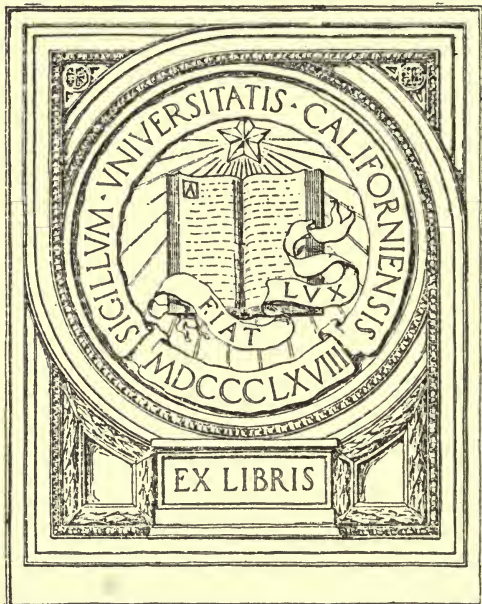




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TAHITI

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



TO MR
ABRAHAM



Tiheti

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

TAHITI

BY

TIHOTI

(GEORGE CALDERON)

*O Tahiti, nui ma rea rea, Tahiti teie i te vai
uri rau, ua rau, o te oto te manu.*

Tahiti the great, the merry, Tahiti of the many
waters and the multitudinous song of birds.



NEW YORK
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

1922

RECEIVED

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Carpenter

C. H. P.

TO
ARITANA

THE COMPANION OF MY TRAVELS

Eine grosse Landstrass' ist unsre Erd',
Wir Menschen sind Passagiere ;
Mann rennet und jaget, zu Fuss und zu Pferd,
Wie Läufer oder Kuriere.
Kaum trafen wir uns auf derselben Station,
Herzliebster Prinz Alexander,
Da bläst schon zur Abfahrt der Postillon
Und bläst uns schon auseinander.

Heine.

Изъ подъ куста туземець полуголый
Привѣтливо киваетъ головой.

E NA
TA'U HOA ITI

here rahi hia
o te parahi ra
i roto ite oire o Pape-ete,
ua haamoá hia
teinei parau.

468548

CONTENTS

SECTION	PAGE
i. TAHITI	17
ii. ARRIVAL	18
iii. PAPE-ETE BY DAY	19
iv. PAPE-ETE BY NIGHT	21
v. BAYADÈRES	24
vi. AT THE HOTEL	29
vii. ARITANA ON RARATONGA	31
viii. ARITANA'S MUSIC	34
ix. TAHITOPHILS	36
x. HIMENÉ SINGING	39
xi. TAHIRI-I-TE-RAI	41
xii. IN THE MISSION GARDEN	46
xiii. BAIN DE LOTI	51
xiv. AT THE PROTESTANT SCHOOL	53
xv. MORMONS	54
xvi. THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS	57
xvii. FAUTAUA	61
xviii. THE NATURE MAN	70
xix. SECOND VISIT TO THE NATURE MAN	74
xx. DEMOVSKI	80
xxi. THE DECAY OF THE COLONY	83
xxii. HALF-CASTES	86
xxiii. ON THE ROAD TO TARAVAO : DEPARTURE FROM PAPE-ETE	89
xxiv. ON THE ROAD : AT MOITUA'S	94
xxv. AT LANTÉRÈS'	103

SECTION	PAGE
XXVI. AT TEMAIEVA'S	108
XXVII. HIMENÉ PRACTICE FOR THE FÊTE	115
XXVIII. AT AMARU'S	117
XXIX. AMARU AS A NATURE MAN	128
XXX. CHILDREN : TE-HEI AND ARII-ROO	135
XXXI. A DAY AT VAANUI	141
XXXII. THE TAHU'A RA'AU	150
XXXIII. WALKING SOUTH : THE HOTU POOL	153
XXXIV. AT MAHEI'S	157
XXXV. A PERSONAL MATTER	160
XXXVI. AT THE PROTESTANT DEACON'S	163
XXXVII. LEGENDS	168
XXXVIII. DESOLATION	179
XXXIX. WALKING SOUTH : AT TAUVA'S	181
xl. IN TAIARAPU	190
xli. SONGS OF THE SOUTH SEAS	215
xlii. UTES	222
xliii. STILL ON THE ROAD	225
xliv. THE PIGLING FEAST	229
xlv. THE RIDE	234
xlvi. PAPE-ETE REVISITED	241
xlvii. NATIVES IN PAPE-ETE	248
xlviii. THE REEF-PASS OF TOATÁ	252

LIST OF PLATES

(From pencil sketches by George Calderon. Unfortunately many of these sketches are done on very rough, water-colour paper, which causes some of the delicacy to be lost in reproduction.—ED.)

TIHOTI	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A CHARMING PAPE-ETEAN	<i>Facing page</i> 20
MANÁ	" " 30
MARIA, RARATONGA	" " 32
THE PROFESSOR	" " 34
CACUNU	" " 40
TAHIRI-I-TE-RAI (<i>from a photograph by Aritana</i>)	" " 44
PITI	" " 48
TUMA	" " 52
MRS YOUNG OF PITCAIRN ISLAND	" " 58
E PUHIPUHI POTO	" " 64
TE TAATÁ HURUHURU	" " 70
PAHI A FAÚA	" " 76
TETUANUI	" " 80
MANU	" " 84
MARCEL, AFA FARANI	" " 88
TE TUMAREVA	" " 92
MOITUA	" " 94
MARAE	" " 96
NATH	" " 100
MAURI TAINO (A TINO)	" " 106
WAHINA TU'UA (O TUA)	" " 110
GILBERT ISLANDER	" " 114
PORTRAIT OF TIHOTI (<i>myself</i>)	" " 116

MANARII	<i>Facing</i>	<i>page</i>	122
TAÚ	”	”	128
TAUA'S BABY	”	”	136
U'ÚPA	”	”	138
TOIMÁTA	”	”	142
AIHO	”	”	146
TUPUAI A FAÚA	”	”	150
ROUGH MAP OF TAHITI	”	”	152
AT MAHEI'S (ONE OF THE BOYS)	”	”	158
MĀWÍ	”	”	164
AN EASTER ISLANDER	”	”	170
TE HEA	”	”	182
E HEI AMOA	”	”	190
MAGGIE OF RARATONGA	”	”	194
AITU	”	”	196
A POU MOTU ISLANDER	”	”	200
VIVI (POUMOTU)	”	”	204
KAIRANGI	”	”	208
MARAA	”	”	216
WILLIAM TOU (AITUTAKI)	”	”	226
JENNY ELLIS (AITUTAKIAN)	”	”	228
RUERA (THE OTHER TYPE OF AITUTAKIAN)	”	”	230
A MARQUESIENNE	”	”	234
THIS	”	”	236
TE HUIRA (ILES AUSTRALES)	”	”	240
AIFATA AHOMOTU (MARQUESAS ISLANDS)	”	”	246
TE FAITO	”	”	250

PREFACE

GEORGE CALDERON was killed in Gallipoli on 4th June 1915. He had visited Tahiti in 1906. Its people and their life had sunk very deeply into his heart ; but when he returned home he deliberately put his diaries aside, postponing for several years the book he intended to write, in order that he might recall the memory in due perspective. Meanwhile he made laborious and exhaustive research into the history of the European influences to which the island had been exposed, for comparison with his own impressions.

He began to write his book in the winter of 1913-1914 and was at work on it for some months before the war. He left it incomplete, but there is a synopsis which shows how he meant to construct it. Some parts of the book were practically finished ; others existed in many forms, among his notes and sketches, and with the help of these the book has been brought to the shape in which it is now published.

There has been no smoothing or polishing by any hand but his own. Selections have been made from his papers, and certain passages come directly from the diaries which he wrote on the spot. Very often the same matter was found in different versions and that one chosen which seemed nearest to his intention. He had planned to devote a section to the language, of which he had made a very careful study, and another section to the more remote history of the island, its manners and customs. As to the first of these, no one but himself could tell how he meant to deal with his copious notes on the language ; the second is represented by a few

pages in "In Tairapu," where some of his notes are put together with his own comments. The reader will understand how the book inevitably shows unevenness, save for the chapters which had received the author's finishing touch.

When he at last made up his mind to begin this book he approached it almost with dread, lest he should not be able to recapture his old sense of the wonderful island. His pleasure was deep when he found himself able to do so. I remember the joy with which he told me that he was completely reliving those Tahitian days, that their atmosphere was all round him as he worked ; while his own experience fell into line with the knowledge that he had since acquired. The book as it now appears is far from being the book that he meant it to be, and that it would have been if he had lived. And yet, even as it is, it has seemed to those who have read it since his death to be so full of the life of which it tells that one dares to hope that his intention may not be altogether unfulfilled, that some part of it at least, and an essential part, lives in these pages.

The following note from one of his manuscripts will show the way in which he used his experience in writing *Tahiti* :—

"Everything set down in this book is true. I have thought it important, for a right understanding of individual lives, and thereby a conglomeration of detail, to give a picture of the whole, to put down personal details which I have been told or found out about people. The only untruth is that I have sufficiently disguised the personality of those of whom they are told, so that no one should recognise them."

For myself, I must add a few words of greatest gratitude

to Mr Percy Lubbock for the untiring help he has given to me in dealing with these and other manuscripts of my husband's; also to Mr Laurence Binyon for his advice in the selection and reproduction of drawings; and to the friends who worked with me in the correction of typed copies and proofs.

KATHARINE CALDERON.

Postscript.—On rereading this book it is borne in upon me that the interest and value of it would be intensified a hundredfold to the reader could he but know what manner of man it is who is speaking. I have by me a letter which gives so true a picture of my husband that I have decided, with the permission of Mr G. F. Bradby, the writer of it, to put it in my preface.—K. C.

“ . . . My memories of George go back continuously to the Eighties, when he was a boy at Rugby and I was a junior master. To know him was a romance. He was always vivid and picturesque and unlike anybody else. His wit, his chivalry, his unconventionality, his active and impetuous mind stamped everything that he did or said with a strong individuality, and made him the most versatile as well as the most attractive of companions. The people you would like most to have with you on an adventure are not generally the people you would ask to share lodgings with you at the seaside, and the people with whom you like most to talk literature are not generally the people whom you would choose for a game of pot-cricket. But George was all of these. I have so many different mental pictures of him that I can't get them all into the frame.

“ I think of him, for instance, on the Broads, rising in the grey of dawn to work at some obscure Slavonic dialect ; or at Broadstairs tossing off one-act plays of a lightness and audacity that left me gasping ; or seated at the piano with a particular air of absorption that I know well but cannot describe, or playing pot-cricket in his crimson shirt with an equal though different kind of absorption.

“ He was the most original man I have ever known. By which I don't mean merely that he combined a number of qualities which are not generally met with together, but that he was always himself and nothing else—not a projection of himself or an acting version of himself, but just himself, naked and unashamed. Nobody was ever more independent than he of external influences, so little dominated by his surroundings. It was all a part, I think, of his intense mental honesty. He never looked at the facts of life through the spectacles of convention, but always with his own eyes. He knew as well as anybody that no one is gifted with perfect vision ; his might fail him, but he would never pretend that he saw facts otherwise than as he saw them, and, regardless of consequences to himself, he stuck to his vision of ‘ things as they are,’ with dogged, almost obstinate honesty.

“ And from first to last there was always in him something of the knight-errant ; but never before have knight-errants been so witty as he was. He belonged to the type of man to whom life is neither a holiday nor an opportunity for acquiring comfort, but a great adventure. In the Middle Ages he would have been a Crusader ; in the Renaissance, when learning was the adventurous thing, he would have been a scholar. With him to believe was to act—as indifferent to ridicule as he was to praise.

“If life had denied him anything, it was the opportunity for heroic and decisive action. And so when the war came it was inevitable that in spite of his years and indifferent health he would somehow find his way into the firing line.

“The story of how he did so is a romance in itself—a romance of which only he could have been the hero. And when he vanished in the smoke of battle, we know that his heart was satisfied, for he had at last found the Great Cause for which a paladin can fight and die.”

NA TE MAU TAÁTA 'TOA :
HAERE MAI TAMAÁ

TAHITI

TAHITI is an island about the size of Middlesex, fished up in the first grey beginning of all things from the middle of the Pacific Ocean on a mother-o'-pearl hook by some three-fingered god of the Polynesians.

It is a green group of mountains rising suddenly out of the deep sea, and about its sides the coral insects have built a narrow terrace, which has got covered in the course of ages with a fertile soil and an exuberant vegetation. In the hollows of the mountains, in almost impenetrable thickets, live pigs, goats, rats, lizards and wild poultry. Man dwells only on the seashore, on the narrow terrace, in the shade of the coco-palms, and in the lower parts of the broad winding valleys, where the rivers come swinging down their stony beds between the sloping orange groves.

There is no winter there : flowers and fruits are always in season. There are no dangerous beasts or venomous insects ; no malaria or fever ; there is food wherever you go, good drinking water in every stream, shelter enough of nights under every tree ; and the people are happy, beautiful and kind.

The island was discovered in 1606 by Queiros, who called it La Sagittaria ; in 1767 by Captain Wallis of the *Dolphin*, who called it King George III.'s Island ; again the next year by Captain de Bourgainville of the *Étoile*, who called it La Nouvelle Cythère.

Since then it has been rediscovered by a great many tourists, who have called it the Island of Love, the Garden of the Pacific, the Gem of the Ocean, the Land of the Lotus and all manner of other pretty names.

The Europeans and Americans have introduced coffee, manioc, vanilla, oxen, goats, mice, mosquitoes, fleas, bicycles, sewing-machines, telephones, ice-works, concertinas, cotton frocks, corrugated iron, Christianity, Mormonism, Munyon's remedies, mouth-organs, milk-shakes, tuberculosis, syphilis

and other amenities, which have flourished exceedingly in that virgin soil and caused a number of modifications in the life of the natives, known collectively as Civilisation.

The chief centre of these modifications is Pape-ete, where there is also a French Governor, custom-house, gun-boat and tricolour flag. Pape-ete is therefore known as the capital.

§ ii

ARRIVAL

WHATEVER disillusion familiarity may bring, Pape-ete, the port of arrival, never quite loses its prestige with the traveller as the place where Tahiti first broke upon him. Nothing seemed more unlikely. The ocean is so big and vague; an island is so small and definite. It was as if the captain were a conjurer and had pulled it out of his pocket. It was cold and grey out there; the sea was rough and the deck was wet; then suddenly—Tahiti! . . . One can fancy the look of stupid surprise on the face of the god with the fishing-rod.

As the ship went in by night through the doorway of the barrier-reef¹—the coral wall that makes a half-mile ring of harbour all about the island—suddenly there was no wind, no clouds, no cold; but a star-lit sky with a silver scorpion sprawling magnificently down from the zenith with outspread claws; a soft warm air, a perfume of leaves and flowers; a pigeon-grey mountain sloping gently down from a central peak like a gipsy tent; and at the foot of it, spreading in a long and narrow line, the twinkling lights of Pape-ete, reflected in a bay as still as the canal in a Venetian picture. Moving lights too of bicycles coming down to the quay from every side to greet the new arrival; and other lights shifting on the reef behind us, lights of men and women catching fish with torch and spear.

The wharf was all dark, but the well-accustomed ship gave

¹ The reef-pass of Toatá.

one long bellow and went in like a cow to its stable. A crowd was assembled to meet it—white men and brown men in ducks and linen, and numberless brown women in night-gowns and Gainsborough hats. The chattering natives on the wharf lighted matches and held them up to find their friends aboard, and the native deck passengers stooped laughing over the ship's side and blew them out.

§ iii

PAPE-ETE BY DAY

PAPE-ETE is a collection of two or three hundred wooden houses hidden among two or three thousand trees; a place of wooden fences and trellised verandahs, of gardens with big-leaved plants, of long grass-grown streets and quiet-footed pedestrians; here and there a bicycle; carts and shays trot by occasionally; sometimes a smart gig with a French *fonctionnaire* in it and a white terrier galloping after. Civilisation circulates in Tahiti, so to speak, peripherally, or round the edge, flowing this way and that about the island by the coast road. It is by this road that the tilted post-cart, drawn by a hopeful mule and a despondent mare, carries letters and parcels to Papenoo, and a box of ice for some well-to-do German at Haapape; it is by this road that the fast-trotting wagonette carries American tourists to the house of Tati, the half-caste chief of Papara, and the little caravan of carriages containing the Governor, two secretaries and three interpreters, with native chiefs, galloping outrider, bowls on its progress to Taravao.

It is by this road that the foreign flora spreads to east and west, ousting the indigenous; for by its border the line of the villas of the rich white men stretches out into the country on either side of Pape-ete, each trimly separate in its own garden with clipped hedges of variegated coffee plant, and long scarlet tongues of the *ti papaa* or "white man's dragon plant."

Native life, which does not depend on Macadam for its movement, works radially to and fro across the track of civilisation, towards the shore for fish, towards the mountain for fruit. These are the preordained movements of the two racial elements : when the native begins to move peripherally or the white man radially the one is getting civilised and the other *canaquisé*.

In accordance with this law the main street of Pape-ete, the backbone of the town, which winds parallel to the shore, a stone's-throw from the sea, is only a piece of the peripheral artery. It contains all the great and terrifying symbols of the white man's domination : a prison like an old farmhouse, a hospital like a château, a club, a tailor's shop, a bank (closed daily from ten to two), a printing office, two laundries, a white cathedral with a blue roof, and wooden palaces in grassy courts, housing the departments of the administration ; while the side streets, which run towards the mountain—where embowered verandahs overflow with brown people ruminating or making bamboo hats—and break off impatiently in a riot of banana bushes and coco-palms, represent the native element of the town.

Except in Madame Beaulieu's garden, where canaries sing in cages, there are no birds in the inland streets ; but down on the shore there are some creatures resembling magpies, chattering and quarrelling among the trees, and an occasional grim, slate-coloured vulture-bird, called a *long-cou*, sits discontentedly on a broken fence.

In the candlelight of early morning—for the sun does not rise till seven—the market-place is a babble of *bonnes* and housewives chaffering for fruits and fowls with the country folk, who have spent the night there, sleeping by their goods. In the daytime it is a shadeless thoroughfare, not always easy to avoid, where a few disconsolate aborigines remain squatting with no apparent hope of selling what is left on their hands : yams, mangoes and bananas, tired chickens tied by the leg with a thong of twisted purao-bark, gnarled brown roots of the sugary *ti*, and green bamboo canes filled with salted coco-nut milk.

THE
OF
CATHOLICISM



A changing Republic

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The only thing awake there is a row of Chinese stores, a dozen little open-fronted shops, where exactly similar Chinamen sell exactly similar goods displayed in exactly similar order. Sewing materials and Chicago tinned meats lie on the shelves; red cotton waist-cloths hang on strings under the roofs, and behind the counter sits an unfriendly looking celestial in a chignon, who does not care a cash whether you buy or not, but very much suspects that you mean to steal.

§ iv

PAPE-ETE BY NIGHT

AT night the whole town grows mysterious and wonderful. It is very dark under the trees. No carriages or carts are running; men and women walk silently with bare feet. The air is heavy with the smell of unknown spicy things, and trembles to the "lily-slender" voice of innumerable cicadas, scattered from the earth right up into the sky. They are on the roofs of the houses, on the branches of the trees and on the spars of the German schooner which lies by the shore. Every night in Pape-ete one is surprised afresh by this deafening noise, which comes out only in the darkness, like the sweet scents with which it is so inextricably bound up in sensation; as if nature, which had been silent in the presence of man, insisted on declaring itself when he has gone. There is too much outcry for understanding; it is like bells ringing inside the skull; one feels a certain uneasiness, a vague stirring of regret and undefined desire.

Tihoti and Aritana, the two travellers, the Englishman and the Russian, walked slowly, stopping now and then to take it all in: the big-leaved unaccustomed shrubs behind the white fences, hot-house rarities lavished at random, the strong varying perfumes, the sense of peace, the glimpses of blue starlight, the yellow occasional gleam of a lamp in a low-built house, silhouetting trellis and creepers, the

mysterious life within, a strange voice from time to time in the distance.

An opening in the trees showed a glade in a wayside plantation, clear in the starlight, bordered by broad-leaved banana bushes, where two tall coco-palms leaned over the silvery space with feathery heads drooping black against the sky.

From a side lane something came silently, and two or three tall women, dimly divined in pale cotton gowns, passed with heads erect and a soft padding of naked feet in the dust of the road.

In the upper streets under the mountain there was a stillness of death ; not a living thing went by ; save for the cicadas all was silent as in a deserted city, silent with an active silence, like a deliberate Oriental secrecy, very eloquent in certain blank plastered walls, which seemed awake and watching, awfully indifferent if not actively malevolent.

But in the heart of the town, in a broad street by the market-place, it was suddenly bright and alive with lights and people. At a corner stood a little wooden building, its outer walls adorned with rows of upright coco-palm leaves, standing like squads of giant soldiers at attention.

This was the Casino.

In the daytime all is quiet there ; only a negress looks gloomily out over a half door, with her head wrapped in a yellow silk handkerchief, like an expensive chocolate. A faded placard, " Aux gourmets," shows that it is a deserted restaurant.

But now there is a crowd of idlers all about ; men stand at white tables in the street, selling fruit by the light of little oil-lamps ; women squat by the roadside with garlands of flowers for sale. From within comes the braying of a trombone and the indefatigable thump of a big drum. Up and down the road for a space of a hundred yards, disappearing and re-emerging from the darkness, rove girls in white, by bands of two or three, taking no notice of the men about them, except to laugh at them now and then or abuse some impertinent one with angry faces.

From time to time the door of the Casino bursts open and a noisy throng passes out in an interval of the entertainment. Many come and go about a red lamp, which, while speciously proclaiming in white letters some forgotten "Bingay, dentiste," summons the initiated to more exhilarating ministrations.

Entering the wooden building, we found that the entertainment of the Casino consisted in fact of a cinematograph, displaying scenes of European life. There were monuments of Paris, portraits of famous men and scenes from Parisian history; pictures of tumults, barricades and executions, which caused shuddering and murmurs in the audience; then a Spanish bull-fight, and comic plays where people tumbled downstairs. The pictures were explained in Tahitian by a handsome native, in whom I recognised the cook from our hotel. He leaned languidly against the wall, with a white flower stuck like a shopman's pencil over his ear.

The spectators, dimly seen in the twilight of the room, were chiefly native women. Sitting in orderly rows, they suggested an English mothers' meeting, save for an impulse, which seized them all at certain moments of the rude music, to dance as they sat, with movements of the hips and shoulders, laughing softly to themselves. Save also for the noise of talk and laughter which came through the closed door of an adjoining room—once the kitchen of the restaurant—accompanied by the popping of corks and the clink of glasses.

Our friend, Monsieur Percier of the Governor's Chancellerie, somehow aware of our arrival, drew us into the kitchen and shut the door again. About twenty young Frenchmen and native women were drinking bottled beer in there. A thin girl with black hair and a sorrowful smile, dressed in a white gown, with a garland of flowers on her head, was dancing, while another played two monotonous bars of music on an accordion, and two or three others clapped their hands. The dancer stood with naked feet immovably planted on the dirty boards, and all her attention seemed fixed on the movements of her haunches, which described circles and

ellipses in various planes. The movement of the haunches was ugly, but there was beauty in the sleepy face, in the languorous smile, in the downcast eyes, in the gestures of the high narrow shoulders and the slender arms; she slapped her palms together as she threw out her hands alternately.

The stout West Indian Mulatto who owned the Casino bounded in with an angry face.

— You must not dance here; it is forbidden.

— Ce n'est pas moi qui danse, answered Tupuna; c'est la bière qui danse.

And she went on with her dancing.

§ v

BAYADÈRES

*“ Und wer bist du ? ” “ Bajadère ;
Und dies ist der Liebe Haus.”*

GOETHE

As we were pacing a dark street with Monsieur Percier a little later he turned suddenly and led us through a wicket-gate into a garden. Sweet-smelling bushes dashed dew in our faces as we passed.

The verandah was screened in front with trellised shutters; behind it was a little white bedroom. As we entered it from the verandah two or three girls, whom we had seen at the Casino, ran in by the doors on the other side and received us gaily. Monsieur Percier murmured something in the ear of Tupuna, the dancer, to which she answered with a question :

— A la Canaque ?

— Oui, à la Canaque.¹

Our hostesses took pillows from beds and chairs and threw them down in the middle of the floor; and we, resting our elbows on them, lay in a circle with our heads together. A moment later one of the girls ran in and clapped a damp garland on the head of each, fragrant with roses and spicy

¹ *i.e.* in the Polynesian manner.

leaves. Then came another with a bottle of rum which she had been sent to fetch from the club.

The ugly Marotea went on squeezing out her two bars of windy music from the concertina ; little slender Tupuna, with the sleepy eyes, sate cross-legged and erect like an Oriental idol, with her hands on her knees, or rose smiling from time to time to continue her dance. Josephine from the cannibal Marquesas Islands sate puffing cigarettes, heavy, good-natured and silent, like a big mastiff ; Pepe, the long savage with the intellectual face, from the Poumotus, laughed softly and understood nothing ; another lay inscrutable, face down, on the bed.

Aritana, the Russian, with his shaggy bull head crowned with flowers, with his chin in his hands on the pillow, and his Mongolian eyes ironically alert, looked like a Roman emperor of a bad period meditating a shocking crime. Percier, leaning on his elbows, with full, clear, smiling eyes, smooth French cheeks and yellow virginal beard, might have been some Thracian god. The group was full of antique and primitive suggestions.

The little room was white and bare. The floor was carpeted with a thin straw matting. The only furniture was the high bed, the mirror-backed toilet-table with chintz curtains parted like Liane de Pougy's hair, a round table with tatted mat, velvet photograph album and yellow French paper novel, open face down. There were photographs of Parisian beauties stuck in the edge of the looking-glass. Brown, faded garlands hung from nails in the wall like wreaths on the tombs of forgotten amours.

— Your glass is empty, said Marotea to Aritana. Drink from mine !

— I have drunk enough.

— Ne fais pas ton chichi !

— Comme nous sommes toutes belles, said Tihoti, looking round on the assembly.

— Tu parles Charles ! said Tupuna.

— Can you not imagine the effect of such boulevard phrases in the mouths of these brown beauties to a French-

man arriving fresh from Paris? said Monsieur Percier. It is irresistible.

He discussed Tahiti and the Tahitians openly before them, with the polite brutality of a showman: "They are subject to none of those delicate sentiments which are the bane of Europeans; that is the source of their happiness; love, sorrow, pity, as we know those things, are entirely strange to them. They weep at many things that draw tears also from Europeans; but chez les Tahitiennes, c'est une grimace, voilà tout. If a mother loses her child, she abandons herself for a day to vociferous lamentation; le lendemain elle prend un petit cochon de lait; elle est consolée. As for fidelity in love, it is unknown among them, nor can they see any reason for it. 'La chose reste,' says the peccant wife; 'qu'est-ce que tu veux encore?'"

—Did you ever eat human flesh? he asks Caroline the Marquesan.

—Moi? Jamais!

—Eh bien, moi, j'en ai mangé.

Then he relates how when he was a medical student—for he had intended to be a doctor before he entered the Colonial Service—he one day had for dissection the body of a man who had been guillotined. "I was tempted by the look of the biceps. I cooked a little piece over the gas and found it good. I ate quite a lot of it."

He tells us that cannibals have two teeth less than other men; he has observed it in all the heads which he has examined; two wisdom-teeth are wanting. He mentions also that he is a cousin of a Comte with a beautiful French name.

—Tiens! he says, opening a packet of Medori cigarettes and extracting a picture of a world-famous Parisian beauty; c'est curieux; c'était ma maîtresse pendant deux années.

He has a low opinion of Tahiti and regards his stay here as a kind of exile.

The ugly Marotea is of much the same mind. She is a double half-caste; both her parents having been of mixed

blood ; she was also mistress of a prince when she was less ugly, and regards herself as the superior of her comrades.

— Who would live in Tahiti if he could avoid it ? she says.

— C'est un sale trou !

— You have travelled much ?

— A little. I have been in a schooner to the Poumotus.

One of the girls, who has been out for a moment behind the house, comes staggering back, pale and terrified ; she has seen a *tupapau* or ghost in the garden ; she sinks on the floor with her face in her hands. Tupuna and Pepe laugh and dance a Nautch dance over her prostrate body and chant a requiem. Other songs follow.

— Doucement ! Doucement ! Singing is not allowed after ten o'clock ; beware lest the police hear you from the road.

— Je me f—— bien de la police ! says Marotea, who expresses herself coarsely. It is not the first time that they have been in trouble with the police, who use the law, she alleges, only as a means of levying a blackmail in kind from their sisterhood.

There was a picturesqueness in the entertainment— Bottom and the Fairies, the Greek God, the Roman Emperor. But how little they were seconded by their surroundings. Were these all accidents of the surface ? No, the fatal question murmured by Tupuna—“ A la Canaque ? ”—“ Oui, à la Canaque ”—had given it away. It was then only the question of changing the stop in the barrel and the tune would be changed. This was all deliberate, chosen, a setting, a stage mounting, a *décor*. Well, what if it was, did that destroy the essence of it ? By no means ; only if you subtracted the *décor* there was really nothing left. Therefore I came to the conclusion that in this house I had seen nothing of native life. The native life was in the heads and veins of these girls ; it lay hidden beneath a rubbish-heap of European phrases and grimaces.

All is still as we go home, save for the cicadas, the distant even roar of the breakers out on the reef and one heavy splash in the quiet bay.

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I see Pepe and Josephine riding on bicycles about the town. Pepe lives with her two little sisters in a house on the side of the hill above the Mormon Mission; she is always laughing. Whenever I pass that way her laugh comes echoing down the hill. Officers of the French gun-boat come and go about her gate by twos and threes.

There is something touching about slender Tupuna, and I visit her more than once. She and Marotea live together.

She has an exquisite taste in dress. She makes delicate colour schemes with her cheap jewellery and her garlands, which she constructs herself from strange red and yellow vegetable roots and fibres.

