the face of the waters”.

The first man was formed of red clay, with a white clay head, and set against a fence to dry.

There was plenty of food for the first people, and a *tabu* was put on the bread-fruit tree and the *ohia*. But, unfortunately, breaking the *tabu*, they were turned out of their beautiful house by the Great White Bird of Kane.

It is interesting to find that there are ten generations, the same number as in the Hebrew account, between the first man and Nuū who made a canoe when the flood came, and putting into it hogs, mice, dogs, blue parrots, and other birds, embarked with his family. Ten generations again—the same as in Genesis—and Luanuu, or Kanehoalani, took a long journey from his own Country. This worthy instituted circumcision, which is practised throughout Polynesia to this day, except in New Zealand, where the custom has recently been discontinued. Luanuu also went several days’ journey to offer sacrifice on a certain mountain—although human sacrifice is not specified, as in the Hebrew account.

Like the Christians and ancient Greeks, holy water was used for Baptism and other purposes, being the element of the Spirit, (Lono of Hawaii; Rongo of New Zealand; Ono of the

Marquesas; Yalo of Fiji). *Wai-yalo* is a society of the Spirit of the Water which many Fijians still adhere to, in preference to the teaching of the missionaries; and *Wai-rua Tabu* (Sacred Spirit of the water) is the significant expression used to represent "Holy Ghost" in the Maori New Testament.

In the Marquesas there is a Polynesian Hymn of Creation alluding to the Trinity, which would have done justice to the writer of the Athanasian Creed, though of greater antiquity than that commentary on the Christian Creed:—

O the Son! equal with the Father and with Ono
 Dwelling in the same place,
 Joined are They in the same power,
 The Father Ono and the Son.

It is noteworthy that the scenes of the *meles* anterior to the dispersion from Samoa, are localised in all the groups. Thus, at Fiji, the dove which was sent out of the canoe when the flood was subsiding, subsequently to the bird of dark plumage, settled on Koro, and mourned because the beautiful island had been disfigured by the water. When the missionaries were teaching the Fijians the story of the flood, they were astonished at their pupils suddenly breaking out into their own *meke* on the same subject.

Nuu's canoe finally rested on Beqa, one of the Fiji Islands. In the Hawaiian Islands it rested on Mauna Kea. There is a mountain on Oahu, near Honolulu, where Luanuu ascended to offer his sacrifice. In Nuumea in New Caledonia, the same word occurs again.

The exploits of the demi-God Maui, fishing up an island and detaining the sun, are localised in New Zealand and Hawaii, an island in each place bearing his name. But in all my travels I did not see the fence against which the clay man was set up to dry.

As time went on, in addition to the original Deities—as in some of the Christian Churches—an accretion of Canonised Beings, to whom "Douleia" is due (*Akua* in Hawaii, *Atua* in New Zealand), has sprung up, almost obliterating the veneration due to the Original and Supreme Beings.

It is extremely doubtful whether "*Akua*" is at all an

adequate word for translators to employ in conveying to the mind of a Polynesian the conception of the Supreme Being.

And here a thought on the subject of Idols—that bane, that bugbear, which causes Puritans to shriek and utter shrill cries in pious indignation. Is it not absurd to entertain the puritanical view that the multifarious statues in a Polynesian Grove, or a Chinese Joss-House, are innumerable Supreme Gods; or even the representations of Gods at all? Do they not more often personate merely *Akuas*—the beatified spirits of departed human beings?

Intelligent Chinamen and Polynesians treat with merited contempt such notions attributed to them of their Creator.

Would not we likewise be moved to scorn, were foreigners visiting St. Paul's to run away with the belief that all the figures placed in the Cathedral are Gods worshipped by Christians? What of Gordon, Nelson, and Ezekiel? Judas, Augustine, and Wellington? The woman taken in adultery, and the four beasts?

Space forbids a catalogue of prophets, saints, historical characters of the Church and the Bible, as well as heroes of our English history, honoured by icons in the National Cathedral. Some there are portrayed on glass, in every conceivable form and quality produced by the incipient revival of art; others, in thorough keeping with the peerless building they inhabit, chiselled in marble with true classic feeling—fleshly and full-bodied, almost breathing in their life-like attitudes, with the adjunct of impossible drapery fluttering right out beyond the panel in imaginary blasts of rude Boreas; while, above, cherubs bursting with health, gaily toss garlands and yards of ribbon across to one another. Then, in strange contrast, Byzantine figures, lean, trim, straight, and neatly tucked within the limits of their spandrels, blaze in a glory of warm colouring.

Do all these figures in varied styles of art represent the Gods and Idols of the English, or merely the *Akuas* of religious and national heroes?

PART III. (B)—THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE NATIVES AS THEY WERE.

CONFINING ourselves now to the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, the most prominent local Deity is Pele, Goddess of the Volcanoes, a most sublime and terrible Being, whose Impregnable Palace is situated in the deep fiery abyss of Mokuoweoweo, on the snowclad heights of Mauna Loa. From this exalted throne among the stars, the dread Ignipotent scatters death and destruction, and rules the destinies of men; or else, descending to Kilauea, a mountain of lesser altitude, she holds carnival with her family, in the glowing lake of fire.

And yet there was another set of Divinities. For Chiefs are all descended from the Gods, and at death were "canonised" and adored. Chiefs were a magnificent race of men, often seven feet in height, and very long lived, if not slain in battle; and, moreover, they were possessed of many noble qualities, and great courtliness of manner and of speech, eminently qualifying them for freeholds on the slopes of Parnassus.

The Nation was divided into three classes—*Alii* (aristocracy); *Kahuna* (hierarchy); and *Makainana* (democracy). Land was held by Chiefs in fief from the King; the common people having to till the ground, construct public works, and to serve the Chiefs, as the Chiefs in turn had to serve the King, and raise armies for him. In fact, it was precisely the same as the feudal system in Europe.

The serfs were so downtrodden that they had become a far inferior race, stunted in intellect and stature; as is even evidenced in rural England at the present day.

The *Kapu* or *tabu*, that bane of Polynesia, was carried to

its highest pitch at Hawaii. *Tabu* means "dedicated" or "forbidden". An instance is at hand in our own Decalogue; for, excepting the fifth commandment, it is our list of *tabus*; the fourth in particular resembling a Polynesian *tabu*—the seventh day is to be kept *tabu*.

The entire daily life of the people was ruled by a ramification of regulations, the violation of which would bring down wrath from above. Those relating to women were especially oppressive. Women were considered inferior beings in every way. They might never take their meals with the men; and the mens' dining house, and the family oratory, were *tabu* to women, on pain of death.

There were also *tabu* days and seasons, during some of which nothing was permitted to be done; no canoe might go out, nor might any come ashore if out at sea; no sound even must be made, the very dogs having to be muzzled, and the poultry shut up under calabashes.

Illness was supposed to be caused by the *Aumakua*, or Tutelar Deity, when he had caught the patient in the act of breaking a *tabu*.

A village covered a large tract of land. Several houses of one room each were required for a family. They were constructed of posts, wickerwork, and thatch. Each group of houses stood within a rectangular enclosure, formed by a fence of loose stones, in which a gap had to be made, and put up again, every time any hogs were let in or out. Though the houses have nearly all disappeared, many are the "dry walls" still remaining.

The ancient Britons constructed their villages in the same way. On Hampton Downs, one of the heights over Bath, an extensive British town called Caerbadon can still be traced, showing the rectangular enclosures of crumbled stone beneath the turf, within which stood the wicker houses, plastered with mud; only in the Pacific they are covered with thatch.

Several fine *Heiaus* (Temples) are still standing. They are immense enclosures, a couple of hundred feet or more in length, and a hundred wide, with lofty walls built of rough stones without mortar.

Human sacrifices were the crowning act of Hawaiian worship, though only offered on special occasions, such as the building of a Chief's house, or the dedication of a *Heiau*, or on the death of a Chief, when somebody had to be killed as a companion for his Lordship's journey to Heaven.

The infernal region was reserved chiefly for tabu-breakers among the plebeians.

The *Heiau* was tabu to women on pain of death; and women had not the honour of being used as sacrificial victims.

They say that it was terrible on those ghastly occasions to hear the wailing of the women without, as they mourned the death of the victims; while from within rose the din of drums, and the sound of frantic prayings and singing of chants.

When I have been seated on some of the stone Altars, pondering over the terrible deeds of the old times, it was a consolation—especially after being among cannibals—to remember that the Hawaiians always regarded cannibalism with the greatest detestation.

One of the *meles* used on those occasions related that death and trouble came into the world owing to the breach of the tabu on the bread-fruit and *ohia*. Now there are forests of *ohia* in many parts. The tree is like a tall, scraggy camilla; and, riding through the forests at the time of ripe fruit, when the ground is strewn with it, is just like being in a vast cider cellar, for the smell of the fermenting *ohias* resembles that of the cider; and in taste and appearance the fruit is similar to that of rosy cider apples, with the difference that there is a large plum-stone inside the *ohia*.

Whence comes the vulgar idea that Adam and Eve transgressed by breaking the tabu on the apple?

It will be seen that Hawaiians were a very religious people. The whole place was full of statues and sacred stones, where offerings were made to the spirits thus represented. Nothing was done without prayer—fishing, building, planting, and presenting a new-born child. But for marriage, no religious ceremony was used. The bridegroom, or a parent, might throw a piece of *kapa* over the bride, and the happy couple might rub noses before the *luau* (feast); but that was a matter

of indifference. The "holy estate" was entered upon with less consideration than the daily task. But then polygamy and polyandry were the custom; and the marriage tie, if possessing any value at all, was easily dissolved.

Property and rank usually descended through the mother—the safest way, no doubt, under such erratic conditions! Besides which, to this day, they adopt children, who also inherit; they give children away, and exchange them as fancy dictates.

I was acquainted with a native who, when dying, sent for a friend of his who was a lawyer, to make his will. Wishing to make a bequest to his professional friend, he left him six big children totally unprovided for! The lawyer was delighted. But I wonder what legacy duty he had to pay!

Several cities of refuge were used as places of inviolable sanctuary by tabu-breakers, who repaired to them to be placed under the protection of the Gods.

Now, it must not be supposed that there was no occupation for these people but attending the Liturgy at the *Heiau* and looking out for tabus, for they were a nation of keen sportsmen. There was the right Royal sport of war, when various Kings equipped their splendid fleets of canoes, and armed their grand warriors; and the women followed on to cheer their lovers when fighting, and when slain to wail over their remains. And thus they fought with as much courtliness and bravery as the Black Prince of old.

And in times of peace there was boxing, with approved rules under the vigilance of umpires. This was often carried on to the death. Wrestling too, there was, and bowling the *maika* (a stone disc), foot races, throwing darts along a prepared ground, tobogganing down the steep hill sides, chequers played with black and white pebbles, cock-fighting, kite-flying, and all sorts of games.

But the chief delight of all was surf-swimming. Men and women swam out to sea with properly-constructed planks, diving through the waves, and then returned, kneeling, or even standing on the plank as it sped along just behind the crest of the wave, or just in front of the curling roller. Jumping feet first into deep pools was also a source of great pleasure.

Few games were ever played without a wager, men and women alike staking their "bottom dollar" upon a favourite.

Dances were curious, but shockingly immodest; the Goddess thereof being the Goddess of Shame.



Hula Dancers.

Musical instruments were rude, consisting of drums, a bamboo lute with two or three strings, and a flute made of a gourd, and blown by the nose.

CHAPTER II.

COOK'S DISCOVERY OF THE ISLANDS.

IN the thirteenth century a vessel, called in the *mele* the "Mamala," arrived at one of the Hawaiian Islands. It contained men of a light colour, who intermarried with the natives—possibly Japanese, driven to the Islands in their junk by a typhoon, as has twice happened in recent years.

Early in the sixteenth century, reckoning back by generations, another foreign vessel arrived, being wrecked on the Kona coast of Hawaii. Only the captain and his sister reached the shore in safety. These white strangers were treated most kindly by the good natives, and intermarrying with them, became the ancestors of certain well known Chief families of my acquaintance.

Now, in 1527, Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, fitted out several exploring expeditions from the Pacific coast of that Country. One squadron, commanded by Saavedra, consisting of three vessels, sailed in company; but when three thousand miles from port, they were separated by a storm, two of the ships never being heard of more. Since Spaniards were the only white people navigating the Pacific at that time, there can be little doubt that the wrecked ship at Kona was one of Saavedra's.

But it was not until 1777 that any practical discovery of the Country was made. This was when Captain James Cook, with the "Resolution" and "Discovery," in the course of his third journey, sighted the Islands.

Cook was astonished to find the same language—to all intents and purposes—with which he had been familiar in the South Seas.

After a short visit, the English departed for Behring Straits, leaving behind them a legacy of diseases unknown before, which spread like wild-fire through all the islands, causing death and misery—the first step in the process of civilisation!

As to what Captain Cook and his party could have been, was a source of speculation to those who did not from the very first regard him as anything else than the very God Lono. The ships they thought were islands, and the masts trees; and upon these floating islands they supposed Lono “moved on the face of the waters” to visit their Country. The officers and crews were believed to be *Akuas* attendant upon Lono; and messengers were sent to all the islands describing the visitors. And this is what they said, “The men are white; their skin is loose and folding; their heads are horned like the moon; fire and smoke issue from their mouths; slits there are in their legs, into which they thrust their hands, and draw out treasures; and their speech is unintelligible. This is the way they speak: ‘a hikapalale, hikapalale, hioluai, oalaki, walawalaki, pohā.’”

The expedition returned to the Islands, after an absence of nine months, arriving at Maui. Kalaniopuu, King of Hawaii, was at that island with his warriors, at war with the King of Maui. Cook always writes of Kalaniopuu as Terreboo, and Lono as Orono!

In 1779, the ships found their way to Kealakekua Bay in the large island. In the absence of the King, two High Chiefs, Palea and Kanaina, were in command of the district, and these fine fellows attached themselves to the English.

The High Priest Koa came off to call. He was an elderly ecclesiastic with sore eyes, and that leprous appearance of skin produced by the immoderate consumption of *ava* (*kava* or *yagona* of Fiji). Saluting the captain, the priest threw over his shoulders a piece of red *kapa*, sacred to Lono, and stepping back offered a pig, while he recited a long prayer. After dinner, Captain Cook, with several officers, accompanied Koa on shore.

The party were received by four priests with *kahilis* (wands), who recited part of the Liturgy of Lono. The whole of the vast

concourse of people now retired or remained prostrate, as the procession passed on to the *Heiau* of Lono, where Cook was stationed before the statue of the God, and clad in red *kapa* the same as the statue. The Liturgy was then continued, with its long prayers, *meles*, versicals and responses, together with the offering of a hog to Cook, and other curious ceremonies, throughout which he allowed himself to be directed by the clergyman. An abbreviation of this service was performed to Captain Cook on every possible occasion.

An observatory was erected on shore, upon which the priests put a tabu, effectually keeping the natives at a distance.

The devotions of the people took the form of supplying both crews with a superabundant quantity of pork, and a daily allowance of splendid vegetables, for which no return was even hinted at.

Things went on in this manner until one day it seemed that a tabu was put upon the bay as the King was arriving, so no canoes came out.

In due course his Majesty arrived, and came off to pay his respects to the supposed Lono. He came in a large canoe, attended by Chiefs, wearing over their naked bodies the celebrated cloaks and Greek-shaped helmets of great magnificence and delicacy of workmanship, made of red and golden feathers woven like velvet. Their arms were spears and daggers. In another canoe came the venerable Koa and the chief clergy, with the sacred images—busts of great size, constructed of wicker and feathers in the same way as the helmets. A third boat contained offerings. As the procession paddled along, *meles* were solemnly chanted, while they encircled the ships and returned.

Cook then hurried ashore, and received the King in his tent at the observatory. When all were seated, the King rose, and, in a graceful manner, threw over the captain's shoulders the priceless feather cloak he himself wore, placed a helmet on his head, and a fan in his hand. He also spread at his feet several more cloaks of the greatest value.

The scarlet feathers used for making cloaks were obtained from the *iivi* (*Vestiara coccinea*), a bird with a gorgeous red

coat and black wings. The golden feathers, used only by Royalty, were taken from the *oo* (*Acrulocercus nobilis*), which only possesses one small tuft of golden feathers beneath each wing; and the *mamo* (*Drepanis Pacifica*), which has some larger golden feathers on its back.

After the magnificent presentation, Cook was adored again; and the King exchanged names with him—a mark of eternal friendship. In return for all this, Cook gave Kalaniopuu a linen shirt and a cutlass! The officers were then feasted, and entertained with boxing and wrestling, in which the sailors wisely declined to engage. The English afterwards gave a display of fireworks, which the natives took to be a flight of *Akuas*.

After ten days, the natives began to tire of their expensive guests; while the abandoned conduct of the Englishmen, and their entire disregard for the tabus and customs of their generous hosts, was enough to disgust even the Heathen. Added to this, the whole country-side was being impoverished by the lavish contributions offered and received without any return. So quarrels, thefts, and punishments became frequent and wearisome.

At this time a seaman died, demonstrating to the natives that their visitors were, after all, but mortal.

Being short of fuel, Cook was sufficiently inconsiderate and foolhardy to take away the railing of the *Heiau*, offering a couple of hatchets for it, which the natives were too dignified to accept. Not only did they take the fence, but twelve sacred images were borne off to the ship. The priests, however, requested that the centre figure might be restored; which done, a priest took it to his own home.

After remaining in the bay for sixteen days, the ships at length sailed, the natives doing their best to persuade one of the officers to remain with them.

But, alas! the absence was only of short duration; for, springing a mast, the ships returned to Kealakekua Bay, where an ominous silence prevailed, and only a few canoes could be seen skulking near the beach. A boat sent ashore, brought news that the King was absent, having left the bay under a tabu.

At nightfall, a few canoes came off with provisions, for which the natives would take nothing but iron daggers; and it could be plainly seen that friendly relations no longer existed.

The damaged masts and astronomical instruments were, however, landed as before, and protected by the good priests; and Palea remained true, doing his best to punish thefts and to restore missing articles. This showed the fine character of the *Alii*, for had not Palea himself been knocked down by an oar in a scuffle? Quarrels, with the frequent firing of muskets, were now the order of the day.

One night the large cutter of the "Discovery" was stolen, and, unbeknown to the English and to the Chiefs, broken up for the sake of the iron. The King had now returned, and Cook was determined to bring him on board, and to detain him as hostage until the boat should be recovered; and, forthwith, with some armed men he went ashore, and invited Kalaniopuu to spend the day on board, at the same time putting a blockade upon the bay.

Koa was assured that no harm should befall the King. His two sons had already got into the pinnace, and the King was walking down the beach, when one of his wives, and the head Chief prevented him by force. For just then two warriors of renown paddled into the bay in a canoe, knowing nothing of Cook's tabu. They were fired upon and chased by the ships' boats, and no less a man than the faithful Palea's brother was shot.

The sad news was at once brought to the King, and when made known to the mob, a scene of the wildest horror and confusion followed. The women and children withdrew, the men put on their war mats, and a warrior with a dagger approached Captain Cook, swearing revenge for the death of Kalimu. The captain fired upon him, but without effect. The slaughter then commenced. The marines opened fire, and the "Resolution" sent several round shot into the crowd with the effect of dispersing it; but not before Captain Cook had received a mortal stab in the back, as he turned to order the marines in the boats to cease firing and to pull in. And so that

illustrious man, whatever his faults, fell dead, with his face in the water.