She is not a Tahitian by birth; she comes from Tubuai or the Iles Australes. But her childhood was spent in Tahiti under the roof of an uncle and aunt. She lived with them happily till she was seventeen; then one day, for the first time in her life, she was beaten, for something of which she was innocent, and she ran away to Pape-ete, where she got a living by making hats. She had many wooers but resisted them all, till one year at the great annual festival of the 14th of July, when the natives, like all loyal French citizens, celebrate the fall of the Bastille . . . eh bien, la Bastille fut prise.

Her brown hands are Japanese in shape; the fingers have no separate individualities, but move rather straight together, with square finger-tips a little bent back.

She is unworldly and unpractical. She tells me that the rent of her house is "two piastres a month, or a year, I forget which." It is really twelve piastres a month.

I represented to her the sad old age which awaited her unless she abandoned her present mode of life; but she answered simply that when she became too old to follow it any longer she would return to the country and end her days happily among her relatives.

She laughed at Monsieur Percier's boasts and at the account he had given me in her presence of the nature and emotions of the Tahitians. She had long since seen through him. This charge of heartlessness against the Tahitians, she

said, is an old one, founded merely on their gaiety, which is a part of good manners.

I told her what a charming person I thought her. Mais . . . il y a une belle fille en Angleterre, à laquelle j'ai promis de faire le tour du monde sans embrasser personne.

—Ah, c'est beau, ça ! said Tupuna. Je te ferai un chapeau pour ça !

Which indeed she did, and a very handsome one ; in place of a ribbon it has a plaited band of bamboo adorned with imitation flowers of the same material, and the lining is embroidered in silk with blue forget-me-nots.

When she writes to me she uses the formulæ of Tahitian letter-writing, beginning : “ Cher ami, je te salue au nom du vrai Dieu, Amen ! ”

§ vi

AT THE HOTEL

THE verandah at Pandora's Hotel ran on all four sides of the building, completely surrounding it. On the first verandah are the kitchens ; on the next, which borders the street, spacious as the promenade deck of a tourist steamer, with big bunches of bananas yellowing in the sun along the bulwarks, stand the little white dining-tables with luminous bottles of red wine. The third, which looks into the garden and is furnished with rocking-chairs and wooden bedsteads, disguised with coverings to look like sofas, is a gathering-place of Europeans ; and the fourth, which gives on another street, and serves as a Chelsea Hospital for all the furniture that has been wounded in service on the other verandahs, is a common meeting-ground for Pandora's multitudinous swarm of *fetiv*, or native friends and relatives.

In what must once have been the back garden are scattered various structures at promiscuous angles, all supported, like the verandahs, on legs like haystacks to keep out the rats : pantry, scullery, wash-house, and a row of cubicles like dressing-rooms at a swimming-bath. Trees and flowering

shrubs grow up among them where they please ; innumerable poultry and one asthmatic duck wander and wheeze about the open spaces, scratching the bare earth at the foot of the bread-fruit tree, and seeking nourishment among the empty wine-bottles, broken packing-cases and old banana skins stowed underneath the building.

On the kitchen verandah there is always a meal in progress at a big bare wooden table, attended by Pandora's friends, when they are not busy resting on the other balcony. At this table they have a supernatural knowledge of the movements of every craft that visits the harbour, from steamers and *goélettes* down to the smallest *poti*¹ or barge that comes coasting round with copra and vanilla from the villages ; and all the captains and mates make a point of reporting themselves here on arrival.

Sometimes the *fetii* help with the service of the hotel, but in any case they never miss a meal. The service of the hotel, however, is a mystery of fluctuating functionaries. One day Pandora's brother, the handsome fellow with a white flower always stuck over his ear, is the cook, but another day it is Vava, the deaf-and-dumb man from Mourea. If you see a little girl peeling a potato and look away for a moment, it will be a little boy or an old man who is peeling it when you look back again ; and as for waitresses and chambermaids, anybody may do their work who likes, including Mademoiselle Madeleine, a little lady of twelve, almost white, who lives over the way and waits at table for amusement. There is gaiety and movement at the hotel and everybody wants to have a hand in it.

The one thing permanent is fat little Maná, the waitress, with the unforgettable friendly smile and fat, smothered chuckle. Her jokes are confidential. She comes shuffling down the verandah in her straw slippers, rolling her head from shoulder to shoulder, and cries :

— Viens, George, ton dîner est prêt !

When you venture a little joke she chuckles delightedly and claps her fat hand on your back, implying that you are

¹ Boat.

John of
Carpenter



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the greatest wag she ever met and have just let off one of your very best things. When you have ended your meal she asks with tender solicitude :

— Tu as bien diné, Tihoti ?

She calls me by my Christian name, first George, later Tihoti, out of good-heartedness. And as for the *tu* and *ton*, the Tahitians very generally prefer them to *vous* and *votre*, because they translate their thoughts from their own language, in which sense is never sacrificed to ceremony. Even the rather punctilious native at the Poste Restante answered my inquiry for letters with a “ Non, monsieur ; il n’y a rien pour toi ! ”

Maná’s name means “ lost ” or “ wasted,” and she received it a year or two ago in place of her former name, according to a pretty Tahitian custom, in memory of her young brother who died of consumption and was “ lost ” or “ wasted ” by his untimely end. I know another girl called Himene, or “ singing,” because her sister sang before she died.

Maná wears slippers because, as she says, she suffers from a “ *maladie de matrice* ” (she has three children but no husband as yet) which makes her feet cold. She is often in great pain, groaning and rocking herself from side to side ; but as soon as the pain goes she is cracking jokes and laughing her fat chuckle again.

§ vii

ARITANA ON RARATONGA

As we sat over the remains of dinner in the gathering shade of evening Aritana, the Russian, was moved to meditation.

“ That which pleases me most in Tahiti,” he said, “ is the freedom, the ease, the equality. Colour makes no barrier between the races. I can consort with the aborigines without losing the esteem of the Europeans. For the French colonist has no detestation either of nature or of natives. Here we sit on a verandah looking into a garden full of flowers ; there is a bread-fruit tree over our very heads. The

road beside us is pattering under the naked feet of pedestrians. Tuma is sitting at the gate even now, flirting unblushingly with three of her admirers under our very noses, when she ought to be bringing us our coffee; while Mademoiselle Madeleine, who is a lady by birth, has taken her place for fun; little Vivi has brought two of her friends to peep at us round the corner; Manarii is plashing with a hose among the shrubs. I hear talk and laughter like music all about me.

“The English are no doubt the kings of colonial enterprise. Whatever they touch turns into gold. Their judges judge justly and their officials are incorrupt. Wherever they rule, the natives become industrious and prosper. All this is true; but, alas! I must confess that poetry vanishes out of the world before them. I do not forget that England is the home of Shakespeare, Keats and Byron, but I think that your Government does not send out its poets to govern colonies.

“Here in Pape-ete the Governor and his subordinates drive gigs and live in palaces; they are many in number and produce no visible results. Even the post office, which employs only two postmen, is as big as the Town Hall at Odessa. In the British colony of Raratonga, on the other hand, where I stayed a week for my sins, there is no such wanton prodigality. The offices of Government are all comprised in a little shed by the wharf, where each loose box is a department, or even two, and you can buy stamps and picture post cards from the permanent head of the treasury. Instead of a governor holding court in the Palace of the Pomares, the majesty of empire is represented only by a *vieux bonhomme de Colonel*, who sleeps at night in a mansion no bigger than the Maison Jasmin and rambles modestly during the day-time about the governmental shed to see that the departments are working smoothly.

“Raratonga is a beautiful island, more beautiful perhaps than Tahiti, for where the robe of vegetation slips here and there a little from the shoulder of the mountain, one sees a leaner, craggier, more vigorous grey stone body beneath;

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C. J. ...



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the sides of the valleys are steeper, and the *lianes*¹ which festoon the orange groves give a look of fairyland and enchantment. The inhabitants too are perhaps more beautiful. They have more of the slender, defiant, cat-like grace which distinguishes the aristocratic type among the Polynesians. But for all that, nothing would ever induce me again to stay in Raratonga when I can be in Tahiti.

“ Ah, my dear Tihoti, as I sit here in Paradise and think of the hotel in Raratonga, I could cry for the British who know no better. It is admirably managed indeed; meals are punctual to the minute and everything is scrupulously clean. It is built of stone and plaster, materials a little unsympathetic perhaps, but think how sanitary in comparison with these ancient planks. Around it for some distance on every side a space has been carefully cleared of all native trees and shrubs, and sprinkled with chips of white stone to prevent anything from sprouting again, except in the two round beds, where some English plants are setting an example to their neighbours how to grow with Protestant moderation and correctness. All about this space runs a low stone wall, designed to keep the natives at such a distance that the white ladies and gentlemen may even succeed in forgetting them altogether at meal-times. It resembles very much the entrance to some cemetery for poor people near a big English provincial town. It seems chilly even in the tropics. So chilly, indeed, that the inmates cannot bear to eat out of doors, but hold the mournful ceremony of dinner in a long, bare room, seated in two rows on either side of a long, narrow table, with their elbows held closely to their ribs, and their faces bent sadly down towards their plates, as if it were a real cemetery and they were celebrating the obsequies of some near relation. From time to time I seemed to hear a big tear splash down upon their plates. Other sound there was none, nor any movement, save now and then a *frisson*, and an uplifting of melancholy eyes, when some blackguard Slav in a corner forgot himself and ventured to offer a remark.

¹ Wild convolvulus.

“ At the end of dinner a man said, ‘ Let us smoke ! ’ But when they repaired to another room, a small, square room, seated themselves on horsehair chairs around a mahogany table, lighted their big, conscientious, English pipes and resumed the silence where it had been interrupted, I fled screaming through the window to the nearest native house, where I flung myself on the ground and begged for protection till a ship should leave for another island.”

§ viii

ARITANA'S MUSIC

ON the garden verandah, where a number of Europeans were gathered after dinner for cigarettes and conversation, Aritana was greeted with demands for music.

— Let us have some Bach, Professor, said the Australian lady, for Aritana is a professor in his native country. I adore Bach !

— Confound Bach, I detest him, grumbled Aritana. The music of Bach would wither the flowers in the garden. I play only bad music.

The piano in the drawing-room, into which French windows led from the balcony, was lighted already in expectation of his coming. The verandah of the natives, into which two other French windows opened, was dark and empty. But at the first chords which the Russian struck on the piano there came a soft rustling, and in a few minutes it was filled with the shadows of brown men and women and children, with all Pandora's *fetii*, the servants of the hotel, and half the population of the street beyond. The strip of garden below the railing swarmed with others who could find no room above.

When Aritana sings he looks from side to side, with love and laughter in his tilted slits of eyes, rolls his broad, bull head and arches his wrists high over the keyboard. From time to time he flourishes one big hand in the air, as if he

were sowing seed or weaving incantations. He sings in French and Russian and Italian. When he forgets the words he fills in the gap with a tarée or a tará.

Si vous saviez commeu je t'aimeu
 Tarée, tará, tará,
 Ne pómnish tŷ kak v'étu nóтч
 Ne rá.
 Tará, tará, tarée,

O'Neill, the fruiterer, looks across at me and wags his head, murmuring: "This is all right!"

When Aritana breaks into an Italian canzonetta the enthusiasm in the native quarter is unbounded. Tuma steals across the room and kisses him on the neck. They delight in his Russian sentiment; they delight in his dexterity. The sight of his muscular fingers tripping nimbly up the treble is too much for a simple-minded giant who is peeping round the window-post; he is suddenly doubled up with laughter and draws swiftly back into the darkness.

The Tahitians' native music is classically arid; the severer sort of European music has no meaning for them, but they find our light and passionate music enchanting.

After the music the European ladies demand a dance. The room is cleared and Aritana strikes up a waltz. Hearing that Madeleine and her sisters are below in the garden, Tihoti dashes to the railings and begs them to come and dance with him. But they resolutely refuse and Mademoiselle Hortense at last explains the sufficient reason:

— Nous n'avons pas de souliers.

Like all Europeans in Tahiti who have even a fraction of Tahitian blood in their veins, the Mérigauds, in spite of their wealth and the years they have spent at a school in Paris, preserve many of the externals of Tahitian native life, and habitually go barefooted, and with the robe "ungirt from clasp to hem," like all the Blessed Damozels of the island.

After music and dancing, some cards with native children on the fourth or *fetii* verandah. A little oil-lamp is brought and set on the old kitchen table out there. The

card-players stand, kneel, or sit about it, or squat cross-legged on the table itself, and we are soon in the depths of *pere ohe* or *pioche*, and *pere ohipa*, "work-play" or draw-poker, in which the penalty for losing is the "work" of shuffling and dealing for the next round.

The game is accompanied with loud cries and frequent charges of cheating, generally directed against Aeho, who has a cool, business-like strain of Chinese blood mixed with the warm Maori. The cards are not laid or tossed on the table, but struck down like dagger blows, with the full force of the body and shoulder.

— *E naú!* (It's mine!)

— *Haávare! E naú!* (You lie! It's mine!)

A philological note in passing. The technical terms of cards are of Anglo-Saxon origin: *peti*, *taimana*, *heata*, and *tarapu* are only Tahitian versions of spades, diamonds, hearts and clubs. *Peré*, card-playing, is "play," *furu*, a "full" hand, and so on; but the fact that the ace is called *te hai*, the "high," as it is in American All Fours, goes to show that it was not from the good English missionaries that they learnt this horrid vice, but from dissolute Yankee sailors.

§ ix

TAHITOPHILS

WHILE the *Rangatira* is still in harbour the hotel is visited from time to time by a little band of Tahiti lovers who came with it and must regretfully depart with it.

Chief among these is Sandy Lang, the second engineer, a squat Scot, with a bloated face and a kindly heart, who has the reputation, among those who consider themselves able to judge, of knowing more about the South Seas than any man alive. "What Sandy don't know," they say, "ain't worth knowing." He has passed his life in travelling to and fro between here and Auckland, and has a wife in every port of

call on the way. He knows all the great people among the natives too. "If we stop at Raparoa," he promises, "I'll introduce you to the King; he's a great friend of mine!" "What a pity you weren't with me!" he says as he comes aboard at Avaea, rather flushed in the face and unsteady on the legs, with a native spear and battle-axe for his collection over his shoulder. "I've been spending the evening up at the Queen's."

He and the third mate have ruined their careers for the sake of Polynesia, refusing all promotion to bigger vessels on more important voyages. For the passion for the islands, they aver, is unconquerable. When the vessel sets out from Auckland a little band of old Tahiti lovers, cut off by the course of life from their former haunts, comes wistfully to the quay to see them off.

It cannot honestly be said that there was much echo of the romance of the South Seas in their conversation aboard with the traders picked up on the course of the voyage.

When freights and fruits and prices and commission were sufficiently dealt with, I could hear the red-headed man from Raratonga drawling: "You remember that black gurr! used to live with MacDonald? American chap named Hinks has got her now. They all had a cake-walk up at Thompson's place, and the judge of the cake-walk was the old missionary. Pretty hot? Eh, what? Well, this gurr! . . ." And so on.

Little Fuller of Napier, a mild little pirate who has sailed these seas for fifty years, and owns up in confidence to having stolen a girl from Eimeo once and carried her off in his ship, still regards the whole ocean as a capital joke.

One evening Jennie of Raratonga danced with Sandy Lang between the bunks of the little steerage saloon in the bows to the sound of an accordion. She stood on one spot, with her fat figure cased like a bolster in a long red robe, grinning and showing her big teeth and deep, coral gums, with her knees bent, moving her body from side to side, with arms akimbo, approaching Sandy from time to time in a cake-walk pose, with a gleam of sudden laughter; and he stood clapping

his hands and stamping his feet and looking hungrily in her eyes, with a rhythmic, panted "Heuh! Heuh! Heuh!" while little Fuller leaned against a post, laughing continuously with the greatest enjoyment. And, from his own account, that is how he likes to spend all the evenings that he can—"roaring with laughter till my sides split."

Two or three times in the day Sandy Lang seats himself at the piano in the smoking-room on the upper deck and leads a chorus of Tahitophils through a slow, dreary song called *E Mauruuru a Vau*, of which they never tire. It was written by the prince of the island, I am told, when he was deposed and pensioned by the French—that is to say, he wrote the words. There are only the four I have given; they mean: "How happy I am!" The tune was taken from the French Baptist hymn-book, but it has been harmonised afresh for an American publisher, and is known to Tahiti lovers and the world at large as the Tahitian National Anthem.¹

For all that one of the uninitiated could see, the chief pleasure that these mystæ derived in going from island to island was that of drinking whisky in different surroundings. The nearer they drew to the island of their delight the more they drank, and the earlier they began. The last day of the journey they were at the cupboard by eight in the morning. "You've got to get used to it," one of them explained.

When we reached Pape-ete they seemed less lucky in love than their enthusiasm deserved. They were claimed on arrival by large, stout, unprepossessing women; not the little, slender, garlanded Rarahus that we were led to expect, but determined-looking parties of forty or fifty. I saw the little pirate being ordered about on the wharf by one who called him simply "Fuller."

¹ I found later that there is no semblance of Tahitian music in the song, still less in the harmonisation of it, which has gone forth to the world as the chief native melody.

§ x

HIMENÉ SINGING

ONE evening Maná took us to hear some native singing. She led us to a house near the shore on the outskirts of the town, where the open spaces were covered with sand, with weeds and shabby grass, with debris of the flood and fragments of broken houses piled for rebuilding.

There were natives sitting and standing about the verandah and in the doorway, and from within came a continuous high-pitched sound, like a Board School saying poetry.

The room was dimly lighted by two oil-lamps, standing on the floor. Behind the lamps sat a semicircle of a dozen girls and women, and in the shadow behind the women half-a-dozen men, who rolled their bodies about and sang, "Umph ! Umph ! Umph !" The song ended in a long note and a general "Umph !" all round as we entered, Maná rolling and waddling in ahead of us, with her indefatigable, languishing grin.

— What is the song about ?

— C'est une chose qui s'est passée en Galilée. C'est la naissance de Jésus-Christ.

One of the singing women lighted a cigarette at a lamp, took a puff and pitched it to another. When it had been the round they began another song.

I have read of the "strangely intoxicating beauty" of Tahitian songs, "full of the melancholy of the surf sighing on the shore," and what not. When Rarahu sang: "Elle avait dans la voix des notes si fraîches et si douces, que les oiseaux seuls ou les petits enfants en peuvent produire de semblables." I never heard anything like that in Tahiti myself.

A child threw back its head and uttered a sharp sequence of words on one shrill, cracked note: a passionate announcement commanding instant attention. The rest followed rapidly after, and the chorus brayed its way to the close with a sustained, rushing volume of sound that hummed and

crackled in the roof, calling to mind newspaper boys, coster girls, crickets, pigs and policemen's rattles.

At the next song they all laughed uproariously. One of the men seems to have been very funny in his rendering of the "Umph! Umph! Umph!"

— What's that one about?

It was about Abraham and Sarah. "C'est la servante de Monsieur Abraham qui parle," said Maná. It was Hagar, in fact, lamenting in the wilderness.

At the end of the song a little boy said "Tapiti!" ("Encore!") and it was sung again without question or delay.

They laughed once more over the next song, because it was in the Raratongan dialect.

By one of the walls sat a pretty creature, who sang with her head thrown back against her neighbour's shoulder, her eyes closed and an expression of pain on her face, like some Beatrice by Rossetti. She seemed different from the rest, reminding me of a girl I had seen at Raratonga. I asked Maná if she was a Raratongan. Maná translated my question, and the girl was so abashed that she lay down, after laughing a little, with her face hidden behind the woman next to her, and could take no part in the next two songs. I often saw this expression of pain in the faces of singers afterwards. Mademoiselle Madeleine told me that it was because their throats hurt them. But this is untrue. It is not pain, but rapture.

The singers asked our names, and being told they were George and Alexander, they translated them into "Tihoti" and "Aritana," which is as near as you can get to them in Tahitian, and sang a song to welcome us. We proposed to Maná that we should send out for a bottle or two of wine to regale the company. She laughed uneasily and told us we had said a *chose affreuse*.

This was, in fact, a religious meeting, begun with prayer, a meeting for singing *himenés* (or hymns), not Ancient and Modern hymns, but religious songs by native poets to native tunes. All over the island the natives meet two or three times a week for this festivity, and in every village there is a

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Portrait
[Faint signature]

faré-himené, or hymn-singing house, set apart for it. But the Pape-ete *faré-himené* had been washed away in the flood, and the house in which we met was borrowed for the purpose from a poor widow who was squatting somewhere in the gloom.

Shortly after this we heard more *himenés* sung for our entertainment at the house of a chief, where Aritana and I spent the night. One was *David, come down and say how it is in Heaven!* Another, *I pull the Leaves of the Evergreen* with the names of flowers for a festival. In a third song they clapped their hands: it was a *himené popo* (clap hands)—strictly speaking, not a *himené* at all. This is the translation:

HIMENÉ POPO

O beautiful American lady,
 You sit on the upper floor of the house
 And look down on us, so proud and lovely.
 We are the little birds that hop on the ground,
 About and under the house.
 Do not be proud nor stay above.
 But come down! Come down! (*Clapping hands softly together.*)
 And let us all be merry together.

Aritana and I slept together in a splendid bedroom reserved for guests.

I asked a French inhabitant how we should show our gratitude to our hostess, the chief's wife. He recommended getting a sucking-pig the next day. A sucking-pig is offered in Tahiti where an ancient Israelite would have offered a kid.

§ xi

TAHIRI-I-TE-RAI

*Na Mand e na Tahiri-i-te-rai
 na te tau tuahine
 te tuaana e te teina.*¹

THOUGH he is here only for a month, Aritana hungers for a stake in the land, and has taken a house in the Rue du Petit Thouars.

¹ There are no silent letters in the Tahitian language; every vowel must be pronounced.

It is a becreepereed bungalow, with two rooms, two verandahs, two gardens and a shower-bath, and is called the *Maison Jasmin*.

We went to see it in the evening. As we entered the wicket a little, white, shrunken, changeling child appeared in the path before us, ran into the house with arms outspread, uttered a low cry, and vanished. I met this child again afterwards, but am still not certain whether it was of natural or supernatural origin.

Having got a house, Aritana next wanted a housekeeper. Maná promised to provide him, and one day word came at *déjeuner* that she had been found. She was Maná's own sister, and her name was Tahiri-i-te-rai, or Tahiri for short. We went to the *fetii*-verandah to see her, and all the *fetii* and staff came too, and made a half circle, while Aritana looked at her and did not know what to say.

She sat on a box by the railing, very quiet and demure, slender, and all in black, with her eyes cast down, but not in any wise disturbed by so much publicity, and turtle-doves cooed in the neighbouring trees, and the midday sun streamed down outside through a chequered shade of leaves, filling the dark corners of the verandah with a restful blue.

Aritana inquired of her age and capacities from Maná and arranged a price. And after a little while Tahiri-i-te-rai looked up and a shy smile came over her face; whereupon the crowd from the kitchen verandah laughed and went back to its occupation.

Having apparently secured a maid, Aritana then marched her off to his house to explain her duties to her, and I went with them. She listened very attentively to his instructions, but seemed a little doubtful if she could perform them adequately. Then she said that she must have a broom and some other implements, and sent him out to buy them. When he returned with these she asked to be instructed in the use of them, and she watched Aritana's demonstrations with great apparent interest. Then she went home and resumed her normal life.

She did indeed turn up from time to time to see how

Aritana was getting on ; came to the hotel at breakfast, if she was up early, and brought him his coffee ; but it was soon understood that she did it in the capacity, not of a servant, but of a friend. She did the same for other friends too : for Mrs Williams, for instance, the young American copra merchant's wife, who always kissed her when they met.

Tahiri is a profound humorist. She displays a passionate courage and curiosity in amusing herself.

It amused her to go home with Aritana, to make him think she was going to be his servant, to set him running round the shops and watch his antics with a broom. There is something of the *grande dame* about her. She does not mind giving trouble, especially to a European. It has always amused the South Sea Islanders to watch the Europeans toiling and sweating, when they might so easily do nothing.

As for herself, there is nothing she hates so much as work. She waits at table at the hotel for her sister, Maná, when Maná is too ill to come ; but she would much rather that Maná came, however ill. If there is work about, her hands fall limply to her sides. All the work I saw her do for Maná was to throw a banana skin over into the road, then lean moodily against a post and ejaculate :

— Que je déteste le travail !

And yet, when there is no work about, she is full of energy. She would do anything to oblige a friend. We had expressed a curiosity to taste bread-fruit, for in Pape-etean hotels the diet is European, and a man might live there for years without tasting a native dish.

As we sat at *déjeuner* one day Tahiri-i-te-rai ran up the road and handed us a dish of it over the verandah rail, smoking hot from her mother's ground-oven half-a-mile away. As to the taste of the bread-fruit itself, I am still a little uncertain. It was white and mealy, like an old potato, formed of soft fibres radiating from the centre. All the flavour I could discern was the flavour of the stones among which it had been baked and the singed leaves that covered it ; it tasted something like the smell of a garden bonfire.

Tahiri speaks excellent French in a little polite, cooing, flute-like voice, always with a touch of the dramatic in it. She does not talk much ; she is never bursting with anything that she must impart ; she does not have to tell the jokes she has played, like other humorists, in order to relish them. When she says something peculiarly mocking or outrageous she speaks with a little pathetic huskiness and a break in her voice, as if from excess of timidity. Her carriage is ordinarily quiet and demure. Usually she is dressed all in black, then suddenly, one day, all in white. She languishes like a flower, darts like a snake or flies like a mænad. In the mænad mood her voice takes on a sort of low shrillness, with resolute, bassoon tones of a mock-heroic kind. When she is more intimate she can mock openly, screwing up her nose and showing all her teeth.

She rarely tells the truth, because it is dull. She lies over the simplest things and contradicts herself the next moment : she was brought up at the Roman Catholic school ; she was brought up at the Protestant school ; she never went to school at all.

Her name, Tahiri-i-te-rai, means " Fan the sky." Nobody can tell me the origin of it. (But what a picture in the Japanese taste !) Perhaps it signified a graceful action to no purpose, " le plaisir doux et toujours nouveau d'une occupation inutile " ; a symbol of her existence ; perhaps it signifies a secret understanding with the powers of nature. Where'er she walks, maybe, trees gather in a shade and the hottest sky grows cool ; perhaps, on the other hand, it is fanned to new ardour ; or is the fanning like whistling for a wind ? Her name remains a mystery, like the rest of her.

Every evening at dusk I find her standing by the wicket-gate of the hotel garden, in the shadow of the chestnut-tree. She has a little white scented flower for me, wrapped for shelter from the rude world in a sheath of coiled green leaf. It smells like jasmine, fresh and virginal ; it is shaped like a lotus. It is the *tiare maohi*, or native single gardenia, the flower *par éminence* of the island ; but I had not yet learnt its name.



Smoyulalior photo

Tahiri-i-te-rai

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— What is the name of the flower ?

— C'est la fleur du cœur.

She says it sentimentally, in that shy murmur which she keeps for her more audacious jokes. She knows quite well that it has no such name: she has made it up on the spur of the moment. She is laughing at me, at herself, at lovers' trysts on summer nights. Another time the flower is a little faded, and she murmurs as she gives it to me:

— Fleur fanée, cœur aimé.

Europeans say there is some language of flowers among the South Sea Islanders, but I know nothing of it for certain. Only I am told that if a Samoan girl puts a red hibiscus flower over her right ear she declares herself open to the persuasions of her lovers. "Felicemque gregem rubeo compellit hibisco."

When Aritana had moved definitely into his house he felt it was due to his friends to have a house-warming. Tahiri was therefore commissioned to buy a pineapple and a bottle of wine, Aritana threw down some mats and pillows on the verandah floor, and the preparations were complete.

Tihoti, Maná and Tahiri-i-te-rai arrived at the appointed time, bearing a flat, round, brown loaf of bread between them, with a salt-cellar full of salt let down into a hole in the middle of it, to give a Russian smack to the thing, and a hibiscus flower stuck in the salt, to remind us that we were in the South Seas. And we passed a pleasant hour talking moral philosophy together on the back verandah, screened from the observation of our neighbours by an improvised screen of bath towels. Tahiri, in her favourite vein of humour, alleged that she had spent the afternoon "up at the club," like Susannah among the Elders.¹

Among the attendants at Pandora's Hotel is a lean, savage young girl, who presented herself in rags a month or two ago and offered herself for any work they might choose to give her, if only she might have food to eat every day. Her name is Pepe. She is always glum and dumb and understands nothing but Tahitian. She keeps herself savagely free,

¹ *Simplex munditiis*, etc.

— *adhuc proterva* — from the caresses of men. But she seems to have conceived a tenderness for Aritana. The first sign of it was shown in a dish of *utos*, or baby coco-nuts, little delicate germs the size of golf balls, the very finest essence of coco-nut, taken from inside the old coco-nuts, which she laid before him on the table; she went away without a word. She visits Aritana daily in his house with Tahiri-i-te-rai.

It is Aritana's custom to sleep of an afternoon, and he first became aware of their visits by awaking to a soft prattling of Tahitian in his bedroom. They sat side by side on a port-manteau in front of his looking-glass, combing their hair by turns with his comb. They took no notice of his awaking. Only when it grew dark Tahiri said :

— Allume la lampe, La Russie.

She always calls him "La Russie," as Du Barry called Louis "La France."

Tahiri professes a liking for the life of celibacy. She says it is *embêtant* to have been in mourning twice, once for the *tané*¹ who was drowned, and a second time for the *tané* who was false and married a Frenchwoman.

She conceals from me all the time that she is to be married *pour tout de bon* when a certain schooner comes home.

§ xii

IN THE MISSION GARDEN

As Aritana and I walked forth one night along the highway to the East, to enjoy the moonlight, we found a narrow, dark path by the roadside and pursued it. After a short time we emerged suddenly in a vast, open space, with deep-shadowed thickets of bananas, a grove of coco-palms before us, and the mountain lilac-grey beyond. It was still and fresh and sweet-scented, with the intoxicating song of the cicadas a little subdued by the majesty of the surroundings. The

¹ *Tane*, man, lover.

roses of the *Taruna* looked white in the moonlight. A broader path led us into an avenue of coco-palms and we followed it back towards the town.

There was a bridge at the lower end of the avenue, with its stone parapet gleaming white in the moonlight; high walls dimly seen and dark-foliaged trees about them. Looking over the open ground we saw in the distance a two-storeyed house like a deserted castle, with no light or life in it.

We crossed the bridge and rounded the corner of a wall. Suddenly a clattering of boots on wooden planks sounded in our ears and the tumultuous laugh of many people. We passed through a doorway in an old wall and a bright light broke on us from under a big Dutch barn. We were in a huge, sloping courtyard surrounded by low-verandahed buildings, with tufts of palm peeping over them from a knoll behind, catching stray rays from the barn. Under the roof of this thing was a mass of people, laughing uproariously at the antics of two youths on a theatre stage, of which the Dutch barn was the auditorium.

We found that this was a rehearsal for a pantomime, which the students of the Roman Catholic mission school were preparing under the supervision of the cassocked Frères de Ploermel, for their annual speech-day. The coco groves, banana thickets and open spaces beyond were the gardens of the Frères Picpus, or Brothers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, while the silent and lifeless castle was the habitation of the two bishops and their resident staff of priests. The priests, I found afterwards, go to bed at eight; the bishops are allowed to sit up a little later.

There was nothing incongruous or shocking in the sudden eruption of this buffoonery in the South Sea fairyland. Nature is not easily disturbed in the Pacific; she is too big and bountiful; she overwhelms and colours everything that man can present to her. Yet there was a certain irony in the spectacle of this crowd of Tahitians and the antics of the good friars' pupils. When the first Roman Catholic missionaries landed here, seventy years ago, the natives—who, if they had not become Christians, had at least assented to the

doctrines of Congregationalism, whatever they may be, and who, if they had not learnt the love of Christ, had at any rate learnt the lesson of sectarian hatred—the natives turned on them and chased them out. And this was the cause of all their troubles; the indemnity, the cession, the French “protectorate,” the rebellion and the war. And even then, when Tahiti lay at the feet of the conquerors, bathed in blood, still the people turned from the first friars landed from the cruisers; despite their inviolable custom of hospitality no one offered the missionaries food or shelter, and they spent their first night in the island holding a dismal picnic in a clump of coco-trees.

And now a crowd of Tahitians stands laughing while two youths of their race learn to beat each other over the head, and cover each other with soot and flour, for the amusement of Papist parents.

I saw the performance itself later. It was held on a Sunday afternoon, and all fashionable Pape-ete was there in frock-coats and Parisian gowns. Their servants carried up their arm-chairs early in the morning. The first chairs got the best places. Besides the pantomime there were comic songs, accompanied by one of the friars on a harmonium; and a handsome young bishop gave such an eloquent address on the joys of family life—which he might never know—that the good parents wondered what he could be talking of.

We had not stood watching the gambols of the actors in the rehearsal long before a little black figure darted out from the crowd towards us. It was Tahiri-i-te-rai. We wandered back into the bishops’ garden again, and it seemed more beautiful on our second visit than on the first. I could not resist stopping to exclaim at the beauty of the scene, as we passed near a group of tall banana bushes, with their long curving leaves and the impenetrable shadow beneath.

—How beautiful that is!

—What is beautiful? asked Tahiri.

—Mais voilà!

—Non, ce n’est pas beau, ça, she answered; ce sont des bananes.

1914, 1915
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It was said without any affectation: the spectacle presented itself only as a fact to her mind; they were not even *des bananiers*, but a mere food supply, *des bananes*.

The Tahitians are as various in their sense of beauty as ourselves: some are indifferent to it, some delight in it. Tahitian poets are evidently alive to the loveliness of their island, for they sing of its beauties. I have heard a native exclaim at the beauty of a sunset; yet another passed a dozen lovely valleys in my company and exclaimed: "Que c'est beau, ça," when we came at last to a coco-plantation, laid out with the monotonous symmetry of a hop-garden. But Tahiri-i-te-rai is unmoved by the sight of banana bushes in the moonlight because all her interest is in men and women and she has none to spare for trees and plants. Once only she confessed that there were two things which seemed beautiful to her—music and waterfalls.

When she fell into our mood that night it was in a spirit of irony. Her little voice sang windily; she found a sentimental name for everything: the bishops' palace became "*le château des gnomes*"; a native hut in a clearing became "*la cabane fortunée*."

But on whatever topic the conversation started she brought it always round to *l'amour*. And, indeed, the subject did not seem inappropriate.

This gave rise to something like a dissertation on my part on the different sorts of beauty in the world: of the stately beauty of nature on the one hand, which rouses our highest admiration, yet leaves our *hearts* unshaken, and of the beauty of women on the other, which is not so easily forgotten when the spectacle is ended, but works fatal changes in the inward *hearts* of men. I praised the excellent safety of the one sort of beauty and spoke of the *gouffres* and *précipices* in which the other abounds. I commended the choice of the monks and nuns, who now lay peacefully asleep in the buildings which bordered the garden; and all this with the cicada song ringing in my ears, the moon shining bounteously down, and every plant breathing out its perfume as we passed.

Aritana protested no less than Tahiri-i-te-rai when I praised the saying of Lao Tsze that "the sage delights in that which is insipid."

Yet though she utterly disagreed with the views that I was expounding, she was by no means displeased with my exposition of them, but on the contrary expressed a lively gratification at what she called my *discours sur le Beau*. Tahiri loves the hum of words, the parcelling out of thoughts. She is a *précieuse*, a Roxane; one can easily fancy her saying: "C'est le thème; brodez."

But the fundamental argument of my discourse ran off her like water from a duck. She murmured only: "Tout ça ne fait rien," in the pauses of my periods.

Hitherto she had wavered whether she should relinquish Aritana without a struggle to her friend Pepe; but from this moment she declared herself openly for me.

— Tihoti raconte des discours; La Russie n'en raconte pas.

"*Raconte!*" My fine analysis of the Beautiful was, after all, only a sort of tale, a thing *raconté!* Not a warning against romantic fallacies, but merely a diversion, a pleasing accompaniment to a romantic promenade!

"*Raconte encore des discours, Tihoti!*"

It was like a little phrase on the flute.

As we walked in the palm avenue that led to the palace of the bishops the sound of a distant piano broke on our ears, tinkling a waltz in some house or other on the outskirts of the town. Aritana threw his arm about Tahiri's waist and whirled her round in a dance on the black-shadowed gravel. And really it seemed the only possible answer to the Picpus brothers.

As we came out again on the dusty Arué road the air seemed full of love-making. Under a tree by the wayside a number of men and women were sitting in a circle on the grass, singing softly by turn and turn about to the accompaniment, I am sorry to say, of a concertina.

— Is it a *himené*? we inquired, for since our visit to the *himené*-singing we thought that all Tahitian songs were *himenés*. Tahiri-i-te-rai laughed.

— Non, ce n'est pas un *himené* ; c'est l'amour.

There was a cluster of white frocks and trousers by the wicket of Pandora's garden as we passed, and a murmuring of talk and laughter everywhere under the trees of the Avenue St Roche.

§ xiii

BAIN DE LOTI

OF all the books that I have read about Tahiti there is none to compare with *Le Mariage de Loti*, by Lieutenant Viaud of the French navy, who has since made the name of "Loti" famous as his pseudonym. Apart from the expression of my admiration for the truth and beauty of his work, I have only two remarks to make on it.

One is that the romantic atmosphere which he has so well depicted is the long-shore atmosphere of Pape-ete, with its Europeanised Court, and not the native atmosphere of the island.

The other is that his name can never have been Loti in Tahitian, because the language has no "L" in it. If he was named after a flower, his name was not Loti but Roti, which sounds less romantic to French ears ; and Roti is the Tahitian pronunciation of the English "rose."

Aritana shares my admiration for Loti's work, and we determined to visit what is still known as le Bain de Loti, that pool on the Fautaua river where he first met Rarahu. (Rarháu it sounds in a Tahitian mouth.)

We set out one morning, with Tahiri-i-te-rai as our guide, in search of it. A short hour's walk brought us to a place by the river where a twisted tree leaned over a patch of grass. Tahiri-i-te-rai, who was dressed all in white that day, ran swiftly up the sloping trunk with her bare brown feet, and in one limber-jointed movement turned quickly round and squatted on her heels in the fork of the branches, looking down on us like a wild thing of another species.

— Voilà le bain de Loti !

We were greatly disappointed. Instead of that sylvan paradise which we remembered in *Le Mariage de Loti*, with its long grass, its rocky basin, its scented shade beneath the mimosas, we saw only a narrow and rather muddy pool between two brown, sloping banks ; even the waterfall had disappeared. A few yards away a sort of stone kiosk and a wooden trap-door in a patch of weeds, fenced round with a barbed wire, marked the head of the Pape-ete waterwork system.

Aritana and I sat on the grass at the foot of the tree and talked to the dryad up there of many things : of Rarahu coming down to bathe, of Loti lying in the grass, and of how the negress lifted his uniformed arm and waved it in the air, to the shy sylph's confusion. Tahiri pointed out the very spot with a languid finger.

— How it has changed !

— Yes, everything is changed since the flood.

I proposed that we should go farther up the valley, but Tahiri rejected the proposal, averring that we should gain nothing by it.

— Voici tu vois les arbres : plus haut c'est la même chose.

She went a little distance away while Aritana and I bathed in the pool which had been sanctified as the bathing-place of Rarahu and her companions. When she returned she brought us each a garland of fern which she had made for us.

We asked her what the native name for the place was.

— It is called *Pua 'a purepure*.

— What is the meaning of the name ?

— *Cochon tacheté*. (Spotted hog.)

We returned home over the hill, passing through the native burial ground, where she danced a gay solo between two mounds, then picked up a lump of coral from a big basketful that stood there on a grass path and laid it on a grave, but for what reason she did not explain. I found out afterwards that the throwing of lumps of coral on to a grave means : " Let your pollutions remain there in that hole ; I am clean as this coral which has been washed by the sea."

It was not till much later that I realised that Tahiri had

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deceived us: the Bain de Loti is a mile above "Spotted Hog," and the great waterfall has not been seriously damaged by the flood.

§ xiv

AT THE PROTESTANT SCHOOL

ARITANA, as a Russian professor, was invited one day to visit the French Protestant school, where little Tahitians learn their letters, French patriotism and the elements of sound religion. As Aritana's friend I was allowed to accompany him.

We began with one of the lowest classes on the girls' side. They were mostly little girls, but there were one or two full-grown young women among them, looking far too worldly wise, however school-foolish, for such company.

They were studying geography—that is to say, the geography of *la patrie*. They could name all the principal rivers and mountains on the map of France at sight, and knew the principal towns and their products, such as "Nantes, d'ou viennent les sardines." But when they were asked such questions as, "What is a mountain?" though they all began, "On appelle montagne . . ." fluently enough, their eyes then wandered wistfully to the window and the green peaks beyond and they could get no farther. On one of the walls hung a canvas-backed map of the world on Mercator's Projection, from which the island of Tahiti had entirely disappeared under the friction of the forefingers of generations of Tahitians who had said, "There it is!"

In another room we found Madame X., very clever and conscientious, with a cold, grey, Protestant face, grinding French literature into more advanced girl pupils, among whom we recognised one or two of our half-caste friends.

U'upa recited Barbier's *Cavale* :

O Corse, aux cheveux plats !

Another girl recited a touching poem about an old sergeant hearing a bugle call as he hobbles along on two sticks,

pushing his great-grandchildren in a perambulator before him, or something like that. After the recitation Madame X. put painful posers on the meaning of the poem, which the pupils thought they had understood very well so far.

“*Quel sentiment éprouvait le vieux serjeant en entendant le bruit de la trompette ? Qu'est-ce que signifiaient les larmes chaudes que laissa tomber le pauvre vieillard sur les têtes innocentes de ses arrière-petits-enfants ?*” which fairly gravelled them.

In yet another room strong, cheery, decisive Monsieur Y. examined, for Aritana's behoof, a class of loud-voiced boys, as cheerful as their master, who answered the most difficult questions in history with astonishing facility. One little Tahitian gave an excellent outline of Napoleon's Moscow campaign, with all the doings of Kutúzoff and Count Rostoptchín.

— And so the Russians set fire to Moscow.

— Quite right ! said Monsieur Y. — In doing so they performed a great act of . . . of what ?

— De courage !

— Quite true, they showed great courage. But what else ?

— Dévouement !

— But what do we call it when a man resolves to give up something that he has in order to save the rest ? *La destruction de Moscou était un grand s-s-s-s- . . .*

The boy was silent.

— Suppose, for instance, that I cut off my leg to save my body ? *La destruction de Moscou était un grand sacri . . . sacri . . .*

— *Sacrilège !* cried the boy, and everyone laughed a little awkwardly.

§ xv

MORMONS

THE successes of Protestantism and Catholicism in Tahiti have encouraged the teachers of other creeds to missionary

work among the islanders. The Mormons have a considerable establishment in Pape-ete and a sprinkling of converts about the coast villages, though not so many as in the neighbouring Poumotu Archipelago, where the natives are simpler and more open to religious impressions.

Aritana and Tihoti called at the mission house in Pape-ete, and were received by the chief missionary's wife, a handsome young American lady. Aritana asked if she too were a missionary and she replied :

— I have been set apart.

She laughed at the widely spread idea that Mormonism meant polygamy, and assured us that she was and would remain her husband's one and only wife. Polygamy is now forbidden by the Mormon Church, and her husband would be excommunicated if he tried to marry again so long as she was there.

Although she had by now mastered the Tahitian language she told us that she still found considerable difficulty in talking to the Tahitians because of their want of humour.

— They don't understand joshing, she explained; and I'm uncommonly fond of joshing.

Cheerfulness and a simple, hard-working life are the chief duties taught by Mormonism.

She went out into the courtyard and called across to her husband, who was busy nailing slats on the roof of the new church opposite.

He came down and gave us an account of the foundation and purpose of the Mormon religion. Mormonism was most opportunely revealed by God at a serious crisis in the religious history of North America. The Red Indians rejected Christianity on the ground that Christ and His Apostles had entirely overlooked the Western Hemisphere—not a word about America in the Bible, just as if the Almighty had never heard of the place. And if it had not been for the accident of Christopher Columbus discovering the country, the people there might have gone on being damned for generation after generation without a chance of getting saved. But this new revelation showed that this was all a

mistake. America was not mentioned in the Bible simply because the Bible, as the Christians had it, was incomplete. The rest of the books were lying buried in New England and it was reserved for Joseph Smith, junior, to find them. They were written by people who came over from Palestine about the time of Isaiah, and existed long enough to record a second Resurrection that Christ had had over there in the States ; and Joseph Smith's followers have now been carrying the good news to the Pacific Islanders, who, as inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere, were also intimately concerned in that event.

These books were written on gold plates and were revealed to Joseph Smith by an angel. Along with the plates Joseph found Aaron's prophetic stones, Urim and Thummim, which he fixed up with a piece of wire into a sort of spectacles, by the help of which he was able to decipher and translate the manuscript. The translations of the Old and New Testaments are untrustworthy, because they are made by scholars in the light of merely carnal wisdom, but Joseph Smith's translation of the Book of Mormon is exact and unassailable, because he executed it by the help of the Holy Ghost and the spectacles. He was no scholar ; it was not Joseph Smith ; he was very young and quite uneducated ; he didn't know any language but his own.

— What language *was* the Book of Mormon written in ?

— Well, in a sort of Greek or Latin or Hebrew. I don't rightly recollect on the spur of the moment.

— And where do they keep the gold plates now ?

— Joseph Smith had to give the plates back to the angel.

— They must have made a pretty considerable stack if the contents fill this big volume.

There was a Tahitian translation of the Book of Mormon with leather cover and gilt edges lying on the table, a far handsomer affair than the translation of the Bible that lay beside it, and had only red speckly edges.

— Why, sir, if they had been actually *plates* of gold they would have been very bulky ; but, as a matter of fact, they were not plates, but a sort of thin gold-leaf.

Mormonism, he assured us, has now proved its truth by the success of its propaganda. It flourishes in every part of the habitable globe.

— In China, for instance ?

— No, not in China ; not anywhere in Asia.

— In Germany ?

— No, they don't allow it in Germany.

— Russia ?

— No, it ain't allowed there either.

— In Italy ?

— No, they won't have it in any of the Roman Catholic countries. But it's everywhere, practically everywhere, now.

He lent us a copy of the Book of Mormon to study and climbed up the ladder on to the church roof and went on nailing slats.

§ xvi

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS

It was with an awed curiosity, as if I were about to behold the grandchildren of Ulysses and Penelope or Robinson Crusoe's widow, that I set out to visit the descendants of the heroes of that wonderful epic of the Pacific, *The Mutiny of the Bounty*. Their history is intimately bound up with Tahiti. When the mutineers had put Captain Bligh afloat in an open boat on the ocean it was to Tahiti that they returned. Half the mutineers stayed in the island and, armed as they were with guns, had a decisive influence on the internal history of the island and the rivalries of its clans. One of them became the adopted son of the chieftain of the Peninsula of Tairapu and on his death succeeded him in the chieftaincy, whereupon a shipmate murdered him out of jealousy. A year or two later those who stayed in Tahiti were fetched away to England to be hanged. Peter Heywood, the young lieutenant, who was acquitted and had an honourable career in the navy afterwards, profited by his

stay in the island to compile a Tahitian vocabulary, which is the groundwork of modern Tahitian dictionaries. The other half of the mutineers, fearing the fate that awaited them, took Tahitian wives and set sail for the uninhabited paradise of Pitcairn Island, where all but two of them were soon afterwards murdered by their wives in a single night (*Impiæ sponso potuere duro perdere ferro*), and it was not for a generation or two that their half-caste children and grandchildren were discovered by the crew of an English ship, who were astonished to find a Pacific island inhabited by a race of naked, English-speaking whites. Since then they have migrated to Norfolk Island and back again to Pitcairn Island, and just a handful of them have drifted back to their maternal home.

The Pitcairn Islanders in Pape-ete dwell in a sort of coach-house on the outskirts of the town, with a little church of their own in the back garden. They have long faces and high cheek-bones and small, needly eyes, and they are always laughing. They speak in far-away, kindly voices, with an accent half English and half Yankee that is all their own. Mrs Woods is dark and has black hair; her daughters are fair and have golden hair. I am told that the golden hair appears among them in alternate generations.

Their religion is Seventh Day Adventism—that is, they keep Saturday holy and believe that it is on a Saturday Christ will come again. They feed on nuts and fruits, eschewing meat, tobacco and wine. When the Pitcairn Islanders first became religious—that was after the massacre of husbands—they studied the Bible and the Prayer Book with all their might (the mutineers had a copy of each aboard) and believed everything in both, maintaining all the Jewish as well as all the Christian observances. This made them very broad-minded, and they have since been ready to accept every new religion that came along, provided it involved self-sacrifice and asceticism enough. Note that Seventh Day Adventism has its advantages; for you have to rest on Saturdays out of religious conviction, and on Sundays because the rest of the world is resting.

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MUSEUM

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Whether it is the religion or the nuts I cannot say, but their teeth have very much suffered in the last generation or two. Those that they have are long and strong, but very few in number. Which is all the sadder because the sailors who discovered their grandparents in Pitcairn Island particularly remarked on the excellence of their teeth. But the same thing has happened more or less all over the South Seas. An old French dentist in Tahiti tells me that when he first came he had no patients among the natives at all ; but since the Chinamen set up stores in the villages there is not a sound mouth in the islands. He ascribes it to the custom which the Chinamen have introduced of drinking hot coffee and cold water afterwards ; the enamel swells, then shrinks and cracks. But if the hot coffee is the cause, it is more likely that its effect had been wrought through the stomach ; and the coffee not alone to blame, but the whole change of diet, and particularly the use of white wheaten bread.

I told them that the story of their ancestors was very familiar and dear to me since childhood. A Miss M'Coy, to prove my knowledge, asked me to relate the history of her own ancestor among the mutineers. When I told her that he was the worst character among them and that he distilled whisky from native roots, went mad with drink, and threw himself over a cliff into the sea, she clapped her hands and chuckled with delight.

Mrs Woods told me their religion had come down to them from Adam himself. When he was driven from the Garden of Eden he brought two sacred institutions out into the wider world with him—namely, monogamy and the observance of the Sabbath on a Saturday, on which day the Almighty had rested from the labour of creation.

— But the Sabbath is a Jewish institution, and Adam was not a Jew.

— The ordinance of the Sabbath was not of Jews alone ; all the world kept the Sabbath on the seventh day till the Christians altered it.

— Did Abraham keep the Sabbath ?

— Of course he did.

— Did the Tahitians ?

— Certainly.

I met a Seventh Day Adventist missionary travelling about the islands, with no apparent success (a religion that rejects “sucking pig” has little chance in the South Seas), a dirty old man from New Zealand, where the religion has adherents. He told me that he had wanted to marry one of the Pape-etean Pitcairn Islanders in his youth.

— She wouldn't have me ; she said one fool was enough in the family.

They are on familiar terms with the Roman Catholic missionaries, and I saw Father Boniface ‘chiyiking’ them over the fence more than once.

For the Tahitians, as a sea-coast population, there is still some romance about a sailor. Jovial tourists meet with bored indifference. “*Ils ne nous amusent pas,*” said Tupuna wearily while they rollicked and roared about her in a drinking booth. But the “beachcomber,” the short cruise sailor, who rolls in like a wave from the ocean, eats lotus while the money lasts and rolls out again when his pockets are empty, still has a certain prestige.

As I passed one day down an avenue at the top of the town a brute-faced British sea-dog came lurching out on the roadway from a bejasmined, bebougainvilliered bungalow. After him glided a gentle Tahitiienne, with that languishing elegance of bearing that distinguishes so many of her race, begging him plaintively to put on the coat which she carried in her hand.

Her eyes were like the wave within,
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty, thin,
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.

In answer to her entreaties he belched back a string of all the shockingest words in the English language, any one of which would have meant a month's hard labour in New Zealand, then swaggered off, elate with the consciousness of his own superiority.

§ xvii

FAUTAUA

I ROSE early one morning, at four o'clock, and went out of the town towards Fautaua while it was still dark.

There were the Chinamen with their shops open, just as if they did not know it was night. I suppose they were eating-shops for the people in the market. As usual, a tall, unhappy-looking Chinaman was moving about, taking no notice of anyone, uttering windy groans, stumbling into the back part of the building; another roused himself from sleep on two packing-cases. — Any coffee? — Yes, it is all ready.

There was a boy there, a native, who seemed to be trying to cheat the Chinaman; the Chinaman was furious, chattered German at him, scowled, spat, threw himself on him and shook him fiercely.

For the European the poetry of Tahiti is the poetry of the beach and lower part of the valleys, of the coral reef, coco-palms and mimosa-shaded bathing-pools. This is the aspect so admirably portrayed by Pierre Loti.

For the Tahitian the poetry of the island, all its mystery and terror are in the interior, aloft in their mountains whither the men go daily out of the world of half-castes and Europeans to fetch their food. It is there that the strange voices are heard and the sound of singing by night. There echoes the "Oranau," the unknown voice and shouting that proclaims war; and there the spirits dwell who hold communion with man; the *tii*s¹ who enter into him and the *tupapaus*² who frighten and destroy. There are the sheer rocks up which the *pimato*, or rock-climbers, used to glide on their iron-wood pencils³ by the power of the *tii* or demon which possessed them, and on the summits, uttering a piercing yell, the spirit left them.⁴

¹ Tii, a spirit, a demon.

² *Tupapau* is either a dead body, a ghost or a devil.

³ Described thus by Bovis in the *Annuaire de Tahiti*: ". . . ils prenaient dans chaque main une petite baguette en bois de fer taillée en pointe de six pouces, environ de la longueur et de la grosseur d'une plume d'oie ordinaire; ils appliquaient contre la surface du roc les deux pointes, et se mettaient ainsi à marcher sur la surface unie sans le secours de leurs pieds, faisant alternativement procéder leur deux baguettes qui étaient les seuls pointes qu'ils eussent avec le roc" [Ed.].

⁴ The *pimato* still do this, I am credibly informed.

It is there that the islanders hid the bones of their chiefs in the old days, to save them from being made into gimlets and fish-hooks by their enemies ; it was there that the defeated fled in time of war, and there men took refuge when the lot had fallen on them to be offered in sacrifice to the gods, and were found sometimes, years afterwards, wild and hairy and forgetful of the art of speech. These are the scenes that figure in their old songs, that enter into their hearts and become part of their being.

Directing my steps almost at random I went inland towards the valley of Sainte Amélie, following the little stream that once used to water the town and now serves as a dabbling place for a few children, up the solemn avenue of flaming acacias with its broad, flat floor and huge man-dwarfing trees, through the little suburb, through woods and plantations, and out into the open hills beyond.

I rejoiced in the brilliant simplicity of the tropical vegetation, vivid and arresting, like the simplicity of the men and women who live in the midst of it. One does not get this vivid brilliance without paying for it in the loss of other qualities ; for though tropical beauty strikes, as it were, deeper notes and higher notes than we are accustomed to in our Northern music, like a tune played on a longer keyboard, yet it is a very plain and artless tune ; it lacks those delicate shades and chromatic nuances which our Northern beauty crowds into its more limited range. For this very reason it makes a stronger impression on the Northern visitor ; its simplicity seems to him like the complicated craft of some unfathomable artist.

And yet, for all the difference, there is so much that never varies in landscape that the man who wanders over the world is always being surprised at the uniformity of it. The sky, the earth, the sea, the rivers, these are nearly the same in every zone ; verdure alternates with aridity ; trees in their general aspect are alike ; everywhere there are tall trees, short trees, shrubby trees, broken trees, dead trees and young ones growing up beside them. Light displayed, light obscured by masses or penetrating partial screens ; hills and

valleys ; ascents and descents ; places imprisoning the traveller's view and places spreading out great vistas before him ; paths hemmed in with woods and thickets or coming into glades and opening spaces ; straight roads with their purpose fully declared, or ways that wind furtively out of sight on questionable errands ; the main path predestining the wayfarer's own experience, or tributary tracks concerned with the mystery of other lives ; all these are common to the landscape in almost any country.

But here they are presented to me in overwhelmingly simple terms ; no niggling work of little lights and shades, no medley of varying tones, but an artless breadth of mass disposed in an unsophisticated scheme of chiaroscuro. Fern was the keynote of the landscape. Plants and trees of every size, designed proportionably in the rhythms of the greenhouse ; a fusion of great and little curves, fountains of verdure gushing from countless centres.

It is overwhelming, bewildering, laughable. I wanted to laugh, it seemed so impossible. They do not have bushes here, but in their place big hot-house plants, immense hot-house plants ; instead of trees great palm-topped things which ought to be in flower-pots, but which reach up to the sky instead. On flat grass lawns rise big-leaved hot-house shrubs, with great hot-house flowers on them. You turn aside into the green and find yourself treading on fallen oranges. Instead of little bushy foliage at innumerable angles there are great flat leaves hanging simply down. Big plain shadows ; clean, willow-grey stems.

The beauty of Tahitian scenery recalls a spring day—no, an autumn day—in England ; only there is no decay in it, but a brilliant autumn morning when the warm sun shines on big golden leaves which still hang drooping on the trees. It has that *skazochmi* look, something mysterious as seen in a dream, where everything is larger and clearer, more story-bookily beautiful, than in real life, and there is no perspective. Being in the tropics is rather than anything a state of consciousness between waking and dreaming.

The dawn was breaking dull and grey as I passed the spot where Tahiri had sat in the tree and laughed at us. I crossed the river, clinging to the hand-rail of a broken bridge, and followed a narrow, winding path upwards.

After an hour's climbing, knee-deep in dew-washed undergrowth, I came on a little party of men from Tiarei, who had been pig-hunting, as the body of a hog which lay by them testified. They did not notice my approach till I was close upon them, and then they looked round carelessly. The Tahitians are not savages. Savages live in constant fear of danger; the sound of the driven leaf shall chase them. But the Tahitian has not fine ears, nor any apprehension of evil. They dwell careless, after the manner of Zidonians, quiet and secure in a place where there is no want of anything on the earth. They have lost the native word for enemy and use the English *enemi* instead.

They were eating plantains and called me to join them, but I was not hungry yet, and replying with the customary, "*Eiaha, tamáa outou!*" ("No, eat yourselves!") I passed on my way.

Where the path crossed the stream in a gorge a little scud of refreshing rain passed over me, throwing a bright rainbow against the deep blue shades in the hollows of the hills.

Rounding a knoll I saw smoke rising among the plantains. I stumbled on a *pua'a*, a long-nosed hog,¹ tied by the leg with a bark-thong to the stem of a tree, whence blooms of the *tiare maohi*, the jasmine-scented lotus, fell all about him. A dog ran out and stopped at a little distance, holding its chin in the air and wagging its haunches. When I had gone a few steps farther I saw a man and a woman sitting under an open shed.

¹ *Pua'a*, Tahitian form of New Zealand *Puaka*. *Puaka* (pig) is not *porkev*, but a genuine Polynesian word. Tregear thought it had been received by the Maoris through Cook's interpreter, but he was a Tahitian, and would have said *pau'a*, and it appears from Cook's *Voyages* (vol. ii. 372) that they already had the word. There was a small native pig which soon became extinct, ousted by Captain Cook's hogs. Cook used to distribute these things as it were out of love of mankind at large. "We left so many hogs, etc.," is a frequent note in his diaries.



e kachepuchi pots

1847

— *Haere oe hia?* (Where are you going?) asked the man, with a smile.

— *Je me promène.*

— *Haere mai tamaa.* Viens mancher.

I willingly consented, as I had loitered and the morning was already growing late. They brought me a tender-shelled young coco-nut full of fragrant water to quench my thirst. They were old people, these natives, and, like most of the old people, could speak very little French. But the matter in hand was simple.

— You are going to see the *Taáta huruhuru*? asked the old man when they had finished their fish and plantains and bread-fruit which the woman dug up smoking from the earth.

— Who is the *Taáta huruhuru*?

— L'Homme Nature.

— The Nature Man? *Taáta* is man, but what is *huruhuru*? Does it mean mad?

— *Aita!* No, indeed, said my host contemptuously. The man with the hair, here, here, hair all about his head.