As soon as the ship's properties at the observatory were brought on board, the bodies of the slain were demanded. But that of Cook had been carried to a *Heiau*, and the flesh stripped from the bones. The bones, trimmed with red feathers, had already been "canonised" and distributed among the *Alii*; but owing to the continued good services of Koa, most of them were recovered and sent on board; while others were preserved in a *Heiau* of Lono in a distant part of the island, and worshipped until 1819, when they were removed to a secret cave.

On Sunday, 22nd February, 1779, a tabu was laid upon the bay, and the partial remains of the great discoverer were committed to the deep with military honours.

CHAPTER III.

CIVILISATION.

THE rise of Kamehameha, the magnificent Savage Potentate who consolidated the Archipelago under one Government, followed in the wake of the discovery of the Islands.

Mentally, morally, and physically this great man stood far higher than his contemporaries. In battle, the Royal Giant was known to break men's backs across his knee and toss them over his shoulder as he strode on to seize his next victim. Six spears were simultaneously caught, parried or evaded by him; and his mind was equally quick in assimilating what he learned from foreigners, of whom he now saw many; for traders in the Pacific soon found out the convenience of calling at the Islands.

Among others, two ships arrived, the "Eleanor," Captain Metcalf, and the "Fair American," commanded by his son, a lad of eighteen. Some natives stole one of the "Eleanor's" boats, and murdered a sailor who was sleeping in it. Metcalf traced the offenders to Olowalo, where he pretended to open trade with them. Managing to get all the canoes to one side of the ship, he fired a broadside into the midst of them, covering the waves with the dead and dying, of whom there were over a hundred—another step in the march of civilisation!

Some natives in turn captured the "Fair American," and, after the example of the white men, threw the young skipper overboard, and killed all the crew except the mate, Isaac Davis, of whom they took possession, together with the cannon, muskets and ammunition. At the same time John Young, boatswain of the "Eleanor," was captured.

Young and Davis were, no doubt, well-principled men; for

they were treated splendidly by the natives, who were shrewd enough to know good men from worthless ones. Rich lands were given to them, they were raised to the rank of *Alii*, and married to *Alii* women. Young became an ancestor of Queen Emma, who was so well known in England.

What a glorious life those two lucky fellows must have had ! The King became deeply attached to them, they saw the effect of their deliberations gradually taking root, they had the most lovely Country in the world to live in, and Royal sport was theirs, for they always went to war with the King ; and owing, in a great measure, to the newly-acquired artillery, of which they had the management, Kamehameha carried victory before him all through the Land, with his army of sixteen thousand, and his magnificent fleet of canoes, one of which—made of a single log—was over sixty-four feet long, and shaped into beautiful lines.

In 1792 Vancouver, who had been a junior officer with Cook, visited the Islands. Vancouver showed himself a wise and generous benefactor to the Hawaiian people. Amongst other things, he strove to bring about peace between the various islands, and also to bring criminals to justice in a rational manner, such as natives could understand. He introduced useful plants and seeds ; and in answer to the universal cry for fire-arms, replied that King George had tabued all fire-arms and ammunition.

After a visit to California, Vancouver returned the next year, and landed the first bull and cow at Kawaihae ; the cattle being committed to the charge of a young couple, one of whom was still alive when I was at the place ninety years afterwards.

Visiting the Country again the next year, Vancouver was regarded as the guest of the Nation. He landed several more cattle and sheep for the King and other Chiefs, and laid a tabu on them for ten years, to allow them to increase and multiply.

At a Council of Chiefs held on board the "Discovery," it was decided to place Hawaii under British protection, reserving to the Chiefs the right of Home Rule. So the British flag was hoisted on shore on February 25, 1794. A salute was fired,

and the natives shouted, "Kanaka no Beritane!" "We are men of Britain!"

Before finally sailing for England, the King begged Vancouver to send missionaries and artisans, which he promised to do; but the Home Government never ratified Vancouver's benevolent designs, nor did the Church of England trouble to send missionaries. So the good trusting Savage Monarch was disappointed in his English friends; and, in 1819, at the age of eighty-two, he died in the Faith of his Fathers, having accomplished a noble work according to his light.

During his mortal illness, the priests proposed that a number of human victims should be sacrificed to his Tutelar Deity for the preservation of his life; but he replied, "The men are sacred to my son the King"; and, at his death, human sacrifices were dispensed with, probably at his own instigation, which was very noble, for savages do so dread going to the Happy Realms all alone, according to their beautiful proverb, "Eaho hoi ka make ana i ke kana, he nui na moepu." "It is better to die in battle, many will be the companions in death."

I will give a story of Kamehamehanui, as related to me by one of the chief residents in the Country,—a story of the civilised (?) man and the savage (?) Monarch.

The King had chartered a schooner to take him from Honolulu to Hawaii. Having paid the passages for himself and his suite, he went on board, where the skipper, one Captain Barber, received the Royal party, and treated them to some excellent whisky, which suited the King's palate so well that he ordered a quantity of it.

When ready and measured out to the King, and paid for, his Majesty, politely returning the compliment, asked the skipper to take some whisky with him; so glasses were charged. But the spirit palmed off on the King had been sadly tampered with, and this was detected in a moment; whereupon the Monarch quietly requests a glass of the skipper's beverage to be brought, and, holding up both glasses, he looks from one to the other, and then to the wretched Barber. And now, in his great voice, like a thunderstorm, the

giant King orders his retinue out of the ship, with instructions never to have any further dealings with Captain Barber; and, taking another ship, they sailed for Hawaii.

After that, when returning from America with a valuable cargo, Captain Barber was wrecked on a point of Oahu, still bearing his name. He had invested his all in that cargo; and now the salvage belonged to the King. What was he to do? He asked a valued friend to go to Hawaii to intercede with the King on his behalf. "Why not go yourself?" inquired the friend. "Because of the unfortunate affair of the whisky."

So they agreed to go together; and, arriving at Hawaii, were informed that the King was up in the forest-country digging out a canoe. Toiling up to the place, where the King and his people were at work, they were at once recognised from afar; and, taking no notice whatever of Barber, Kamehameha signed to his companion to approach. After giving his suitor ample refreshment, he listened carefully to the object of the interview; and, at the conclusion of the story, motioned the man away without a word, and resumed his task.

Great was poor Barber's disappointment when he learned that the King had made no reply; and he begged his friend to return, and obtain, if possible, some definite answer. But what answer could he expect? His very presence had been ignored; and no man durst approach the King again, after being dismissed from his presence. So, crestfallen and weary, they retraced their steps.

When the boat was reached, to their dismay, they found a Chief sitting in the stern sheets, with an instrument set with sharks' teeth, under his *kapa*. Now, a Chief bearing that instrument is entrusted with a command from the King, which must be obeyed on pain of death. As this Chief took no notice of the men, they put out to sea, when they found that the ship had been more than abundantly victualled.

At Honolulu the Chief jumped out, and disappeared. The men took horses, and, riding all round Pearl Harbour to Barber Point, found their shipmate the Chief, already

surrounded by the goods from the wreck, which the people were bringing from every direction. Everything was there, even down to the much-cherished nails.

The Chief briefly stated the King's orders—that everything was to be restored to Captain Barber—and then he vanished!

As politicians and conspirators, Hawaiian ladies were very great—quite “new women,” in fact. Kamehameha, hearing of a dangerous women's rights' meeting one night, hurried to the spot, and, without observation, planted his enormous spear in the door of the house. That was quite enough to put an end to that conspiracy!

As this is not Hawaiian history, nothing more need be said about Kamehamehanui, except that his father's name was Keouakalanikupuapaikalaninui.

By the will of the late King, the Sovereignty was left to his son Liholiho; the War-God to a son of his brother; and his haughty widow, Kaahamanu, was to be Prime Minister.

This Royal lady, strong in mind, determined in character, and stout in person, solaced her widowhood by marrying both the ex-King of Kauai and his son! Poor things!

On State occasions, the new King and his Lady-Minister appeared, dressed both alike, in no clothing whatever but feather cloaks and cocked hats, which latter had now taken the place of Hawaiian helmets!

The late King had always resented stoutly any attempt at tampering with the tabu, especially where it protected Royal prerogative and treasure; but, on the contrary, the new Lady-Premier, supported by the fair sex of the *Alii*, straightway proceeded to abolish the whole system throughout the Kingdom, giving a large *luau* (feast) to both sexes together, for the first time!

Curiously enough most of the priests and *Alii* fell in with the new régime, besides this, destroying *Heiaus* and images in every direction. Thus the whole Heathen structure suddenly collapsed; although the ancient system was too deeply rooted to be given up without a struggle by many who were found to adhere to the old cause, and to defend it with their lives. Nor, indeed, is it extinct now by a long way.

Just upon this *coup d'état*, a company of Calvinistic Missionaries arrived from America. For a fortnight they were, however, kept at sea; for the Hawaiians still seemed to be expecting the Church of England to come to their aid. When at length allowed to land, the astonishment and gratitude of the missionaries may be imagined when they found the strange spectacle of a Nation without a Religion, for the tabus had been abolished, and the images cast to the moles and to the bats.

The work of those Americans cannot be appreciated too highly by men of any Nationality or Creed.

A great deal of opposition at first was shown to the Christian teachers, not by the "wicked" natives, but by some of the lower classes of white inhabitants and traders, who were stout opponents to the introduction of Christianity, persecuting the missionaries in a shameful manner.

In 1827 a Roman mission arrived. This received a considerable amount of persecution from every side. But it surmounted all obstacles, and is now doing a noble work.

In 1843, under pressure from Lord George Paulet, the Country was ceded to Great Britain; but later in the same year, Admiral Thomas restored the Sovereignty to the King; and the Hawaiian flag was hoisted again amid National rejoicings.

The arrival of the Church of England Mission in 1862 was just sixty-eight years after it was so earnestly asked for, and so sorely needed. But by the time of its advent, the work had been accomplished by other Christians; and it was too late for the Anglican Church to commence the conversion of the reputed "wicked cannibals".

In 1893 the ambitious descendants of the original single-minded American missionaries, having obtained great wealth and political power, shamefully deposed the reigning Queen, Liliuokalani, who, it will be remembered, was an honoured guest of Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Jubilee.

Having stolen the Kingdom, these people provided themselves with portfolios in a miniature Republic, or rather bogus company of "sugar filibusters;" and then, for obvious reasons, proceeded to deprive nearly all the Hawaiians of the franchise!

More than this. To hold any Government appointment,

natives are required not only to swear allegiance to the Republic, but to abjure their ancient Monarchy. Consequently, many a Hawaiian gentleman, with the blood of a long line of lofty, though savage descent, rather than sin against his honourable convictions by remaining in affluence under the new



Ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

régime, is reduced to poverty; though having the satisfaction of being able to say with the Roman poet:—

Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.

All this iniquity was brought about, as even the American

Executive confessed, by mere "force and fraud," beneath the very shadow of the English and American flags.

The end of it all will be, that if those islands of untold fertility—but with no stability of government—are not annexed to Britain or the States, they will soon be added to the Dominions of the "Coming Power"; and how will the Japs then treat the matter of the proposed English cable, and the new line of communication between Canada and Australasia?

After 1895 the Legislature, worked by missionaries' sons, is to be debarred from assisting in any way the instruction of children in the Christian Religion!

Thus the last step in the process of what is termed "civilising" so noble a race as the magnificent old Hawaiians is consummated!

CHAPTER IV.

MODERN HAWAIIANS.

AND now the journey through the whole length of Polynesia is terminate \bar{u} ; and, awaking from the historic dream of its mysterious inhabitants and the savage days of yore, blue peaks are seen ahead, peeping above the watery horizon, as the steamer speeds on. They are the mountains of Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands, on which the capital Honolulu, is situated.

After putting together the impedimenta, ample time is afforded for viewing the new Country of my choice, as it unfolds its beauty above the heaving waters. The afternoon sunshine illumines a range of barren serrated peaks, throwing into shadow deep, wooded ravines. The lower spurs are ablaze with many-hued lantana, and at the foot of the range the extinct crater of Punchbowl, in the same gorgeous clothing, comes into view; and then, at its base, the city of Honolulu appears, spreading for miles along the palm-fringed coast above the white line of surf beating on the coral strand.

Then the ship steams into the crowded harbour, through a narrow opening in the reef where the great ocean waves, suddenly reaching the shoals, leap up into high, hissing, curling walls of water, the colour of a glacier with the sun glinting through, and then fall into snow-white foam and mist, in which bright rainbows love to linger.

Next, the busy quays are seen; and behind them, amid groves of every sort of palm and Tropical tree, roofs of houses peep out, and clock towers of public buildings and Churches rise.

Arriving at the wharf, could it be possible that only a short

time ago, nothing was there but a few wicker houses, tenanted by nude savages, where now stands a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants?

The wharves are spacious, and crowded with people of many nations. Predominating are Americans, with the twang of the baser sort grating in harsh contrast against the gentle mellow tones of soft-eyed, olive-coloured men and women, very fat people, with narrow-brimmed straw hats, having a band made of the necks of peacocks, or wax-like flowers scenting the whole air with their heavy perfume. These are the modern Hawaiians. Chinese, Portuguese, English, Germans, and Japanese are also there.

An English gentleman, who introduces himself to me, takes me to the carriage, and drives me to the sweetest cottage, made of match-boarding, with verandahs all round about. Situated just outside the town, it stands in a garden of geraniums and velvet lawns, timbered with Tropical trees.

At first we drive through business streets built of brick and stone, thronged with busy people and rows of native girls sitting against the walls threading scented blooms. Next we traverse avenues of superb trees, growing on lovely lawns, upon which ornamental wooden villas of fantastic and beautiful form stand, painted in different shades of rich colours.

Only a brief fortnight before, I was in New Zealand, where the chilly dampness of autumn was causing the golden leaves to fall from the poplars among the deep-blue firs and delicate tree ferns; and now I was in the Northern Hemisphere, at a place where no summer or winter disturbs the equable clime, but early showers had brought into bloom all that wealth of foliage that adorns lovely Honolulu, now that the former plain of dry volcanic dust has been carefully irrigated, and so converted into a vast garden.

The huge bows of butterfly-trees, reaching right across the broad avenue, are in full bloom. Blood-red and purple bougainvillias stream from lofty trees in cascades of colour. Houses are almost lost in a profusion of bignonias, while the very telephone wires are wreathed with golden festoons. Every time the avenues are traversed, fresh trees, bushes,

and creepers have come into blossom, delighting the eye, and filling the soft air with fragrance.

A large variety of acacias adorn the town, shutting their leaves at night. Riding to the Cathedral for the daily morning service at half-past six, when the days were at their shortest, it was curious to observe, that, although the electric lights flare among their branches, the leaves wait for the sun before opening.

Electricity is used extensively all through the Islands. I counted no less than one hundred and seventy-one wires on one telephone post at Honolulu. Every house has a telephone. Housekeeping is carried on by wire; and gossip and scandal are made so easy, that they assume gigantic proportions. King Kalakaua would not have one at the Palace.

But it is undoubtedly useful. A lady going to pay a round of calls, telephones to the first friend on the list to ask if she is at home. If so, off she goes. At the termination of the visit, she telephones home to know if the baby is still asleep; if all is satisfactory, inquiries are made of the next lady on the list, and so on.

Like almost everything else in Honolulu, society is chiefly American. The usual grades of American society are represented. There are the well-spoken, well-mannered people of culture; and the expectorating, twanging, gum-chewing, blaspheming lot.

Although English society is limited, there are some charming families in the Islands, whom I found most hospitable. And, at the club, I met a number of interesting people.

But the most wonderful part of Hawaiian society is that of the "half-whites". Many of the daughters of ancient Hawaiian *Alii* are married to white people, and a most happy combination is the result. In Fiji such alliances usually produce scrofulous beings, deteriorated in every way. And, in Australia, such unfortunates clear into the bush with the tribe, and feed on offal and Chinamen, like the other savages. But intermarriage with Polynesians produces a fine intelligent race.

Most of these people are sent to America or Europe for

education; and the ladies dress in Paris, and dwell in lovely houses, where they receive their friends with that easy grace natural alike to well-bred Europeans and high-born savages. It is hard to realise that their grandpapas and grandmamas ran about wild in the woods without any knowledge of Parisian modes!

In three or four generations of intermarriage with whites, I have known the Polynesian physical characteristics almost entirely eliminated, the children having fair skin and hair with blue eyes.

Pure natives are mainly people of the lower order now-a-days. They are all well educated at Government schools; but the ancient custom of doing no work prevails, and little exercise is taken; for intertribal wars have ceased, and public works are done by contract.

Even surf-swimming is almost unknown. I did not see any. About the only native recreation that survives is gambling. A few Hawaiians have adopted the fine American game of base-ball, and they are fond of riding; but for the most part, the splendid occupations of old have been ruthlessly abolished, and no corresponding employment substituted. Children are fond of flying kites; and it looks pretty at Honolulu, after school hours, when the sky is studded with kites let out to a great height. Then, as the trade wind falls in the evening, they all come fluttering down in a great hurry.

But for the most part, the poor creatures, wearing a superfluity of American clothing, often enough wet through, live on the hard wooden floors of draughty wooden houses, with little to do except drinking gin. From this combination of evils they contract Bright's disease; and at the age of thirty they die.

In 1777 Captain Cook computed the population of the islands at 300,000. Though far in excess of the probable number, Vancouver was struck with the enormous decrease that actually had taken place in so few years from the effects of Cook's visit. The first reliable census, made in 1832, showed a population of 130,000. Since then the decrease has been terrible, as the following table will prove:—

Year.	Population.	Decrease in Years.	
1832	130,313		
1836	108,579	21,734	4
1850	84,165	24,414	14
1853	73,137	11,028	3
1860	69,800	3,337	7
1872	56,897	12,903	12

All this time the white population had been increasing rapidly, so that the decrease in the native population was greater than even appears in this table.

At the census of 1891, only 35,020 natives remained. There were, however, 8,540 half-whites, making a total of 43,560, a decrease of 13,337 in 19 years. At the same census 20,035 white residents were returned, of whom 8,330 were chiefly Portuguese labourers. Also 14,560 Chinamen, and 11,780 Japanese plantation labourers; and a few others, making a total population of 90,000.

The eight islands contain about 6,700 square miles, of which the largest, Hawaii, counts nearly two-thirds. The Archipelago, then, is about the same size as Wales or Fiji.

Sugar and coffee planting are the chief industries.

The language has been reduced to writing; the alphabet containing the usual vowels, and h, k, l, m, n, p, and w, making twelve letters altogether.

It was necessary to add to the vocabulary extensively. For instance, until imported in white men's ships, mosquitoes, centipedes, and scorpions were unknown, being proved by the non-existence of any native words for those noxious pests. And again, when the natives first saw cats on board the ships, with the sailors stroking them, and saying, "poor pussy," they admired the strange animals, and, imitating the sailors as well as they could, said, "popoki". Hence in the Hawaiian dictionary, "*popoki*" means a cat.

Christianity is supposed to be professed by the generality of Hawaiians, and many are the faithful people found among the several denominations. But it appeared to me that a great number regarded Christianity merely as an experiment; while many simply offer the foreigners' God a niche in their Pantheon; for they continue to have a dread of the power of Pele; the

kahunas secretly hold great sway, and it is often difficult to persuade the people to employ a doctor in preference to the *kahunas* and medicine men. I was asked to stay for shooting on an island, the property of friends, the only white family dwelling there. I was unable to go. About that time, a witch, or a *kahuna*, perpetrated some horrible murders on that island, by burning the eyes of several natives with a torch, and then, setting fire to the wicker houses, consumed the victims in the flames.

King Kalakaua, an accomplished gentleman, who died as recently as 1890, most laudably set apart the anniversary of his birthday as a day of Christian intercession for lepers; but yet, when seeking the bones of Kamehamehanui, to place in the new Royal Mausoleum, he and the *kahunas* searched for them by the instrumentality of sacred pigs! And again on the sixtieth anniversary of the arrival of the first missionaries, at the place at which they landed, he attended the sacrifice of pigs and white chickens on the shore, and sent boat-loads out to sea, to be sacrificed where the ships which brought the clergy had anchored. Then he proceeded to make a number of Portuguese intoxicated, and sent them to Mass. This done, he notified his intention of coming to his Easter Communion!

And now even, some of the High Chiefs live in perpetual dread of earthquakes and eruptions, because they are regarded as messages from the terrible Goddess Pele.

Hawaiians have considerable difficulty in grasping the subtleties of the table of kindred and affinity, or even their own identity sometimes. And with reason. For until lately their domestic relations were so mixed; and, quite recently, a native parson was unfrocked because his wife was married to two husbands at the same time!

Changing names on special occasions—of which instances are found in the Bible—and, adopting, exchanging, and giving away children, must be perplexing too.

A youth, named after his English grandfather, was asked his age. He did not know; but was quite certain he was born in 1804, because the date of his Christening was in his Prayer Book. The book had belonged to his grandfather. But it

seemed all the same to the young half-white whether the inscription related to himself or his grandsire.

And yet Hawaii is a wonderful Country for education.

Punahou College, situated in beautiful grounds, is provided with fine buildings. Boys and girls all go to school together; brown, white, and yellow—Chinese—ones. The evening dinner is like a large party. A gentleman and lady "professor," with an equal number of boys and girls, sit at each table, and they are all most polite to each other, exceedingly so. At the conclusion of the meal, a hymn is sung, and the master whose turn it may be, conducts extempore prayers. Between prayers and evening school, the terraces are used as a promenade for the young people, for whom I felt deeply, poor things. They were frequently incapacitated for study, owing to severe wounds from Cupid's darts!

Kamehameha school was built and endowed by a good citizen, the widower of a native Princess of great benignity, many accomplishments, and vast wealth. Attached to the splendid buildings is a museum of Hawaiian and other Polynesian antiquities, at which is kept the silver Christening cup, presented by the Queen of England to Queen Emma. It is handsome enough. On one side is a well-executed medallion representing chariots and horses. Elijah, could it be? No. One of the horses has fallen. It is an old racing cup!

The Roman Catholics have a fine school; and there are several others besides the Government or "public schools".

Naturally, those that interested me most were the Anglican Church schools; especially as they were almost the only Episcopal schools I had come across in my travels.

The Anglican sisters have a grand school of brown, white, and yellow girls. Sixty boarders there were, and as many day scholars. The Bishop has an excellent school of forty boarders, and his Lordship turns out men who hold some of the highest positions in the Land. The Church has also a Chinese day-school at Honolulu and another on Hawaii, as well as a girls' boarding school on that island.

In beautiful grounds stands the Anglican Cathedral, at

present only partially built, but very beautiful, in Early French design. On one side is the sisterhood, with its exquisite grounds and extensive buildings. Hard by is the Sunday-school and Chinese day school, while across the lawn stands the Chinese Church.

The city is well furnished with public institutions, such as are found in every advanced American city. There is an Opera House and a Chinese Theatre. Kiosks for the native band of thirty pieces are situated in the different squares, where sweet music is discoursed beneath the palms on star-light evenings. The Queen's Hospital is a splendid institution; and at the Lunalilo Home for aged people, many centenarians, who have braved the ravages of the introduction of civilisation, can tell interesting stories of the old days before the transition, and the present period of excessive luxury.

It is almost incredible that, at the Record Office in London, in a book of despatches of the year 1812, is to be found an inventory of articles presented to his Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands at that time, namely, a gold-laced cocked hat and feathers, a new red coat and uniform, 80 pounds of spike nails, 120 pounds of other sorts, 18 pounds of brads, 4 saws, 6 hammers, 12 gimlets, 2 augers, and 2 brass speaking trumpets. And to-day Honolulu is one of the most advanced cities in the world!

Natives and half-whites moving in society wear, with consummate grace, the *holoku*, or "Mother Hubbard" in the morning, with *leis* (wreath) of gorgeous blooms; and white ladies adopt the same sensible morning garment in the house. But women of low degree seem to don little else besides the *holoku*, a somewhat startling custom in muddy weather, when they hold up their frocks in the wet lanes.

Near Honolulu, I heard a skylark, and watched the little fellow mounting up into the intense blue. What would an English skylark have thought of the colour of that sky? And what would English owls think of their brethren in Hawaii, who fly about by day, retiring to rest at night like respectable members of ornithological society?

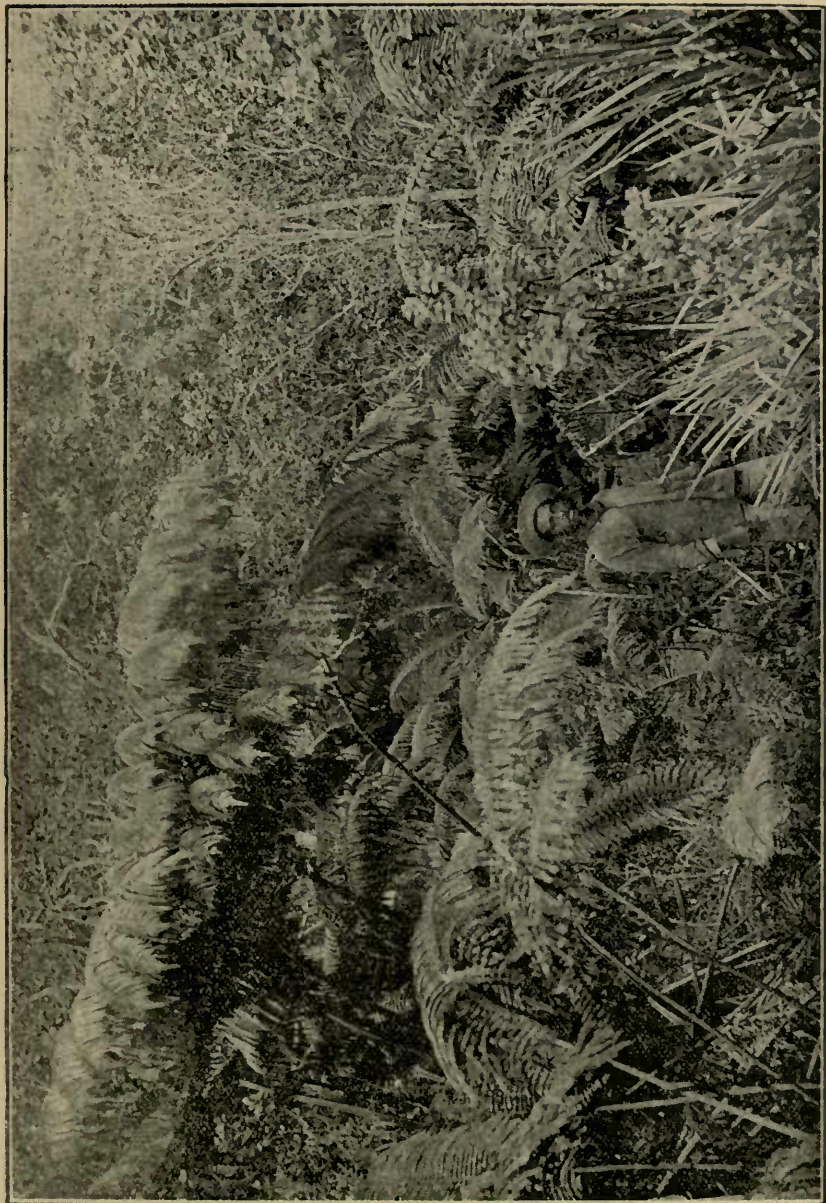
A few miles from the city, amid groves of ancient cocoanuts,

and brooks of clear water sparkling with myriads of goldfish, is situated the marine suburb of Waikiki, where sumptuous villas of merchants fringe the reef-bound bay; and in the loveliest grounds, stands the beautiful home of the fair Princess Kaiulani.



Princess Kaiulani.

The houses have a *lanai*—a spacious room—corresponding to the hall of an English country house, only the sides are open to both the grateful breeze and the lovely views of sea and mountain.



Hawaiian Foliage.

CHAPTER V.

AT HONOLULU.

THE scenery all around Honolulu is beautiful.

While the steamer is changing cargo, people crossing the ocean can drive up a narrow gorge which gradually rises twelve hundred feet to the *pali* or precipice, where, upon suddenly turning a corner round a small rock, there is nothing but a slight parapet between the road and the plain far away below. This is decidedly startling, but grand in the extreme. In front the plain is bounded by the sea, and on either side by an irregular wall of rock three thousand feet high, on the face of which the road is cut descending to the plain.

I explored numbers of exquisite valleys in that neighbourhood, separated from one another by razor-backed ridges. Their sides are steep and clothed with grass, fern, and bushes; and the distant recesses are thick with jungle. The lower parts produce guavas, lantana, and cacti—including the night-blooming cereus; and nearer Honolulu, where the valleys spread out, the brooks are diverted into many acres of water-terraces for growing rice and taro.

Some kind friends gave a picnic in my honour at Manoa Valley. The steepness of the mountains quite alarmed me. And with reason. For after luncheon some youngsters started off through the thick growth to procure ferns for making *leis*; and as I proceeded to follow, I heard them calling out in the native language that somebody was killed. Hurrying forward, to my horror I saw the brook running red with blood; and a little further on, I found a poor little lad of about twelve, insensible, lying on his back across a rock, with his head and

legs in the water. A small stone falling from a mountain above had broken in a piece of his skull about the size of a dollar.

Some young half-whites were splendid in their care and attention. Between us we stopped the blood, and then I had to carry the heavy boy over the boulders in the brook to the camp, and thence over a mountain-path a couple of miles to the carriage. We packed him up on the foot-board, with my jacket for a pillow, and he was taken to the hospital; but before we arrived all was over. Soon after this, his sister died, the parents being thus bereaved of both their children.

The Hawaiian Islands are of volcanic origin, rising from the bed of the ocean. The mountains are formed by layer upon layer of lava, every layer having its tunnels through which the molten lava used to pour.

Many of these caves, or tunnels, opening out on the mountain sides, were used as burial places. Into one of them I took some English officers. We saw a lot of human remains, and I brought away a couple of skulls, one of which is now in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London.

Some native youngsters who were with us, espied a small aperture in the side of the cavern, through which we despatched them; and then we all crept in. It was an old lava pipe, and so small was it, that we had to crawl—not on hands and knees—but on our stomachs, like serpents. And thus we travelled for some distance. Here and there, at junctions with other tunnels, the cave widened out, and we could creep alongside of each other, and converse before proceeding again. In places the lanterns had to be pushed ahead sideways, as the roof of the cave was not high enough for them to stand upright.

After our sacrilegious visit to the burial place, some natives went with a *kahuna*, who made offerings to the Gods of chicken, pork, and gin.

On Hawaii I descended into a large tunnel down a ladder let through a hole in the top. And there is a cave near Hilo where one can ride on horseback for miles.

An interesting event at Honolulu was a *luau*, or native feast, given at the Anglican Bishop's College by the old boys from every part of the Country. First of all, speeches, songs,

and recitations were given in the schoolroom, at which Queen Liliuokalani and her suite were present. Then followed the *luau*, served entirely upon the native plan, except that aerated waters were used, and the guests sat at tables. The flowers were magnificent.

The Hawaiian staff of life is *poi*, a gruel made of *taro*, pounded up and kept until sour. *Poi* is served in calabashes : and the method of eating it is to dip one or more fingers in, according to the size of the mouth, and then to suck off the paste adhering to the fingers.

There were also all sorts of creams made of taro, cocoanut, sea-weed, bread-fruit, bananas, and papau. The other edibles were beef, pork, and fish wrapped in *ti*-leaves (*aspidistra*), and cooked with hot stones in an *emu*, or earthen oven, as in Fiji. But the great delight of the Hawaiian is raw fish—fresh or sun-dried—raw sea-weed, and live shrimps. As for me, the shrimps I could not catch ; and, between the overpowering scent of flowers, and being rash enough to take a large bite out of a raw fish with silver scales and black flesh, I had to be carried out at the commencement ; and the scholars thought I was intoxicated.

Sports followed the *luau*, at which Chinese lads carried off many of the honours, as they had done previously at school-work. The whole proceeding was most satisfactory, and proved how highly this school of the Anglican Mission is appreciated throughout the Islands.

Some English blue-jackets asked me to show them the school. They alleged that they would like to see what the "young savages" could learn. Now, Hawaiians do not over much like some of the foreign Nations, but they like Englishmen ; and, when the sailors entered the school-room, the sight of the British uniform was too much for the youngsters, who, forgetting all discipline and order, leapt over the desks, and, rushing to the sailors, swarmed up into their arms and rubbed noses, much to the delight of the tars. Then they brought slates, maps, and copy-books, which were displayed with eagerness, while some stood forth amid the general hubbub, and recited poetry and the catechism with fervour. The sailors

wished that their own children at home took such a keen interest in their lessons. The antics performed by the brown youths in the play-ground also delighted the men.

This school provides choristers for the Cathedral ; and it is quaint to see white faces, brown ones, and yellow ones, with the pig-tail done up in a "bun," all peeping out of surplices.

Some of the best Chinese singers were not allowed in the choir, as they had not been baptised. Chinese are especially obedient and dutiful to parents, and, moreover, do not come of age until the decease of their parents ; so some of the Christian-Chinese youths could not be baptised, as it was tabued.

Their duty to parents is really most estimable. A Chinese shopkeeper, who had not written to his aged mother for some time, ordered his clerk to perform that filial duty for him. What a curious thing to do, one would think at first ! But "No," said the Chinaman. "Has not my clerk a mother too ? Does he not know just as well as his employer how to express my love, and duty, and respect ?"

The aptitude of Chinese is marvellous. There was a lad at the Bishop's School who intends to be a parson. He had only been among English-speaking people a few months before he could chant the psalms in English at the daily services at the College Chapel. In the schoolroom, at all hours, Chinese boys may be seen at their maps or other work ; and yet they are good at games too, and persevering at swimming with the amphibious natives.

In Chinatown, people plod away day and night, Sundays and all. As to Chinese servants, they are splendid. Clean clever, and civil, they will do anything for a good family they take a liking to. All the year round they work, without any Sundays or holidays, until their New Year, which falls about the middle of January. Then all white folk must shift for themselves ; for Johnnie goes to his own people for a few days—just as many as he is allowed, and no more.

At the New Year the air is filled with the continued roar of fire-crackers, and is suffocating with their smoke. Every Chinaman expends a deal of his earnings in smoke and noise.

He visits his friends and enjoys himself hard, without getting into trouble, being a law-abiding citizen. Then, at the termination of this meagre holiday, he returns to his work in the best of spirits, beaming with smiles, recouped in health, and laden with presents for his master and mistress.

It is commonly said that the Chinese are a dirty and immoral race ; but not one whit more so than any other people. I allude to Chinese away from China. Are there not clean, dirty, and squalid English people? So there are among the Chinese. Moreover, if the Chinese are as bad as they are sometimes painted, how is it that they are not convicted?

At the Chinese Church, ministrations are carried on by a Chinese deacon with a pigtail, and Chinese lay-readers, augmented by the Bishop and priests from the Cathedral close by. The Chinese Mission of the Anglican Church is most encouraging, and should be widely supported, and carried out upon a large scale in the Islands ; for out of a population of 90,000, there are now about 15,000 Chinamen, and an equal number of Japanese, or about a third of the people who are absolutely heathen.

The Chinese congregations at Honolulu are large, and the communicants numerous, devout, and strict. The ladies' dresses and shoes on Sunday mornings are wonderful ; and the children are lovely creatures, just like dolls in the Lowther Arcade.

At that Church I often used to preach through an interpreter, a very dull proceeding for both parson and people.

The value of missionary work among Chinese and Japanese, as well as among Melanesians, away from home, and home influences, cannot be over estimated ; and in the Diocese of Honolulu an unique sphere of work, unparalleled in the world, is ready for immediate attention.

The Chinese I found to be kind, intelligent, sociable and well-meaning. I had the honour of dining with several of them, —which was interesting, to say the least of it. A sideboard banked up with the loveliest flowers, displays great taste and skill ; and in bowls, containing water and alabaster pebbles or ordinary marbles, lilies are growing. In an atmosphere

fragrant with the scent of flowers and burning sandal wood or incense, we sit round a circular table with a tureen of soup in the centre. Before each person is a bowl of rice, and small glasses of *samshu* at the side. "Samshu" is the name for liqueur.

Instead of drinking claret or what not, when thirsty, a spoonful of soup is taken from the tureen. All round the tureen are lots of bowls containing a variety of meats cut into small pieces. A little rice is shovelled into the mouth with chop-sticks, and then a dive is made into any of the dishes. One bowl might contain chicken (*chapon*) with lettuce, another fish with toadstools, another curried cat with boiled cucumber, another pork and mushrooms, another devilfish with waterlily roots or celery, or the roots of chestnuts grown in water, and so on. Everything is cooked with oil.

If the lady you took in to dinner finds a particularly dainty morsel, according to the degree of intimacy, she puts it into your bowl of rice with her chop-sticks, or pops it into your mouth! And then if you light upon something horrible-looking, you pretend it is a *bonne bouche*, and pop it into her dainty mouth.

After dinner there is tea; and quantities of fresh and preserved fruits are handed round.

On an anniversary of Queen Liliuokalani's accession—for I was in the Country before the revolution—I attended the Palace. Early in the day there was Hawaiian "Queen's weather"—torrents of rain—in which several native societies paraded before Her Majesty. Ministers and Ambassadors and their ladies were then received; and later on, the citizens and visitors did homage. The hall of the Palace was resplendent with flowers and the handsome frocks of the ladies.

The Throne-room is a fine apartment. The Queen, in a black morning dress, with an order, sat upon the Throne, surrounded by her Ladies in waiting, the Princes of the blood, and her Ministers. The Throne was draped with a cloak of red and yellow feathers, of untold value; and around it servants in livery and tall hats, with capes of golden feathers, held *kahalis*. A *kahili* is an emblem of Royalty. It resembles an enormous

bottle-brush, and is made of the tail-feathers of the bo'sn-bird. The extremity of the shaft was generally made of the thigh bone of some deceased celebrity.

The whole scene was thoroughly impressive. Her Majesty rose as her subjects and visitors passed before her and exchanged bows; and I also recognised other Royalties and Ministers of my acquaintance.

After the reception, we adjourned to an immense *lanai* erected on the lawn for the Royal *luau*. The floral decorations were superb. Four tables reached the whole length of the *lanai* for the accommodation of the guests. At a horseshoe table at the end, some beautiful native damsels stood waving feather fans with long handles over the empty Royal chair.

As the Royal procession descended the magnificent flight of steps from the Palace, the band struck up "Hawaii Ponoï," the National Anthem; and after grace by the Bishop, we set to work examining and tasting the strange dishes.

At the recent revolution the Palace was dismantled, and the Throne-room furnished with spittoons and writing-tables!

At Honolulu a whistle blows at 1:30 p.m., to announce that it is the following midnight in London.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ISLANDS.

ALTHOUGH Honolulu is a very delightful city to visit as the Metropolis of a Miniature Country, rural life is really more interesting.

My bungalow was at Kohala, on the large island of Hawaii. Numerous steamers ply between the islands, so that one can "run up to town" when occasion requires. Cabin accommodation is good enough; but the "deck" is rather terrible, especially between decks, where natives, Japanese, Chinese, and Portuguese lie about in heaps on their mats, or upon the cargo. In the state-rooms are notices to the effect that "any gents going to beds with their boots on, will be given a deck passage"!