— Is this the road to his dwelling?

— Yes, he lives up there. He pointed to the mountains.

— Is it far?

— Ah, for a *papaa*¹ [a white man] it is perhaps far.

The Tahitians have a very poor idea of the *papaa's* strength.

— You must rest first. Come to the house.

Why should I not go up and visit the Nature Man? The

¹ The Tahitians in the old days used to call the people of the Poumotus (the Archipelago of Pearl Islands lying like a swarm of flies to the east of Tahiti) *papaas*. The Poumotuans were always known, and still are, as terribly cunning sorcerers. When the first ship came and the Tahitians saw its monstrous size and the manners of those aboard her, they said a pearl island full of devils had floated in from the archipelago. So Wallis and his mariners were Poumotuans or *papaas*, and *papaas* the white men have continued to be ever since.

Papaa signifies a series, things lying in rows. The islands of the archipelago lie thus in rows, hence the original application of the word to the inhabitants.

[The *o* and the *u* in *Poumotu* must be pronounced separately.]

Nature Man is no hermit or misanthrope for all his solitary habitation ; on the contrary, an American at the hotel has assured me that he will be delighted to receive a visit from me. "Tickled to death" was his phrase.

When I had breakfasted and left them the sun was shining full along the hill-side. So far the path had followed the series of little cataracts and rapids which constituted the river, but now it went wandering upwards through the woods, and the river was left far below out of sight and hearing. I was alone, with no sound but that of my own footsteps, climbing through a forest of trees along the side of a steep hill in the upper part of a huge circular valley with sheer sides about it. Two white birds¹ like pigeons flew silently round and round. This forest was like a proud and beautiful woman in whom intimacy reveals a thousand unhopd-for smiles, humours and graces. Hart's-tongues and other ferns hung from the branches of the trees. There were giant ferns² in the bush, throwing up immense fronded curves where springs of water moistened the soil, running out from rocky places and cutting little channels down the hill. There were groups of orange-trees spotted with yellow fruit, like trees in a fairy story, and the ground beneath my feet was strewn with oranges and limes. The different plants came in clusters in their favourite places as on the coast road : in one place groups of bread-fruit trees, like chestnut-trees covered with fig leaves ; in another beds of *ape*, like giant rhubarb plants holding their big green fans perpendicularly in the air.

I came on the Poste Fautaua, a place like a railway signal-box, up a suddenly discovered flight of planked steps in the wilderness, overrun with tangled garden flowers, a sporting ground for lizards.

It was the Governor's refuge in Fashoda days. During that scare it was believed among the French that the British would come to bombard the town. There was a panic and

¹ Probably phaeton birds, I was told afterwards, but I saw no long-tailed feathers. I think they are called *itahai*, or sea-birds, by the natives

² *Nahé* or *angiopteris evecta*.

general flight of the inhabitants in the night. (Pape-ete is a world of strange illusions.) All the town was awake; families were to be seen dragging their furniture into the streets; and the next day they set about building the bridge over which I passed and the refuge for the Government in the hills up the Fautaua Valley.

Here also was the scene of a battle of those natives, where a loyal chief cheated one of his men out of a captured enemy's flag and brought it to the French commander.

The man who had captured it came running with the flag. Seeing him come, the chief took off his clothes and hid them behind a tree and stood naked before him.

—I will go and tell the commander what you have captured.

—I will follow you with the flag.

—How can I go naked? And snatching the flag from the man he wrapped it round himself and ran.

There is a shed marked *réfectoire* just below, with names written on it—*Pepe*, *Meusieur Tepe*, etc., etc. They love their *Meusieur* or its abbreviation Mr (like Mr Pomare, in the hotel book).

The upper walls of this valley were cliffs striated like the surface of the sweetmeat known as Edinburgh Rock, stained with black lines where streams of rain had run down out of the rich soil of the plateaux above.

Except for the two birds which still circled silently, now up above, now deep down in the hollow, the only living things were spiders and big velvety black butterflies with lilac eyes on their wings and a slow, royal demeanour. The spiders gathered in colonies: spiders of every size, living together in huge, solid polygons of web, six feet high and four feet thick, shaped like those big wicker-work cages in which doves are kept; thousands of flat-floored cells, tier upon tier, massed together like giant honey-combs made of smoke; and a spider in every cell, no doubt saving his soul by prayer and fasting, for there was not a winged thing but the violet butterflies in all the valley round.

The threads of these webs were very strong—strong enough

to break the rotten stick which I picked up to clear their stays and hawsers from my road.

A little farther the path swerved round another shoulder of the hill and took me into the top of another great pit of a round valley, deeper than the one before, with a forest dwarfed till it looked like a carpet of grass at the bottom, and great mountain-sides sloping up to crazy peaks. Beauty is the religion of Nature ; it hides and justifies her cruelty.

As I looked from the precipice across the mighty chasm I beheld another precipice facing me, and falling down it a narrow cataract, a thing of terrifying height, a sudden break in the river : first a stream in the height flowing out from arching trees, then a woman's hair waving ; then still further thinned in the breathless descent to a rain, a dust, a mist. Clouds are forming to feed it on the distant grey peaks. There is no sound ; the valley is too far below for the clatter of the falling water to reach me.

It is my river again, and I must skirt the lips of this valley to regain its upper course and follow its bed upwards. Along the path ahead of me now fly little birds in coveys of six or eight, fat and short like wrens, leading me forward in short flights with a low wheepling note. It is the first song-bird I have heard in this "Tahiti of the multitudinous song of birds." The natives call them *viui*, in imitation of their note. It is a sort of finch, I am told, brought from Europe.

The river was much smaller again when I found it above, rattling down among the rocks in its steep, worn bed among the big-leaved trees and bushes, like a Highland burn in a rich man's greenhouse, with Highland clouds on the hill-side above it, and scuds of Highland rain. The path had split and become many paths by now, for the plantain seekers must always be going new ways. I wandered in a flat place where the trees grew thicker. I was in continuous orange groves. I was hungry. For the native the mountain is a rich store-house of food ; for the European it is a place of starvation. I could not find plantains, and I could not get oranges, for I could not climb the thorny trees.

Half-an-hour's stone-throwing brought me a scanty and unsubstantial meal. A native would have had plantains and cooked them, and if he were dainty, had honeycomb too, for there were wild bees in the rocks above.

A little further up I emerged suddenly into an open place, with black terraces covered with grass and a view right down the valley. There were crumbling remains of steps going from one terrace to another and disorderly rows of ornamental shrubs run wild: scarlet-flowered ginger-plants, leafed like English flags, and great tangled tufts of English rose. I had been surprised in the valley below at finding a bush of this sticking here and there in the hill-side, but now I understood that its seed had been flung down by the birds or the wind from this place, where careful hands had planted it. For this was evidently the old habitation of the English misanthrope who was *pohe roa*,¹ under the earth. I had heard of him, a well-to-do man, who had lived not very long ago. Owing to some misfortune, or perhaps some crime, he had hidden himself away in this utter solitude. Of his habitation I found no trace save a rusted fireplace astray in the flower garden and some grey pieces of corrugated iron on which little blue lizards with burnished gun-metal tails were basking in the sun. Aritana had told me that these lizards were of a musical nature, and that a man sitting singing on the hill one day, with his eyes cast absently skywards, was suddenly startled as he came to earth again to find himself surrounded by hundreds of them intent on his performance. I did not put them to the test.

After this I was forced to make my way upward in the waters of the narrow stream itself—wading in the shallows, leaping from rock to rock at the cataracts, climbing on ledges under grey crags crowned with filamented ferns, like seaweeds, peering doubtfully up devious places where the waters parted and flowed asunder between stone walls. Here there seemed to be no living creature.

On either side of the stream, in black, wet earth, grew pale

¹ When a Tahitian says a man is dead he says, "*Na pohe roa*," pointing to the earth, an action that always accompanies the phrase in Polynesia.

green impenetrable forests of wild banana-trees, like giant lilies of the valley, interspersed with crags which had tumbled down the mountain-side and stuck in the morass. I tried to pass among them, treading cautiously on prostrate stems, pausing and peeping into chasms of mud, myself no bigger than a mouse lost in a forest of daffodils ; but it was useless, and I had to return to the river bed.

The sun was altogether screened by the clouds about the summits ; a fine rain fell from time to time.

There was a wonderful sombre grandeur in the bigness, the pathlessness, the silence of it ; in the utter want of bird life, of beast life, even of insect life : there was not so much as a fish stirring in the river.

Only two presences made themselves felt—the noisy murmur of the water and the strong, silent power of vegetable growth.

§ xviii

THE NATURE MAN

*Was hast du da in Höhlen, Felsenritzen
Dich wie ein Schuhu zu versitzen ?
Ein schöner, süsser Zeitvertreib !
Dir steckt der Doktor noch im Leib.*

GOETHE

AFTER all it was on another day that I carried out my intention of visiting the Nature Man.

Ever since my arrival in Tahiti I had heard so much of him. He lives alone on a mountain at the back of Pape-ete, the only mountain dweller in the island. He is an American university man, who has come here to teach the natives the simple life.

Williams, the American, knew him as “ Barefoot Bill.” They had been students at Stanford University together, and that was his nickname there. He wears no clothes at all now : in his university days he had got only as far as the ankles.

The little stream ran down beside me as I climbed, and

Wm. of
Co. Mass.



To the Hon. Mr. [unclear]

turtle doves lamented ¹ here and there among the coco-palms which overshadowed it. The sun beat fiercely on my back, and even as I began to murmur at the heat a thin screen of mist arose from the sea and cast a gentle shade across the sky. There was no other sound save the scrambling of the little smooth lizards, which ran away on either side, rustling in the dead leaves and sending down showers of brown earth from the banks above the path.

I turned and looked at the scene that lay below me in that tempered brilliance: the mountain falling away to a green valley of trees; beyond that the terrace of the table shore, widening eastwards to a broad plain, fat with the forest of coco-palms, with only here and there near the town a clearing about some farm or villa of the suburbs; and circling all, the illimitable sea, smooth as glass within the reef and ridged with white beyond.

Surely I have heard an old legend of some South Sea Aphrodite whose Adonis was wounded by a shark and laid to rest by the goddess in this enchanted garden. She cast her gauzy scarf into the air to veil the heat of the sun, and threw her girdle as a reef about the shore to keep away the noise and fury of the waves. As I looked I could see her pathway on the water, a light, winding track that went out by the reef-pass of Toatá to the open sea.

At the top of the mountain the ground was treeless and open and carpeted with dwarfish broad-fingered ferns. On one side the land fell steep down into a deep, cool valley; on the other it rose, sleek and smooth, to a naked ridge, and there, perched on a knoll in a tuft of trees, I espied a tiny brown hut with fire-blackened earth all about it. As I pounded up the black and dusty hog's-back towards the hut, treading on crumbling tussocks and passing under scorched and withered guava-trees, with the burnt earth squeaking

¹ Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,
Queruntur in silvis aves.

The Tahitians use "*tai*," to lament, for the sound of doves, like the Romans and the Babylonians. "Like the dove who moaneth grievously, night and day." "*Queruntur in silvis aves*" = "*Te tai ra te mau manu i roto i te uru ra'au*."

beneath my boots, I heard a heavy thumping on my right, and looking along the slope beheld a tall, lean man, as naked as Isaiah, hacking a hole in the ground. He looked quietly up as I drew near and leaned on his mattock. He had a handsome, civilised American face, with clean-cut nose and eyes, short, soft, tangled beard, hair falling in locks of dusty yellow on his shoulders, and the general aspect of an Ober-Ammergau Christ. His tanned skin threw the little fine flaxen hairs of his body into relief. He said: "I am glad to see you, brother," and led me to his house.

It was a little four-square hut, five paces either way, open back and front like a fruit-seller's booth.

The framework was of wood, the walls of plaited coco-nut leaves, the floor of bare earth, and everything in it was of a uniform rich earthy brown. A number of sacks, some empty, some fat with provender, hung from nails in the wall-posts or lay heaped in corners; a big bunch of plantains was suspended in the gap of the back wall; a banjo lay across the tie-beams of the roof and three lanterns hung below. There were cuttings from American newspapers nailed against the wall, with fantastic portraits of the Nature Man and articles about him, and beside them a copy of his "Ten Commandments," and a wall calendar adorned with the smug, pink face of an English girl.

He lounged at ease in a canvas deck-chair, his long body all streaked with the black ashes of the scorched shrubs among which he had been working, and we conversed.

As it is part of the Nature Man's creed that everybody who does not live as he lives must necessarily be more or less ill and he is the man to cure them, I produced such symptoms as I could, and he diagnosed my case very flatteringly as one of "mental over-stimulation due to excess of educational facilities."

— You've got to go right back to Nature, brother, he said, and live according to her rules. What you need is pure air, hard work and a diet of non-acid fruits.

He cross-examined me with great detail as to my habits of life and demanded unabashed candour in return.

— There are only two ways of becoming friends, he said ; the one is to know each other for a very lawng time, and the other is to ask for the truth as quickly as ever you can get it. I wawnt to know all about you ; I wawnt to have you for a friend ; but if you don't tell me the truth, well, I've no use for you. . . .

— I'm glad you've come up to see me, he said in the end ; make this house your home. I will teach you how I obey Nature. I will teach you how I work and how I enjoy rational leisure, and I'll give you a wholesome diet of non-acid fruits. We will sing up here together like the morning stars, and shout for joy like the sons of God. Come when you're ready. There's always a bed for you on the floor, and I've sacking enough for two. When you come I'll teach you Tahitian : we won't waste our time with grammar or any rubbish like that, but just go straight right in at the language itself, and when you know it we'll travel round the island together. I've got a bicycle down below [I saw it as I descended, lying among the plantains under a sheet of corrugated iron], and I'll show you the native life.

He gave me a printed copy of his "Ten Commandments," which are spelt according to a phonetic system of his own. I have lost the Commandments, but I remember that "Thou shalt not eet meet" was one ; and another said : "Vizit troppikle cuntriz."

There were some supplementary Commandments written on boards and boxes about the hut with the end of a red-hot poker, only the initials of the words being given. He translated a number of them to me, but stuck at one that said "E—N—A—F," professing himself unable to recall what it meant, whereupon I achieved some credit by suggesting, "Eat non-acid fruits." He said I was nearer to nature than any man he had yet come across.

Then we went out to visit his plantation. It consisted mainly of burnt scrub and bare black earth, with here and there a plantain bush or a baby coco-palm, surrounded by a fence of canister lids, rabbit wire and scraps of corrugated iron, to keep the rats out.

He told me that this was the site of an old hogwallow and that accounted for the rich blackness of the soil. It had been a famous place for pig-sticking in the old days, and the path that led to it had been worn by the feet of many generations of hunters. In order to clear the ground and get at the hogs the natives had burnt the mountain forest far too freely, and thereby checked the rainfall and diminished the stream that once watered the valley so abundantly and supplied the town below. He took me to his drinking pool, which he called the Fountain of Youth, to get a draught of water before I set out on my homeward journey. It was a little round mud hollow, guarded by an eel which withdrew itself at our approach into a hole in the mud two or three inches above the surface of the water.

“Deuced brute! I’d like to kill it,” he murmured. He expressed his abhorrence of the whole order of fish and reptiles. “Sharks and things messin’ in the water and makin’ it unclean for man.”

Below the Fountain of Youth the hill was intersected by a network of channels which was the top of his irrigation system. In the middle of it was a big pool which served him for a bath. We reached it by bounding from one mud bank to another amid a number of dams and piles of dead brushwood. He leapt into the pool with limbs flying and a savage yell of joy, throwing a pirouette in the air, sending a splash of water to the sky and stirring up a thick cloud of mud in the water.

It is part of his Nature philosophy to emit wild cries of delight whenever he enters sunshine or water or reaches the top of a hill, and to fling a pirouette if the take-off is favourable.

§ xix

SECOND VISIT TO THE NATURE MAN

IT was in the night-time that I next visited the Nature Man. As I climbed the mountain in the darkness, with the noise of

SECOND VISIT TO THE NATURE MAN 75

the stream in my ears, I mistook trees for men and cried " *Ta ora na* " to the empty air. I clambered on all-fours up steep stone stairs, brushed the dew from banana bushes with my cheek and was lost at last *pour tout de bon* near the top of the mountain, where my sense of direction had betrayed me into what seemed an impassable thicket. I lay down, resigned to a night in the open air, but cried aloud for the Nature Man with faint hope of response.

At last I saw a twinkling light on the hill-side, and the Nature Man appeared, clothed like Robinson Crusoe, and bearing a lantern in his hand. He led me to his hut, laid me a bed of sacking on the floor, put out the lights, climbed into a hammock and talked and talked till I fell asleep.

He told me that the only woman he had ever loved was the woman with the pink face on the wall calendar, and he was resolved to stay on his mountain-top and wait till she came to life and joined him there. "What we wawnt is faith, brother. If we have faith we can perform miracles. With a little more faith I could float out of this hammock into the air and sail right around this house."

In the night he got up and lit a candle. He said that he was hungry. I offered some biscuits that I had brought in my bundle.

— Your cookies can't satisfy the hunger that I'm suffering, brother.

It was not bodily hunger that afflicted him, but some sort of aspiration after the ideal.

— I am going to read this paper, he said, holding it up for me to see. It's called *Now*.

I left him to his magazine, an organ of advanced American thought, and fell asleep again.

When we rose in the early morning he bounded out of the hut with a wild cry of exaltation and threw another pirouette into the air. We worked for an hour or two in the early sunshine with spade and hatchet, clearing the ground for new plantations—cutting the brushwood, lopping the guava-trees, and rooting them out of the ground in preparation for a mighty bonfire.

Then the gymnosophist prepared a simple breakfast of fruit and "milked the coco-cow"—that is, extracted the milk from coco-nuts, sitting on a stool shaped like an anvil, shaving out the flesh in thin shreds against a knife blade which projected from the side of it, and squeezing the juice out of them into a wooden bowl.

While he was preparing the breakfast he kept uttering rhymed couplets at intervals, such as :

If you don't eat no meat,
You won't get sore feet ;

or :

The coco-nut cow
Can't pull a plough.

He said he was sure that man didn't have to be born a poet to write poetry ; anyone could get the knack of it if he only practised enough. That exercise was to be one of our recreations in the future over our coco-nut milk and raw plantains.

We then talked of religion.

"Jesus Christ was a good man, and I don't deny it," he said, "but I do not blame the Jews and Romans for crucifying him. He deserved it ; he was asking for it all the time. He trod on Cæsar's toes and pulled his whiskers ; that was his great mistake. There is always punishment for hatred in this world, and Jesus Christ was full of hatred, hatred of the Pharisees and hatred of the Roman Government."

He himself had never felt any sort of anger against the police of the various places out of which he had been turned. He had been arrested eleven times in all for wearing odd and insufficient clothing, and had taken his way by degrees like the march of empire, westward, till he reached Honolulu, his last resting-place before Tahiti. He always found that the police were far more upset about it than himself, and he used to comfort his various arresters, who wore a kind of apologetic air, with a "Don't be put out, brother ; it's not your fault ; you've got to obey the orders given to you."

I left him after breakfast ; it was too hot to talk in rhyming couplets.

THE
GALLERY



Paki a'fa'ua

SECOND VISIT TO THE NATURE MAN 77

His enemies in the town regard him as a *poseur*. They say that he used to swim out when a ship was expected, and be found by the sailors and passengers, as they entered port, reclining on a rock, or perched on a post out in the sea, absorbed in contemplation.

He called himself Professor Dumford at first : Dumford is his surname : the title appears in his Ten Commandments. He gave lessons in English and boxing, and administered "electric massage," to which frivolous characters like Tupuna and Marotea submitted themselves for fun.

He expected to create a sort of religious and social revival among the Tahitians. One of his American newspaper cuttings says that "he is almost a king among the natives," but the natives seem really to have regarded him all along as something in the nature of a joke. He himself says that those of them who joined him in the mountain robbed his hut. . . . One night from Pape-ete we saw a long fire lighting up the range of hills above the town and silhouetting five peaks. It was surmised that the Nature Man was being burnt out ; but he told me later that it was "Only two fellers looking for yams."

The last time I went up to see him there was a cloud of smoke over his dwelling-place. As I approached I saw flames leaping up in the bush and heard a fierce crackling. The Nature Man came running to the hut, with a frightened face, and fetched wet sacks to beat out the fire. I seized a pail and ran after him to help. He had lighted the brush to make a new clearing ; the fire had got into a piece of guava scrub nearer the house than he intended, and there was considerable danger of the flames reaching the thicket just behind it.

Another tall fellow in boots and trousers, with the braces buckled over naked brown shoulders, stood beating the fire out with a big stick, and between us, helped by a turn of the wind, we managed to stop its progress.

I asked Dumford if his house was insured.

— Yes, brother, he replied ; it's insured with the Divine Insurance Office.

He then made me acquainted with his visitor, whom he introduced as "My Teacher." This proved to be another Nature Man, of the name of Betts, who had come over from the States to visit him and established himself also in Tahiti, or in one of the neighbouring islands—a tall, bearded, vigorous young Western farmer, with a high forehead and little, hard, needly pupils to his eyes.

After the excitement and fatigue of extinguishing the fire Dumford was thoroughly exhausted; he threw himself down and lay flat on the earth, with his eyes closed, to recover his strength, while Betts and I went and dabbled by the bathing pool.

Betts is a Nature Man of a different sort. He sets no particular store on the picturesque side of the business, has his hair cut short, wears trousers for decency, and leather boots for comfort, punched with round holes "to let the water out." He has none of Dumford's aversion for cooked food, but, on the contrary, wants bread, and disapproves of the mountain because there is no baker up there. He hates gentle, plodding work, and regards Dumford as no better than an idler. He believes in "*le droit à la paresse*," but in a different way. His ideal is to live simply and work furiously, when the mood is on him, in order to live at ease at other times. He told me with approval of a certain engraver belonging to their brotherhood (it appeared that there was a brotherhood) who worked only one month in the year, and earned enough to live in idleness the remaining eleven. He inquired what prospects there were of buying virgin land in the island, which he could reclaim for cultivation. He was simple and rustic; he ejaculated "Gee-whiz!" when he was surprised. He had no education but what he has been able to give himself. He looked up to Dumford as highly educated, and regarded his system of phonetic spelling as a marvellous achievement of the human mind.

I took a plunge in the mud pool, and while I was drying on the bank observed a hen lying, apparently wounded, under a tangle of dry brushwood. When I returned to the hut I found Dumford giving Betts an account of a tragic scene

which had taken place a few days before on the Arué road. A Protestant funeral procession, on its way to the cemetery, had been routed and scattered by what the mourners had afterwards described as a "mad bull." Delicate half-caste ladies had leapt with surprising agility over lofty fences and fainted the other side of them. As a matter of fact, the mad bull was a bewildered cow which had escaped with a bullet through its nose from the butcher's shambles. The two Nature Men laughed heartily over the revenge of meat on man, and they agreed that, if cattle had to be killed, pole-axing was better than shooting.

Betts told us the process of his conversion to vegetarianism. He and his brother were brought up on an uncle's farm. It was their duty to tend his cattle and, on occasion, to slaughter his pigs. But Betts' brother always refused to share in the latter duty, till Betts one day compelled him to lend a hand. The brother swooned during the operation, and the sight of his brother swooning beside the dying pig created in Betts an unconquerable aversion for pork, which he never could touch again. Whenever there was pork for dinner he refused to eat it, and whenever he refused his uncle whopped him. Instead of curing his fastidiousness, the whopping somehow served only to turn him against every other sort of meat as well, and he was then whopped every day instead of only once a week. But he stuck to his point and had been a vegetarian ever since.

I suddenly remembered the hen which I had seen lying by the bubbling pool, and told what I had seen. Dumford sprang to his feet in great excitement.

— It's one of those wild-fowl caught in a rat-trap, you bet! he cried, seized an axe and ran out of the hut.

We found the hen still lying where I had seen her, and the Nature Man cut off her head with his axe. The headless body got up and flapped its way so cunningly into the thickest part of the brushwood tangle that we had all the difficulty in the world in securing it.

I said good-bye and left them to their supper.

THERE are representatives of many races in Pape-ete—Polynesians, Swedes, Spaniards, Manillans, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Hindus, Yankees, negroes and Chinamen. From time to time I heard of a Russian strangely drifted to these shores, dissatisfied with his habitation, but too poor to leave it; an educated man, ready to turn his hand to any job for his living. His present occupation was that of collecting small debts among the natives. His favourite plan, they said, for nailing a slippery debtor was to follow him into church, where he would tap him on the shoulder and lead him forth to liquidation.

As I and Aritana walked along the quay one afternoon we saw a sturdy figure approaching us—a big face stubbily planted between two broad shoulders; spectacles; a bushy yellowish-grey beard; an incredibly low-crowned cane hat; a bundle of papers gripped tightly with one hand under the arm-pit; Got playing some fantastic Giboyer.

Divining this was Demovski, I told Aritana to speak Russian. The stranger paused, then called after us.

—Izviníte pozhálusta!

A few minutes later we were sitting together on the balcony of the Annex sipping China tea from tumblers.

The trellised shutters were open, a soft, salt-scented breeze blew over us, and we looked over the sleek waters of the lagoon at Motu Uta, a tiny island that lies on the surface of the water like an overloaded ship with half-a-dozen cocopalms for rigging. Beyond the little island rises Mourea, our mountainous neighbour, like a rain-cloud, all of silken grey. Demovski told us his frank opinion of the French colonial administration and of the natives, whom he hates. He referred to the native women, with quaint contempt, as *babas*, the Russian expletive feminine of *muzhik*. He had lived happily in Siberia many years, then went to the United States, which he adores. A fatal curiosity led him to



Totman

Tahiti, and he had never been rich enough to get away again. He lived a simple life, waiting on himself, and eating once a day at a Chinaman's.

He gave us an account of the recent flood. There is no lunar tide about Tahiti; the water rises and falls regularly twelve inches twice a day. The careful boatman leaves his canoe on the lagoon, supported on four posts that rise only a foot above low water level.

But one night the water went on flowing when it should have begun to ebb. The Pape-eteans, delighted with any novelty, turned out to look and laugh. Still it rose, and still they laughed. It lapped up to the verandahs, which first rocked and tossed beneath their feet, then slowly detached themselves and floated on the waves. It was one of the gayest nights which Pape-ete had ever known—a night of splashing and singing and making merry. The fun became uproarious when house after house tumbled to pieces in the water. Stout Monsieur Chapelle, the *défenseur*, spent the night chasing his law library in the water and carrying it to the new shore-line. His piano was washed out to sea and his music stool was swallowed by a shark. Mr Carbery, the saddler, found his balcony a few days later up at the back of the town and brought it home in triumph.

The flood had visited all Tahiti equally, destroying the houses along the shore both in the capital and in the districts. It swallowed great mouthfuls of the main road, flowed up river-beds, gently lifted the bridges of stone and iron from their foundations and threw them down. It behaved, in fact, very much as Tahiri-i-te-rai would have behaved if she had had such forces at her disposal.

Then, when the joke was ended, the waters went back to their place.

The next day came a hurricane of scorching air, destroying half the fruit trees in the island.

A volcano had stirred in the ocean floor, flung up its contents in some unvisited place of the Pacific, and set the waters whirling in flood and the air in storm.

Only one man had been killed in Tahiti, the *gardien* of

the little Motu Uta opposite, which had been reduced by the flood to a sixth of its original size. The *gardien* and his wife had clambered up palm-trees out of reach of the waters. She was a native woman and held on till the sea went back ; he was a European and fell off his tree in the night and was drowned.

A few days later news began to come in of the havoc wrought in the rest of the Society Islands and among the atolls of the Poumotu Group. Many a schooner had been driven on the rocks and reefs and foundered in that tornado ; in many an island the natives had clung for days in the trees, then dropped off exhausted and been drowned. Many and many a family in Tahiti had lost a father, a brother, a *fetii*. There was much mourning in Pape-ete ; there had been no dancing or feasting there since the flood and the hurricane.

Society was recovering from the shock when we arrived in the island. But the town itself took longer to recover. The sleek beach and the avened road along the shore had been turned into a wilderness and a confusion. The lions at the British Consulate ramped over a desolate pile of coral chunks instead of a stately alley of flamboyant trees. The long row of bungalow-villas where the geishas lived had vanished altogether. The industry of many householders had piled salvaged planks and beams on the site of their former habitations, so that the foreshore seemed to be lined with timber-yards.

Demovski bitterly contrasted the apathy and incompetence of the French authorities in this disaster with the energy of the Americans after the earthquake in San Francisco.

Here in Pape-ete the natives went about laughing and looting the shops as if it were a game ; and it was only after three days of rapine that the Governor bethought himself to send a patrol of soldiers to beat drums about the town and warn the inhabitants against such unlawful excesses.

The first notice of the disaster in the official gazette,

averred Demovski, was a line to say: "Madame d'Aulincourt ne recevra pas jeudi prochain."

Demovski says that the captain of an English schooner offered to land his ship's stores on one of the islands, where the fruit trees had been destroyed, to save the inhabitants from starvation; and the Governor of the island refused the offer unless the captain would pay the regular import duties on the stuff.

Aritana invited Demovski to meet us for tea next day up at Pandora's Hotel, and in the morning taught four little Tahitian girls to sing the Russian nursery song of the old woman whose goat was eaten by the wolves—

Zhyl byl u bálushki
Sérenki kózlyk—

which they managed to perfection. Demovski was profoundly astonished when the little choir stood forth and greeted him with the song, unheard for so many years. He came to my balcony at the Annex again a month later, full of hope of enjoyment. But alas! pleasant things never repeat themselves. Aritana had departed, and the conversation flagged, and when we went up to the hotel the four little girls had forgotten the song.

§ XXI

THE DECAY OF THE COLONY

ARITANA was troubled in mind when he came to know Papeete better, and detected an inward melancholy which she sought in vain to hide beneath her tropical smile.

—My heart sinks, he said: I see a colony in process of dissolution.