Leaving the island of Oahu for my home, Molokai comes into view, and its Southern shore is passed. It is partly occupied by cattle ranches, and partly by deer forests. The Northern shore is a sheer cliff, perfectly straight from east to west, with the exception of a tongue of land at the centre jutting out into the sea, upon which two villages are situated, Kalaupapa and Kalawao, which are leper settlements.

Lepers are banished to this terrible place, shut in on three sides by the ocean, and on the other by the cliff, three thousand feet high! There are over twelve hundred sufferers.

The work among the lepers was offered to Church of England sisters; but, as none were found willing to go, it was taken up, as usual, by the ever-willing Roman Catholics, and will always be associated with the name of Father Damien, the clergyman who tended the sufferers for many years, and who finally succumbed to the malady.

I was greatly disappointed at not being able to visit the settlements. The then minister of the interior—a dilatory gentleman, whose coachman was, by the by, private chaplain to the Queen!—offered to take me; but he put the visit off and off, until my time came to leave the Country.

Pauper lepers are maintained at the public cost, or at the "Bishop Home," an institution founded by the husband of a wealthy native Princess; while those who are better off keep stores, or live in their own houses, and have their horses.

A monument to the memory of Damien has been erected in the grounds of the home. The Bishop of Panopolis, Vicar Apostolic of the Islands, dedicated the monument, attended by the priest of the settlement and two little leper acolytes, in surplices and scarlet cassocks, bearing incense and holy water. The ceremony commenced with the leper band playing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee".

The inscription on the monument, in English and Hawaiian, runs thus:—

JOSEPH DAMIEN DE VEUSTER,
Born 3rd January, 1840,
Died 15th April. 1889.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."
This monument is erected to his memory by the people of England.

To go ashore at Mahukona, the port of Kohala, one of the provinces of Hawaii, boats are made fast to a rope attached to a steam-engine at the wharf; and they slip through the water at a great pace, which is perhaps more comfortable for people in boats, than for horses pitchforked into the water, and attached by a rope to the steam-engine!

The town consists of two houses, a store, and a Chinese restaurant.

A small railway runs thence for twenty miles to the end of the habitable part of Kohala. And now the train rushes helter-skelter round a corner and along the precipitous sides of a "gulch" or ravine, then round a frightful curve and across a trestle bridge to the other side; and, from the tail of the train, you can almost shake hands with the engine-driver as it sweeps round from one side of the numerous gulches to the other. I

was so alarmed that, the next time I travelled by that train, I sat on the top, that I might be able to get off comfortably if anything should occur.

In a pretty garden among cane-brakes on the gentle slope of the mountain, my house was situated. It was a capital one, with a really large room to receive my friends, white and brown. I was fortunate in obtaining the services of an excellent Chinese man, who cooked my meals admirably. He gave me soup, curry, and joint at noon and evening, but we did not arrive at any conclusion about sweets; so, being a land of porridge, he finished my meals with that.

One day—just when I had all the country-side coming to a party—the cook fell ill; but, thanks to my most estimable lady friends, all went off well.

The sick Chinaman then sent a substitute, instructed in my requirements as far as he himself had learned them: and just at that time a lady and gentleman of high position came to stay a few days. They thought they would like an early breakfast, as well as the other meals. Accordingly I gave the order. But when we sat down to breakfast at half-past seven—we commenced by burning our mouths with soup! then followed curry and a joint, while the inevitable porridge concluded the repast. This was the *menu* three times a day, and every day!

The visitors occupied my rooms, while I had a bed in another room which was not much used. At night, torrents of rain fell, and as the strong trade wind drove it through the wooden tiles, I had to put up my umbrella in bed!

Life at Kohala was splendid in its way. Visiting the "flock" usually meant lunching and dining at the delightful houses of delightful people, or spending evenings at the bachelors' quarters or at the club, and tennis afternoons, riding parties, shooting, and scrambling about the cliffs and in the sea.

Dances at the houses and at the club were frequent; and they certainly were the most amusing and spirited evenings I ever witnessed. The orchestra consisted of merely a few natives who played taro-patch fiddles and violins, and also

softly sang native songs between the dances. No party ever terminated without "Old lang syne," all taking hands, and "God save the Queen"—the Queen of England. Poor Queen Liliuokalani was left out, although the British settlers were most loyal to her Brown Majesty, on which account many have since been condemned to thirty-five years' imprisonment, as well as enormous fines, a treatment no doubt necessary from the Revolutionists' point of view; for did not her Brown Majesty promise to decapitate the Republican leaders, were she to attain the Throne again?

Then there was the going home after the parties. Never was there such fun! A few people on wheels, and the rest on horseback, just as we were, in evening clothes, and most of the ladies in cross-saddles! Thus we used to scamper home, singing and laughing, just as merrily if heavy showers were falling, as when the moon and stars illumined the way.

A number of people, chiefly white and half-white ladies, were going to a place fifty miles off the morning after a dance. I was going that way too, and was to call for them at a certain time, at a house further up the mountain where they were going to sleep. But I found, on calling, that they had not thought it worth while stopping to sleep, as they were already in the saddle, but rode the whole distance after the ball!

Horses on the islands were generally good. I had one for a bit that shied with such vehemence it nearly sprained my "inwards" every time; and then for a variety it would bolt, a method of progression I did not object to so much, as it saved time.

One of my Hawaiian "equine curates" rejoiced in the name of Samshu—a Chinese liqueur.

Although visitors were numerous at home, sometimes at night it was rather lonely. The servant had a separate house in the garden, and when all alone, without even a dog, the sound of the "boring bee," gouging away inside the posts of the house, suggested the idea of burglars working at a panel or lock.

One pouring wet morning, as I sat writing all by myself, a severe earthquake occurred. When over, I went to see what

the horses thought of it. They were browsing away as if nothing had happened, working hard to get the little grass left from the devastation of myriads of fat caterpillars that occasionally infested the place.

On the death of a man who was married to a native, I performed the burial service. His widow, a prodigiously fat woman, and several other natives attended. Rain fell in torrents, delighting them all; because they consider that if anybody dies and is buried on a hot day, the departed spirit has gone to the wrong place; but if wet, it is an indication that Wakea, or the Christian Representation of that Deity, is promoting the lost one to His happier realms.

After a death, the dwelling of the departed is abandoned, and some of the personal effects are buried with the corpse. On this occasion, when the coffin had been lowered into the grave, the fat widow quietly dropped in the feather-bed used by the deceased, which she had concealed under her *holoku*; and even then her figure did not seem to be much improved!

CHAPTER VII.

AT KOHALA.

ON Sunday mornings, people all round my neighbourhood were busy telephoning, to compare their time with the Churchwarden's clock ; while Mrs. Churchwarden was ringing up all the district, especially the "orphans" or bachelors, to know if they were getting ready for service.

At Puehuehu the pretty little Church crowns the slope of a beautifully-kept lawn, at the foot of which are hedges of red-leaved plants and beds of begonias.

Just before service-time, the rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs announce that the "flock" are arriving, some of them coming from a distance of eight and ten miles. Soon the ample lawn is alive with horses and carriages, and the orphans are busy with the pleasant task of helping ladies from the saddle, and "hanging up" their horses to a long rail beneath a row of Australian gum-trees. All the people seem to be so happy and on the best of terms, just like a family ; and, when the bell ceases, the throng moves up the emerald sward to the sacred building, with the tombs of departed friends clustering near the walls.

At the conclusion of the service, while the ladies were being put into the saddle and the carriages filled, people made up their parties for the afternoon, taking care that none of the orphans were omitted.

Before breakfast on Sundays, I used to ride to the Chinese Church, half-a-dozen miles off, at Makapala, to give the Communion to the Chinese Christians.

Those early rides were so lovely, threading miles of avenues of Australian gum and iron-wood trees, and anon descending

into picturesque gulches, and passing wooden villages and Chinese gardens, where the Johnnies could often be seen sitting in the sun combing out their magnificent hair; and here and there would be a Japanese grass hut, with "squashes" trailing over the roof. The morning light illuminated the cane-brakes on either side, the forest-clothed mountains and chasms above, and the sparkling ocean below. Gentle doves ceased cooing and bowing to each other in the roads, and fluttered into the palms to coo again as I passed, or if startled by quaint groups of little Japanese women carrying their babies on their backs. The air was fragrant with the scent of pandanus blossom, or wild guavas and citrons, and handsome wild ginger. Pretty soft-eyed boys and girls on their ponies, with garlands in their hats, or prodigiously fat women on horseback, with dainty little hands and feet—all were ready with a smile to give their usual salutation, "*aloha*" ("my love"), if only one smiled first; and the Portuguese would come and ride alongside, on their way to Mass, if they had any encouragement; and, when alone, I sang to the horse in time to his stride—

Ding, dong ; ding, dong ; ding, dong ;
 My steed hie on,
 For the Church will soon be filling.

At length the wooden Church was reached; and when some kind Chinaman had taken the horse and made him fast to the railing, a nice congregation would be found waiting—people who were strict in their lives, any irregularity being taken in hand by the whole fraternity.

The Altar-Cross in this Chinese place of Christian worship in a Polynesian Island is made of wood from Jerusalem. Several Chinese texts adorn the walls, no doubt edifying the flock; though they suggested to my mind the idea of advertisements on cases of tea.

A Chinese lay-reader with a pigtail does all the service that a layman can do; and the priest's part the clergyman—when there happens to be one—has to do in English, while the people respond "Amen" at the proper places. The service was very solemn and impressive, though, no doubt, not quite

to the liking of prim London parsons, who would have been terribly scandalised one morning when the vestment hitched in my spurs, which I had forgotten to take off before robing.

After the white people's service I sometimes rode over again for the Chinese Sunday-school, at which the sweetest children imaginable attend in large numbers; and always in the evening I went again to preach, through an interpreter.

It was interesting visiting those people at home. Some lived in nice houses, and were cleanly and well clothed; but others were in every way nearly as squalid and dirty as some of the poor in England.

One of the Chinese families lived in a house on piles in the water-fields at the bottom of a deep gulch. I succeeded in reaching the curious habitation after several futile attempts; having to scramble over rocks, and through water, for some distance, and then being forced to proceed on foot. That family never missed a service at the Church.

Finding it very awkward not knowing the Chinese language, I commenced learning the Hakka dialect; but, in addition to the intolerable difficulties of the study, which well nigh addled my brains as well as nearly spraining my jaw, my teacher—an accomplished Chinese lady—was possessed of such rare beauty, that I considered it wiser to give up learning Chinese!

In all new Countries I have visited, the want of the much-abused resident parsons and squires of the proper sort is very palpable; and the large villages of Hawaii are no exception. There is hardly anybody to take any sympathetic interest in that strange medley of people, who are merely machines, making money for their employers. There everything ends. Laws are good; parliaments, councils, and boards are good. But at best they are mechanical, and can never have the mollifying effect of "Pious Founders," or the personal compassion of human friendship.

Would that poor old Ireland, too, could boast a Royal Castle in Tipperary, fostering a sympathetic resident gentry in the land! Such a powerful faculty for removing the viper-

poison from the lips of many of the clergy of both parties, or of extracting the undying venom from the Orange and other Societies, could never be swayed by the application of such measures as Home Rule or Coercion.

Without interfering with Calvinistic parsons, I used to visit many of the natives who came in my way, and attend their base-ball matches and domestic festivities, with the effect that on moon-light evenings some of them would come to my house, sitting on the floor, singing and playing taro-patch fiddles for hours in the most friendly way. Since leaving the Country one of them, Kelekoma Kupahu by name, has frequently written to me. In a truly poetic letter he relates that, on hearing his intention of writing to me, my friends had assembled, and while he expressed their sentiments with pen and ink, they were all singing :

Aloha oe! Aloha oe!
E ke ona ona noho i ka lipo
O fond embrace! A hoi ae au,
Until we meet again.

Two couples of natives asked me to marry them. They were nominally Church people. The double marriage service was performed in the house. After service, we adjourned to the next room for the *luau*, served upon the floor beautifully laid out with ferns, flowers and calabashes.

At the conclusion of the feast, gourds of scent were handed round for the fingers—as in Fiji—and then music followed.

I was also asked to marry a Chinaman to a Hawaiian girl, which I did. After the service and *luau* we sat upon the floor, while a girl danced a *hula* to the accompaniment of pathetic love-songs rendered by fat girls and podgy mammas, singing as well as they could between their sobs and the puffs of their cigarettes; for they were all weeping copiously with emotion on the occasion of the wedding!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KOHALA MOUNTAINS.

IN the spring, there is capital golden plover shooting on the Kohala mountains.

These mountains are of peculiar construction. On the higher parts of the lee side, quantities of old cinder cones are scattered about; and on its slope the forest has almost entirely disappeared since the introduction of cattle.

At one of the cattle ranches, four thousand feet above the sea, I often stayed with some delightful native people, whence I ascended a high cone, filled with water even in the driest weather. From the brink of this aerial lake, it was strange looking down into the mouths of nine other cones.

On the side of the mountains upon which the trade wind blows, there is a considerable rainfall, making the woods too strong for the cattle to destroy. On this side there are no cones whatever, and the wood-lands slope evenly down to the cliffs overhanging the sea. But, although no cones, there are many circular pits several hundred yards across, reaching down to the sea level. These pits open on one side into deep gulches or ravines running from the coast right back to the highest parts of the mountain which appear to have been split open to a great depth by violent volcanic action, and afterwards silted up by the sea and the brooks; for the land at the bottom runs perfectly level to the foot of the enclosing hills; and in the great circular pits where the sides are perpendicular, rocks fallen from above lie in heaps against walls appearing to continue far below *ad infinitum*, like a well partially filled by sand and stones.

The English settlers and I used to make excursions into some of the gulches. Honokane is the deepest in the Archi-

pelago, being five thousand feet deep, and so narrow is it that, except just by the sea, there is no room for any huts; and yet it is all lavishly clothed with vegetation. In that valley, I was pleased to see some of the natives dressed only in a *malo*.

To reach Hamakua at the other end of the mountains, a detour of forty or fifty miles has to be made; for a journey across the gulches is impracticable.

When about to visit that part, I simply telephoned to one of the people, and all preparations were made for services. So simple are the ways in that distant isle of the sea!

The trail rises four thousand feet over a shoulder of the hills.

Leaving the rich sugar land—which does not rise higher than fifteen hundred feet—the cattle country is reached, where the horses delight in a good canter across the grass in the cooler air. Then, for hours, one has to scramble over rocks of old lava, going in and out of water-courses, at one time dry enough, while at another, fording is fraught with considerable danger, as torrents of water rage down over the cascades with the greatest fury.

Sometimes the traveller may ascend to the uplands through drenching clouds of heavy rain, attaining a dry region of bright glory above the black clouds and bad weather, where more clouds—bright, fleecy, summer clouds—scud along, shining in the brilliant sun-light against the azure sky. Through openings in the silver-lined clouds—upon which silver lining one now looks down—there are vistas of the sparkling sea, vieing with the sky in depth of colour; the shores of other islands appear, and the sunny slopes of distant hills; and the snow-covered heights of Loa and Kia peep out amid strata of radiant mists, until it is difficult to discern between ocean and sky, snow and cloud, mountain and island.

Then the vision becomes changed. Every mist and vapour vanishes. The broad bay stretching out to the base of Hualalai, twenty-five miles distant, assumes all the gorgeous lights of the purple Indian ocean, the deep green of the storm-tossed Atlantic, and the wondrous blue of the Mediterranean. The vaunted colouring of Naples, Vesuvius and Capri, plaes before the hue of those limpid waters and the rosy tint of

the vale of Waimea bounded by the volcano of Hualalai, rearing its head eight thousand feet, and the extinct volcano of Mauna Kia (Mont Blanc), rising with one vast sweep of ineffable pink to its snowy summit fourteen thousand feet above that beautiful bay. In the wonderfully clear atmosphere of that clime, every crag and gorge and cone can be distinctly seen as far as there is any land to gaze upon.

Across the vale, between the two great mountains, there steals to the sea, like a flood of congealed gore, a purple stream—now solid rock, but in 1859 a fiery torrent, flowing from the side of the monarch of volcanoes in this planet, Mauna Loa (the Great Mountain), whose broad snow-covered back is visible more than forty miles away.

A hunt relieved the monotony one day as I was negotiating that path, marvelling at the tremendous scenery illustrative of the magnitude of Nature's operations, contrasted with the insignificance of human effort. While employing the time by preparing a sermon, a clattering noise behind disturbed the meditation, very quickly teaching the lesson that life was still worth preserving. On looking round, I saw a herd of half-wild cattle rushing madly over the rocks in my direction, and some cowboys after them.

There was no time to be lost. I turned my steed round that he might take in the situation for himself. He had a good look, and then gave a snort; and turning him away again, off we bounded with all the cattle after us, the horse going over the rocks like a cat. But, alas! in front, in a dip in the mountain-side, lay the head of a deep cranny, widening out lower down into a ravine. There was nothing to be done but to go for it. It was not a big jump, but at the only possible place, to my dismay, a tree was growing, which, on coming close, I saw allowed only room for the animal to pass under. So swinging round on the side of the horse in my Mexican saddle, like a Red Indian, over we leapt as clean as a whistle, startling the wild goats among the cliffs below as we went. A knock on the side from the bough of the tree took the wind out of me for a moment; and soon the sermon was in full working order again.

I could not help turning my thoughts for a moment to our friend the "wily fox". It surely is paying that noble animal scant courtesy to suppose that he does not enjoy being hunted, the same as I did. What joy must be his, when he has baffled both field and pack, returning to his family with a well-earned appetite, replete with anecdote of the chase, to dine heartily on game and poultry, a fare no gentleman in Merry England ever grudges him, even in these woefully radical days!

Often I visited one house or another in the vale of Waimea. One of my friends was a grand old fellow, a horsebreeder, married to a magnificent native lady. At his houses—for he had two within a few miles of each other—many native customs were observed. The women and children never took their meals with us; and the bedsteads were wonderful. A native Hawaiian bed is the whole floor of a house; and at my friend's houses the bedsteads were as large as a room, made of rare woods, and covered with beautiful counterpanes worked by native ladies.

An earthquake occurred when sleeping in one of those beds one night, and for the life of me I could not find my way out of it; and the more I struggled, the more I became implicated in the folds of that great counterpane; so I gave it up, and went to sleep again.

About these mountains are sundry holes not always noticeable among the rocks and rough ground. They are connected with old volcanoes, going down to an awful depth. The father of a native friend of mine is supposed to have been lost in one. He rode out of Waipio into a part where some of these holes exist, and was never seen again.

A Judge told me of a cowboy who lassoed a bull in the same locality. The bull capered about, and, in its blind antics, fell down one of these holes, and choked it up at a depth of forty feet. The lasso, being made fast to the loggerhead of the saddle, the horse and man were dragged down too. The bull was killed, and so was the horse. The man had two or three of his legs and arms broken, and a lot of ribs; but he was fortunately found after a few days, taken out of the pit alive, and mended!

When in that locality, I visited the Waipio valley. From the brow of the hill, nine hundred feet above the sea, a fine view is obtained. A glassy pool reflects a grove of ancient cocoanuts of immense height, with the sea raging on the beach hard by. The tortuous river, widening out here and there into lagoons, supplies the water-fields for rice and taro ; while their careful cultivation testifies to the industry of the natives and Chinese inhabiting the villages at the bottom of the ravine.

Two Englishmen, A. and B., who were masters at some native schools, were going with me to explore. A. was master of the national school in Waipio valley. Early one morning, he and I descended by the good road cut in the steep side of the hill ; and B. was to meet us at dinner.

Soon after reaching the bottom, on the left is discerned one of those circular holes, with a narrow defile leading into it among rocks and bushes where the brook flows out, fed by waterfalls running over the cliffs from the sloping land above. (Frontispiece.) I wanted to enter the place at once. But A. said, that although it appeared very near, it would take three hours to do. So we went to the village and put up the horses ; and, during morning school, I entered the chasm by myself.

For the world I would not have missed seeing that ghastly place. At first, the flowers and ferns and trees and the noisy brook, delighted me ; but, getting further in, the cliffs, as regular as brickwork, towering up two thousand feet on either side and in front, filled me with awe. Awe was soon intensified into unaccountable terror. The sense of loneliness was more acute than anything I had experienced before under any circumstances ; but, still I plunged on through the brook and fern. It seemed easy enough to understand natives still adhering to a belief in Goddess Pele and all the other Lady Devils ; and I thought they were very wise men not to venture into that horrid place, which they assert to be the special haunt of evil Deities. It seemed to me that the demons had taken possession of my very being. My heart almost stopped, and a horror of great dread had seized me.

And now I was nearing the semicircular termination of this terrible place. With alarm, I noticed in every direction

trees smashed down, some dead, others with leaves still green, crushed by newly-fallen rocks lying all about.

In the valley behind could be heard the sound of Chinamen firing guns to scare away the rice-birds in the cultivated fields of the populous valley; but that was soon lost in the hissing of the cascades, as they fell eighteen hundred feet down the face of the rocks into the gloomy region I was traversing—all alone.

At length, getting clear of the fern, the journey was ended, the whole of the chief cascade becoming visible. It fell like folds of lace into a deep pool, which, in the depths of that frightful abyss, illuminated by a vertical sun, had the strange colour of the fire in a Christmas pudding.

I sat me down on the side of a pyramid of *débris* occupying the rest of the place, to gaze, and wonder, and think.

There was the semicircle of cliff in front and the trees behind, shutting me in from the world. Above was a circle of the bluest sky, with the sun in the centre blazing down upon me.

In its fall, the cascade in front veiled, as with a lace curtain, a yawning cave leading out of the pool under the mountain. In the centre of the white pebbles at the bottom of the pool was a large deep black hole, through which possibly more water emerged. Or did it, as well as the curtained cave beyond, communicate with the abode of the dread Goddess? Would the Deities be indignant with me if I were to go and see? Would they slay me if I were to pry into their secret places in the watery bowels of the earth? I was a good swimmer, and I determined to venture, after first slaking my thirst with that enchanted water; though my heart stood still at the very thought, and I could feel the colour leave my cheek as I commenced to prepare, by untying my shoe-lace.

A gust of cold wind just then made me shiver, and a report, as of artillery, startled me. What was it? It could not be a Chinaman's feeble gun, frightening birds away in the distant vale. No! Could it be the Gods? I looked up. And, behold! a rock had become detached from the lip of the cliff above, and striking the side near the summit, had been smashed to bits with that loud report. And now all the pieces, whizzing round and round, were coming down in my direction.

It would have been fruitless trying to escape, for there was nowhere to go ; so I remained calmly where I was. It seemed an age as I sat with teeth set, and my arms crossed over my head, watching the rocks growing larger and larger as they approached, just as a train seems to become larger as one watches it nearing a station. Yet there was only just time to turn my mind to one whose thoughts were ever with me, before the largest rock crashed at my feet, and another just behind my left shoulder, both being dashed up again in fragments to add their number to those still falling and crashing all round, and lashing the pool into foam in their fall.

Yet, marvellous to relate, not a fragment touched me ; and when the last stone had fallen, and not a sign of the recent catastrophe was left but a smell of matches, I hastily seized my hat, which my hair had pushed off in my terror, and got up and ran. I ran to the top of the heap of rocks, gazing back in agony at the frowning cliffs and hissing waterfalls as I fled ; and then leaping over everything that came, throwing all my weight against the tangled masses of fern, and smashing through thickets of purple convolvulus, I escaped from before the presence of Pele.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM WAIMANU TO HILO.

IN Waipio, they appear to be merry people, for we saw several out-of-door dancing stages and Chinese cafés chantants.

At night, A. and B. declared that they could only sleep in beds, though I thought anything would have done. So we hired a native's house built of match-boarding, with walls and ceilings profusely decorated with "high art" papers in many places falling off in sheets.

At a Chinaman's store, biscuits, sardines, taro, boiled Indian corn, and beer were procured for our dinner; and Indian corn for the horses.

After the meal and a smoke, the house was explored, but only one bed was to be found! So, wrapping on a sulu, I put my saddle on the verandah for a pillow; and, rolling myself up in a sheet to keep out the few mosquitoes, was soon asleep.

The others tossed up for the bed; the loser contenting himself with the floor. So much for the beds!

My dreams were of the softest and sweetest music, so lovely, so soothing! Yet, I woke to find a number of villagers with mandolins, guitars, and fiddles accompanying their lovely voices—voices more like doves cooing a melody than anything else I can think of. Gentle tenors murmured the air, while flute-like altos quietly sang variations and yodels.

A girl was there too, and she stepped upon the verandah and danced a *hula*, dressed in a *holoku*, with garlands in her hair and over her shoulders.

The *hula* is a graceful dance, performed to a monotonous native air of three notes. Sometimes the dance (*hula hula*) is most obscene.



The Waimanu Valley, Hawaii, 1891.

When the girl retired, a man came on. He was far more clever. In dancing, the head is kept still, while the arms are waved gracefully in time to the tune, the feet keeping time also. The motion is gradually extended until all the body is waving about in perfect time, but entirely regardless of bones and joints. The man writhed about to such a degree that his head was only a few feet from the floor, quite stationary, while the rest of his limbs waved around it in a wondrous manner.

At daybreak, I saw the chasm of yesterday's adventure towering over the mangos and tamarind trees, and looking as if only in the next garden.

I had often wondered how the little English spiders get their gossamer threads across the lanes in autumn; and how the great spiders of the Tropics send their strong miniature cables across from distant trees, or even over narrow valleys. Scaling the opposite mountain side on the way to Waimanu, I saw the operation in practice.

There is in these islands a common spider, with a body the size and colour of a hornet. I espied a "yellow jacket" making a journey. He had constructed a sort of three-cornered sail of webbing, several yards high, and from the lower angle he was suspended by his thread. The draught from the valley wafted the sail up the hill-side, keeping it just above the level of the bushes; and the spider lowered or raised himself as required to survey his progress, paying out his rope all the time. It was a pretty piece of aerial navigation, and I regretted it was so soon borne out of sight.

And now the marvellous Waimanu valley is reached—a larger edition of the Waipio. Several streams fall the whole height of those enormous hills, supplying water for the rice and taro fields shining like mirrors in the depths of the valley, where a few cottages stand among the cocoanut palms.

At the further end is one of the great circular chasms broken out at one side into the valley, with the land sloping up behind to five thousand five hundred and five feet.

In our anxiety to keep from falling off the precipitous path during the descent, a grove of luscious *papaus* through which we passed escaped notice; but, in returning, the fruit

was espied, and very acceptable it was. It is very significant, that civilisation should have arrived at such a pitch as to find a "Board School" provided for the mere handful of children living in that almost inaccessible valley in a mid-ocean island.

On reaching the village, B. found out the schoolmaster, who took us to see a semicircular recess in the mountain, down the face of which a small waterfall descends in three leaps of a thousand feet each.

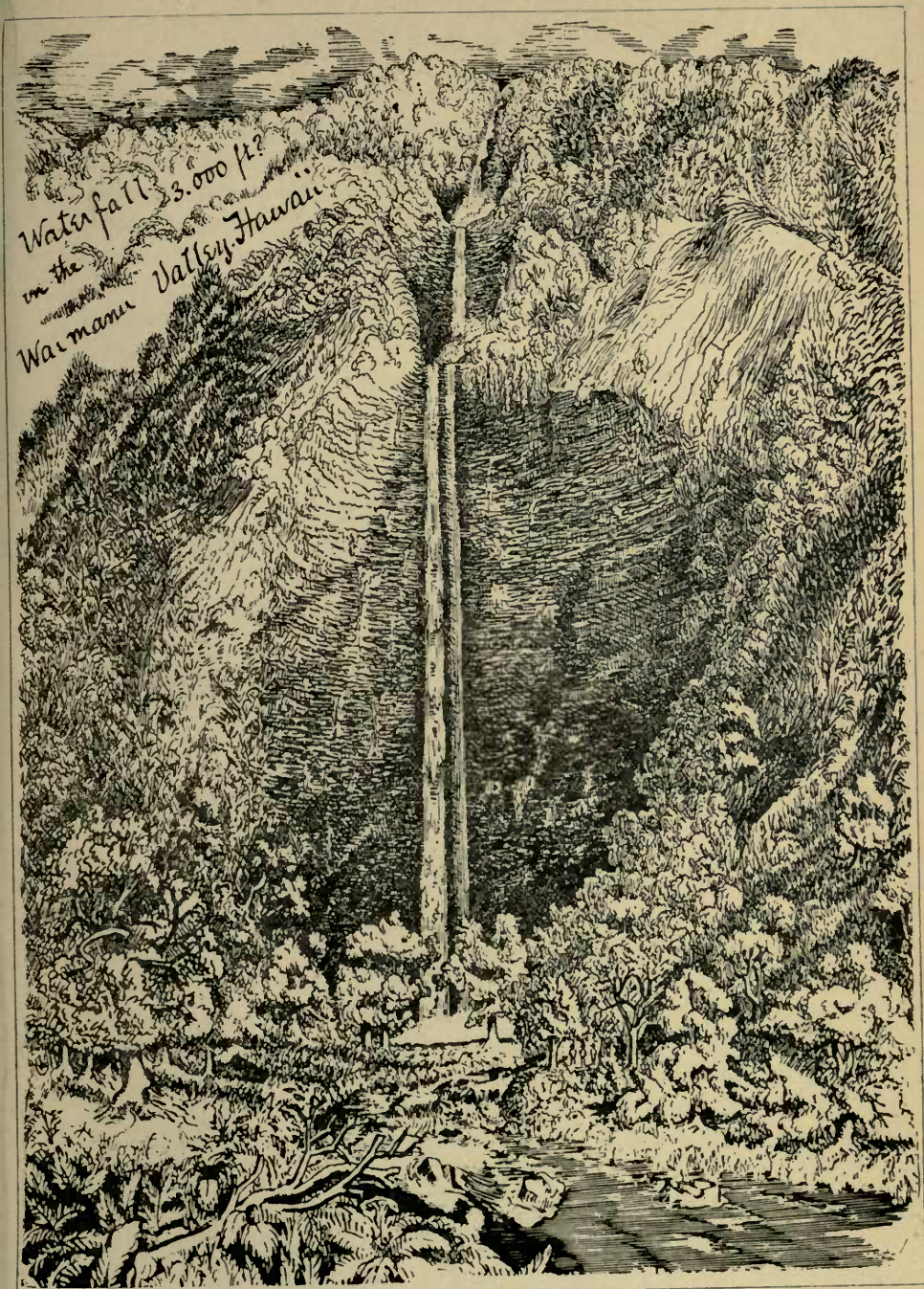
Then I moved on for the big hole. But as the others objected, I sent the native pedagogue back, much to B's disgust, who did not want to proceed either; still we went on. At last, the growth became too thick to pass through, and the river flowing from the great chasm had to be used as a highway. B. soon became weary of that, and proposed remaining where he was until my return, which I was glad of; for an unwilling companion is an incubus.

The effort in making the solitary journey was well repaid. The scene was wonderful in the extreme. Standing all alone amid the rushing of many waters, in a place where no man had ever ventured, I felt a mere speck, as I gazed skywards, up and up, past walls like the walls of a colossal well, built by layer upon layer of lava, as evenly as if made of bricks, with water falling and trickling down the vertical sides from the semi-circular lip above, at the stupendous altitude of ten times the height of the Cross on the top of St. Paul's!

While gazing in wonder and admiration and awe, clouds came over and shut me in, like a lid being put on a coffin, I thought. Then, as no Lady Devils assailed me this time, I retired in peace; and was much relieved when I found my companion again, after travelling alone through the water for two hours.

A few days' journey Southwards brings one to the Volcano district, to reach which, the traveller has to stay with some of the planters on the road, Americans, Germans or British, who are most hospitable to people provided with introductions.

I always enjoyed and appreciated the society of those Americans whom I had the honour of knowing. Some were more cultured and better born than others; but all were kind



Water fall 3,000 ft.
in the
Waimanu Valley Hawaii

Fall in the Waimanu Valley.

and intelligent, though almost invariably shy at first—possibly because I was an English parson.

At an American house, at “luncheon” in the evening, before anybody had been helped, a plate was being piled up with eggs, sausages, bacon, cold beef, chops, and all sort of things—I thought for the nursery perhaps. My good host turning to me, asked if I would take some fish. Replying in the affirmative, he capped the pile of food with a fish, and handed the whole of it to me!

Boots were only cleaned on Saturdays; and, on that day alone, one was expected to have a bath. But the bath did not trouble me, as every valley was full of purling brooks or raging torrents. Some very kind friends of mine, for whom I retain the greatest regard, thought that some English fellows who lived close by, must be very dirty, as they washed every day!

The whole way to Hilo, the road passes plantations, and villages of several thousand people of many nationalities, with mills, and stores, and schools; but few Churches or parsons.

Why do not some English clergymen—starving at home in poor livings which none but rich men ought to dream of accepting, or else joining the ever-increasing and ever-prating ranks of the unemployed, and dying of fogs and ennui—why don't they rouse themselves, and go there to work among all those whites and natives, and Chinese and Japanese?

Save the small Mormon tabernacles in almost every gully there are only two or three native Calvinistic Churches in all that district; and some itinerant Roman Catholic clergymen ministers to the Portuguese. Why should the Church of England leave such a splendid mission field among the yellow people untouched? There is room along that coast for several enterprising parsons and their families, who would find plenty of pastoral and educational work, plenty of sport, plenty of society, and the finest climate in the world. Oh! what an opportunity! and yet there is only one parish parson in all that great island!

At several of these places I used to hold occasional services on Sundays, but was not there long enough to start a Chinese and Japanese mission.

For about two days' journey the road is terribly rugged. Less than every half-mile there are deep gulches to cross, some of them thousands of feet deep in parts, and the roads cut on the side of the wooded cliff are so rough, that my horse's shoes were twice ripped off; but, fortunately, each time near plantations, where they were soon replaced.

The gulches are of marvellous beauty. Rivers flowing down from Kia leap over giddy heights among the tangle of trees and ferns, sometimes just below the ugly wooden bridges, and sometimes above. At one gulch the road leads through the sea at the mouth of a river, which is apt to administer an undesired bath; but it is seldom that the sea can be reached on account of the abruptness of the cliffs and the absence of beach; so that landing on that coast is only effected by goods and passengers being taken in a small boat from the ship, which anchors a little way off, to the sheerlegs protruding over the swelling sea; and, being put into a box, they are caught up to a stage some way above, and then exchanged on to a steel wire, up which they are slid to their destination. Once arrived there, every comfort and luxury of the age is at hand in the splendid bungalows of the inhabitants.

On the sugar plantations, "flumes" are used a great deal. A "flume" is a trough of water, starting from the upper cane-fields, and flowing by an easy gradient down to the mills near the sea cliff. Sugar canes are flung into a flume, down which they float, arriving at the mill ready for crushing or grinding. To cross the gulches, these flumes are supported by tressels, the whole height of the ravine, resembling a huge spider's web, and having rather a pleasing effect, blending art with the splendid natural scenery.

Visiting the lovely bays at Onomea, soon a bridge over the estuary of a river leads into Hilo. This is the second largest town in the Islands, but only a few white people live there. The hotel is comfortable; and schools, stores, and Churches abound. Here the Protestants have built a new Church wherein to convert "Catholics to Christianity"!

Near the town is the celebrated Rainbow Fall. Over a precipice undermined by a huge cavern, a large body of water

falls into a deep lagoon hemmed in by black cliffs of columnar basalt, with ferns growing everywhere. Natives are fond of jumping feet first into the fall ; but I did not see it done.



A house at Hilo.

The Roman Catholic clergy were very civil, one of them taking me to see the termination of the great lava flow of 1882, which threatened to destroy the town. The lava from Mauna

Loa, forty miles off, ran to within three quarters of a mile of the town. People began to remove houses and mills, until Princess Luke (Ruth)—a Protestant lady of Divine descent—came to the rescue, proposing to allay the fiery river by appealing to her relative, Madam Pele.

Summoning Pele's *kahunas* or clergy, she proceeded with them to the brink of the fiery flood, being provided with the customary offerings, a white pig, a white chicken, and a bottle of spirits. On the way the *kahunas*, being thirsty, consumed the bottle of gin, substituting surreptitiously some water. When the burning river was reached, amid the incantations of the *kahunas*, her Royal Highness consigned the offerings to the fiery liquid; and, it would seem that the Goddess had become a teetotaller, for—strange to relate—the flow of lava ceased to advance then and there, after running for nine months.

That prodigious mass of lava was so vast that it did not cool down for two years.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAKE OF FIRE.

IT is so often the way, that when an expedition is planned, no suitable companion can be found just at the time. This was the case again when I started one morning on a noble mule for a thirty-mile ride from Hilo to visit Kilauea, the Fiery Home of Pele, the dread Goddess.

There is nothing after all to dislike in being alone amid the more sublime or even terrifying manifestations of Nature. In fact, solitude is preferable; for, often enough, just when quietude is desired, while mighty Nature is teaching some profound lesson in speechless language, compared with which the efforts of the greatest poets are mere folly, then, even a tried friend perhaps will insist upon gabbling. Just as the mind has been wafted far away from mundane affairs, it receives a sudden shock; the companion has rudely broken the spell, by saying something ineffably foolish, or else he wants his luncheon, or he goes home, or gets killed, or does something equally unsuitable to the occasion. No! it is better to be alone, like Elijah. So, taking a mule, like Elijah I went along the road from Hilo by myself; and glorious it was!

In those islands, horses and mules have a curious pace—Mexican, I believe—called a “lope”. Americans call the paces of a horse a “gait”. In performing the “gait” alluded to, the animal canters with two legs or three, and trots with the other one or two, as the case may be. It is rather comfortable. But woe betide the rider, if it canters with one of the hind legs and trots with the other three! Thus for miles you ride over old lava formed in its course into coils, like colossal ropes and hausers, great wrinkles, and huge bubbles, vast waves and

twisting eddies, all petrified. The low dome-like bubbles are hollow, some broken in and full of water; and any of them may break and let you in as you ride over them. But a mule is a sagacious animal, and knows his way about, taking great care of himself.

Lavas from some eruptions are more readily decomposed than others. But the rainfall and hot sunshine on the windward side of the mountains are the chief agencies by which this strong rocky substance is broken up. Wherever a few dead leaves and sticks accumulate, in that warm moisture ferns grow with the greatest persistence, driving their roots into any suspicion of a crack, which the lava cannot resist. Then, when these hardy pioneers of vegetation have commenced the onslaught, trees follow, sending their roots through the apertures formed in the crust, and decayed matter is washed through. Thus operations are commenced in the strata below, which appear to be more friable than the outside coating. By this means, in a comparatively few years, the richest land is formed. Ferns can be seen growing in ten-year old lava on one side of the island; but, on the lee side, as well as in regions lying above the trade wind, which reaches seven or eight thousand feet, very old lavas are entirely untouched by vegetable life, and look as fresh as if only recently outpoured.