It is true that a certain air of decay hung about the place, not wholly attributable to the damage wrought by the flood and the tornado. Perhaps the chief cause of it was the departure of the two regiments of soldiers which had been

quartered here, but which had, for some reason, been withdrawn since the flood to another island, leaving the big barracks untenanted. The law courts had moved into the artillery quarters, but the rest, long yellow buildings in great gardens flanking the Avenue de Sainte Amélie, stood empty.

There was a desolate air about the aspect of the big storehouse beside the Annex on the Quai des Subsistances Militaires ; rank grasses blocked the threshold before its two great double doors. Now and again a man in shirt-sleeves would peer out and sometimes roll a barrel out from one door and back into the other. Later there was a sale of military munitions there. Beds and bedding were carried out under the trees on the grass by the beach and disappeared into humble houses at the back of the town, or were wafted away in sailing boats for a luxury in distant villages.

Every semblance of martial power had disappeared from the town save the rickety gun-boat, moored to the shore, where the morning and evening signals were fired with a musket instead of a gun, for fear of shaking the plates apart.

On a grassy knoll above the town I found a park of rusty guns, pointing vaguely out to sea, forgotten, but faithful to their posts, with no sign of life about them save the little burnished lizards basking on their breeches and a stray cow grazing in the midst.

The civil power too had decayed. Its organs seemed to be numbed by some unfriendly spell. The Governor's house presented a gloomy and terrifying aspect. On this side and on that of the gateway grew two giant bamboo bushes, like Gog and Magog, shooting up and mingling high overhead in a monstrous Gothic arch, beneath which no one ever seemed to come and go ; the wooden palaces in which the departments of the administration were housed were as still as the castle of the Sleeping Beauty ; the post office seemed to be in charge of a caretaker, who had pretty well done his day's duty when he had thrown out two leather bags in the early morning on to the verandah steps for the two carriers to East

Line of
California



(Thompson)

and West to pick up as they drove by and carry down to the country.

One would hardly have been aware that there was any government in the town at all were it not for the men in gigs; for the Cercle Bougainville, a railed, park-like enclosure, where one might sometimes see the great ones in the distance sipping something in the shadow of a pavilion; a handful of functionaries who took their nourishment at Pandora's; a printed placard nailed from time to time to the trees about the town; and the police office on the shore, where two French gendarmes and a Martinique negro spent their day tilted back in wooden chairs under the flamboyants, in the roadway, smoking cigarettes and receiving a visit from time to time from one of the tall, smiling Pondicherry Indian warders from the gaol, without ever straying even for a moment into any other part of the town.

Undoubtedly it is a colony in the process of decay. If the Governor with all his officials withdrew stealthily one night from the island, and sailed back to France, their departure would excite but little notice.

After a few days Pandora would say: — Tiens! Monsieur Lavigerie has not been here to dinner lately.

Another would say: — I have passed daily of late along the Quai des Subsistances Militaires, but I have not seen a man roll a barrel out of one door and in at another.

Then after a little everybody would find that he was growing uncomfortably rich, having no gigs or terriers or brass buttons to pay for. The foreign merchants would be obliged to buy wall-papers for their office walls, since they would no longer be supplied with fresh copies of those licences on which they at present depend for their decoration: Licence to sell copra, twenty francs; Licence to buy copra, twenty francs; Licence to offer to sell copra, twenty francs; Licence to refuse to buy copra, twenty francs; Licence to think of a new way of making money, fifty francs; and so on.

As for myself, I don't share Aritana's lamentations; I can

no more grieve when I see the decay of the French Government than I can grieve when I read of the passing of the English Nonconformist missionary tyranny which preceded it. Between them they have destroyed the strange and wonderful way of life which God for some reason permitted in these islands in the far-off days ; destroyed the traditions, the language, the music and the poetry of the islanders ; harnessed them to uncongenial labour and taught them the trade of the bordello—all for empty-sounding words : la mission civilisatrice de l'Europe, la gloire de la France, l'amour de Jésus-Christ.

Why should Europe go in the name of *la gloire* when there is no glory to be reaped ? Why talk of *fraternité* and *égalité* when it is only *paternité* and *inégalité* that we have to offer ?

§ xxii

HALF-CASTES

So far as the visitor is concerned, French officialdom bears an unobtrusive part in the general chorus of Pape-etean life. It is only the "Umph ! Umph ! Umph !" of the *himené* : above it shrills the gay treble of the half-castes.

The white world of Pape-ete shades into the brown through an infinite series of fine gradations. No family stays in the island for any length of time without contracting Tahitian connections. The Tahitian atmosphere spreads upwards as a civilising influence, invading all the people of the town, and sweetening the formality of French politeness with the frank and loving kindliness of the natives.

The poorer half-castes and those of meaner European stock vanish into the mass of poorer natives. Those of better blood, with a little money to support the cost of hospitality, attach themselves on the one side to the Europeans and on the other to the natives. They never shake off their Tahitian connection ; no one is ashamed of it. All the children of the town, white, native or half-caste, talk Tahitian together.

Happy and careless, dancing, singing, playing, consorting equally with natives and Europeans, with a European range in their kitchens and a native ground-oven in their back gardens, fond of garlands, bare-footed except on great occasions, the half-castes nevertheless remain, so far as I could judge, ignorant of Tahitian ways of thought, ignorant of Tahitian traditions, Tahitian music, Tahitian poetry and even of the Tahitian language as it is spoken by the full-blooded natives of the country. Besides their French names they have also Tahitian names, romantic descriptive names as a rule, such as Noble-Face, or Lightning-Eye, which are not in true Tahitian taste.

Madeleine is a lady ; her brother Henri is a little savage ; he runs away every morning to swim all day with native boys, cannot speak a word of French and does not know his own age.

Madeleine took me home to introduce me to Madame Mérigaud, her mother, and stayed in the drawing-room to see I did her credit. The drawing-room was completely French, the walls covered with life-size enlargements of photographs of dead relatives. There is a piano, a trombone, a guitar, a clarinet and a flute ; for the family is musical, and the eldest son, Gaspar, who is an ordinary man in the daytime, conducts the orchestra at the cinematograph at night, while Uu, the page-boy, plays the drum.

In the corner is what they tell me is a Tahitian "sacred axe" of polished stone, used in the old days for killing children. It is fitted into a wooden handle like the Eiffel Tower, with a honeycombed surface, of modern manufacture. They keep it as a curio.

— Cache tes pieds, Madeleine ! said Madame in an audible aside, and Madeleine did her best to tuck them away under the valance of the chair on which she sat.

In the evening all the family came to the hotel to hear Aritana play. They brought Fifine with them, the little changeling who appeared and disappeared so strangely in the garden of Aritana's house, the youngest of the family, a little lean, wise, bald, wrinkled child of a year and a half.

While Aritana played the changeling stood entranced, swaying backwards and forwards and pointing a thin fore-finger at him.

Then she went to all the tables and "what-nots" in the room, and brought me all the photographs that she could find, one by one.

She was her father's close companion; but alas! he was drowned in the cyclone, and since his death, whenever there are visitors in the drawing-room at home, she brings his photograph from a certain stand to show it to them. Now, in a strange room, by analogy, she brings all the photographs that she can find at the same level.

From time to time the half-castes hold great picnics out at Fautaua, by the pool where Loti and Rarahu bathed, not by the mud pool that Tahiri passed off on us. There they all bathe together and frolic on the grass.

On Sundays they are bored to death: in the morning they go to church; in the afternoon they drive out to the East or to the West (there are only two drives), and really, Monsieur Vivien declared, he didn't know whether it was worse to stay at home or to go on one of these too familiar drives.

Some of them gather over dominoes and innocent glasses at the club, not at the aristocratic Cercle Bougainville, but at the club of minor splendour on the quay, on the balcony which overhangs the waters of the lagoon.

Williams, the young American merchant, invited me to visit him in his rooms at the Annex next to mine. I went at eight o'clock, just after dinner, and found him sitting up in bed in his pyjamas, and his little wife beside him on a chair, in evening dress, both as bright and wide-awake as ever.

He was reading a San Francisco paper for the eighth time, he assured me. He gets a batch once a month, goes to bed early—"Oh, there's nothing else to do!"—and reads them over and over again till the next batch comes.

As I drove with him through the town one evening before

John of
Carpenter



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dinner we met a gang of prisoners returning from work to the jail under the care of a tall, smiling Hindu. They wore their own clothes and each had a large number sewn on his stomach. They looked very jolly and waved heartily back to Williams, who seemed to know most of them intimately. He told me that they got into jail as a rule for 'rolling a man when he's drunk.' They would not rob a man, but finding him lying drunk in a handy place would roll him up and down till the money fell out.

The prison is a romantic-looking building in the old colonial style, and the natives seem to like it. I often met them walking cheerfully back to it by ones and twos of an evening, without any jailer in charge of them.

I never saw the inside of it ; but another Englishman who arrived by the *Rangatira* went straight to the jail on landing and asked to be shown over it. He explained that when he visited a new country he always made it his first care to inspect the jail, "in case."

He was not satisfied with what he saw, however ; said it was not what he was used to, and went away by the next boat.

§ xxiii

ON THE ROAD TO TARAVAO : DEPARTURE FROM PAPE-ETE

*. . . Mon voyage dépeint
 Vous sera d'un plaisir extrême.
 Je dirai : " J'étois là ; telle chose m'avint."
 Vous y croirez être vous-même.*

LA FONTAINE : *A Pigeon Speaks*

O PAPE-ETE ! Pape-ete ! Little palm-grown, silent city, mad, merry little city, with the great melancholy underneath. If I stayed to describe your charms I should fill a book and never have recounted them. Your impression is too strong, too poignant and bewildering. Many men are frightened by it and leave in the next boat. But Pape-ete

is not Tahiti ; it is nothing in the world but itself—a confused delight at the mingling of many streams.

Disillusion comes at last, but it is a disillusion of the mind, never of the senses. When it came to the traveller in question, when at last he pierced the dazzling complexity and discerned its elements, when he saw the Tahitian part in it and noted its corruption, then he packed his bundle and set out in search of the true and undefiled image as God made it and preserved it in the recesses of the island. For when one has come on the traces of the Golden Age it is too precious a thing to neglect even for the seductions of Pape-ete. And when the Americans have punched their hole in Panama and Tahiti lies in the track of the white man's trade, it will soon be too late to recover it.

So when I had scraped a quite insufficient acquaintance with the native language I packed a few wholly unnecessary things—viz., sketch-book, paints, beads, a piece of soap, a diary book, *Ali Baba* in French and Tahitian, some medicines, a mosquito net, a tinned *pâté de foie de bœuf* and a penny whistle—in a red cotton handkerchief, on the end of a stick, like Dick Whittington, and left Pape-ete to visit the eastern shore of the island, bearing with me a letter of introduction from a friend to one Temaeva.

There is no nobler pleasure in life than that which fills the heart of the wayfarer setting forth with staff and bundle on an unknown road, loving the way for its own sake and not as a means to a destination. He has thrown off the tedium of his ordinary life, left care and ambition behind him and become a part of the macrocosm. The trees, the clouds, the birds are his, the brown earth and the smell of plants, the towns, the hamlets, the habitations of men ; a music runs in his head and his feet beat out the rhythm of it on stone, on gravel, grass or sand. Strangers meet him by the way or at his resting-place like characters in a tale ; they will tell him stories of themselves and other people, will be strangely wise on things of which he is ignorant, or illuminatingly ignorant on things of which he is tired of being wise.

He will eat and sleep in strange places. At every turn of

the road, at every hill surmounted, there will pour on him fresh fountains of the greatest thing in the world—the Unknown.

These are the things for which I was hungering as I sate in the darkness of the early morning on the stone steps of the Fare Terafina, and a hundredfold more on the road which I was traversing—the road to Taravao.

I have no adventures to relate to you, no surprising discoveries of strange habits and customs among an unknown people. I was not received with enthusiasm by great chiefs; festivals were not got up in my honour. I was a simple man going to simple folk, seeing something of their daily life. All that I can do is to give a simple and faithful picture of that daily life of the people. It is not even a strange life. It is no longer their own. That was long since shattered by contact with our rough Eastern world. But the shattered pieces still retain some characteristic colour, and I shall be satisfied if, like La Fontaine's pigeon, I can make some of that appear to the reader.

The sun bobbed up as yellow as a Fiji orange, the bushes dashed dew, the leaves of the guava danced up and down in the sea breeze.

The road along the shore is the only visible sign of government having done anything in Tahiti. It was made, however, before the French took possession, and they have spent sixty years trying to keep it in repair (every man has to work for a week in the year on the road between the ages of sixteen and sixty, or pay a quit-rent of twenty-one francs), but, thank heaven, they have proved unequal to the task, and after a few miles of wandering through the rivers and over the hills along the northern shore it lies down to rest in Papenoo; wheels can do no more; civilisation with one expiring effort produces a gendarme and then leaves you in nature's charge.

After this the path winds along the shore, now on the flat terrace, now on the hill-side; for in many places the hills come right to the island's edge, and there is nothing beyond but a narrow strip of sand and rock; sometimes not even

that ; merely salt water lapping gently at the bottom of a grey, rocky cliff.

I shall always remember the rich delight, when I was hot with walking, of going up a hollow in the hill, undressing and going down into a tiny rill among the flowering grasses and bathing there beneath a little cascade to the sound of the murmuring water and of a turtle dove cooing in the trees overhead ; the rich, youth-bringing air of the morning ; the freedom, the safety, the solitude. Then I came down again and sat by the wayside under a *purao*-tree.

A man came towards me with a sack over his shoulder. I composed a little phrase in my mind :

— *E mea mahanahana te mahana.*

He stopped and put down his sack. He had the frankest, friendliest face in the world, with fine straight European features.

— No, he said ; the sun [*te mahana*] cannot be called cosy [*mahanahana*]. Your flannel shirt [twitching it] is *mahanahana*, but the sun is hot [*vea vea*].

We talked.

He volunteered that he himself was *afa-Paniora*, or half Spaniard. He had a long native name, but told me that his name was also Gonzalez. He did not speak a word of anything but Tahitian. This readiness to absorb Europeans into itself seemed to me one of the most remarkable things in Tahiti.

He was going to feed his pigs on coco-nuts.

The air was fresh and of a finely tempered heat ; the sun shone down with a mild benevolence ; and out at sea the little white clouds sat tier upon tier, like angels in an amphitheatre watching the comedy of life.

Nature is wilder here than about Pape-ete. There are no plantations. The slender, silver-stemmed coco-palms are rarer, raising their feathery heads only here and there on some flat promontory jutting out to sea. They make a ragged fringe along the shore where God planted them : the first nuts drifted ashore. It is a sea-water plant that thrives best with the salt about its roots ; for the mother coco-nut,

July 27
C. C. C. C.



The Terminalis

the Eve of palm-trees, came as Danaë came to Seriphos, floating hither in its wooden case, and was tossed ashore by the lapping waves.

On the hill-side and cliffs above and below me grow a hundred different sorts of trees and bushes of which I do not know the names: big-leaved after the tropical manner, little-leaved, with an air of England. Some places have been propitious to one sort, some to another. Here there is a long line of *hotu*-trees, tall, solid and threatening, as if cast in metal, with fat, dark, shiny poisonous fronds, like gigantic laurel leaves, too stiff and heavy to move to the impulse of so delicate a breeze. There at a rocky corner, where there is no soil, grows a cluster of iron-wood trees¹ with grim stems like Scotch firs, and a thin mist of bristling needles instead of leaves, as a smoke among the boughs, the ghost of foliage—a Peter Schlemihl of trees, throwing no shadow. This hard-wood represents the type of heroism to the Tahitians, the bare, hard, unluxurious man. *Aito* or *toa* is the epithet of a great warrior. The *acho*, or sweet-scented rush grass, hangs with a certain dainty, angular coquettishness over the path, and at times the way is blocked with *purumu*, stiff, straight lines of a privet-like bush.

Here and there an old snag has fallen from above and lies across the way; springs break from the hill-side and pour their waters in crystal rills down the sloping path. Now and again the path comes down to sea-level and dives under a river, where one must wade in pursuit of it. The prospect inland is opened at each ford by a long, wide valley full of sunshine, with hill upon hill, forest upon forest, and sharp peaks in the distance, lost in cloud.

The water murmuring shallow over rocks; the broad bed with stony, barren places, bordered by small, crooked-branched trees leafed like the lime—this is the invaluable *purao*-tree, the linden-gobbo (*hibiscus tiliaceus*) which has been the Whiteley's store of Tahiti, furnishing tapa, sinnet, oars, roof-beams, etc, etc.

¹ *Aito, Toa, catuarina æquisetifolia,*

There are bread-boxes by the wayside where the Chinaman leaves the bread, under gables of wood like shrines.

Up above among the rocks are brown figures of women searching for crayfish; others below the ford, fishing at the edge of the sea with a rod and line. Evening was drawing on. This first night I meant to go to the chief of Vaapuru and ask him to appoint me a lodging. The path ran steeply down and vanished altogether among the red rocks on the seashore. I rounded the point in the gathering darkness, creeping by between sea and cliff under the overhanging rock, where the cold water of the springs above fell from the tongues of ferns like a heavy shower of rain, and found myself a moment later on an old broken bridge of stone and cement, a neglected relic of the old days, where the sea came bellowing in under a rocky tunnel (for there is a gap in the reef here and the coast is exposed to the waves of the Pacific).

The bridge ended abruptly in the air; I jumped down and found myself in a new scene—a sheltered valley, a bay running inland in a deep-wooded ravine, silted up in the course of ages and transformed to a rich tableshore with a cluster of palm-trees towering over thickets of bushes. The road turned up the valley to the right and vanished into a blackness which was pricked by one small point of yellow light. Utter peace breathed on me, as if I had penetrated into the sanctuary of Paul and Virginia.

§ xxiv

ON THE ROAD: AT MOITUA'S

—*Haere oe hia?* (Where are you going?) a soft voice asked out of the darkness, and from among the bushes by the wayside started two figures of girls, dimly discerned, with bare limbs and their frocks tucked up into waist-cloths.

I learnt later that this question is formal; that it is, in fact, impolite to let a stranger pass without this salutation. The

Study of
Character



1/10/1914

12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

only answer needful is, "*I nia*" (east) or "*I raro*" (west).¹ But of course I took it seriously and replied that I was bound for Vaapuru.

— It is a long distance. Come and sleep here.

This was charming, but I refused, and continued along my path, which led me past a house.

In the doorway sat a man, who called out :

— *Haere mai taoto!* (Come and sleep!)

— *Eiaha!* (No!)

— Where are you going?

— To Vaapuru.

— *Haere n ai taoto.*

A man loomed up and said: — Il te dit d'aller à la maison.

It was the only house in the valley—a very clean house, marvellously clean, with a door on the verandah to keep the fowls out. Boys chattered and laughed; were silenced by their elders; dodged about, looking for a chance to laugh. After some shaking of hands we crowded into the centre room. There was a table in one corner, with two chairs; rows of bamboo bark on the floor ready for market in another. I went to bathe, and stumbled into the river, with three or four boys and a lantern. This pleased them.

My host Moitua and I sat on the chairs: there were over twenty men, women and children. One and all refused to share the food with me which I took out of my bundle.

Supper done, my host twisted me flat cigarettes of pandanus-leaf and lighted them for me with his own mouth over a lamp.

I had to give, in "bird money" or "Chile dollars," the favourite currency of the native Tahitians, the price of my shirt and trousers. My Waterbury watch was passed round and pronounced to be really worth thirty shillings at least. My pocket-knife also excited great curiosity. I had to reveal the mystery of the hidden tweezers to a clustering group of boys and men, and pass on the curious legend of the

¹ *I nia*, up wind; *i raro*, down wind—this refers to the trade wind from the east.

exasperating hook said to be useful for taking stones from horses' hoofs, but really serving no other purpose than to keep one from the corkscrew ; and then repeat the lecture and the demonstration once again for Moitua's satisfaction. He was delighted with the tweezers and put them in and out with a smile of great contentment.

Moitua sat very upright and still in his chair, with his hands on his knees and the queerest quizzical expression on his face—a very handsome man of fifty (handsome by Polynesian standards). The rest lay on the floor and leaned squatting against the walls and doorway.

All had the Polynesian lips, protruding like negroes' lips, but finely and delicately formed.

With Marae, one of the girls who had spoken to me out of the darkness (I found both here), it was no more than the daintiest pouting—the upper lip delicately *retroussé* in a very carefully modelled Cupid's bow. She had the colour so often met in books, so seldom seen in real Polynesian life—a pale coffee no darker than a dark European's. One could almost fancy a little ruddiness in her cheeks, her full, round cheeks ; something European too in her eyes, royally full eyes *à fleur de tête*, like all the Polynesians, with the incredibly long curved lashes which all Polynesians have, and a sort of half-sleepy, half-timid veiledness in them. I asked her what they do of an evening. She said :— One evening we sing ; another we go to bed.

But perhaps she had a little European blood ; her hair curled a little more than is usual in the South Seas ; it was twisted up in a chignon on the back of her head and little curls played all round the edge where it was drawn back from her forehead, and she had little curls just in front of the ear, where Polynesians always have a wisp of hair.

I begged that we might have some singing, but it was discovered that Marae, the leader of the chorus, had disappeared, and I was told that if I would stay over the next day I should hear some then.

Then there ensued between me and my host one of those tedious conversations out of Ollendorff, such as my imperfect

Line of
Character



Thomas C. De Gela

knowledge of the language permitted. The rest of the household listened for the most part in silence.

— Where did you come from to-day ?

— From Pape-ete.

— Do you know the Nature Man ?

— Are you *Perctani* [British] or *Mariti* [American] ?

— Are you a soldier ?

— Have you been in Africa ? Is the war still going on ?

— Who won ?

He was particular as to his inquiries about our royal family.

— How many children has Peretue ?

— Who is Peretue ?

— The King of England.

— We call him Edward.

— His name is, however, Peretue.

I did not guess at the time, as I might have done, that this was the Tahitian rendering of Prince of Wales.

— How many children has he ? How old are they ? Are any of them married ?

— What, grandchildren too ? Is he so old ?

— What was the name of the Queen's husband ?

— Albert.

— Arafata ?

— It was Albert.

— What, Arafata [Albert] ? Say it again.

They repeated it all round the room with incredulous smiles.

— Arafata ? What a name !

— What has become of him now ?

— He has been dead these fifty years.

— Dead these fifty years ? Well, in that case, *Aita ra'au* ; there is no tree.

Long and earnestly I pondered over this saying, pacing up and down in the darkness among the palms, till I saw that he meant not tree, but herb, in the sense of medicine. I had come on my first Polynesian joke.

There was a light burning out on the shore, flaring up and dying down, and moving slowly across the landscape.

— What is that ? I called to one of the boys, who came running. It was Marae and her companion fishing. We waded out to them, the boys mockingly repeating from time to time something I had said in the house. We found Marae knee-deep, searching for shell-fish ; the big smoky flame on the water was from a huge burning sheaf of long rushes which her companion was carrying on her back.



After this we all had to go and wash our legs in the river, for the Tahitians never let salt water dry on them if they can help it ; they say that it causes *macro* (an itching).

I was delighted to stay a day in this bay, for I was anxious to go up the valley behind and see what the inland parts of Tahiti were like, and to see more of the life of the natives.

A new member of the circle had come in during our absence, one of Moitua's sons-in-law, Natii, a handsome Marquesan from the valley of Hivaoa. I looked with a sort of awe on a man from that group, moreover from one of the savagest valleys of the group, a fellow-countryman of Melville's Typees. He was from one of the islands noted as the most barbarous and still addicted to cannibalism ; he was one of the handsomest men I saw in the South Seas, a strong body, beautifully built, a frank, charming man, alert and friendly, but never smiling, with eyes a little strange and bloodshot, and an expression of anxiety when he spoke.

The Marquesans are no doubt of the same race as the Tahitians ; they speak sister dialects of the same Maori language. Natii's head was built in the Polynesian way, straight-backed and very high ; but the form of his face and features was quite different from any other that I saw in the Pacific, and his tint was lighter. Moreover, he was tattooed, though only on the legs, a custom that the Tahitians have quite abandoned, so that I never saw even any old Tahitian person with tattoo marks in the island.

To my great delight (and this also was another reason for staying) Natii could speak a charming sort of French, and I saw that I could hold more rational conversation with my hosts than before.

It is very easy to say in Tahitian what you do not mean. Words are likely to lead to awkward confusions in unskilful hands. For example, *patu*, as a noun, may mean a clan or family, a stone wall or a wooden mallet; as a verb, to build a house, to refuse an invitation, to nurse a sick man or to strike him with a wooden mallet, or against a wall, and to kick (of a horse); *pau* may mean high or deep, scurf in the hair, to be annihilated, or to pour water over one another; *ahua*, smell, hollow, wood attached to a rafter, characteristic traits, flower of the sugar-cane, place full of coral, impenetrable forest, sick nurse, trifle, nonsense.

I notice that the natives have two languages: one that they speak among themselves and another for Europeans and Chinamen.

This last may be called the *aita maitai* dialect, for it consists largely of those two words, to express "not good," which are never used among themselves by the natives in that collocation (for they say *e mea ino*); both are given in Tepano. It also includes *ariaua*, for *ar'au'e* (soon); and *mea iti* (a little thing) is frequent in it.

They express themselves picturesquely: the sea is *in flower*; an old, wise man is *paári* (ripe), like a good mealy bread-fruit.

Natii took a dark view of things. He abused the Government (*Le Gouvernement*) and told me that since the recent flood and hurricane Tahiti *crève de faim*. The condition of the natives was *oune sauce mareureuse* (*une chose malheureuse*). He agreed with me, on the other hand, that Marae was *oune sorri sauce*, a pretty creature, *jolie chose*.

I was sent to bed in what was evidently the guest-chamber, on a well-mattressed wooden bed in a room to myself.

Soon after I heard a murmuring in the central chamber, and looking in through the open door beheld them all

attentive, while Moitua stood reciting a prayer. Then he turned down the lamp, and they lay there in rows on the mats till the morning, the younger ones wrapped in sheets, the older ones naked save for a waist-cloth.

There were preparations for breakfast when I rose in the morning, and as I came back from the river, Natii, the Marquesan, came galloping in round the point, bending low over his horse's neck, as fast as he could go, with two long white loaves from a distant Chinaman's under his arm. There was something of the heroic age in this wild, naked man galloping with his two loaves as if it were a matter of life or death. I soon learnt that the Marquesan does everything with this grandeur and dash.

After breakfast he was going to work at the house he is building up the valley. Nevertheless it is his fixed intention to go back to the Marquesas.

— But what if your wife won't go ?

— Ça ne me fait rien ; nous ne sommes pas mariés.

In the evening we were all gathered together again in the central room, the bamboo curls in one corner, Moitua and myself on chairs in another, and the rest of the household, with other two new faces, squatting or lying on the floor.

We were to have the *himenés*, or songs, I had been promised. I brought out a sketch-book and began to draw my host's portrait, and suggested that they should sing while I drew.

— No, said Moitua. One thing at a time. First the portrait, then the singing.

The people sat hushed while I made my drawing, at the end of which, with a pleasing appreciativeness which characterises them, they pronounced with one accord :

— It is he himself !

Natii, the Marquesan, who sate by me on the floor, interjected explanations of the meanings of the songs. They were all of a religious character, as the *himené* (from hymn) denotes.

— C'est sauce [chose] prière au bon Dieu.

— C'est sauce, promenade dans la Mer Rouge.

Univ. of
California



Nati'i Eua
Hono
valley - Kohala

I knew the hymn better afterwards, but at the moment it presented a grotesque picture of well-dressed Jews walking up and down in the bed of the Red Sea, taking off their hats to ladies with parasols, with a wall of water on either side. In another song the stanzas ended with a duet between Marae and the chorus :

MARAE. *Tarirea.*

CHORUS. *I !*

MARAE. *Tarirea.*

CHORUS. *E !*

MARAE. *Tarirea.*

CHORUS. *Tu !*

There was a great deal of laughter over this, because one of the boys sang *I* instead of *E*. As for the *I*, *E*, *Tu*, the explanation is easy: it was *Ietu*, the name of Jesus according to the Tahitian pronunciation, divided into syllables. But what was *Tarirea* ?

Natii boggled at it for some time and then told me :

— C'est sauce, c'est oune grande ville en Amérique.

— Then what has it to do with Jesus ?

— C'est là qu'il était né.

Jesus Christ born in a big city in America ! This gives a very general measure of the understanding of the Bible in the South Seas. The Tahitians, who have no "G" or "L" in their language, pronounce Galilee *Tarirea*.

I told a number of natives at different times this saying of Natii's and they none of them found anything strange in it. America, Asia, France, England, a little village, a big city, yesterday, in Captain Cook's time, two thousand years ago—it is all one.

"Is it not true, then, that Galilee is in America ?" they would ask, with a polite assumption of interest in a remote question of dry-as-dust learning.

A Roman Catholic convert told me that Galilee was not in her religion ; it was a *mea parotetani* (a Protestant affair). I laid the case fully before a missionary ; he eyed me askance and said that he was not surprised that the natives failed to find any humour in a joke about religion.

Here I had the opportunity of reading a Tahitian letter. It was written by a boy who appeared to be away on a visit to the other side of the island. It was much like an English schoolboy's letter in substance though different in form :

“To Tetuanui Tane-*ma*” (*i.e.* and his wife—*ma* (with) being always used in letters in this sense), “and to all the little children of the family,—Greeting to you in the name of our God, Amen. To H. Tane I write that he should come to Hitiaa and that he should arrive on Friday and bring sweet potatoes and taro. . . . This is my little word. I greet you and all the little children.”

I was determined to start at break of day on my journey, and told Moitua that I would take my breakfast at the next Chinaman's.

In the morning, however, I was delayed with a “Wait a little ; we are just going to have coffee.”

An hour later Natii came clattering in again at full gallop, bowed over his horse's neck as if the *ero paa* were at his heels, with two white rolls and a bag of raw coffee beans. Two or three of the household began to make a fire outside ; others busied themselves scraping coco-nut flesh to squeeze out the milk ; while others sat in a circle on the verandah about a white cloth, picking up the coffee beans one by one and peeling off the husks, shaking them in their hands, blowing and shaking them again. Then the coffee was roasted in a pan and afterwards pounded up in a wooden trough with a stone pestle.