As man and beast plod along, there is no sign whatever of the near presence of a volcano. A fire in one direction or another makes a smoke; but nothing more is to be seen, as the forest slopes gently up into a thicket of gigantic ferns and beautiful shrubs and bushes, among which is the *ohelo*, laden with the bright berries sacred to Pele.

At length the journey is accomplished, and an altitude of four thousand feet has been almost imperceptibly attained. A broad grassy ride through the fern is better going now, and an appearance like couch fires all around meets the eye. But it is not couch fires. There are several parallel rents in the earth, reaching for miles, along which the soil has fallen in all covered with ferns, just leaving rows of holes descending to the interior of the plain, from which jets of sulphurous steam are emitted. The sides of the holes are coated with a deposit of sulphur.

Riding through the thicket to a spot where a jet of steam had puffed out, I could see nothing, and urged the mule through the thick growth to explore further. But the jackass objected, in spite of crop and spur. Thinking he might have fallen asleep, like Mark Twain's steed, I got off to see; and nearly fell down a yawning hole into which the mule was gazing through the foliage. My mule was like Balaam's, I thought.

Just here the thicket ceases, and a natural lawn leads to the brink of an awful black cavity nine miles in circumference, sunk in the surface of the sunny green plain. This is the renowned crater or caldera of Kilauea. It may once have been of untold depth; but since known to the world—less than a century—it has been filled up with solid petrified lava to within five hundred feet of the vertical cliffs. The floor—black and shiny—has flowed, when molten, up to the base of the walls, like the black billows of a Plutonic sea. The floor slopes gradually up to a point a couple of miles off, where a long black line shows the lip of another abyss nearly a mile across. From the depths of this second abyss, a thin blue vapour rises rapidly into the air, where it unites with the mists of a white cloud ever hovering above.

Where the second or inner abyss now is, a mountain five hundred feet high recently stood. On it was situated "Halemaumau," "The House of Everlasting Fire," where lakes of fire were imprisoned among the rocky crags, and lava fountains used to play, spouting aloft their glowing mass of molten light; and many were the pyrotechnic displays manufactured in the internal laboratory of the world, exhibited on that gigantic stage of Nature's; while from time to time the tide of incandescent billows would rise so high, that it would surge over the prison walls, flowing down the mountain side, and flooding Kilauea, thus building up its present floor.

Halemaumau has often been described by those who were fortunate enough to see it; but an earthquake shook down the fretted pinnacles of lava, and the bottom of the Bottomless Pit "fell out," causing the crimson lakes of fire and brimstone, and the fountains of bright lava, and the whirlpools of molten rocks to disappear; only, however, to rise again soon, when another

earthquake occurred, and the whole of that abode of fire, a hundred feet higher than the dome of St. Paul's, went down into the voracious jaws of the earth, with a swish and a roar, leaving in its place the vast orifice through which it made its exit!

How terrific are those forces of nature over which man, with all his ingenuity and pride of intellect, has not a vestige of control!

Before descending into the caldera, it will be as well to visit the comfortable hotel standing on the ever-verdant lawn, all among the steam jets, overlooking the death-like black abyss in its green frame; for refreshment is necessary after the invigorating journey among so much of Nature's loveliness; and still more so before the arduous task of traversing on foot several miles of the ashy wilderness below, to gain the Mouth of the Pit.

I asked for some luncheon, and a little whisky and water, while it was being prepared. But there was no whisky; so I asked for beer, milk, rum, sherry; but there was none. I tried claret, gin, porter, Eno's fruit salts, samshu, brandy—anything that was wet, in fact. But no, they were out of it all. However a large jug of water was brought from a bedroom, and this I stowed away rapidly, the man observing the while—"I guess you're dry". Then some biscuits and more water were produced, for which I had to be thankful.

It is the custom in some parts only to provide meals at stated hours; and not to supply anything drinkable, until it is satisfactorily ascertained that the visitor is not an excise officer, or any other dangerous person. This is all right when you are used to it; but having seen in advertisements of the hotel that it was "The Finest House in the Kingdom, with the Largest Volcano in the World situated in the Front Yard," I was disappointed at not being able to obtain a "square feed" when I wanted it. But, no doubt, that was only an insular British whim.

Well, after this miserable "snack," about four o'clock I started for the descent, taking a Portuguese guide, both of us being provided with stocks, lanterns, and canteens. I was so

truly thankful that there were no Yankees or Lords about, so that I could be quite alone; and that the guide and I were totally ignorant of each other's speech.

A good path has been constructed to the bottom, at a place where the cliff has fallen in. A sparse vegetation clings to the loose earth, right to the edge of the floor of the caldera; and with the last struggling tuft of grass and puny fern, or *ohelo* bush, the last link between God's beautiful world and the Lower Regions seems to be severed, as one steps on to the barren solid lava with a feeling akin to that of creeping cautiously, with extended arms, on to ice upon a deep pond, uncertain as to whether it will bear or not; for who knows what there is below the floor of Kilauea to support it? Although the crust is very thick, it is none too strong, as is evidenced by its condition. For did not a whole mountain sink right through its surface? And more. A few hundred yards from the starting point, a huge rent has opened, large enough to have swallowed up Korah and his company. It could be jumped easily enough; though going round is preferable. You can see down an immense way, until darkness terminates the vision.

How awful it is traversing that sterile floor! The sense of desolation and apparent desertion by the Beneficent Creator is terrible! and the feeling of being shut into this Infernal Region by nine miles of beetling cliffs fills the mind with apprehension of evil!

When down there the floor appears to be more of a silver colour than black; and all the wrinkles, coils, bubbles, and eddies, in the solid stone over which the path lies, are seen to perfection, just as they flowed when liquid from the eruptions of Halemaumau, and were congealed on their fiery course. Here and there, near some deep crack, the surface is stained yellow with the fumes of sulphur, or white with alum.

After walking two miles over the floor, the shimmering of hot air in front denotes that the Mouth of the Pit is nigh; and the thin blue mists rise quite near. And now, as the brink of the inner abyss is reached, the hot breath of Hell scorches the face, and makes the eyes smart; for only a few hundred feet below, in the vast cavity through which the mountain disap-

peared, is the Lake of Fire. What a dreadful sight! full of awe! There are no flames; there is no smoke; it is a troubled lake of liquid fire, as it were of luminous golden water.

The brilliant lava tries to freeze over, assuming a mauve hue: but with only partial success, for the billows in many parts of the lake cause such a disturbance, that crust has but little opportunity of forming. A fiery current beats across from one side towards the centre, splashing, fuming, boiling, and roaring as it goes; while at the centre an immense volume spouts up from Pele's cookhouse below, with a light above the brightness of the setting sun, and with a sound like the beating of the ocean on a rugged shore. Nearer the edge, where rocks from the enclosing crags have fallen, the freezing process has been more successful, and the surface is black and solid; though, at the extreme edge, a streak of molten light shows that the motion of the lake prevents any adhesion to the shore.

Frequently, with a sound as of a rent across an icebound lake, a crack is made through the black crust or the mauve part, by the heaving mass underneath; and luminous lava pours through the bright fissure. Sometimes a whole sheet of crust will be heaved up on end and sucked under, leaving a dazzling effervescing expanse in its place.

Occasionally parts of the cliffs fall in, causing a magnificent spectacle, being immediately fused and belched up again; and a dread filled me with anxiety, lest the promontory upon which I stood might collapse, and I should be cast, like Death and Hades, into the Lake of Fire; and there would be no possibility of living for ages and ages in Kilauea!

Though it is well to see the place by day, far grander is it by night.

And now the sun has set, and the shades of evening shroud Kilauea in darkness. And as the guide has fallen asleep, there is no one to worry me. The black cliffs reaching down to the brink of the lake are now tipped with a roseate hue, throwing the cracks and crannies into still blacker shadow; and crimson rays, as from a huge gig-lamp, shoot far up into the sky, visible, when absence of clouds permits, for fifty miles and more. The part of the lava that was mauve by day is now glowing red; and

even in the black crust a lurid purple shows through, while the ebullitions and waves and fiery spray are of an intense brightness.

Contrasted with the red scorching light of the lake, the moon shines clear and white and cold, like the night air wafted across the cool uplands, making the back quite chilly, so that it is necessary to turn round very often to equalise the temperature somewhat. And then the walls of the outer crater, shutting me in from the rest of the world, can be seen black and sombre against the star-bespangled sky; and the huge turtle-shaped flank of Mauna Loa, rising even ten thousand feet above Kilauea, looms out black and clear against the blue vault of Heaven.

An extra splash below would awake the slumbering Portuguese with a start; still more when severe thumps and quakes beneath us would startle both, causing the guide to jabber. Six times did the rocks quake beneath us, as no doubt the Goddess was stirring the fire; or was she tapping on her ceiling to acquaint me that she was aware of my presence?

The white fleecy clouds ever wheeling over the pit, like hovering angels from a happier sphere sadly viewing so woeful a place, are now tipped with a crimson glow, as if illuminated by the glare of Hades.

And so I gazed on intently hour after hour, watching with fascination every change and movement in that lake of rocks and minerals melted with fervent heat. The great spouting at the centre was always the most gorgeous object. The commotion in the current suggested the idea of numbers of Pele's fiend-children romping and diving in their fiery bath, ducking and splashing each other with living fire in mad frolic, or was it in writhing agony? Then some of the sprite party seemed to dive under the crust to a remote part of the lake, and heaving it up would soon clear another space where the game would be renewed.

Although hard to make up the mind to retire from such a scene, at length the lanterns were lit, and by the aid of little piles of lava for sign posts, there was no difficulty in finding the way past the great rent to the foot of the steep ascent. The red light from the pit looked magnificent in the distance; and when a shower of rain fell, each drop was lit up by the rosy light, having the appearance of a rain of glittering blood!

CHAPTER XI.

HAWAIIAN VOLCANOES.

It was in the year 1790 that a Chief, named Keona, was marching his army against a *protégé* of Pele's. Near Kilauea they encamped one night in three divisions. In the morning the advance party and the rear body started at the appointed time. The rear party were astonished to see that the centre had not moved; and, on approaching, they were horrified to find them all dead. Some were lying down, others sitting up clasping their wives and children to their noses in farewell embrace. There was nothing alive in the whole camp but a hog. With one blast of her poisonous breath, Pele had slain them all!

In 1840, there was a great eruption at Kilauea, lasting three weeks, during which the finest print could be read by its light at midnight, at places forty miles distant.

It was at Kilauea that Kapiolani, wife of Naihe the public orator, defied Pele in 1824. This Princess had adopted Christianity; and, in the strength of the Faith, had become a reformed character, and was desirous of breaking the spell of belief in Pele. Accordingly, in spite of the strenuous opposition of her friends, she proceeded a hundred and fifty miles on foot to the brink of the crater. Here the priestess of Pele again warned her not to approach the crater, at the peril of being consumed in a moment. Nevertheless, attended by her retinue of about eighty persons, including an American Missionary, descending into the caldera, she approached the volcano, where she ate berries sacred to the Goddess, and threw stones into the burning lake, crying—"Jehovah is my God, I fear not Pele". Then, as they were not destroyed, the whole company united in singing hymns to the God of the Christian *haolies*, Whose superiority they now believed to be acknowledged by the Goddess.

Although Kilauea is very tremendous and very awful, it is a mere babe compared with the sister volcano of Mauna Loa, from which it is separated by a broad vale, for there the unquenchable fire has reared up its mighty castle thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-five feet, very nearly three miles above the sea, whose great billows, driven by the trade winds, beat without effect against the basalt cliffs, the outlying fortresses of Pele's impregnable citadel.

Mauna Loa, then, is a volcano six miles high, half of which protrudes through the surface of the sea, for the sea is three miles deep all round the Archipelago; and the sea level is merely an arbitrary line. This huge mountain—the Monarch of Volcanoes—measures one hundred and thirty miles across its base in the depths of the ocean, and seventy miles across at sea level. It possesses no beauty of outline, resembling the back of a turtle; the summit being almost level for a distance of thirty miles.

In the centre of the mountain is a caldera, called Mokuoweoweo. The caldera is larger and deeper than the one at Kilauea. At one end of it is situated the crater, which, in times of eruptions, throws immense columns of lava hundreds of feet into the air.

Unlike Kilauea, which almost continuously exhibits her wonders to the public, the "Great Mountain" confines her efforts to periodical eruptions.

As there was nothing going on when I was in the Country, I did not make the ascent; but reserved it for another day. It is an undertaking of some magnitude, having to traverse such a long distance over rough lava, at so great an altitude; for the suffering experienced by man and beast from protracted mountain sickness, lameness, frost, and snow, is considerable, sometimes causing the cattle, as well as white men and natives, to succumb. Only a few expeditions have been made.

An eruption of Mauna Loa is carried out on an immense scale, usually as much molten material being poured out at one time as would rear up the whole of a Mount Vesuvius! Is not that something to think about?

In 1855, a stream of lava burst out of a fissure, in the side

of the mountain, at the immense elevation of two thousand feet higher than the summit of Etna! In some places the stream was two miles wide; it flowed over thirty miles, and did not cease for fifteen months.

Again, in 1859, a molten river flowed from a rent ten thousand feet above the sea. In eight days, it filled up a great fish pond in the bay north of Mount Hualalai, over thirty miles from its source. The lava continued to flow for seven months.

In 1868, an eruption took place in the summit crater of Mokuoweoweo. For many weeks earthquakes at the volcanic end of the island were terrific and continuous. Every wall was shaken down, and even wooden houses—like boxes—were toppled over. A mud flow, or landslip, then swept down a valley for three miles, in a few minutes destroying thirty-one human beings, and over five hundred horses and cattle. This was followed by an earthquake-wave forty or fifty feet high, which raged along the coast, sweeping away numbers of villages and cocoanut groves, and destroying over eighty persons. At the same time, Kilauea emptied itself by underground fissures; and then Mauna Loa burst out at a point five thousand six hundred feet above the sea. The lava spouted up in brilliant columns, several hundred feet high, and in two hours had flowed ten miles to the ocean, causing a frightful commotion in the water. This eruption lasted only five days, during several of which three unfortunate men were imprisoned on a hill with lava streams all round, and narrowly escaped being roasted alive.

In 1882, a light was observed at Mokuoweoweo; and the day after, a stream of lava emerged at a point about eleven thousand feet above the sea. It was an enormous flow; at one place being six miles wide, and several hundred feet deep. It ran ten miles in one direction, and forty in another, flowing for nearly a year, and was only prevented from destroying Hilo by the timely sacrifices of Princess Luke, and the prayers of her *kahunas*, so they say.

In 1887, the light appeared again at the summit, accompanied by frightful earthquakes. A flow broke out at an elevation of six thousand five hundred feet; and by noon, the

next day, it had run twenty miles to the sea, and continued flowing for six days.

This, then, is the fire that all the vast waters pouring over Niagara would not suffice to extinguish, no, nor yet the boundless Pacific itself. For the fires of Hawaii, in rearing up their mighty abodes from the depths of the sea, have battled against the waters. The devouring element struggled for victory against the extinguishing element; the greatest Fires in this planet warred against the largest of the Oceans.

And the Fire prevailed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ISLAND OF MAUI.

MAUI is an Island little visited by travellers. Lahaina—the Capital of the Group in the early days—is nearly deserted now. On the sugar plantations, Gilbert Islanders are the chief labourers.

It was at Lahaina that mosquitoes first reached those “Paradise Islands”. They came in the tanks of the ship *Wellington*, from San Blas, in Mexico, in 1826.

Parson K. was a capital fellow, and with him I stayed at his substantial stone house, situated in the finest grove of *kukui* trees, in the Archipelago. From it you gaze across the shaded lawn, and some native cottages among date palms with their clusters of red and golden fruit, to the sea, from the deep purple of which, a dozen miles off, rises three thousand feet the island of Lanai, resembling a whale (*lanai*). From the other verandah, through the great trunks of the *kukuis*, gardens of every Tropical tree and blossoming shrub are seen stretching to the foot of the Eka mountains with their yawning ravines, and high bluffs towering up to nearly six thousand feet, where cloud and rainbows, storm and sunshine, ever follow in turn.

With the exception of a few violent showers in the rainy season—as at Honolulu—it rarely rains at Lahaina; yet the streams are always filled with water by the daily rains on the mountains; so that the plantations and gardens are well irrigated, and a fresh bath can always be had; or else, just wrapping on a sulu and going to the beach, a dip in the shallow sea-water can be taken, and a paddle out to the reef, if not afraid of the devil-fishes abounding there.

On the other side of the mountains is Wailuku, a sugar

township. Early in the century, on the sand-hills near Wailuku, two hostile parties of Chiefs encountered each other with such fury that only about the last man survived, thus greatly diminishing the splendid aristocracy of that truly noble race. I mourned to see the bleached bones of those grand old warriors being so cavalierly exposed or covered in turn, at the mere caprice of the trade wind when it sets in again after a brief *kona*, drifting the sand—heedless of the mighty dead—backwards and forwards across that terrible battle-field.

A friend of mine found a skull with a sling-stone inside.

Near Wailuku is the pass into the Iao Valley, a basin within the mountain range, the walls of which are nearly vertical all round, and in places over five thousand feet high, and hung with verdure to the very summit. In a battle, the mouth of this lovely valley was blocked up with the slain, so that the very waters of the river were dammed back.

One Sunday, after morning service, I rode twenty-five miles over a spur of the mountain, a few thousand feet, to Lahaina, to preach in the evening; and the next morning, during breakfast, a messenger arrived asking me to return at once to bury a poor fellow whom I had been attending at the hospital, and who died soon after I left. So off I started again, arriving just in time; and being unprovided with robes, the good Roman Catholic clergyman very kindly furnished me with what I required. Fancy a Roman Catholic doing anything of the sort in Ireland or Australia, where those cursed societies keep up sectarian animosity to the highest pitch attainable!

K. was an enthusiastic mountaineer, and was always trying to inveigle me into crossing right over the mountains between the two towns. Several parties have attempted the task; but each endeavour was attended by loss of life; not that that would have deterred us; but happening not to be time enough, we had to content ourselves with expeditions from Lahaina.

Riding along the coast through thickets of thorny mimisa—one of the thorns and thistles that have followed the white man along with his mosquitoes and scorpions—and galloping over the sands, where whirling gusts of wind whisk the spray from the crests of the waves into little water-spouts, I had

often looked with wonder into the Olowalo and Ukumehame valleys, where the stony hills were steeper, and the gorgeous rainbows brighter, than anything I had seen. So in that direction some of us repaired for a climb.

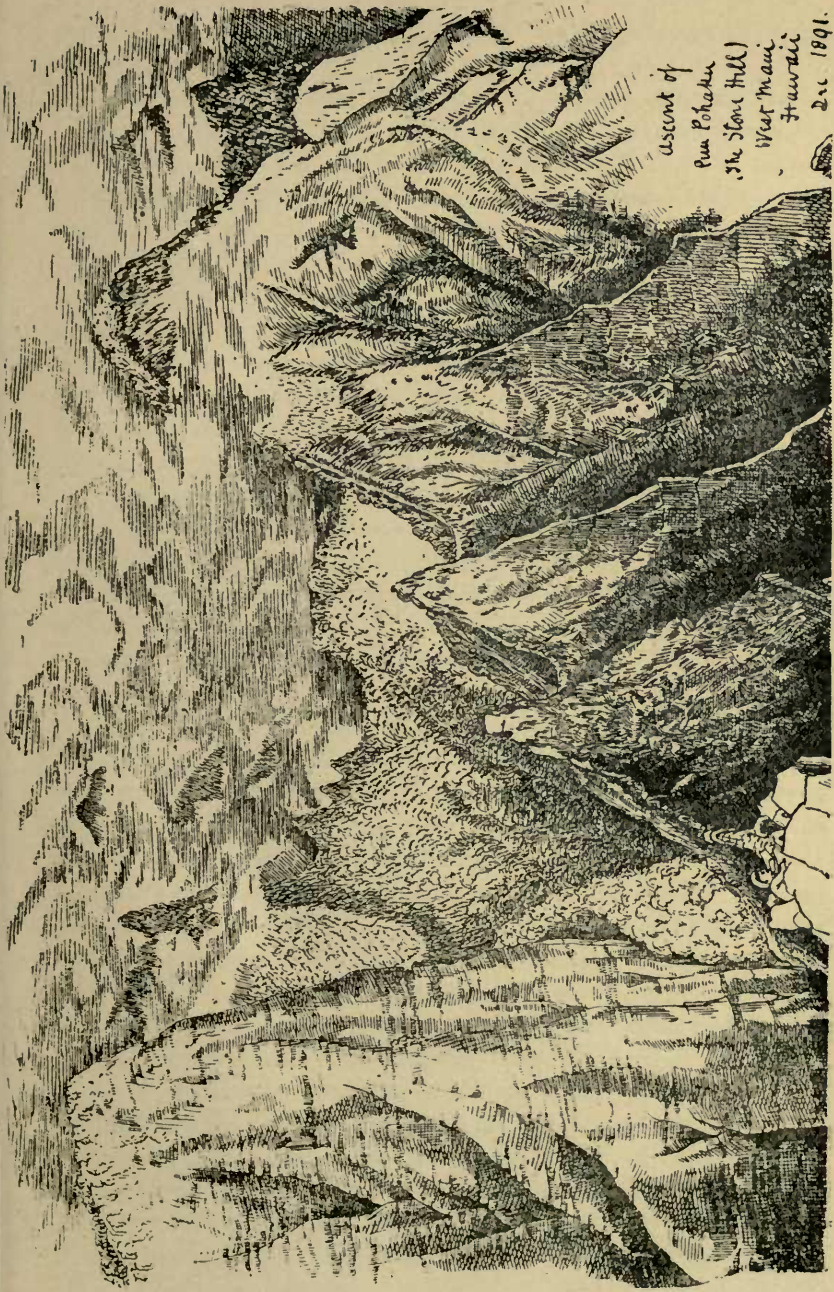
Near the funeral-houses of some native families, perched on several eminences, we left the horses at a cottage. When a few thousand feet had been ascended, we looked back, over a desert of bare rocks, to patches of vivid green sugar-cane near the sea.

The monotony of climbing was relieved by loosening great stones and rocks on the steep sides of the narrow ridge; and then, holding on by the finger-nails to anything we could, they were pushed over by our feet, as we scuttled up to more secure positions to watch the rocks dashing down, being smashed to bits with fire and smoke as they struck other rocks, and loosening still more on their course, all descended together with a roar like a magnificent thunderstorm, echoing and re-echoing among those deep stony ravines.

Presently, the mountain became so narrow that it never entered my head to go any farther; and while we ate a little cake, and drank economically from the canteens, there was an opportunity of viewing the scenery.

Where we stood, the mountain was about four feet wide—the coupée at Serk is nothing to it. On the right was the Ukumehame valley, deep and terrible, with frightful cliffs towering up on the other side, and ravines branching out in every direction without a blade of vegetation. On the other side was a chasm, equally deep, with a vertical cliff, Lihau, on the other side, rising one mile high out of the brook far below us. We sent some rocks down there, and the wild goats fled in dismay as the avalanches came down, and the bo'sn birds flew from their nests on the opposite wall of rock, just as one sees them hundreds of miles away from their homes, flying over the ships in Mid Pacific. That is the Olowalo valley.

It spreads out, further on, into a deep broad basin densely wooded, and at the opposite end is divided from the Iao valley by a thin wall of rock a few thousand feet high, thickly draped with leafage. Over this wall great banks of black cloud rolled,



Ascent of
Puu Pohaku
the Stone Hill
West Maui
Hawaii
Dec 1891.

Hale Pohaku.

through which, now and then, could be seen the summits of the mountains.

Our narrow mountain was connected with a more substantial hill, passing on its way two sharp pinnacles, buttressed by two marvellous walls of stone rising from the depths of the valley, and looking, for all the world, as if built of ashlar masonry. To that hill we then proceeded, and the ridge becoming so narrow, we had to "straddle" the mountain—for there was no room to walk along it—either leg dangling in a different valley, while, as Americans would say, we could spit into the brooks thousands of feet below on either side.

The two pinnacles were scaled, and we had to jump from the side of one on to the thin wall beyond, which was all the more alarming as many of the rocks and stones were loose, and gave way as we advanced; but when the substantial hill was reached—Hale Pohaku (the House of Stone)—to my joy, I found that it was clothed with bushes on the other side, into which I thankfully dived, and by their aid ascended the hill in safety; When recrossing those slender walls and peaks, the clouds mercifully came down and shrouded the dizzy chasms below from our sight.

Some of the Lahaina people who do not possess summer residences, enjoy life in the holidays by camping in the mountains, shooting their game, and sending down once or twice a week for anything they may want. We went up to one of the camping places with several horses and a tent.

The tent was erected beneath a *Koa*, or *Kou* tree. I do not know which is which; but this tree was a remarkable one, the shape of a mushroom. The stem was not very large, and only six or eight feet high; but the boughs were of immense length. The tent was pitched several yards from the stem, and a huge fire was made some considerable way from that, and, at a respectful distance from its scorching heat, we sat in a fork in the bough beyond the fire, still a long way from the extremity of the tree. But I did not think of measuring it. The leaves hang in the same manner as a gum tree.

Abundant water was found in some old cart ruts; but we secured no game. The only turkeys we heard were far away

down some almost impossible gulches. The air at the camp was fresh and bracing; and from the edge of a precipice, we could see the North Star, Great Bear, the Pleiades, and the Southern Cross.

By way of interesting and amusing the people of Lahaina, we gave a concert in aid of some charity. Amuse? Yes! And why not amuse? Although thoroughly satisfied that the Problem of Life is a very serious matter, I am entirely out of touch with those who are content to treat life as a chronic funeral! Unless such persons have contracted an evil conscience, or are afflicted with an unhealthy liver, they should be prepared to look for the ever-recurring sunny side of revolving years; and when the sun is shining, to make the hay.

True, were prosperity and brightness to scatter roses in the path without intermission, would not the appreciation of such prodigality be somewhat dimmed? Is it not rather the danger of scaling the bleak path across the crags where clouds enshroud in darkness the terrible precipice, or the keen disappointment of falling back and having to ascend all over again, that affords realisation of the brightness allotted to every wayfarer in due season?

If the artist paints his canvas all black, or overlays the panel entirely with gilding, where is the picture? It is the judicious mingling of light with the shadow and the colouring that gives the effect. And where is the melody if the harper uses but one string? Is it not the disposition of succeeding notes varied by a minor strain, the crescendo rising to full power and dying away again to a whisper, that produces what we call music? So is life. How dull would it be were it all funeral!

I am ready to censure the Doctors of the Church who tabulated the deadly sins as only seven, omitting that of Morbid Moroseness. Or is it only an irregularity in my own mind, because, looking back across the vista of days that are spent, deeply scored as it is by severe disappointments and hardships, my memory serves me very kindly, retaining for the most part happy thoughts of those I have met and known, even moulding unpleasing events into merely shadowy forms in an otherwise

sunny landscape? Basking in that brightness afforded by Providence has ever sustained me in my varied life; and at my funeral I hope to be allowed grey horses.

Thus K. and I endeavoured to shed a ray of cheerfulness across the monotonous life at Lahaina by giving a concert. Everybody entered into it. An enormous stone hall was lent, and a proportionate amount of talent discovered. A stage was fitted up like a "parlour," and the great hall was crowded with people, white and brown. The school children sang some pretty things in English and Hawaiian; and there were excellent songs and recitations and readings given by the "high-toned" people.

A great statesman, who declined to sing or recite, eventually offered to tell the anecdote of a candidate for Parliament addressing his constituents: "How were you received?" inquired a friend. "Very well," was the reply. "Were any flowers sent on to the platform?" "Oh, yes! lots. Beautiful bouquets and cauliflowers." "Any fruit?" "Yes, plenty. Turnips, apples, squashes, and potatoes." "Any eggs?" "Yes, lots!" "Were they rotten eggs?" inquired the friend. "Oh, no! they were not rotten eggs; but I guess the chicken that laid them was not very well!"

The next day we were lunching at a restaurant kept by a Roman Catholic Chinese family, where we had once eaten bamboo-shoots as a delicacy. I told Johnnie to put just a wee bit of dried devil-fish into the soup. It is rather like Bombay duck. Arriving at the appointed hour, we were nearly stunned by an overpowering smell of evil in the house; and lo! when the soup was brought in, the stench drew nearer! Escape through the window being fruitless, we were compelled to face it, and, saying grace, we proceeded to taste the soup. How awful! As we surmised, that was where the malodour proceeded from. However, thinking that devil-fish might be an acquired taste, we ventured to take another sip or two, though with no better success. We inquired then if the devil-fish had gone bad. But Johnnie said, "Oh no! him very good." Yet we did not eat our soup; for we thought, perhaps, that the devil-fish's mother was not very well!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PALACE OF THE SUN.

IN several of the Polynesian groups there is a *mele* relating to the arrival of the Polynesian race in the Tropics, from their original North Western home, what time one of their heroes—Joshua-like—detained the Sun, bargaining with him that day and night, in their new abode, should be of equal duration; so that, in such a fruitful Country, with an equable climate all the year round, they would be able leisurely to till their taro patches. In the Hawaiian Islands, the scene of this transaction was localised on the Island of Maui, where a Demigod of that name detained the Sun in the extinct crater of Haleakala, which means “The House of the Sun”.

The letters R and L in this language being interchangeable, we at once recognise the Egyptian Ra—the Sun.

Haleakala is a steep mountain, with no beauty of outline, rising in one clear sweep, from the bed of the ocean, to ten thousand and thirty-two feet above the sea. The lee flank is almost destitute of timber, and of a reddish hue, with no hills or valleys to diversify it. On the windward and rainy side it is very different, being scored with deep wooded cañons of exquisite beauty and grandeur, running up from the sea to the summit.

On this side travelling is difficult, as may be imagined, considering there are something like three cañons to a mile, for over thirty miles, many of them being thousands of feet deep. Each one is furnished with its roaring torrents and splendid waterfalls, everything being smothered in superb vegetation, the abode of wild cattle and wild peacocks.

At the top of the vast mountain is the largest crater on our planet, twenty-seven miles round its Z-shaped lip, and two thousand seven hundred feet deep. What a magnificent place to contain the Sun, during Maui's interview.

As there are no *meles* referring to the activity of this crater, it is presumed that it has not been in action since the Islands have been inhabited,—for the *meles* relate every occurrence of importance in ancient as well as modern times,—and yet it has the strange appearance of looking as fresh as if only deserted yesterday by the Goddess Pele, and her satellites. Within the crater is hardly a blade of vegetation, with the exception of “silver sword” (*ensis argentea*)—a sort of yucca—which I believe is peculiar to this crater, and to the two great mountains of Hawaii, only growing in old lava, and at a great altitude.

The precipices enclosing the frightful abyss are ragged, and black like ink. The floor is made up of congealed lava-flows, grey, black, and rusty red, all running for miles towards one or other of the three huge rents in the towering walls. From the floor rise about twenty cinder cones, each one a mountain; one of them being seven hundred feet high, and each furnished with a funnel-shaped pit in the centre, with the lips as clear cut and well defined as if they had only just ceased vomiting forth their evil gases and flames from Pele's workshops below. The weight of lava inside one cone had burst the side out; and there remains a pond of congealed lava inside, with a torrent escaping towards Koolau gap, yet, not running now, but all cold and hard as death, all sand and ashes and dust.

The whole of the enormous expanse within the encircling cliff looks dead, unearthly, forsaken by all that is good—a scene of mighty desolation and ghastly silence—a huge deserted smithy, the giant workmen just gone. Huge! yes, so huge! so majestic! The workshops of Vulcan and the Cyclops must have been puny compared with Haleakala.

One cannot help thinking that St. John and Doré and Dante must have gone to the Hawaiian Islands, and visited some of the wonders that few have ever seen. Dante describes Haleakala exactly:

There is a place in depths of Hell
 Called Malebolge, all of rock dark-stained
 With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep
 That round it circling winds. Right in the midst
 Of that abominable region yawns
 A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame
 Due time shall tell. The circle that remains
 Throughout its round, between its gulf and base,
 Of the high craggy banks, successive forms,
 The bastions in its hollow bottom raised.

Scientists describe Haleakala as a crater, or caldera, similar in construction to those of Mokuoweoweo and Kilauea, which are cavities in almost level uplands. But Haleakala is a steep mountain, suggesting to my mind the idea of having been split open into three parts by an earthquake, and then filled up by lava to the present level of its floor; just as a piece of coal in the fire is seen to be split open by the expansion of the bituminous matter within, which then bubbles out into the vent, with jets of smoke and flame representing a miniature eruption of Haleakala.

When I wished to ascend the mountain, a doctor who lived at its foot, about ten miles from the summit, was good enough to ask K. and me to dine with him, so as to make an easy start.

The weather had been very bad, with a heavy snow-fall on the mountain, and people warned us not to go: but we determined to make the venture, with the result of reaping a splendid success. So fine was the evening, that several times during dinner, the doctor called us out on to the verandah to see the view. The full moon was rising behind Haleakala, which stood out clear against the sky, with just a few light mists floating across about half way up; and in the other direction were the beautiful Eka mountains of West Maui, capped with a great bank of moon-lit clouds.

At 10 p.m. the start was made. I wore two flannel shirts, and a jacket, and an ulster. At midnight the last habitation, and the last water for man and beast, was passed at about four thousand feet. Of course, we took provisions, which reminds me of the advice of a very staunch teetotaller, who recommended

us to be sure to take whisky, because even the most rabid American teetotallers drink whisky at Haleakala!

A few thousand feet more, and we had risen above the clouds. We watched some of them roll along beneath us round the side of the mountain, and float across the plain, to swell the fleecy mass reposing on Eka.

A pair of trousers, now put on over breeches and boots, did not succeed in making me warm enough to keep the frost from fingers and toes; and owing to the rarity of the air, climbing became hard work, causing the heart to bump heavily.

For about an hour we lost the track, and had to wander about among rocks and bushes; and when it was found again, we were glad enough to rest often, sheltering from the piercing wind behind the horses and bushes. The sea in the distance, after a recent gale, looked magnificent in the moon-light, as it rolled on to the beach on either side of the isthmus of sand connecting the two mountains.

It was still full night at 5:30 when we reached some rocks. "Hold!" cried K.; and, in another step or two, we should have fallen over the cliff into the crater. Then what a marvellous prospect burst upon us! We were perfectly silent as we gazed on in the deepest awe and wonder. Near our feet a cloud was moving along filling all the crater, and around it the tops of the irregular circle of mountains stood out clear and black, those opposite appearing quite close though so far across. Beyond, seeming to reach almost into the limitless regions of infinite space, we looked down upon banks of fleecy grey clouds, through which, a hundred and twenty miles away over the sea, the snows of the Hawaiian mountains rose two miles above the cloud line, looking as distinct as if only a short distance off.

The horizon had the anomalous appearance of being on a level with us, as if the mountain stood in a basin. In the East a broad band of blood red light expanded—the first streak of dawn. Between our standing place and the rolling cloud in the crater, when the eye became used to the gloom, could be seen away below the bottom of the yawning gulf, with now and then a glimpse of the cones with their funnel-shaped pits, giving an

unearthly aspect to the already uncanny scene, as we peered down into the darkness.

Although far above the trade winds, now and then cold gusts rushed by without any sound, like spirits.

We were speechless. Thoughts were too sacred to be expressed. And at length, when we did venture to speak a few words, the sound of human voices grated harshly on the ears; and one almost felt that our intrusion might startle the weird procession of shadowy clouds sweeping past our hiding-place in a cranny among the sable rocks.

And now daylight increases. The endless vista of clouds outside is making preparation to salute the Monarch of Day, while those within the crater become more hurried and more filmy as they speed silently on, and twirl round each silent cone, dipping into the cup as if caressing dear friends, much loved in spite of the hideous repugnance of cold death. Soon the crater is vacated by every vestige of cloud and vapour, just as the Sun rises—a golden orb of marvellous brilliancy in that wonderful atmosphere, so far removed from the fogs and mists of the world below.

The nightly inhabitants have all filed out of Haleakela, leaving the grim Palace of the Sun empty, and prepared to receive her rightful Lord.

But without, over the ocean, all is activity. The clouds, aroused by the warm light, begin to surge and swell, assuming all sorts of strange and fantastic forms—giant horses and chariots, great hosts of warriors, huge monsters, all illuminated with radiant sheen, as they welcome the mighty Potentate to his Home.

And yet, strange sight; it is not day! For, turning round, one discovers night still shrouding the other side to the West. There is the full moon high in the sky, the calm grey clouds are still slumbering over the mountains of Eka, while the plains sleep on beneath them in the darkness. The waves, rolling in upon the distant beach, still sparkle in the moon-beams; while, to the East, is day in all its brilliance, bustle and life. Day and night both at the same time in one prospect!

I have seen the Sun rise from behind the Sacred Heights of

Sinai. I have seen Him rise from the horizon of the snowy prairies, and from the waters of boundless oceans; but to see Him rise up into His own Majestic Palace, reared aloft two miles in the midst of the Pacific, and under such exceptionally favourable circumstances, was beyond everything sublime.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL TO THE ISLANDS.

THE next thing, after breakfast, was a scramble of three miles along the brink of the crater, to a place where a bank of cinders affords an easy descent to the floor.

We indulged in forty winks, lying in the hot sun on the edge of a cone with our legs hanging over into the pit. The hole was not many hundred feet deep, however, like another one somewhere about there, into which a rock can be rolled without ever hearing it reach the bottom! Then there was an unfortunate scramble on to an old flow of *aa*, as the natives call the roughest kind of lava.

Here a huge lava tunnel had collapsed, showing very satisfactorily the way in which lava "freezes" over, layer upon layer, forming a beautifully constructed arch, within whose shelter the molten stream flows on unchecked by the outer air, elongating the tunnel as it progresses.

We were glad enough to exchange *aa* even for sand and ashes, until reaching the foot of the beetling crag shutting us into that strange place. This cliff, nearly three thousand feet, had to be scaled. The lower part was a bank of loose ashes, lying at their natural angle, with just a few tufts of a kind of grass. With every step it gave way, causing much more toil. The upper part consisted of ragged walls of basalt and lava, almost perpendicular. At sea-level it would have been nothing of a climb; but ten thousand feet above the sea, the air was so unsubstantial, that a few yards at a time was all that could be attempted; so that three hours and three quarters were spent in severe labour and sorrow.

Near the top we saw what we imagined to be some fungi,

or perhaps pigeons, or goats. Upon nearer approach, they turned out to be very fine specimens of the "silver-sword" plant. The lustrous effect—just like burnished silver—is produced by fine silvery hairs covering the clusters of sabre-shaped leaves. With considerable danger and difficulty, I managed to procure one; but the prize eventually had to be abandoned, for all my fingers were required for clinging on to the face of that terrible cliff.