The sun was high in the heavens when at last a little pot of coffee was ready for breakfast.

Marae went about from bush to bush picking flowers and smiling shyly ; my hostess made them into a garland and put them on my hat for the journey. Then I said good-bye.

I made some little reputation as a humorist by calling the boy, Moitua's brother Pahi (ship), Tima, or steamer, and, encouraged by success, refused Moitua's offer of a horse to cross the rivers by saying that I would jump them.

—That is impossible, said Moitua very gravely; they are too broad.

I pleaded that I was only joking. A look of profound disgust came over his face as he turned back into the house.

§ XXV

AT LANTÈRES'

I ONCE more struck the coast road and was picked up by the mail-cart. The driver is already my friend. He is a pleasant half-caste, with no sense of French genders.

— Who lives there ?

— C'est un vieux femme français.

This person of such mysterious sex, he told me, had suffered for many years from a bad leg that would not heal. At last the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to her one night and laid her hand on it and it was healed. When she awoke she found only the figure of a rose on it.

Pilgrims used to go to see the rose. Young Pape-etean boys used to make up parties to go and see it, but they saw nothing but a red scar, with no semblance of a rose. But she had the true gift of prophecy, and foretold many things that came to pass : such as the appointment of the young bishop. The Catholics have now disowned her, though they accepted her at first.

This service of public carriages is a private enterprise run by Mr Poroe, the native grandfather of Louis Juventin, the driver, but they carry the mail about the island. The main duty of the Postmaster-General is to get up early and throw out a locked leather wallet, containing canvas portfolios of letters for the villages, on to the steps, where the post-cart picks it up—or perhaps he throws it out before he goes to bed. In each village there is some official provided with a key to the wallet, who comes out and extracts the portfolio with the letters for his district—in one the chief, in another the gendarme, in another the Chinaman, in another a Hindu

from Pondicherry with a brilliant smile and speaking perfect French. A parcel was left by the wayside on the ground for the owner to find when he should come that way.

The driver's team of the mule and the scraggy mare was accompanied by a little foal, which ran alongside. I had to help to push the cart up the hills. Women raised their hats in salutation as we passed.

In one place boys were playing cricket, with a short stick for a ball; having hit it, the batsman rapidly measured the distance with the long one which served him for a bat, turning it rapidly wheel-fashion, as if well practised, and counting so many bat-lengths for his stroke.

Raw fish in gourds was tied up all over a tree, looking like gigantic fruits. It is hung up in this way to dry.

As we approached Papenoo we met two Chinamen, looking singularly out of place, on horses; the second of them smiled self-consciously (though self-consciousness is a thing one does not expect in a Chinaman) and a moment later rolled off his horse with the saddle.

Arriving at Papenoo, I left my bundle at Pao's, the post-house, and went, as I had been told, to ask advice of Lantérés, the French teacher. I found a native woman; we sate and talked; at last I understood that she said:

— Let us go to my husband.


We found him getting mangoes. His native name is Rahiti (Rising Sun). He says he is part Spanish (Catalan). He offers to lend me his horse. He uses it only once a month, to save fare by the carrier, so it will be no loss to him lending it to me. He leaves me in the house with his wife, Rahiti Vahine, two children, and Melanic, the hunchback.

The house is of bamboo thatched with pandanus. It has three beds, two chests, a sewing machine, three books stuck behind the rafters and a horn with an inscription:



—i.e. Faatau Tane, the name of the man who gave it to them.

The secret of this writing seems to be a reduction of it to

straight lines  for writing on *wood*, like Runes. There are no horizontal lines to get into the grain—hence

the 

The fact that Tahitians carve European letters from right to left, looking-glass fashion, suggests that they had a script of their own, now lost, though there certainly is no trace of it. It is some scanty evidence to show that Geisler was right in saying that an Easter Island script reads from right to left, not, as others say, from left to right (*Man*, 1904, i., p. 3).

Or it is just possible that this inscription is in the Mormon alphabet, in which the Mormon Bible was printed in 1855 or thereabouts—two books of it.

Rahiti Vahine gives me oranges. I go and fetch my luggage, and Pao tells me that he also has a horse. Returning, I make a portrait of Rahiti Vahine on the fly-leaf of my grammar and give it to her. She invites me to stay in the house, and gives me a lesson in the language, answering my questions, "What is this?" with: "It is a mat. It is a pillow," etc.

A handsome man, Mauri, the father of Melanie, comes into the house. He must be of Spanish descent. With his axe, his mantle on his shoulders, head thrown proudly back, he might be descended from one of the lost Spanish corsairs, perhaps wrecked with pigs or dogs, or descended from the few who came deliberately in the old days, but not in large numbers, or there would have been traces of them in the language of the island.

He and I went for a walk. As we pass people ask the usual question: — *Haere outou hia?* (Where are you going?)

He answers rather proudly:

— *Nous nous promenons.*

He takes me down to the river to bathe. As I am dressing Lantérés comes wading back with his wife: after three hours' search they have failed to find the horse.

He has brought some fungus like india-rubber which grows on dead trees. It is sold as food for Chinamen (exported, in fact, from New Zealand to China). He is going to try it on his pigs; they refuse it. I have *déjeuner* with him—young coco-nut to drink, plantains to eat. While we eat a young pig runs about the floor tormenting the babies. Twice it wolfed the elder one's dinner; cleaned the basin out to the last morsel.

—Voilà la vie de Tahiti! says Lantérés. Comme vous voyez, elle n'est pas compliquée.

He puts me to lie down on a bed in the corner for a siesta, the only shady spot in the house, for the sun comes in through the open bamboo walls.

—Le soleil entre comme chez lui.

His wife and he go out to work again, having thrust a chair into a hole in the wall by the door to keep the pig out. As I lie on the bed I see scores of mice entering gravely in parallel lines all along the floor, like Association football players lined out, coming straight in and going straight out.

—La souris [le rat] c'est le roi de Tahiti, says Lantérés.

Later we went to Pao for the horse which he said he could let me have. After ten minutes' talk between him and Lantérés I ask: —What does he say?

—Il dit qu'il a un cheval.

Another ten minutes; the same thing. I hire it for a week for four dollars.

—It is a good thing, says Lantérés, for in this way you also get a saddle and bridle. I have nothing but a halter. I borrow the cart and harness to drive to town.

We return to Lantérés. He tells me that Tahitian talk is always gay; there is no talk of serious things.

It is no doubt true that all their talk is gay, but, like all Polynesian gaiety, it is not a soft, honeyed gaiety, but has a kind of fierceness in it; just as their delight in music is not languorous or voluptuous, but hard and piercing; they enjoy the world, even though it be a place of sharp tastes. There is an undercurrent of great sadness in the beauty of the world for them: the sound of the sea and the song of the birds and of the concertina are always *tai* (a weeping).



Major James Allen (1888)

He says the *utes* (secular songs) are obscene, according to European ideas.

As we sit hornets keep falling from the roof. A girl wanders in from another house and brings me a sweet-smelling garland of *tiare maohi*. After a gorgeous feed Lantérés and I lie in *pareus* (waist-cloths) and garlands in the sun on the plateau, looking through the tops of coco-trees on to the blue sea.

He says it is simply the life of ancient Greece, and this is perfectly true. It is a life with thoughts of the sea and of ships always for its background, a life of departure and arrival from island to island, of *ἀναγνώσεις*, with no sense of trouble over the general policy and life of the world at large. There is something Greek in the perpetual reference to the sea for direction: *i uta* and *i tai*, the *ἀνά* and *κατά* of the Greeks. Greek also the costume of the women looped up about the waist for work and action.

After this I went to thank the girl for her garland. We talk on the balcony of her house. There comes a man drunk from the mountains. He had tied a can in the top of a coconut-tree and left it to catch the drip from an incision through the night. Then to-day he went up to drink the juice, which had fermented, and was drunk.

Seeing me and the girl side by side, he said to her: — He is next to you; what more do you want?—*i.e.* kiss him.

Lantérés and I walked round the plateau to see a very rich man who lives in rags in a little hut. But that is normal for a rich man.

Lantérés told me that he himself had been first of all in a Government office; then a free man, a house-painter. He had suffered poverty and lived in the mountains and ate taro leaves and *fei*. He loved liberty.

In the evening there is a catechism in the Roman Catholic church below.

— Allons blaguer le Curé.

We meet on the verandah of the priest's house and cross, with him-leading the way with a lantern, into the church.

They repeat long prayers by heart with astonishing

memory. The people are bare-headed. After the service we return to the priest's house. Thirteen *papaas* sit on chairs at the table, the rest squat round the wall—girls, women, boys, men and Mauri and the man who was drunk (now quite recovered). The women smoke cigarettes. Lantérés has his trombone and plays it. When this was a novelty the whole village used to assemble round the door.

After catechism they sing hymns, bad hymns, adaptations of European hymns. Herein the Roman Catholics are at a disadvantage. *Parotetani* singing is far better than *Tatorita*. We go out into the village afterwards. There are big bright bonfires burning here and there. There are often bonfires at night in the villages of Tahiti, burning their rubbish. There is a Protestant *himené* going on in the *fare-himené* and another rival one of the Roman Catholics in the open Mairie.

The Roman Catholics sit plaiting hats, or doing nothing, in rows, with many lanterns, for the night is dark in this open place, like a big band-stand; but, unlike the Protestants, they sing the same song many and many times over, with a pause of a minute or two between the repetitions of it.

Mauri goes by with *pareu*, and a shawl cast over his shoulder, with another man draped in an embroidered Tahitian Futurist counterpane.

We sup off boiled rice and orange-leaf infusion, the regular evening drink; a mouse is on the table looking for scraps while we eat.

As I lie in bed there is the sound of the loud clapping of lizards' tails in the bamboos of the walls.

§ xxvi

AT TEMA EVA'S

At last I reached Vaapuru, my destination. A sand-bar half blocking the mouth of the big valley had dammed up the river into a lake, reflecting the thick woods which covered its

islands and promontories. I came on it suddenly round a sharp corner, where the path runs on a shelf on the face of the red cliff. Below me on the shore a number of men and women were wading in the sea, hauling at a great fish-net.

— *Haere oe hia?* (Where are you going?)

— To the house of Temaieva.

They told me that I should find Temaieva's house on the other side of the *Pape mea rahi*, or big fresh water.

I found Temaieva in the edge of the vanilla, which he had been busy "marrying" since daybreak, with his father, his wife and adopted children.

The coast terrace is covered with plantations of vanilla, an imported plant that thrives exceedingly. It is a graceful climbing orchid with pendent flowers like honeysuckle. In its native South America it is fertilised by long-tongued humming-birds; but here there are no humming-birds and each bloom must be fertilised separately with a little pointed stick.

Temaieva received me with smiles when he heard that I came from his friend Ihoroa.

Temaieva lived in a European house something like Moitua's, but far more European, and not so clean, standing on planks. In front of it was a small enclosure scattered with chicken bones, banana skins and orange peels, and in rows about it old kerosene cans full of earth and growing flowers; under the verandah a row of kerosene cans on a plank.

The central room was the drawing-room, with a horse-hair sofa and velvet chairs. On the walls were illustrations—framed pictures advertising Poudre Nicolet, Amer Picon and other Parisian luxuries—besides life-size enlargements of photographs of dead relatives, a gloomy but very favourite decoration of Tahitian houses of the rich sort. The tables were decorated with flower-jars standing on tatted mats. Moitua's house had been Japanesely simple.

On the verandah were two other residents of the house, some sort of cousins or relatives of Temaieva.

One of them, Peretai, was ill, with the universal complaint

of *ofati*, or inflammatory rheumatism. He was a sad man ; he lay on a mattress in the corner ; his head was swathed in a cloth, because he was feverish, and the Tahitians believe that cold goes into the body by the ears.

The other man, Tũaariitahi, Temaeva's brother, was a slender, graceful, languishing creature, with flexible wrists and long, thin fingers adorned with rings. He was sitting at a wooden table with his chin in his hands, meditating ; a pile of freshly plucked gardenia blooms lay before him ; his head was crowned with a big green garland of guava leaves. Temaeva gave me to understand that Tũaariitahi was a sad dog, a bachelor and *rea rea*, or gay at that.

Tũaariitahi greeted me in a high, thin, quavering tenor voice and led me into the drawing-room ; he then went to a drawer and got out all the photographs of the family he could find and set them in a row on the table to entertain me. Temaeva brought two of the gardenia blooms and put one over each of my ears. His father, also Temaeva, lives with him, but the son is the owner of the house. In Tahiti they have the cult of youth ; it is always the younger who owns.

Temaeva, the elder brother and host, and I dined *tête-à-tête* at a little table in the back verandah, his wife Aita squatting by to wait on us. The rest, a round half-dozen, dined in a bamboo hut a few yards away. I saw Tũaariitahi at the door licking round the bowl of rice, or *popoi*, with his fingers in the most refined and graceful way, with a kind of elegant dexterity. Temaeva dressed for dinner—that is to say, he put on a white linen coat with brass buttons instead of a shirt ; but when he grew hot with eating he tore it off impatiently, thumped his big naked chest with his fists and smiled affectionately at me.

Our dinner consisted of a tin of Chicago beef cooked in a hole in the ground, roasted plantains, cakes of coco-nut and arrowroot, and other cakes made from the stem of the *ape*, or giant arum, served up in a green bamboo cane in which they had been baked. This gives them a delicate perfume. Temaeva broke the cane against the wall by his chair.

After dinner he lighted his pipe like any European and we

July 1900



Wakone Fina
otua

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a list of names, located in the upper left corner of the page.

all assembled on the floor of the drawing-room. He then slowly spelt out my letter of introduction again by the light of a lamp on the floor (it was written in Tahitian), and passed it on to his wife, who read it more fluently: "He is rich and will recompense you for what you spend on him." They made me read it too. I gave Madame my visiting-card; she put it behind her ear for future reference.

She could talk French. She told me that the vanilla trade was a starvation affair; they sold it to the Chinaman, who paid a poor price for it and enriched himself. Why not sell it direct to the traders? It was *trop de peine*.

A Tahitian who set up as a middleman might make a great success, I propounded. *Succès?* What is *succès*? I endeavoured to explain it by the word *réussir*. She did not know that either. The idea is foreign to Tahitians.

Singing was proposed. Would I like to hear a *himené papaa* (a white man's song)? I do not know what the song was, or indeed in what possible gamut it was constructed; but rather than hear such a cacophony repeated I begged for a *himené Tahiti* next.

Tuaariitahi, the *rea rea*, led with closed eyes and his head laid on one shoulder, and the same expression of pain on his face as I had seen in the Belle de Rossetti at the *himené* that Maná had taken me to; he leaned his elbow on the seat of the velvet chair. An old biscuit tin by him held his smoking materials. The old man and others joined in. Madame did not join in, but lay on the floor by a paraffin lamp and played with hornets which came down to it, squashing the females with her fingers and handing the males over to me with the assurance that they did not sting.

Two of the children came in from catching *uas*, or hermit land-crabs, for bait; one of these, taken out of its shell, was turned loose for our sport on the floor; it looked angry and ashamed of its ridiculous white body and rushed for a dark corner under a horsehair sofa.

When I had been put to bed (for Temaieva stood over me during the process, insisting on my wearing a *pareu*, but doubting over my shirt—I shall be too hot—he speaks as if I

had never been to bed before and must be taught) I once more heard the murmuring of prayers as I had heard it at Moitua's:

“*E to matou Metua i te ao ra, ia raa to oe ioa*” (the Lord's Prayer).

In the morning Temaeva, instead of going to the vanilla plantation, spent an hour at the table on the verandah with all his family about him, sighing and groaning, in labour with an answer to Ihoroa's letter of introduction. I saw this letter afterwards and it was translated to me by Ihoroa. After declaring the arrival of *te papaa ite* (the little white man—the diminutive of respect), he said: “Whosoever is worthy to be your friend is worthy to be my friend. If you send me from one to five persons at a time, they are welcome; or if you send me from five to ten persons at a time, they are welcome; beyond that number it would begin to grow inconvenient.”

Temaeva went away after this labour, with his wife, father and two or three women and children, to the lighter work of marrying the vanilla. Only Peretai and I sat at home, Peretai on his mattress in one of the rooms. I had hurt my foot by treading on barbed wire. I lent him the book to read which I had bought in Pape-ete, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. After a little time Tuaraiitahi the *rea rea* came back to the house to get something, but instead of getting it, seems to have taken *Ali Baba* away from the invalid and decided to rest for a bit. As I passed out by the back verandah a little later I found him sitting there all alone, reading it aloud to himself in his high, cracked tenor. An adopted daughter, who came soon after to see what he was about, stayed and looked at the book over his shoulder.

In the evening the old man, Temaeva's father, sate up at the table and had a turn at it by the light of the lamp.

Reading by a lamp seemed to bother him exceedingly; he tried to sit every way; he tried to the right, he tried to the left; he stooped and put his head almost between his knees; there was always a shadow; nothing would do. Finally he put his arms round the lamp, at either side, held the book out beyond it and read it, peering round the chimney, to his great

satisfaction. He smiled and nodded triumphantly to me. This was also the regular method of Henry James's grandmother.

As I lay in bed that night I seemed to hear family prayers in progress once again, but somehow I missed the familiar syllables, *E to matou Metua i te ao ra, ia raa to oe ioa*, and the service seemed unduly prolonged. When I awoke again at midnight the voice still murmured on. Getting out of bed to look into it I found all the members of the household assembled in another room, the invalid sitting up, much better, with a smile on his face, while Temaieva read *Ali Baba* aloud.

I had not suspected what an effect my book would produce. The fact is, the Tahitians are starving for something interesting and romantic. The missionaries and civilisers have destroyed all innocent things which used to entertain them, without putting any new thing in their place. All the Tahitians have been taught to read, but there is nothing for them to read in their own language except the Bible and the Book of Mormon. They are tired of the Bible and know it by heart. This forgotten fairy story which I found on a dusty shelf at Papeete came like rain to a thirsty land.

The next day was Sunday. We opened with a heavy breakfast at nine. Everybody put on all the black clothes they could find, as if it were Christ's funeral instead of His resurrection that they were celebrating. The old man wore a black waist-cloth, black jacket and black straw hat; the rest of the men donned trousers in honour of the day. The little boys were put into trousers too, and the little girl's hair was drawn back so tight from her forehead that she could do nothing but stare. Temaieva put on a pair of brown boots and scented himself with Chinese essence; he also put a handkerchief in his pocket with the corner sticking neatly out, not without a certain self-consciousness.

After breakfast he knelt down all alone in the drawing-room and prayed silently and fervently, with his eyes screwed up tight.

We went early to the *fare pureraa parotetani*, or Pro-

testant church, for they were Calvinists, and found Sunday school still going on, all the children very cheerful, answering the native deacon's questions. When the service began they got up and ran about as they pleased, going from pew to pew to visit the old folk, or running out into the open when they felt inclined. There was no *gêne* about the service. People got up and looked out of the low windows if anything passed. Temaeva was the best-dressed man there. One tall and stately man walked in with the air of a Spanish grandee, wearing no visible garment but an evening-dress shirt, with starched front and collar, sate himself in the corner of a pew and folded his bare legs along the seat.

Temaeva sate through the service with his arm round my waist and an affectionate smile on his face, and made a note of the text in a pocket-book.

After the service a large part of the congregation came home with us, including the brown deacon, who at once read *Ali Baba* through to the company.

Then after a pause of a few hours, as evening drew near, he read it through once more by general request.

Gonzalez came in at dinner-time as he had promised and repeated all the details of the conversation which I had held with him on the road three days before, and after dinner I had to answer a number of the usual questions :

Did I know the Nature Man ?

Was I in the African War ?

Was my father dead ?

Did he leave much money ?

Is it safe to go to America ?

Gold money lies in the mud in England.

Deceived by Ihoroa's letter, and what I had been told on board the *Raugatira*, I made the mistake of leaving money behind me on a table. Aita found it, and hated me from that moment. It was only much later that I discovered the cause of her change of manner towards me.

LETTERS OF
C. J. FROST



Wm. H. Frost
1840

§ xxvii .

HIMENÉ PRACTICE FOR THE FÊTE

I HAD returned for a day or two to Pape-ete to bid farewell to Aritana, who did not accompany me on my remoter wanderings, and who was leaving by the next ship. The town was already astir with preparations for the annual festival of the Quatorze Juillet: the ladies were weaving white hats of bamboo fibre for themselves and their men; Monsieur Latouche had received a big consignment of confetti; the shopkeepers were running up wooden booths in a grassy road by the Governor's house for the sale of beer, and for the holding of lotteries in which sucking pigs and coloured shawls were to be raffled. There was to be a competition of singing and of dancing before the Governor and officials between rival bands from all the villages. It will all be very European, except the singing and dancing.

We went when it was dark to hear the practice of the Pape-ete chorus, again under Maná's guidance, across the bridge and down among houses to an open green place under the trees, where a large crowd was gathered. In the midst of the open space, on the ground, was seated a large circle of women, with a lamp or two also on the ground, in the midst of them; moths fluttered round the lamps; a fierce, little old man sate on a box just outside the circle, holding a long rod in his hand like a white fishing-rod; a young man stood behind him with another rod like it. The old man was speaking quickly, emphatically and angrily, in short, jerky sentences; the women on the ground listened with downcast faces; I recognised Tahiri-i-te-rai, Natua and many of the bayadères among them.

— What is he saying?

— He is scolding them for singing badly.

— And what is the rod for?

— It is to beat them with when they make mistakes.

Suddenly one of the young women threw up her chin, shut her eyes with the usual expression of pain and began to sing

on a very high, shrill note, with the words following quickly on one another's heels ; and after her came all the others with astonishing unanimity, chasing her voice through the melody, but never catching it ; while yet a third voice ran across the track of the others piercing to still shriller heights with a cry of distress which made, not harmony, but a kind of crackling, rattling sound which I had never before heard in music. The whole course of the melody was an elusive monotony, a series of high sustainings and swift descents by devious routes round the sub-tonic to the dominant. When they were all in full cry another sound broke out, not a voice, not a note, nothing articulate, but a cadenced grunting, an Umph ! Umph ! Umph ! and a long-drawn VVVVV . . . uttered by a number of men who were sitting outside the circle of women, swinging their bodies from side to side as if to force the sound from their big chests by violence. All the comparisons suggested by the singing were ugly ; but the sum total had definite intention.

Tahitian tunes are built on black notes from G flat to E flat above, on these five only ; the melody does not go above or below, till it makes an effort and touches E natural (taking off for it hesitatingly, shivering on the brink, from D flat), then tumbles down repeatedly through B flat to G flat. The melody never moves by more than a third at a time. A great effect in the harmony is an inner treble which runs up to the E natural and on to a note half-way between that and F. There is always a long-sustained note at the end of the melody, which never dies away, but ends abruptly and altogether in a little grunt : Euh !

Tourjers vouches that Tahitian singing is always exact as to pitch ; but I have heard them break off and say it was too high. Their native instruments are bamboo drums, flutes, pan-pipes and conchs. There are four notes in a tune played on the *vivo* (nose flute), something like a *ute* accompaniment.

Tahiri came up, very bold ; she had been with officers of the *Zélée* ; she blew cigarette smoke in my face and went away.

Among other things they sang the *himené* the title of



"PORTRAIT OF TIHOTI (MYSELF) BY A
 YOUNG FEMALE MEMBER OF THIS FAMILY,
 WHOSE SIGNATURE APPEARS AT THE BOT-
 TOM, I SEND IT TO YOU TO SHOW THE
 HANDSOME DIGNIFIED AIR THAT I HAVE;
 THE PROGRESS OF MOUSTACHE AND BEARD;
 THE WREATH WHICH MY HOST PUT ON ME
 YESTERDAY MORNING AND THE SCENTED
 FLOWERS OVER MY EARS (BUTTONHOLES
 ARE ALWAYS WORN OVER THE EARS)" G.C.

which had so stimulated my imagination at Moitua's. Here it is :

PROMENADE DANS LA MER ROUGE

(Given to me by Himené)

Ta'oto t'au i te po ;	I sleep in the night ;
Ta'u mata te i piri te taota ;	My eyes cleave together with sleep ;
Ua tae tau varua iti,	My soul has taken wings to wander
Ori ori a'e na Aehiti (Efiti)	To and fro in Egypt ;
Na roto i te miti ute ute.	To wander over the Red Sea.
Maehia mai oe tenana nei ?	Whence comest thou, O my soul ?
Mei Natareta mai au.	I come from Nazareth.
Maehia roa mai te haereraa mai ?	Whence thy long journeyings ?
Mei Aehiti roa mai	From the far land of Egypt.

§ xxviii

AT AMARU'S

THE country still drew me forward.

— The chiefs will find you lodgings, said Gonzalez, and you can buy food at the Chinaman's.

Every few miles, when you come to a new village, you do not say, "Where is the shop?" but, "Where is the Chinaman's?"

I saw a wrinkled old woman sitting in her doorway and asked :

— Where is the Chinaman's ?

— He is gone to Pape-ete.

— Where can I buy bread ?

— At Oneura, eight kilometres on.

— Whew !

I had not gone fifty yards when I heard shrill cries behind me and saw the old woman waving her lank arms to me to return. She was laughing as if she had made a good joke.

— *Haere mai tamaá !* (Come and eat.)

She set half-a-melon before me and a cake made of flour,

lard and coco-nut. Her old husband is a chief; his name is Piriri. They told me afterwards that she was a savage, a woman of Tautira, civilised by living in Vaanui. I asked her what people lived in the next valley.

—No one, she answered, but an old *papaa* called Hina, the Spider.

—How old?

—Very old.

—As old as yourself?

—Much, much older.

I wandered up-stream among the orange groves and found him marrying his vanilla. He was angry at being disturbed in his solitude and could not understand why I had come to see him. As we had no language in common but Tahitian, our conversation soon flagged. He was a Dutch sailor, ninety years old, as brown as any Tahitian, bare-headed and bare-footed; he ran away from his ship in the days of William IV. and had lived in this valley for seventy years. He had left the sea before ever ships went by steam, and lived here before the days of Omoo or the French occupation.

In one thing he differed from the Tahitians. The Tahitians love their kind, and fill their houses with adopted children, brothers, sisters, cousins, fathers and mothers. The Spider lived entirely alone in a little hovel eight foot long in a thicket of bananas. He was a rich man, but he was a miser. He keeps his money buried in a hole in the ground. His neighbours help him daily in his work. There is no difference of rich and poor here, only of strong and weak; the strong work and the weak don't. The rich man fetches his own plantains; nobody would do it for him for money unless he were infirm. "What sort of life would it be for me if I fetched plantains every day? Money? I have enough. I can get it when I want it." They would regard it as an attack on their liberty.

I should have regretted my visit but that a group of natives came swinging by at this moment from the mountains. Three of them were laden with yams and

plantains; the fourth was carrying a great bundle of green bamboo canes. He had a broad, good-natured face, with nose and lips flattened like a negro's; they called him Amaru.

Amaru showed me a new path down the other side of the river. I admired his splendid limbs. His feet were no longer than mine, but twice as broad, spread out like hands, with round, separated toes, like pegs in a board.

I told him of the old woman who had given me lunch, and described her dwelling. He smiled.

— C'est ma mère, he said.

I was not astonished to find that two such amiable people belonged to the same family.

Leaving the green and luxuriant path by the river-side, we walked together along an open road on a level with the shore—a wild, savage place under a low shoulder of the mountain, with sandy wastes running inland, clad with long, wiry grasses, prickly mimosa and twisted *purao*-scrub. Here and there a big pink-flowered convolvulus crept out with an æsthetic protest towards the water-side. An invigorating breeze was blowing from the sea.

The scene changed quickly. We soon came into a sheltered cove at the foot of a little valley, where the road was carpeted with mossy grass in the shade of chestnut-trees. On a green knoll on the inland side was a little native house with bamboo walls and a pandanus-thatched roof; thickets of hibiscus, *purao*, banyan and guava surrounded it, and before the door rose a group of three or four coco-palms, holding up their drooping crests with a sinuous grace of strong, slender women. The charm of the coco-tree is a feminine charm, like everything else on the shore and in the valleys.

— E Papa! E Papa! cried shrill, husky little voices in among the guavas, and two children came running down a path from the knoll to greet my companion.

His '*Viens mancher*,' was so open-hearted an invitation that I readily accepted it.

.

A week had passed and I was still staying at Amaru's. It seemed foolish to go when I had rediscovered the golden age of innocence. Amaru sate down on a box and cried at the notion of my departure ; his wife cried, with her shirt to her eyes, and the children looked at me with round, sad eyes. When I said " Il faut que je m'en aille," Amaru looked at me bewildered, and said :

— Jemenaille ? Moi ne connais pas cet mot là.

Even when I had relinquished the useless pedantry of the subjunctive he still looked bewildered. I explained again. He sate down on a box (the Chinese sandalwood box with a musical lock) and cried.

What did we do all day ? I can hardly say. On Sunday morning I was awakened by feeling that someone was leaning over the head of my bed and looking at me. It was Arii-Roo, the little girl. When I opened my eyes she began to stroke my hair. I lay like a cat before the fire. Then I remembered that it was the Sabbath Day and thought of my last Sunday at Temaeva's and groaned in spirit at the prospect of a heavy day.

I could hear Te-Hei outside being washed against his will. I saw Arii-Roo's hair being combed and pulled tight back off her forehead. I saw Amaru putting on a pair of trousers. Morning wore on without any mention of church ; towards midday Amaru asked if I would like to hear some singing.

— A *himené* ?

No, these were *utes*, or love songs. There would also be a drinking of *ava anani*—that is, fermented orange juice.

On the way we went into a little glade where there was a hut among the coco-nut-trees, hard by a shore where the waves were always beating. We were going to pay a visit. An old woman was sitting in the doorway basking in the sun.

— And who is this ?

— C'est ma mère, said Amaru.

— Now` this is too bad, Amaru, I protested. First there was the woman who gave me melon and suet ;

yesterday you spoke tenderly of a woman in far Papara and told me she was your mother; and now here is a third.

Amaru gazed at me with that stupid, stubborn expression which often came into his eyes when I asked for explanations.

— Ce n'est pas la même mère, he said.