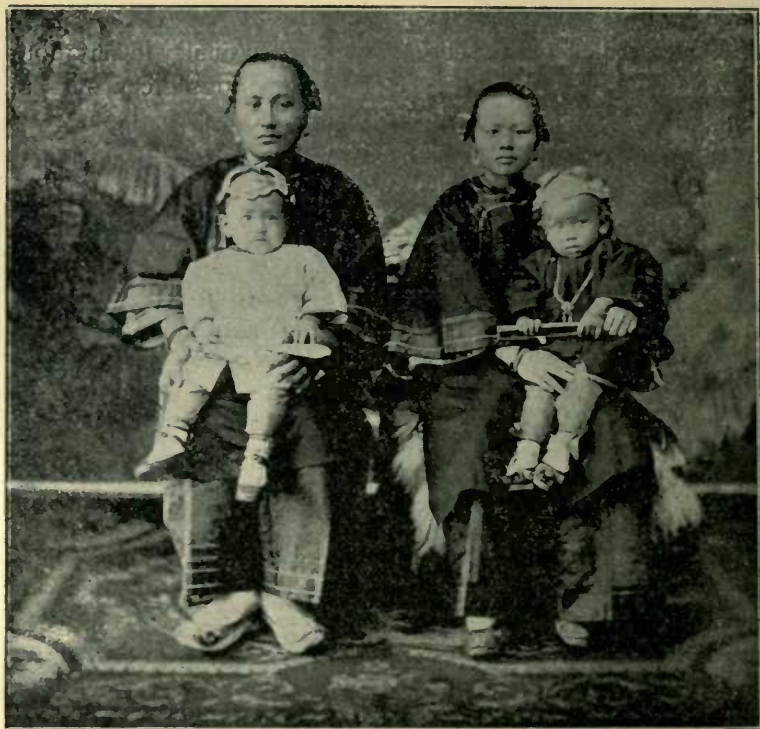
Once arrived at the top, there was no difficulty in scrambling along to the "nose bag". After demolishing its contents, and sucking some ice, we gazed down once more upon our recent track below—the place of the fires and fiery floods of that island's dawning years.

And now, "cold upon the dead volcano, sleeps the gleam of dying day"; the lowering sun begins to tip with pink the snowy heights of Hawaii, rising over the opposite walls of the crater; and its nocturnal shadowy visitors have peeped round the corner of a great bluff several times, as if watching for our departure. Then we hastily descend, in fact, so hastily, that in little more than two hours inhabited regions were reached, where dinner was procured in a very dirty Chinese restaurant; and snug beds were provided by a hospitable Scotch store-keeper.

The next evening, riding into town just about dusk, a number of horsemen were going out. Salutations were exchanged, and we supposed that there was an evening party somewhere, to which we regretted we had not been asked. But it was not so; and it was as well we had not received a forcible invitation. It was a raid on a Chinese Settlement, for the purpose of obtaining taxes from some of those who are not over-anxious to satisfy the requirements of the Government.

Sometimes such an attack is very good fun. It is "just into" the hands of the natives, always ready to hark back to their former wild instincts. The village is surrounded. Nevertheless, some of the recusants escape into the cane, or elsewhere; and then the hunt begins. Occasionally, John uses his knife freely, no doubt adding gusto to the sport from the natives' point of view.

On Hawaii, there was a great disturbance among a number of newly-imported Chinese labourers, who rose against the agent, and threatened to murder him. The agent, a Chinese gentleman, behaved with the greatest fortitude under trying and hazardous circumstances, only considering the safety of his good little wife and the children.



The wives of two Chinese planters. One a native Hawaiian, the other a Chinese lady.

Chinese secret societies are very terrible. Lots are cast to decide who is to perpetrate the murder.

On the occasion of this rising, the natives were turned loose upon the Chinese. The brown men against the yellow. How the natives did enjoy it, to be sure! They seized every Chinaman they could find, even dragging an invalid out of his bed.

They slung them across their horses, and making them fast by the pigtail, galloped off with them to a large cage where lepers are detained before being sent to Molokai. There the unfortunate Johnnies were shut in. It is only fair to add, that this rough handling did not receive the approbation of the authorities.

On visiting Honolulu on one occasion, just after slackening speed, which the inter-island steamers usually do, so as not to reach the entrance of the harbour before dawn, suddenly we went full steam ahead, and put straight out to sea in the direction of a faint light. What was it? Could it be a new volcano rising from the deep? No such luck. It was a whale-ship on fire. We came within a mile of the conflagration and found all hands in the boats pulling for the Islands. They were taken on board, and brought ashore.

Before closing this brief account of my sojourn in the Hawaiian Islands, I will state that, from an Ecclesiastical point of view, the recent revolution from a Native Limited Monarchy, to a private Republic officered mainly by sons of American Missionaries, has had the effect of weakening the faith of the natives in that form of Christianity introduced by those who came to teach, but whose descendants remained to usurp power. Owing to this, natives are going over in numbers to the Roman Church and to the Mormons, many, however, returning to their Old Faith, or drifting to indifference. A few have left the American Mission for the Anglican Church. But the Anglican Diocese is worked on such a limited scale, that it cannot cope with the demand. In brief, it is not esteemed—horrible thought!—a “fashionable mission” at home.

Let us see if the Church will rise to this occasion, and do her best to save, at least from heathenism and atheism, that remnant of the ancient race which is not already taken in hand by the more energetic Romans and Mormons. England discovered the Country, and gave it to the world. Have the natives of those Islands, then, no great claim upon the Church of England?

The last event that affected me in the Islands was the

decease of a promising young native, whom I had known as a fine athletic fellow. He died of galloping consumption. The Bishop and his good wife brought him to the College, where they nursed him with the greatest love and tenderness. The last time I saw him, there was hardly anything of his face left save his large faithful brown eyes, with which he seemed to speak, for his voice was gone. He was a good fellow, having no fear of death; and it is an interesting fact, that he wished some young Chinese converts—friends of his—to receive the last Sacrament with him. But before the appointed time arrived he had passed to the Region where types and shadows have their ending.

The Cathedral choir, headed by the emblem of Salvation, attended the funeral; and at the close of the service, the poor mother “lifted up her voice and wept” to an accompaniment of moanings from the other members of the family. And thus the bereaved mother “wailed” because her son was not.

One of the institutions of Honolulu is going to the wharf to see the steamers start for America. Everybody is there, either looking on, or bidding adieu to friends, and loading them with *leis* of lovely flowers. The band plays every lively tune it knows, brown children swim about in the water, and all is bright and gay until the time of departure arrives. Then the lump comes in the throat, and farewell has to be said, while the band renders various national anthems, not forgetting Old England.

But how dreadful it is when one's own turn comes for leaving that land of light and love, and many friends! The last “God speed” has been said, the last garlands fastened round the neck, and the huge steamer moves slowly away. The people on shore cheer; but the sound is lost in the strains of the band as it plays—

Should auld acquaintance be forgot;

and the last air that reaches the ear is—

Aloha oe, aloha oe,
Oh! fond embrace,
Until we meet again!

PART III.—(C).

CHAPTER I.

THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA.

THREE days from the coast of North America a dense mist came on, and the melancholy whistle blew every few minutes day and night. When, at last, the fog lifted, we found ourselves off Monterey in California, some way South of San Francisco, so that we had to coast up to the Golden Gates.

Although only fifty years old, the great city of San Francisco has a population of three hundred thousand. It is a marvellous place, fifty years ahead of New York, as New York is in many ways fifty years in advance of London. Hundreds of miles of trams worked without horses, traverse the broad well-built streets. "Activity," "Push," and "Sin," are words not nearly forcible enough to give an adequate idea of life.

I was fortunate in having an introduction to an American gentleman of the place, who, like other American gentlemen, resembled a gentleman of any other Country.

But the average person of San Francisco is an expectorating blaspheming creature, taking an overweening pride in the iniquity of his city. He blasphemes and expectorates without ceasing. If you look to see if the man coming your way is an acquaintance, open goes his mouth, and he snorts and roars to clear his throat, and expectorates volumes. Everybody, at the street corners, coming out of shops, or getting into cars, is in a chronic state of snorting and expectorating, till the noise of "hawking and spitting," grunting and splashing, causes the whole town to sound like a continual hog-fair. At the

table d'hôte and restaurant it is the order of the day; and even in the ward-room of Men-of-War, the filthy habit is only somewhat modified. Streets, side-walks, and the marble pavements of hotels, are all swimming in filth, so much so, that I invariably went about in goloshes with my trousers turned up; and when playfully asked if I did so because I thought it might be rainy in London, I replied in all seriousness that it was necessary to keep myself dry in a Country where the ground is always under water!

A consumptive friend of mine went to a show where the people became very excited. The greater the excitement, the greater the expectoration; until the delicate man had to go home, put his wet feet into hot water and mustard, take a stiff glass of toddy, and go to bed.

Such a filthy habit should be eradicated from America. Americans are far too good for it. It should be made a matter of training at school, it should be denounced from the pulpit, scorned by the press, and condemned by congress. City and other public authorities should, in the meantime, provide retiring places at the corners of every street, and at the end of every car, where the American citizen—the boasted son of freedom—could withdraw from sight and hearing, and there snort and grunt and expectorate himself even to the death, if so disposed. But—in private!

In presumptuous pictures of the Realms above, the redeemed are usually represented without socks and shoes. Would it not altogether spoil the whole thing if we have to wear goloshes upon the Golden Floor? But such will undoubtedly be the case if many plebeian Americans attain to Heaven!

At my hotel the inevitable interviewer came for me. He was a very nice fellow, and we had a long chat, with the result that, in a day or two, a sensational blood-and-thunder article appeared in a paper, headed "An awful thirst; or what it takes to spread the Gospel in the North of Queensland"!

The accent of the average American is no doubt all right; but to some people's ears it is rather terrible; though, perhaps, no worse than Scotch or London or Bristol brogues. On the Coast it is a little strong. It permeates everything. You even

hear the Jews in the hotels talking German with the Western accent; and in Church, the Roman Catholics sing Latin with the same penetrating twang.

One night I went with a detective to see some of the dens in the town, especially in China Town, where thirty thousand Chinamen, of low degree, live in a comparatively small block—a horrid slum!

We went to a theatre first, and saw the actors and their families in their homes, a sort of rabbit warren under ground. The passages—barely large enough for an Englishman to walk through—were lit with gas. The rooms were about ten feet each way, many of them without any windows or gratings, or possible means of obtaining air or day-light. The smell of gas, drains, opium, tobacco, oil lamps, and the pastiles always burning before the inevitable shrines, was terrific. Most of the rooms were clean, others filthy. Some of the people were very nice and well-conducted. In one den—a dirty, smelling one—a little cripple-girl sang some Chinese songs, and then one of Moody and Sankey's hymns in English.

The green-room was very interesting. Women do not act, but men make up as women. The dresses were splendid. We were given seats on the stage by the side of the actors, and some children came and made friends with me.

The floor of the auditorium was occupied by men, while the women filled the gallery. There was no scenery, the orchestra being located immediately behind the actors; and above the central archway was a beautifully carved grill, screening a Temple—right in the centre of everything.

We then visited some sumptuous Chinese restaurants and bazars; inspected some opium dens and other strange places; called upon a family who lived in a sort of cupboard, with a score or so of cats and dogs; and went to all kinds of shops.

One day I visited a couple of Temples. They were got up very much like small Italian Churches, or second-rate ritualistic ones in London.

Although the Chinese manner is not to uncover the head in the Joss House, I always do so, because I believe Joss to be the Chinaman's conception of the Supreme Being.

In one of the Temples dedicated to five of the prophets—or Gods, as Puritans would consider them—I had my fortune told. I wanted to see all about it. A servitor lit two candles illuminated with gaudy colours, and a lot of pastiles; he bowed down to the ground, and prayed; he beat a drum, and rang a bell to wake up Joss; and then threw two pieces of wood like bananas only flat on one side. They indicated a favourable prognostication. Then he shook a bamboo dice-box, containing a hundred slips of wood, all numbered. One piece of wood rose up from among the rest as he shook, and consulting the corresponding number in a book, he told me all about it. He then burned sundry papers with certain devices in the centre in red and gold, and the prayers ascended with the smoke. More bell, more drum,—that is all.

Every few years, the statues of those five worthies are taken in solemn procession round the town.

I went to the coast to see the seals on the rocks; but it was too early in the year for the Yosemite, and too foggy to visit some friends at a vine ranch in California.

In America, by the term “The Far West,” is meant that part which lies to the East of the Rockies; that to the West, between the range and the Pacific, being known as “The Coast”.

Going up the Coast, the traveller embarks in a steamer at San Francisco to cross the harbour and take train at the other side.

Upon getting “on board the cars” for a three days’ journey to Canada, the first thing to do was to look through the train to see who might be a likely person to chum with in my temporary home. A man in spectacles, whom I had not noticed, addressed me. After a few minutes’ conversation, we had gauged each other with sufficient satisfaction, and forthwith settled down for the trip.

My new companion was the son of a British officer. He had been living a wild Bohemian life for many years; sometimes sojourning in the cities on the coast, and anon camping among the Rockies. He was not overburdened with a superfluity of the dogmatic or practical form of religion, which usually goes for orthodoxy. For instance, when lamenting the

loss of his wife, for which I readily expressed my sorrow, he informed me that she was not dead, but, that living so many years in the States, he had, without scruple, availed himself of the privileges of his adopted Country, and divorced his wife. "The fact of the matter is," said he, "I could not stand my mother-in-law, so I shunted them both"!

In Honolulu, the relations existing between mothers-in-law and their children appear, in many instances, to differ from those assigned to them by the vulgar jests of the public. The beautiful villas of the foreign residents stand on velvet lawns; and near to many of them, on the same lawn, are smaller houses, one or more. What are these? They are the houses of the married children, whose newly-acquired relations live quite harmoniously under the shadows of the same palm and fig-tree as the mother-in-law.

Among the white inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, however, matters are different. Arriving in a Man-of-War at Suva, some of the officers went with me to see an exhibition opened by the Governor. While examining various productions of the Islands, a man came to inquire for the chaplain of the English ship, and was at once presented to me, being a clergyman. He stated that "his mother-in-law, by his first wife," had died; and as the clergymen belonging to the Islands had both gone to England for a holiday, would I oblige him by burying his dead? Bearing in mind the relationship, I considerably replied "with pleasure".

It seemed that, upon marrying his first wife, the man had taken the deceased to live with them. When his wife died, the good fellow still kept her mother, who had become a great invalid. Marrying another wife, together they tended the old lady as if she had been their own mother.

The day after the funeral, at which the body was brought to the picturesque cemetery by sea in a rowing boat, the skipper and I proposed a ride. Going ashore early, I undertook to find horses, and was directed to the stables of the exemplary son-in-law. The following day the skipper asked me to pay for the horses; but, the man refused to receive anything, "because," said he, "you buried my mother-in-law." "But

what about the skipper's horse?" I urged. "Oh! no. The skipper was with you, and did not you bury my mother-in-law?"

During my sojourn in those islands, I was frequently hiring horses; and when leaving the Country, and settling up accounts, amongst the other trades-people, I visited the son-in-law. But not a penny would he take, because I had buried his mother-in-law!

The worst part of a long journey by train in America is, that you cannot always get a bath. You can go to bed and go to sleep; only when a fresh conductor joins the train, he wakes you up to see your ticket just as you may be dozing off. You can make friends, and can have luncheon parties and picnics on board, or at the stopping places, if so disposed; and you can purchase indecent literature *ad libitum* of the bookseller at the stall! But the heat is terrific, and the want of water very trying. Hot pipes going all round each seat, with a furnace as well at each end of a car, is far worse than the Equator; for if you open a door, or even one of the double windows for a moment, just to get one breath of air, the Americans think you are an escaped lunatic, and matters may become serious.

One morning early, near Salem City, not being very cold, I put my head out of the window of my bunk to get some air. I shut the window down tightly on to my neck, to prevent falling out, and tried to doze with my head outside. The lamentations in the car were heartrending; and they continued all day; for the people having actually breathed some air, were so very sorry for themselves! When the conductor found out where the offensive freshness came from, he woke me up rather unceremoniously, and brought me in.

The train ascends four thousand feet to a place on Mount Shasta, where everybody gets out of the rolling oven into a temperature a lot below Zero, to drink from a lovely cascade of natural soda-water, tumbling down the snow-clad cliffs of the great mountain.

All along the Coast, boundless forests of lofty pines spread out from the slopes of the snowy Cascade Mountains to the Pacific Shores. The idea is to cut every twig down; and,

wherever there is a clearing for a township or a ranch, not a single tree is left.

New townships are very wonderful. The train stops in the middle of the street. The immense town is laid out in miles of "blocks," but only a few houses are built to begin with, those being chiefly corner houses, saloons, and stores, with sometimes a row of "Churches" of opposition sects, all built on an allotment given for the purpose by some pious soul! Kilkenny cat fashion! Hence the difficulty of voluntary support!

Electric trams, full of people, speed along the unbuilt avenues; for this skeleton township is the centre of a large district, and people come to town to do their shopping.

Railways in the streets rather alarm some of the older settlers from the back blocks. An elderly lady and her daughter came to a new town for the first time. The mamma went to a railway official, and inquired if a train might be going South "No! she was too late; the train had gone." "Then was there a train going North?" "No! not for a couple of days." And she was just moving on, when she suggested "Might there be a freight train going either way?" "Not until to-morrow." Turning to her daughter, she observed, "Then, I guess, my love, we may venture across the street!"

Going up one of the long steep gradients, where the track coils about, and crosses itself hundreds of feet above, the train broke in half, and my end, without the engine, began to run back; but the Westinghouse break soon brought it to a standstill.

In places the whole train runs into colossal ferry-boats, and is taken bodily across huge rivers, where multitudes of frogs croak on the banks at night.

The only pretty town I saw was Portland, the capital of Oregon. It is built on the wooded banks of a large tributary of the mighty Columbia River, which is two miles wide, where the train is ferried over from one pine-clad bank to the other.

In a clearing between lofty pines, with a few log-huts at their huge bases, I saw a lovely view. Beyond the trees, a mist rose from the earth, with an arch of white clouds above, making a circular frame for a vision of the snowy peak of Mount

Tacoma, a volcanic cone, fourteen thousand feet high, with a glacier between the lips, like a great pearl in its radiant setting of mother shell, standing out against the blue winter sky.

Tacoma, the capital of Washington Territory, is a wonderfully energetic place, as full of bustle and business as the capital of California. It is situated on the United States coast of Puget Sound, an inland sea branching out of the Pacific, navigated by magnificent steamers, with drawing-rooms the whole length. They call at Seattle on their way across to Canada.

Puget Sound is one of the most beautiful places on earth. Through the bright frosty air the sun was shining upon the clear water, in which white gulls squabbled for the pickings from the ship's pantry. Islets and hills all round, covered with blue pines, form a fine foreground for the snow ranges of Olympia and the Cascade Mountains.

Vancouver Island, in Canada, is a delightful place, with its flourishing capital, Victoria, whence an electric car runs to the picturesque head-quarters of the British Squadron, Esquimalt.

But the Canadian port of the Pacific is the city of Vancouver, on the main land of British Columbia, a town of great promise, and the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Hard by is New Westminster, overhanging the great Fraser River. I was anxious to see the Bishop, though I hardly expected to be able to do so, as he was only just recovering from illness. One of the Vancouver clergy was good enough to escort me from one city to the other.

Getting into an omnibus in the street, which turned out to be an electric one, in a twinkling we had been whisked through the twelve intervening miles of pine forest; and the Bishop received me in his room.

The harbour at Vancouver is one of the most commodious in the world. And there, just before starting for the Rockies, I saw one of the magnificent ships of the new British Line now crossing the Pacific between Canada and Australia—the latest strand in the girdle of communication round the earth beneath

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