This was, in fact, his foster-mother, while the woman of the melon was his adoptive father's wife. She in Papara had done no more than bear him, but they were all equally mothers to him.

It is the freedom of adoption and elasticity of wedlock which confuses relationship, so that one is perplexed by "C'est la père de la frère de ma sœur," or "Non, ce n'est pas un parent celui-là; c'est la fille du mari de ma femme."

Inside the hut lay Ponau, the foster-mother's husband, crippled with *ofati*. We sate down to talk awhile, and the old woman anointed our heads with *monoi*, or coco-nut oil scented with herbs, a savage perfume of mingled sweet and sour, like all the beauty of the island. She brought us flowers too, to adorn our heads for the festival, and leaves of the *aute* or hibiscus torn in strips to hang over our shoulders and exhale their fresh scent in our nostrils.

We were about to start when Hina, the old Dutch Spider, came hobbling in very gay, in a blue cotton suit with a Chile franc in the hollow of his ear; he had forgotten the use of pockets. He too was bound for the love songs and the orange juice, but at the sight of me his face fell. He was ashamed before another *papaa*. He mumbled a little and went home, chapfallen.

The *heiva ute*, or festival of song, was up the valley. We went two and two through different thickets and plantations and emerged at last on the slope of the hill in an open, grassy place among orange and banana trees.

A little band of girls in white came laughing in from the other side as we approached, and a fat, jolly old woman greeted us, pirouetting with a swaying of the knees and

haunches, holding a bowl of the *ava anani* aloft. Men and women, crowned with garlands of ferns and flowers, were sitting on the ground by a wooden barrel, guarded from the flies by a banana leaf laid across it, while one was playing a wailing native accompaniment on, alas! the *upa-upa-umé-umé—anglicé*, the concertina.

Clear-eyed, healthy, big men with big limbs and smooth, smiling faces; women ugly and pretty, old and young, with just a touch of ferocity in their expression—they recalled Grandgousier and his friends awaiting the birth of Gargantua.

“Après disner, tous allerent pelle melle à la saussaie” (the banana thicket), “et là sus l’herbe drue, dancèrent au son du joyeux”—*upa-upa-umé-umé*—“tant bandement que c’estoit passetemps celeste les veoir ainsi soy rigouller.”

Children are left behind and not allowed to hear *utes*, which, though mostly quite decent, are regarded as very indelicate. If you translated almost any of our modern poets into Tahitian verse, people would stop you: “Hush! the children might hear.” The boys kept trying to get near, but a man would rise and heave things at them. From time to time one of the men would burst into song. The woman with the concertina went on with the same two relentless bars of accompaniment, *da capo* without end; the melody of the song flew darting round it in quavering cadenzas and tender *floriture*, like a dragon-fly about a water-lily; the singer would thrust his flowered head over a woman’s shoulder and let fly his ditty in a husky falsetto, with a cunning grin, as if he were being very, very funny. This manner, which would make a nigger minstrel’s fortune, is aimed at stirring pity for the lamentable condition to which love has brought him. The women sang with less artifice.

Sometimes the song was addressed to all the circle with one upraised, didactic finger. Then one would rise and execute a *pas*, with strange twistings of the iliac region, and swift shakings of the gluteus. The women danced where they squatted tailorwise on the earth, with rhythmic

Man of
Cebu



Manojo

1. $x^2 + 2x + 1 = (x+1)^2$
2. $x^2 + 4x + 4 = (x+2)^2$
3. $x^2 + 6x + 9 = (x+3)^2$
4. $x^2 + 8x + 16 = (x+4)^2$
5. $x^2 + 10x + 25 = (x+5)^2$
6. $x^2 + 12x + 36 = (x+6)^2$
7. $x^2 + 14x + 49 = (x+7)^2$
8. $x^2 + 16x + 64 = (x+8)^2$
9. $x^2 + 18x + 81 = (x+9)^2$
10. $x^2 + 20x + 100 = (x+10)^2$

swayings of the body and elbows, and sinuous flickering of the fingers.

UTES

THE WANDERER

(*Tahitian Version*)

EIAHA e ino ino e ta'u vahine Te-Hea
 Ta'u i rave ea'ene ¹
 I ori-raa haumani
 Na tau tino fáatiá i te mea nave nave
 Ua rahi ua rahi tau manao
 Eiaha e tatara ia'u e
 O vai teiaha apeapea no a mai i to tau'a tino e.

THE WANDERER

Do not be angry, my Vahine, at that which I have done.
 I wandered here and there and I was weary.
 If I have looked on other women do not forbid me the pleasant thing.
 Great, great has been my thought of thee.
 Do not desert me. Who can prevent the pleasure of our two bodies ?
 (*Taken down from Amaru.*)

(*Another version of the same*)

BE not angry with me, my little Vahine ;
 Nor call me unfaithful.
 I have wandered here and there away from you till I was weary.
 If I have cast my eyes on other women, be not angry.
 When thou wast afar I wandered to and fro,
 Till I was desolate and weary.
 Must I live without pleasure ?

THE GARLAND

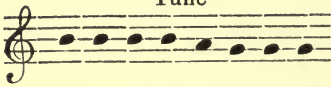
I ASK of my Vahine,
 What is the cause of your anger ?
 It is my wandering in the road,
 It is my garland of marguerites,
 It is my mixed garland of caraway,
 My garland of caraway and fern seeds.
 These are the causes of your anger.

¹ " ea'ene, mot de ute, mot amoureux."

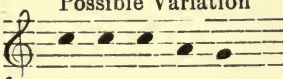
Ute melodies are all variations on the tune (key of C):
B.B.B.B.

A.
G—G—G
C C C
A
G

Tune



Possible Variation



Tahitian verse and legends leave so much to implication that often it is the intention rather than the actual words that has to be given to convey the poem at all in English. On the other hand, they state certain facts with a straightforward simplicity that to us would be impossible, then in his turn the translator has to take refuge in implication.

A cup of the orange *ava* kept circling; it was very bitter, like Tahitian pleasure again. Liquor is *ava* (N.Z. kava), "bitter."

There was continual coming and going, a ceasing and a beginning again.

I left them there and returned to the house and the two children. We spent the day eating oranges and playing hide-and-seek. Eating oranges was a very slow process, because at the end of every mouthful you had to hold out your clenched hand and say, "How many pips have I here?" while the others guessed, and whether they guessed right or wrong there was a shout of laughter.

Evening came on and still Amaru and Vava tarried. The night came and the moon rose over the sea. The children were hungry and looked frightened. I went to look for their parents. I found them on the seashore, sitting on the sand in a barren, open place dotted with holes of land-crabs, with the waves beating beyond the grey, ragged line of palms, and

a chill, soft breeze blowing in. They were singing and dancing with unabated energy :

Jam Cytherea chorus ducit Venus imminente luna
 Junctaeque nymphis Gratiae decentes
 Alterno terram quatiant pede.

Amaru and Vava staggered a little in their walk as we returned, and exhaled a strong fragrance of orange ; but he picked up Te Hei, and carried him safely when the children met us near the cove. Vava was little better till we got near the house, when both returned to their normal state, only they still exhaled a pleasant scent of oranges.

On a Sunday a week or two later I met people going to church, among them, all in virginal white, girls whom I had seen at this Rabelaisian *ute*-singing, so I suppose they had been on that Sunday to church as well.

To them there would be no incongruity in this.

We were all better for supper, which consisted of bread dipped in a tisane of orange leaves.

Amaru lay at full length on a wooden couch in the semi-darkness softly touching the notes of a concertina and smiling up to the roof. He sang a song about *Arii Afritii*—*i.e.* Prince Alfred or the Duke of Edinburgh—which was composed in his honour many years ago when he visited the island. He also played the tune of the song about Daisy and “the bicycle built for two,” which, he said, he had heard on a street organ at Pape-ete.

Then he sate up and said : — I will sing you a hymn which was made by my sister (*i.e.* his cousin). He had it written on a piece of paper tucked behind a rafter of the roof. I suggested that he should play it on the concertina.

He looked horrified. — Chanter au pon Tieu sur un upa upa ? He and Vava sang it together.

HYMN BY AMARU'S SISTER

(Each line was sung twice)

Te tia noa ra te Metia e,	Lo, the Messiah stands on the
i nia i te moua i Tinai e :	top of the Mountain of Sinai :
Hio hio rii au i te mau fenua e	“ I gaze about me over the lands
	beneath,

i raro a'e, i te maru pererau e	In the shadow of my wings.
I haaputu hia mai te mau fenua	The lands are gathered together beneath me
i raro a'e i te maru pererau,	In the shadow of my wings.
Mai te oto o te manu i raro a'e	Like the song of birds beneath me,
i te táviriraa e.	As I turn me about."

As for who had made up the tune, there was no getting at it. I saw the stubborn, sullen look come over his eyes. He could not divide a song in that way into words and tune ; it was all one piece. He had three or four hymns on the paper stuck behind the slat in the roof. "When we go to the *himené* meeting on Thursday, we will say, 'Here is a new hymn,' we shall sing it to them, they will all sing it after us." The tune is like other tunes, the necessary tune. (The C scale seems to lack F and B in the first part of the tune, but there is a modulation in the middle to another scale which I don't understand, but which seems to have all the eight notes.)

It is a nation of poets. Aotura, the native whom de Bougainville brought back to Europe, composed poems all the voyage on everything that excited his attention.

A few years ago a certain European claimed the right to all the fruit of a certain valley, where natives were accustomed to get their supplies. He set a guardian to keep trespassers from his preserves. The guardian was found soon afterwards, with his head broken in, hastily buried among the bushes with his feet sticking out of the ground. The authors of the crime might have escaped detection had it not been for their passion for poetry ; they were overheard in their hut celebrating their exploit in a song which they had composed.

Amaru snuffed the torn leaves of the hibiscus which still hung about his neck and said it was good.

— It is a magical plant, he said, and guards against the burning of fire. A few years ago there came a sorcerer to Pape-ete and all the people assembled to see him. I was there. He built a fire on the shore and broiled stones over it. At last the stones were red-hot and little blue flames

danced over them. He held a branch of *aute*¹ in his hand and called out in a very loud voice, '*Vahine nui te ahū ra'i po'i'a*'—that is to say, 'Po'i'a, fairy woman of the burning sky'—besides other words that I have forgotten. Then he struck the earth beside the stones three times with his branch of *aute* and walked through the fire unhurt. And all those that followed him were unhurt. I also walked through the fire and was not hurt.

— How did it feel ?

— Ah ! it was very, very hot.

There were *papaas* present at this display, and I have since discovered that there is an account of the business given by Professor Langley, an American, in *Nature* for 22nd August 1901. The Professor gives it as his opinion that the sorcerer and all those who followed him had their feet and skin prepared. But I can answer for Amaru that he went through in pure faith without ever having seen the sorcerer before.

This is one of the miracles of the priests of the old pagan days. The sorcerer was merely keeping alive an old tradition ; the priests used to send worshippers through the sacrificial fire.²

It is simplest to believe the tales of the magic of the priests and of their successors, the *tahuas*, until we have solved more definitely what "magic" is, and not make darkness darker by accepting hypotheses as facts in explanation of these "miracles"; assumptions however probable still unproven.

One of the most respected European inhabitants of the island told me he himself had seen men do the other feat of climbing smooth, sheer rocks with two smooth sticks (see p. 61).

¹ Some say it is from the *au-ti*—that is, from the leaves of the Ti or *Drucena Terminalis*, the sugar plant—that the Hawaiians taught the Tahitians to distil liquor.

² See Bovis.

§ xxix

AMARU AS A NATURE MAN

I HAVE no splendours to describe. The great spectacles with which the natives rejoiced the first European visitors are no more ; only a faint and pitiful shadow of them rises from its grave once a year in Pape-ete to mow and gibber in the presence of the Governor and his staff, the crew of the gun-boat, the polite white ladies and the passing tourists. National costumes and dances are revived with the same gusto and degree of naturalness as Irish kilts in Hanover Square and medieval maypoles at suburban school treats.

The old life, the huge filigree of tradition, built up through the centuries as meticulously as the coral reef, was shattered in a generation of contact with the first Europeans. European civilisation has not been introduced, but Tahitian civilisation has been destroyed beyond mending.

Nature remains—the abounding fertility, the well-tempered climate, the sweet disposition of the islanders. Certain implements and stuffs will always remain too, and certain wants which have been created by European supply. These things cannot be eradicated. From these mixed elements the Tahitian is slowly evolving a new civilisation, as every brown race conquered by the whites has been evolving it in the last century, a civilisation which will seem primitive, gorgeous and barbaric to Europeans who will stand on a higher plane of sophistication than ourselves. It is a consolation.

The world was a great and beautiful museum once, full of beautiful things, all of different kinds. Then Europeans, growing hungry for new foods, new places to live in, new places to sell goods in, new folk to teach their religion to, went round with sticks and broke all the precious things on the shelves of the world.

But the poetry of simplicity always remains, the poetry of common life.

As for me, I have always been inquisitive, full of indiscreet

View of
Cathedral



700

Small, faint, illegible markings or text at the top left corner of the page.

curiosity, and the pleasure which I take in anything is multiplied a hundredfold if I know how it came about. To sit down to breakfast on bacon and café-au-lait is prose; to see the history of the ingredients is poetry. The history of the hog; where the coffee bean grew; how it was brought to England; to see it plucked from the bush (and it grows as a weed in Tahiti since de Bougainville brought it); to see it husked and shaken in a bag and blown and crushed; to see the whole process of converting it into the hot brown fluid—this is poetry, in spite of my impatience at the hospitable Moitua's.

Civilisation (in the material sense in which we now use the word) is the negation of this. We think with pleasure of the eighteenth, and even of the early part of the nineteenth, century; then, though the time is near us, you could still hear the wheels of life whirring; you at least saw carts of grain coming into the town and knew that they came from the fields beyond. But now our food comes God knows how or from where.

So everything that Amaru does is poetry to me, for he always begins at the beginning.

It is poetry.

Even the artificial writer, Virgil, must needs tell you in all detail how the faithful Achates lit a fire to dry his corn when the Trojans landed in Tunis; how first he struck the flint, then caught the fire in dry leaves, and finally ground the grain between two stones. So the Athenian antiquarian who mended Homer's *Odyssey* was careful to describe the management of the most trivial artifices; how the doors were opened and shut, how a man hung up his clothes when he went to bed. He knew the popular taste.

Amaru's life is one long poem of this kind. Everything that he does he does from the beginning, and so do all his unsophisticated countrymen.

This is indeed the greatest difference between the child of nature and the "civilised man," however near the civilised may seem to come to nature. You cannot be a child of nature and a lover of art or anything else; a cultured

person ; there is no time. It is an exclusive occupation to be a child of nature. Nature is a jealous mistress who must lie alone.

The mistake of Dumford's philosophy appears from the contrast of the natives who are nearer to nature than the Nature Man. To go to nature is to live slowly, to work rather than to be ingenious.

The ideal of doing little work can be attained only by machinery, by using vestas and lucifers instead of rubbing two pieces of wood together ; to use a coffee mill instead of husking and pounding with the fingers and blowing with the mouth. Dumford himself, in fact, uses a bicycle and a banjo instead of running and blowing a conch. He could not play his banjo ; he had furnished himself for his ideal of life, but he cannot use his apparatus.

One must sacrifice all the simple conveniences that we have established for lightening the labour of life ; for in lightening it they blur its meaning ; they detach it from the soil and kill its poetry.

When we get up in the morning at Amaru's the first thing is to boil water for the coffee. Before this can be done it is necessary to get the wood for the fire, and Amaru must wander under all the trees and into the bush to find old branches. He needs wood twice a day or more for his fire, but he has no woodstack ; no Tahitian has a woodstack ; the thing has not yet been invented.

Then there is no fireplace. The wood is laid in the ground and lighted under a pot which hangs from the branch of a tree, where the fire spends a tenth of its energy sideways, blown about in the wind, and scorches the cook. An old kerosene tin is the pot ; otherwise there would be no coffee. The old kerosene tin is one of the indispensable European additions. It is a pity. Nothing can ever eradicate it now from the renascent Tahitian civilisation any more than the concertina. You cannot boil enough water in coco-nut shells and gourds. The Tahitians had never heard of such a thing as hot water till Captain Cook came ; they did not conceive the possibility of hot water or understand its

properties. It was one of the things which convinced them that we were devils from the Pearl Islands. A devilish stuff indeed! It certainly made tea for Mr Banks and scorched the islanders' fingers when they turned on the tap.

The Tahitians have invented nothing of any practical use since they separated from the rest of the Maori stock. Poems, dances, new styles of clothing they have invented, new tunes, but nothing of any mechanical kind. Thousands of years ago some Ur-Polynesian genius found that you could build a better canoe than a dug-out by making it in three pieces and lacing them together with coco-nut sinnet. They have built that way ever since. The canoe is still of the same pattern here as in the Cook Islands and everywhere among the Maoris, though the languages have diverged considerably.

The Tahitians are great smokers. They smoke flat cigarettes, of a wisp of juicy tobacco wrapped up in a flat spiral of pandanus leaf; but they never have a store of pandanus leaf in the house. When Vava feels like a cigarette she wanders round the shore and picks up some wind-blown leaves from under the trees and brings them in and skins them and gets out the fine inner paper. The only economy of labour she exercises is that she keeps a piece of rotten *purao* wood smouldering by her all day when she is at work, in order to be able to light up without wasting matches.

If the Tahitians had been fed with manna in the desert they would never have sinned like the Children of Israel, by picking up more than their appointed omer. They would not have picked it up at all; they would have eaten what they wanted off the ground at the moment and left the rest lying there. They are just the opposite to the Children of Israel.

Life would lose its savour for Amaru if he had a wood pile. It is a real pleasure to him to find the wood for the fire each time; he grins good-humouredly as he returns trailing a long, crooked, dead branch after him; the children look pleased; his wife comes out and grins at the door, and I grin too. All look pleased. They have a collector's pleasure. There is no pleasure in getting a log off a pile.

And yet he does not seem to see the poetry of it; the heavier labour has not the same attraction for him.

Byron wrote enthusiastically about the country :

Where all partake of earth without dispute
And bread itself is gathered as a fruit,

But Amaru is not of this mind himself. "It is a great bore," he said to me one day, "that one should have to go to the mountain to gather plantains for our daily food; it is a long way and hard work; how much pleasanter if one could simply go to the Chinaman's and buy it." "*Felices nimium sua si bona norint.*"

On the days when he does not go to the mountain we dine better; for to prepare a good dinner you must begin as soon as breakfast is over, if you use his primitive methods of doing things. Of course the fire has to be lighted afresh. Lucky if there is not a new fireplace to be made and the hole in the ground is there. Dinner-time is when dinner is ready; there is an excellent vagueness about it which does not distress them.

— At what hour do you dine? I asked Amaru on the first day I was there.

— A dix heures, à deux heures, comme ça.

"Comme ça" is a kind of mark of punctuation with him; it ends the sentence.

There is no idea of time at all; it is quite impossible to say "How long?" etc. Such questions are never asked. The words to express time are European: *taime* (time) and *hora* (hour)—time by the clock.

The language is a nature man's dialect: here again nothing is ready.

The *idea*, whatever part of speech it belongs to, can easily be converted: *rahi* (very or big), *e mea ino rahi oe* (you are very bad) is literally, *is thing bad big thou*.

There are no declensions or conjugations, but a multitude of monosyllables to be prefixed. It is a prepositional, *prae-*positional, language.

i oe is the accusative *you*: "Il y a quelqu'un qui cherche

à toi ” is an instance of a prepositional accusative *ia oe*. Even the nominative has a preposition.

The verb is made by prefixing particles which signify the tenses and suffixing others always with *there, yonder, by you, here*. For instance, St Mark xiii. 13, “Ye shall be hated of all men for my name’s sake,” becomes “You will ‘hate’ be done to towards” (*i.e.* you will be hated by) “the man all because of the of-me-here name.”

Nothing is inflected except the verb *to be*, which gives life and movement to all the words in the language. Nothing can be said without it. “What is the name of this island?” “It is Tahiti.” Hence O Tahiti (*o* before names or pronouns); *e mau*, it is a bird. The language is chiefly made up of the verb *to be* with adverbs of place, such as *mai*, which are used for time and direction and for intention (*e.g.* *e riri hia mai, is sitting here me*) and *there* and *down* and *up* for all significances: yesterday is *i nanahi*; the day before yesterday, *i nanahi atu—i.e. yesterday yonder*. In fact it consists of *is, was, or shall be* before the main word, and *up, down, here, or there* after it.

The elements are easily converted from one part of speech to another. For example, *ta* forms a verb: *pape*, water; *ta pape*, to water; *te ta-pape raa*, the watering.

With this simple machinery they contrive to express pretty well everything. Certain European ideas, however, they cannot express, and then the European word for that idea is adopted into the language, as in the case of *time*.

This unfortunate people had no notion what virtue meant, in the English religious sense of the word. They had indeed something called *peu maitai* (good custom or behaviour); but virtue, like truth (in the religious sense), could not be expressed by any combination of Tahitian vocables. As something purely English it has had to be the English word *viretu*; also, for the better understanding of what was meant, *haapaoraa*, which means obedience or doing what you are told by the missionaries.

They use a multitude of words to convey a simple thing:

the bird-stinger who makes good sweet-sweet = bee; orthography is *te-hope-maitai-raa o-te-mau re ta 'toa no te hoe parau e papaihia*.

St Mark xiii. 13, "he that shall endure to the end shall be saved," becomes "he that being-firm-very shall be arriving spontaneously-yonder to the end over there shall be the living-healthy-himself shall be."

Then there are words signifying combinations, as *ma'ua*, we two (he and I) but not you; *ma'tou*, we (three or more) but not you; *orua*, you two; *ta'ua*, I and you (two together); *ta'tou*, I and you (more than one), or *we* (more than one) and you.

So also *tuane*, *taeae*, *taetaeae* (brother of sisters), and *tuahine* (sister of brothers). *Puaa-toro-maiaa* is a cow with a calf; *puaa-toro* is merely a cow or ox. In *puaa-toro*, *toro* is not *taureau*¹ Tahitianised, but a true Tahitian word meaning *stretching animal* (pig) from the way it carries its head.

The use of *puaa* (pig) in these and other combinations to express various animals introduced by the white men illustrates amusingly how truly it is a nature's man's language. So also *puaa-niho* (pig with horns) is a goat, and *puaa-horo-fenua* (pig that runs over the country) is a horse.

The right accentuation also is important. For instance, *o'e* (a sword); *o'é* (famine); *oe* (a bell).

It is a language full of vowels—e.g. *fa'a'ara'ara ra'a* (the act of rousing); *faaaa* (to kindle). There are no silent letters, every vowel is sounded. There is a glottal click to represent the lost guttural, as in *ta'ute* (N.Z. *takuta*). The glottal click, which is in the larynx instead of on the soft palate, has taken the place of K, I am told, also in certain Arabic dialects, and of D and G in Danish.

In words such as *tipdoti* (tea-pot) the open *o* is represented by *ao* in order to get the openness, for the Tahitian *o* is closed, it resembles *oo*.

The constant communication among the islands spreads

¹ *Pure* (pray) is another word often supposed to be of Western origin, but it is not; it is Polynesian. In New Zealand it means religious ceremony.

new words among them—*e.g.* *papaa*, *taute*, etc. *Pape*, a neologism from *papu* (flat) does not occur in other dialects. It has displaced *vai*, which is pan-Maori. *Vai* somehow became *taboo* about a hundred or more years ago. *Pape-ete* is a modern name for a modern thing—viz. water carried in baskets (instead of in bamboos). Amaru writes *Vai-ete*, a piece of antiquarianism.

Among the many foreign words¹ that have been assimilated some have come *indirectly*, like *tarapururu*, calaboose, which has not been taken into Tahitian direct from the Spanish. It is sailors' slang—*i.e.* English slang taken from the Spanish.

In the ancient language, now known to very few, great tracts of knowledge were left to implication. The words "multitude and length," for instance, held a whole canto of theology, all the primal separation of sky and earth. "So also these sayings of old, 'the multitude the length,' signified the multitude of the thoughts of the children of Heaven and Earth (the gods), and the length of time they considered whether they should slay their parents in order that human beings might be called into existence; for it was in this manner that they talked and consulted among themselves."²

§ xxx

CHILDREN : TE-HEI AND ARII-ROO

VAVA and the children do not dine with me and Amaru; they squat on the ground beside us and eat from separate dishes. Their tablecloth is a banana leaf or a mass of *purao* leaves laid overlapping. Only once did I eat with women.

Amaru is more indifferent than myself about his meal-

¹ A list showing the changes that European words undergo when pronounced by a Tahitian will be found at the end of the book. Also a short list showing the common origin of certain words found in Tahiti and other parts of Polynesia and also in Melanesia, Malacca and Madagascar [Ed.].

² Sir George Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*.

times, because he can eat a great deal more at a sitting than I can. It lasts him longer. He will get through eighteen inches or more of thick roll, three inches in diameter, over his coffee. For each of us at dinner a great pile of baked bananas is brought, fifteen or twenty apiece, and an equal quantity of doughy taro-cakes, mere *parerga* in the feast, something to play with between the serious morsels. When Amaru has finished his portion and I sit with sad, glazed eyes, exhausted after wrestling with a quarter of mine, he will then eat what I have left. Nothing is ever left over at a Tahitian meal. When you think you have finished your fish, leaving only the head, tail and backbones, your host will lean over with a "There is still something to eat there," and demolish the remainder.

— *En Tahitien*, says Amaru (he always says "*En Tahitien*" for "*in Tahiti*") — *en Tahitien nous manger tout, comme ça*.

Te-Hei and *Arii-Roo* are not Amaru's children in the strict European sense, any more than the bulk of his mothers are his real mothers. Like most of the children in the island, they are adopted children. Amaru tells me that it is customary when a child is born for some great friend or near relation to come to the father and the mother and say: "I will call this child 'N' or 'M,'" and by the mere naming the child becomes theirs. It is taken from the mother at the age of four or six months and fed on *popoi*, or banana-pap; while the flow of the mother's milk is stopped by some herbal preparation of which the Tahitians have the secret.

— But do not the father and mother sometimes refuse?

— A stranger one might refuse, but a brother, a sister, or a near *fetii*, how could one refuse?

It is believed by really good Christians that the love between parents and children is a peculiarly Biblical institution. In *Pape-ete*, where you hear many things, but few true things, it is said that even now, though they are Christianised out of all recognition, they still have no bowels towards their children, that a mother who has lost her child will wail

John of
Carroll



John's baby

for an afternoon perhaps : " Ce n'est qu'une grimace, le lendemain elle prend un petit cochon à lait," etc., etc.

In the old days they used to kill their children ; now they let others adopt them. " How can one refuse ? " But neither the one nor the other disproves their love of children.

There are not two sorts of people in Tahiti : those who hate children and give them away, and those who love children and adopt them. Those who give away their own adopt others and love them as well as they would have loved their own. As for infanticide, no doubt it is against our traditions ; but it is not worthy of the epithets inhuman, cruel and the like, which the Christians have poured on it. It has been practised by many nations of kind people. The cruel man rejoices in suffering ; the children suffered nothing ; they were killed at the very moment of birth. It is not a flea-bite to a slapping. The men and women who killed their children did it not because they had no desire of offspring, but because they had some stronger motive which outbalanced it. What was the motive ?

It has been suggested that it was to keep down the population. And certainly we are in no position to find fault with that, we, the white men, who have so overflowed our islands and mainlands that we have fastened now on all the food lands of other races and are draining them into our maw, while we extol the increase of the birth-rate.

The real reason is their aristocratic principle, the necessity of knowing the parentage of children. They are more particular in this than any nation in the world. Purity of family is ensured in England by divorcing the wife who is unfaithful : this would seem absurd to a Tahitian. They killed the children born of other than the husband. The *Areois* (the travelling troupes of aristocratic entertainers, an order, as it were, of friars and nuns devoted to pleasure and gaiety) killed all their children, because there was no remembering who their father was.

But once the custom was established on these grounds, that bugbear of human nature all over the world, asceticism,

stepped in; the desire to mortify the human desires, to sacrifice. The children were *sacrificed* to the gods.

Besides this I think there is, for the old infanticide and the modern system of adoption, the same motive as has given rise to the fear of the evil eye in other nations; an instinctive dislike for grasping at a great pleasure; a fear of happiness, a fear of anything purchased by great desert; a shrinking from the obvious; the polite instinct which makes a man throw away the first drop of wine, the first piece of meat, sew a dowdy patch on a gay robe, banish the too precious-looking porcelain from the room, as the Japanese at the tea ceremony, a virtue almost wholly lost in England, which is perishing from contempt of the evil eye. A white mother grasping her child to her bosom, defending it, wolf-like, against the world, is to them an ugly and indecent spectacle. The missionaries, who praised it, to the natives seemed only vulgar and ridiculous. Maternal love of that positive kind is not a pretty thing to them. The spectacle of a Constance crawling about the stage, demanding for her brat "his rights," would fill them only with horror.

To love children shows a strain of innocence in the mind. Jesus Christ loved children, but he begat none of his own. He himself was an adopted child.

People beat their children without solemnity and deliberation; they do not keep a weapon for the purpose. If they are naughty (*hauti*), noisy or restless, they catch them a smack; then they warm to it and catch them another; if they see a piece of wood handy they lay on with that. The boy sits or stands where he is, crying softly and persistently for a long time, till someone leads him away. The child has no self-conscious shame, no desire to hide himself; he stands in the road or before the house, wherever it came upon him, to cry alone, without looking at anything but the earth or the sky.

Some mothers are indulgent in Tahiti; some are severe; but let no white parent accuse them of want of love of children till they can bring up their own children so healthy, so happy and so well behaved as Polynesian babies.

July 1900
Ch. 1000



U. S. P. A.
(Thurston)

Arii-Roo and Te-Hei are neither of them pure-blooded Tahitians.

Te-Hei has a quarter of Manillian blood in him—not Spanish, but native Filipino; left in Tahiti by some passing sailor. He is a young brigand of three, who goes about persuaded that whatever happens will turn out to be amusing in the end; a fellow of the most determined aspect, with a big bossed brow and lips pouting with a perpetual air of resolution and defiance; ready to throw back his head at any moment and open his mouthful of white teeth in a roar of laughter.

There is a great knife, two feet long, which lies about on the floor or on the ground outside, and serves for all the purposes of the household: to cut down trees, sharpen pencils, peel oranges or open oysters. It is Te-Hei's favourite plaything. He has no others, and Vava never takes it away from him.

There is one scandal that causes a diversion at dinner regularly every day. Te-Hei spends his day open to the air, in a little shirt which ends abruptly about the umbilical region. But Vava, who has ideas of splendour, insists on trying to make him dress for dinner by putting on his little pair of breeches. He is affected by food, however, in the same way as Temaeva, but at the other end. After a few minutes of eating he invariably leaps to his feet, tears off his little breeches and dashes them to the ground with an expression of hatred and contempt, and squats down again contented, his mother grinning with delight.

Arii-Roo (or Terii Ura, Red Queen) is staid and grave and rather silent, with a pale, passionate little face and serious, questioning eyes. She is eight years old. The admixture in her blood is *peretani*, or British. Her father is the son of an English ship's carpenter who settled here and died; his son's name is Viriri, or Willy Lee, and he also lives in Vaanui.

As I walked along the road with Amaru and the two children one day I saw a tall, lean, brown man with an axe, building a house.

—Voilà Viriri, said Amaru. It is Arii-Roo's father.

Arii-Roo made no motion towards him ; she stood biting her hair nonchalantly. I crossed the road and sate down by him. He was quite naked save for his waist-cloth, Tahitian in colour but perfectly English in form. But he could not even greet me in English ; he could speak nothing but Tahitian.

Amaru is busy most days. He has to go to the mountains to feed his fathers and mothers (it has its disadvantages to have so many as Amaru has), his wife, his children and his guest. One day he went to Papenoo to paint a gig he keeps there under a friend's house.

Food is scarce. There is nothing for the pigs. He comes back from an hour's expedition with a sad face and empties a sackful of golden oranges into the pig-run, and the pigs fill their bellies with their thin sustenance. The fruit disappears in their jaws and the juice streams out between their big teeth.

Vava is busy too. After coffee she goes to search for *chevrettes* (a sort of crayfish) in the river, or to angle for fish in the sea ; puts the plantains in the *unu* or ground oven ; fetches fresh water from the river in a bottle or *punu*¹ ; salt water from the sea for *miti* (coco-milk and sea-water sauce) ; grinds coco-nut ; cooks the *déjeuner*, a fowl, perhaps—there is an almost daily chase of all the family round the estate to catch a hen ; then to marry the vanilla or prepare bamboo for hats.

Meanwhile I spend idle, lotus-eating days with the children, sprawling on the ground of the grassy knoll, looking out to the open sea, stringing my glass beads on threads of *purao* bark for Arii-Roo, strolling along the shore or into the woods with naked feet.

¹ *Punu*, a word used indiscriminately for almost anything made of metal. Example : At the Chinaman's buying a spoon of bull-pig, *puna pua'a-toro* (this does not mean a tin of *pork*, as might be imagined, but of *beef*). Any other sort of spoon ? A spoon of fish, *ia-punu* (sardines, because they live in a tin). A spoon (tin-opener) to open it. Wash it in the water-spoon : *punu-pape* (pail). Where is the water-spoon ? Up on the spoon of the house : *punu-fare* (corrugated iron roof).

This is a study in semantics.

§ xxxi

A DAY AT VAANUI

OUR countrymen at home have forgotten the names of plants and birds. Every Tahitian, even down to little Te-Hei, knows the name of everything. These two children delight unceasingly in teaching me ; a walk is one long vocabulary.

— It is a hawk ; it is a fly-catcher ; it is a convolvulus, a banyan-tree, a *tamanu*.

There is nothing of which they could not tell me the name.

Our way takes us often to a hollow of the hill where orange-trees grow, and the air is heavy with the scent of the fallen fruit. It is being devoured by myriads of tiny flies, which seem to exist for this special purpose ; they never attack the fruit on the trees. The boughs hang heavily to the ground with oranges ; we covet those that seem bigger and more golden up overhead. First cut or break down a long, thin pole of the *purao*-tree, strip it of twigs and leaves, and with a thong of its own bark tie a short stick of it across diagonally near the top to make a sort of crane's bill at the end. Catch your orange twig behind the orange in this bill and twist it round and round till it breaks, and the orange remains entangled in your pole-end, and lower it to the ground. If you beat them down they will break on the earth and must be eaten at once. This is, in fact, what happens as a rule when we go orange-hunting ; we come back with full bellies and empty sack.

There is a little stream running over pebbles among the orange-trees, crystal-clear, like all the waters of Tahiti, and it is convenient after the orange orgy to wash the hands and bathe all the body while one is about it.

One day I found a *rimuni*—*i.e.* a shaddock, a monstrous lemon, big and wrinkled like a brain. The children showed me how to eat it. You eat none of the flesh, but only the inner white rind.

—Do not go any farther up the valley, cries Arie-Roo after me. It is full of mosquitoes.

A few years ago there was not a mosquito in the island, none in Mourea either, across the water there, till a revengeful sea captain, it is said, put ashore a water-barrel full of them that he had on board, and now the mosquito rules supreme in the mountains, foolish creatures living where there are no men, and only a few stray ones haunt the shore where the people are.

Sensitive plant grows freely ; it is sad to see it wilting when you pass. I feel injured. The children call it *tara-tara* (prickly). Its true name is *pohe haavare* (sham death) ; or, in the Raratongan group, *pikihaa* (the liar).

In another place we are wandering in the bush. In an open space stands a banyan-tree, a great Saurian monster, with rugged, grey, corrugated trunk, and roots or stems like monstrous tentacles of some obscene reptile, crawling down to the earth from the branches. As I am walking beneath it Arii-Roo, who has passed to the side, cries out :

— Don't go there ; it is a *vahi oovi* [a leprous place].

She thinks I shall catch leprosy, as a Bulgarian catches illnesses by going where some Viulitsa or Samovila nymph has left her child lying.

As we pass along the green path under the green canopy of trees I see a hovel standing, a roosting-place for hens, one might think, a tiny platform of poles open at either end, with no more walls about them than will serve to hold up the crazy roof.

A man stands near it among the trees, putting a bridle on a starved horse. Arii-Roo draws me back among the bushes and says in a hushed whisper :

— *Te oovi !* [The leper !]

Then I saw that this man was fumbling clumsily at his task, for his finger-tips were folded tightly over towards his palms and he could use his hands only as one uses a spoon or a shovel. It was the first leper I had seen—a young man, alone in such miserable habitation as he had been able to build himself with his maimed hands. His disease was only in the beginning ; in time it would spread, attack his legs and face perhaps, and eat away the part it had already

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C. B. BROWN



paralysed. Afterwards I saw many lepers about the island : men sitting in their doorways by the roadside, with twisted jaws, with red-rimmed eyes and clubbed lumps in place of hands and feet. It is a native disease, common, it is said, to all fish-eating peoples.

By the shore we meet with another horror, which affects me, however, but little. A great, flat, rectangular rock runs out from the terraced shore into the sea, grim and bare.

— It is a *varua ino* [evil spirit],¹ says Arii-Roo.

It is the *ofai tupapau* (the bogey rock). At night it is a place which one does not pass, for the *tupapaus* come from it on to the road. They pull horsemen from their seat, and the horses are frightened and kick, and try to trample them down.

It is an ancient place of sacrificing, Amaru tells me later, a natural *marae*, or altar-temple. A man would leave his house at night, saying to his wife and children : "Stay here." He would go to the rock and pray, and his children, wondering what he was doing so long away, would follow him and see him out there on the rock, praying, and would go to him. Then when they came to him he would seize them and dash out their brains against the rock and offer them up as sacrifices. This is what Amaru told me, but there is no written record of men sacrificing their children in this way. Even the missionaries have made no record of it, or of natural rocks having been chosen for *maraes*. This dark legend has arisen, no doubt, in Christian times. The new generation of converted men looks back upon the old paganism as something very horrible, and the Tahitians are ready to slander their grandfathers. This legend is an instance of their false beliefs about their own pasts. Their gods are converted into devils.

From time to time we go to visit Vava at her bamboo-work. She has for this a little hut like a children's brigand-

¹ A *varua ino* is a disembodied thing ; but nevertheless it may inhabit a man, who is thereby a *varua ino*, a *tahu-tahu* (a sorcerer). Quite a different thing from a *tahu'a ra'au* (a tree priest, or doctor, who strokes the illness out of sick men).

house, in a wood where a little stream runs down to the sea.

She squats on the ground under the roof behind a flat board, scraping the bamboo bark with a knife. Beside her smoulders a lump of rotten *purao* to light her cigarettes. Women at work have always a lump of such tinder or a twist of dried *purao* bark smouldering by them. There are matches, indeed, to be had at the Chinaman's, but match-boxes have a halo of money-value, for they are now used as currency, and when you get below silver in Chilian exchange you do not get copper, but boxes of matches instead.

First when she has stripped the bark from the cane she lays it in the pool of the streamlet, weighed down with stones, and leaves it soaking there for three days in the running water.

Then she scrapes from it all the green, with some delicacy of touch, until there remains only a thin white sheet of the inner case, and this is the stuff for making the hats. It is dried in the sun and made up into such crisp curls as those I saw set out on Moitua's floor, then carried and sold in the market at Pape-ete, torn into narrow strips like straw and plaited into long bands, which are then twisted and sewn together on the verandahs of Pape-ete into hats of every shape, of a dazzling, creamy whiteness and as light as gossamer.

I have brought a shirt to wash, but Arii-Roo, with her serious, pale face, will not allow me to wash it. She holds my hands, takes my soap and my shirt, makes me sit down on the bank, squats in the stream astride of a plank and beats my stuff unmercifully with a short, thick stick.

Sometimes we pay visits to friends in neighbouring coves, run races over the flat or make the steep places of the shore ring with wild whistlings and whoopings exchanged with parties of children seen afar.

We go almost daily to see old Ponau and his wife, Amaru's foster-mother. Their hut stands in a glade on a round, flat promontory, hidden from the road by a mass of slender trees, and overgrown with irregular growth of banana bushes and

coco-palms of every age. Nothing so much gives the impression of rich tropical vegetation as the young coco-trees, great crowns of giant, slender-fronded leaves, gushing forth like a fountain all of tender green from a short, leaning stem; the crown of the young coco-tree ten feet high is just as big and majestic as the crown of a hoary ancient which leans against the stars. The coco grows without soil; they have the advantage of all other trees, shooting up amongst them, bullies, in spite of their feminine charms. Even the young one is a broad-beamed, grown-up thing. They throw down their nuts, which would kill a man if they hit him, but in such a husk that the nut is not hurt.

This little bowered promontory reminded me always of Paul and Virginia and their home in Ile-de-France.

There is great variety in it too. A little lower towards the sea it turns into warm sand and barrenness, and here we find poor Ponau sitting, a patient, wrinkled old man, with his old wrinkled wife kneeling in front of him, stroking the painful inflammation of the *ofati* of old age out of his swollen knees. A matting of plaited coco-nut leaf is stretched between two trees to screen him from the wind, and leans forward to make a roof to shelter from the rain.

Since he is ill he has given up living in a house and spends both day and night here under the trees, so that he may not have to hobble to and fro in the darkness on his crippled limbs.

On our way home we pass a solitary hut with no sign of life about it.

— Do you know who lives there? asks Arii-Roo.

— *Aita.* (No.)

— Guess.

— How can I guess? Is it some *papaa*?

— *Aita.*

— Some Tahitian?

— *Aita.*

— A man?

— *Aita.*

— A woman?

— *Aita*.

— Then who is it ?

— *Aita*. It is his name.

The name of the old man who lived there. I met one or two people of this name.

Again and again I was reminded of Greek things, as one might be reminded of any simple life in Tahiti ; but here was a joke clean out of the Odyssey, a kind of simple, heroic joke of pre-Mycenean days.

One is cut off from the jokes of other nations. Humour is the last thing one sees. If one can catch it, it is worth much for getting to understand their minds. How little I know of the minds of the Tahitians, though I love them. Therefore I snatched at every shred of humour, and gathered little enough.

The names given to things and people are often jokes, and the queerness and foreignness of the name is enough for them. Speaking generally, everything foreign is funny to the Tahitian. The Raratongan dialect is a sure wheeze. To call a pig *puaka* instead of *pua'a* ; to say *faakoikoi* for " to hurry," instead of *faa'oi'oi*—these things are bound to get a laugh. Still more funny is anything English or American.

The eccentric joiner who built the house with six front-doors in a row is called *Oterarea*.

" C'est un nom pour chouer [jouer]," says Amaru. It stands for *Australia*, the name of the ship which he came on.

It was in a jocular mood that Amaru gave his horse the name of " Tarofonia " or " California " ; that was another " nom pour chouer."

" Moi dis ' Tarafonia.' Tout le monde riez, comme ça."

No wonder the children are tired in the evening, they play with so much vigour all the day. As we walk along, one or the other keeps making a wild rush ahead and hiding in a hollow or a bush. Then one must go along ejaculating :

— *I hea Te-Hei ?* (Where is Te-Hei ?)

Land of
California



Aiko
(Te Hei)

— *I hea Arii-Roo?*

They spring up with wild yells of laughter and run for another cover.

Te-Hei was very tired one day that he strayed and got lost. Arii-Roo traced him up the valley by the marks of his *puaa horofenua iri*, the flat bit of wood which he dragged about on a string and was pleased to call a horse. He called up energy enough to jump out on us with a yell, but I had to carry him most of the way home. He was a little peevish too, and kept throwing away the guava garlands we made to protect him from the sun. Arii-Roo tends my comfort so much that it was intolerable to her that I should be burdened with carrying him; she tried to hinder me with persuasion and violence, and beat his toes on the sly with a stick to make him get down. Te-Hei uttered never a sound.

In the evening, while Madame Amaru is cooking rice or what-not for supper, we squat in a bunch on the knoll before the hut, alone in the face of the great ocean, and Arii-Roo sings *himenés*, her little shrill voice piercing the sunset calm and echoing right down across the sands. Te-Hei puts in a bass, waving his little naked body from side to side and grunting: “Euh! Euh! Euh! VVVVV!” like any grown man, while Amaru sits grinning with pleasure, as heartily as any white parent of real blood children could do.

“E Tará iti e! Tará Vahine!” sings Arii-Roo.

TARA VAHINE

E Tará iti e! Tará vahine!	O little Tara! Tara vahine!
tii mai yá'au;	Seek me and find me here where I stray.
teori hānua [te ori haere noa] néi yau	I walk to and fro
na roto i te urú rá'āũ.	In the forest of trees:
mai te puaatoro too huru	Like an ox of the field
na roto i te urú rá'āũ.	In the forest of trees.
Ta ú ho'óí raa māĩ	If I return
na Téletima;	To Teretima

Faaroo rii yau
te parau tua'u

Na Tará vahine ;
te pu toetoe nei yau,¹

I hear once again
The voice of Tara

Saying *tua'u*
Turn her away,

And my heart grows cold
At the sound of her words.

— C'est la servante de Monsieur Abraham qui parle, explains Amaru. 'Va t'en!' C'est sa femme qui dit ça; 'alors mon ventre est très froid, malheureux,' comme ça.

In this song of Hagar in the Wilderness, *uru ra'au* (a forest of trees) is as near as the Tahitian poet could get to "wilderness." She sings to Sarah (little Tara, Tara vahine) to let her come back to Beersheba (*Teretima*, as sung by Arii-Roo, but Beersheba Tahitianised should be *Peretipa*).

It is a fair specimen of a *himené*, or hymn, and may serve to relieve the minds of those who are alarmed at the idea of these children of nature spending their time singing hymns. They do not sing translations of the Ancient and Modern, or of Moody and Sankey. They sing little poems connected with Biblical themes, but very slightly connected, and they sing them to the good old pagan tunes that they used to sing in honour of Oro and Taaroa.

¹ Some of the spelling in this *himené*, and in some of the other Tahitian renderings, is peculiar, especially in the use of the *Y*. In his notes George Calderon often used *I*, *Y*, and the Greek *eta* evidently to convey the varying intensity of the *ee* sound. Also he sometimes used a *W* instead of a *V* before *A* or *E*. In the New Zealand Maori language these words are all written with a *W*; but so strong has the *V* sound become in the Tahitian dialect that Tepano Jaussen's *Tahitian Dictionary* gives no *W*. As for *Y*, the letter does not exist either in New Zealand or Tahitian Maori dictionaries. But George Calderon evidently often distinguished the *W* sound, and clearly did not feel that *I* always gave the full swing where he uses *Y*, or a sufficiently acute *ee* sound where he uses *eta*. In some of the *utes* none of these peculiarities occur, and some I have found written in both ways; so he may have meant this phonetic spelling only to be a reminder to himself for use in what he intended to write about the language and not for these published versions of the *Himenés*, *Utes* and *Parapores*. However, where I have found no different version I have thought it best to leave the spelling exactly as in his notes. Where he used the *eta* the *I* is always printed in italics [Ed.].

Supper done, there is still time for a game of cards before the children go to bed ; for a pack of cards is among the things that I have brought in that packet of unecessaries in the red handkerchief. We play poker (*pere ohipa*), "Pioche" (*pere ohi*), and Old Maid. We do not lay our cards down quietly, but rise to our knees, especially at the crises of the games, and fling them down like missiles, with the same gesture of defiance with which Te-Hei flings down his trousers.

Games are not played to win in Tahiti ; at most they are played to see who is to have the trouble of dealing—*e.g.* draw-poker is called *pere ohipa* (work-play)—*i.e.* play for who is to do the work of shuffling and dealing. But in Arue and near Pape-ete they gamble even for estates. This is European.

I know only one card trick. I am not good at conjuring. I have sometimes deceived a dog by making a pass with a piece of biscuit, but even the smallest children usually detect me. But my one card trick displayed to this unsuspecting family on my first night had a dumbfounding effect : Vava could hardly refrain from screaming, Amaru regarded me with a sort of fear, and the children wanted it repeated twenty times.

— Is it true, asked Amaru, that the devil comes into the house with a pack of cards ?

The children make their simple preparations for bed. It is raining, and Te-Hei, who has occasion to go out, is sent forth quite naked, with a big ship's lantern in his hand, like some allegorical picture by Watts. Then they are laid by for the night.

We do not sit up for long. Vava smokes. Amaru and I talk a little.

— Que je suis heureux à vous, says Amaru from time to time.

He apologises for offering a prayer before he goes to bed :

— En Tahitien il faut toujours faire la prière avant coucher.

There are two beds : I sleep in one ; the rest sleep in the other.

And so peace. A light breeze blows in between the

bamboos. Silence, save for the horse chewing grass outside, the sea thumping on the sands and the now homely sound of lizards rapping with their tails with loud, insistent noise from time to time, like an impatient postman, in the top of the bamboos.

§ xxxii

THE TAHU'A RA'AU

A FEW days ago, while in the mountains, Amaru suddenly got a sore throat. One of his mothers (Ponau's wife) said: "It is a very dangerous illness" (she lost a relative once who had a sore throat). He cannot eat or drink with comfort. His wife squeezed *nonoes* (*morinda citrifolia*) down his throat. In order to get a remedy for this he is going to visit Tiurai of Puuaauia, the famous native doctor, or Tahu'a Ra'au (literally priest, as Eleazer, or Tree Master), of whom I have heard so often; especially I have heard of him as a master of the old Tahitian language.

We arrived in the village about seven o'clock; it was dusk already. We met a tall figure of a thin man walking rapidly towards and past us. This was Tiurai.

Outside his house men are gathered; some who have come with a patient, and others from the village who have come from curiosity. A boy sits on the ground playing a *titapu*, (jew's-harp). The sound of the jew's-harp resembles a chorus of singers in the distance, a continual buzz and hum. Tiurai has been at work since early morning, giving consultations; now he has gone to have a talk with a friend and to rest himself. We seek for a place with grass where we can tie up the horses, near the house, and stay by them under the trees with our bundles. Someone sends out a chair for the *papaa*. There is a French schoolmistress living in the same house as Tiurai. Opposite us is the Roman Catholic church; a bell rings and a number of people go in. The French artist, Gauguin, lived in this village; the priests told the natives not to sit to him; Gauguin told them that if

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he heard anything more from the priest he would paint him into his picture being carried off by the devil.¹ The priest went up to lay the case before the Bishop and Gauguin was left in peace.

A hundred yards up the road sit two women nursing a baby by the light of a lantern which stands on the grass beside them. They rest patiently there for two hours. They left Hitiaa at six in the morning and have driven all day with the sick baby. The young mother of about seventeen has been guilty of some imprudence of diet. Two of their men companions come and talk with us.

The great topic of conversation is the rumour that the British are buying Tahiti and that the purchase will come into operation next January. This is confirmed by nods and silences of official people; all the island knows it. Will the British do away with the taxes? Will they relieve the natives from work on the roads? I tell them that the Government has no trousers and no pockets, therefore it has no money, and what is spent must be taken from the subjects. But I promised them that the strange application of *Liberté*, *Egalité* and *Fraternité*, by which the poor man and the rich man pay equal taxes, shall be abolished.

At last Tiurai comes back and leads us to a yard behind the house, where we all dispose ourselves on the ground by the light of the lantern in a big ring; Tiurai in a hat with a kerchief over his head like the camail of a helmet sits cross-legged on a coco-nut leaf, gay and debonair, listening, and ejaculating from time to time: "E pà'i!" ("Yes, yes!") The father and the grandfather of the baby tell all the tale of its illness; Tiurai throws out a comment from time to time; another has some suggestions; someone else thinks he sees clearly and explains it; yet another makes a joke on it; all laugh and are gay together. Tiurai is evidently witty. He has a keen, clever face, a lean, active man of sixty, with the look of thirty, the only celibate in Tahiti. We sit on tree trunks lighted by the lamp and deep darkness between.

¹ One of his Tahitian pictures represents a woman in the arms of the devil.

Tiurai receives no money at all for all this ; not even presents, except very rarely. Of course there are legends of rich Americans who had visited all the great doctors of the world without avail, "suffered many things of many physicians," and how at a touch Tiurai had healed them ; how they had offered him untold wealth and Tiurai had refused it. One might have foretold such legends ; they may be true.

One Tiurai does not teach another ; there is no deliberate continuity of science ; in each village perhaps there may be one who advises ; by some remarkable success a Tiurai gets a reputation and all the practice ; his relatives support his life, of course.

When he has heard all about the case Tiurai, who sits far away from his patient and never looks at it, says : "Go to the mountain and take some *nono* fruit and the midriff of a so-and-so leaf ; boil these well together in water from a coconut no longer young," etc., etc. When he had told the father this the father at his bidding repeats the whole prescription, to be sure that he has it right (for every man is his own chemist, and it is the father who must make the medicine).

Then Amaru describes his sore throat and how he got it. Without seeing it or knowing more about it, Tiurai says : "Get a bottle of wine, mix a little with brown sugar and hot water in a bowl. Do not drink it, but inhale the vapour of it, then throw the liquor on the earth." Amaru does it when he gets home, and at the first inhalation the sore throat is cured.

There is another native healer in Mahaena, an old woman. She is really a witch. As Amaru says, she behaves like a *tupapau* and speaks Tahitian badly, like a *papaa*, to be more terrifying. She does not see the patient, but divines who it is and from what he suffers ; she casts herself down on the ground and has communion with the spirit of her own dead child. She peeps and mutters.

The Hitiaa folk with the baby drive back at midnight to their home, after eighteen hours already spent on the road and at Puuaauia,

§ xxxiii

WALKING SOUTH : THE HOTU POOL

TAHITI is shaped like a lady's hand-glass, with the handle to the south-east. I had travelled from Pape-ete, at the top of



Rough Map of Tahiti

the mirror, down the eastern side. The greater part of this mainland is called Tahiti-nui. Now I wished to penetrate to the handle, the peninsula of Taiarapu, also called Tahiti-iti, where I heard that a richer, deeper, more luxuriant nature throve and a more primitive, simple race of men.

Amaru offered me the hospitality of Taua, one of his fetii in Tautira. Before leaving Vaanui I foolishly tendered him

money to pay for what he had spent on me. This is always impossible. He cried. He sat down and cried. It was very painful.

They came along the road with me to the river, Amaru, Vava, Te-Hei and Arii-Roo; we parted there with kisses and flowing tears. It was agreed that I must come and stay with them again before much time had passed.

— If you do not come soon, said Amaru, I shall seek you out and bring you here.

Then I stripped to the waist upward, picked my way tenderly through the stony ford and was on the road once more in a strange and unknown country, with all the world before me.

My hat was crowned by Vava for the journey with a garland of an aromatic plant, like feathery parsley, which they called *taretare*. There was something in its feathery leaves and spicy smell which seemed to me peculiarly poetical in this plant. I tried to ascertain its name. I showed a sprig of it to an American once; he said he did not know what we called it in England, but in the States it was known as 'lady's chewin' tobacco.' I found in the end that it was, in fact, caraway, of which *taretare* is the Tahitianisation.

It is a customary grace of hospitality to make garlands of different scents for the parting traveller, and I can distinguish in memory the different stages of my journey by the different perfumes associated with them. They have a language of smells.

A long week of indolence and friendliness had a little weakened the fibres of my independence. Solitude, even in this grandeur of natural scenery, seemed for a little while oppressive. Should I indeed find such kind hearts in my further journey?

As I meditated a little sadly I passed under the shade of big trees before a vanilla plantation, laid out in geometrical lines like a hop-garden, wherein there was the sound of young voices. Some family was busy marrying the vanilla. Suddenly I recognised my name, first interrogatively: "E Tihoti?" ("Is it Tihoti?"); then, in a

chorus, affirmatively : " E Tihoti ! " and half-a-dozen young girls, first peeping out in the green shade and then running down the lines, surrounded me with a May-morning clamour, and revealed themselves as the brood of Madame Piriri's adopted daughters and Madame Piriri herself.

Their days are spent working among the green things or meditating with their eyes gazing out to sea.

Where was I going ? How long should I be ? When was I coming back ?

This unexpected greeting seemed a good omen for my journey, and I strode forth on the road with a light heart.

Here was another rocky shore, unsheltered by any reef, where the waves of the Pacific thrashed and murmured all the day. Breakers threw up big clouds of white against the rocks, and the foam of broken water drifted like smoke across distant headlands in the sunshine. In patches of rich soil the *taruna* bloomed like a willow starred with roses. The spring water flowed down the stony path in rills and spread itself in crystal sheets. The air was full of rich colour and threw a veil of deep blue against the hill-side, where it peeped among the trees. A passing shower of rain above me in the valley cast a bright, squat rainbow against a slope not half-a-mile away. My road lay through a thin forest of coco-palms, opening now and then on a sandy space, with groups of *fara* or pandanus-trees, naked and scaly, holding up tufted bunches of sword-shaped leaves like yuccas in the air. The shore lay broad and flat before the mountain, a level plain with swamp under the foot-hills. As I raise my eyes I see Paradise—the blue sky, the green, ever-various mountain, the palms, the bananas—an Eden of the Madame Bovary period, which her generation admired in the soft engravings of their " keepsakes " ; but to the eye cast down it is a desert, a hard soil of powdered rock and broken coral, yellow interspersed with dazzling white, very sharp to the tender foot, and faintly green here and there with scanty grass ; riddled with holes and scattered with slatternly lying, faded palm leaves and brown ribbons of prickly pandanus. Big land-crabs

sun themselves in the mouths of their burrows like Chinamen in their shop-fronts, and dive softly in as the traveller approaches. Little sea-shells of every kind go capering in thousands over the path, moved by invisible *uas*, or tiny hermit-crabs. The earth is like the surface of some unhealthy, parasite-infested body.

The path doubles the point on a low ledge almost in the sea waves ; beyond it a broad stream winds, rippling down over a sandy bottom into the sea. This is a luxury of fords, as the water is sweet for drinking to the very edge of the sea. A Chinaman bowls by in a dog-cart, blowing a conch, a great yellow shell a foot long. Oh, the downfall of heroic things ! To what base uses may they not be turned !

This is the ancient war trumpet of Tahiti. Its gloomy fog-horn note was once the signal for battle-din and bloodshed, and now it proclaims that the Chinaman is off to town. The conch-playing Chinaman had gone away and shut up his establishment behind him, cutting off the food supply. This is an accident to which the traveller is perpetually exposed in Tahiti. I must perforce walk another six miles before I can get anything to eat, for though some woman cooking food before a house cries out now and then to the passer-by : — *Haere mai tamáa!* (Come and eat!) it is inconvenient to accept the invitation from a stranger who perhaps has no more than enough for her own family, and it is customary to answer :

— *Eiaha! Tamáa outou!* (No! Eat yourselves!)

It was my intention to go to the chief of Taravao on the isthmus that night and ask for a lodging, but night was drawing near and Taravao was still far. The last banana gatherers had come down the valleys and were sitting by the riverside washing their feet.

I stripped and plunged into the water, that I might arrive fresh and clean at my destination.

My path led me after a very short space into yet another valley, a flat, broad valley, where the view in every direction was choked with trees and the earth was green with rank grass ; no little crystal runlets ran over the road here, but

the great stream of a mighty river that had lost its way and wandered into mine. I shook the water from me on a rising hillock, arrayed myself again, and was fresh and clean, then descended into another hollow.

Lo! a green pool stretched before me of stagnant, evil-smelling water; a river with its mouth choked by the debris of a sea flood; a lake walled all about with tall, funereal trees; and overhead hung heavy, lowering grey clouds, pregnant with a storm of rain. I plunged into the ford with a sense of disaster; the water was warm and slimy, and innumerable weeds swept like spirit fingers over my body as I passed.

Beyond the pool was a desolate place with black, marshy earth and a gloomy grove of poisonous *hotu*-trees; such a place as the Prophet Isaiah spoke of: "Full of doleful creatures; the owl dwells there and the satyrs dance there." A passing native says that it is an evil place haunted by *tupapaus*.

A long-cou flew screeching by, a bare-necked fowl of the vulturous kind, and a drenching rain fell heavily.

My clothes, which I wanted dry for the night at any cost, I hid under a rude tent of twigs and leaves, put on a *pareu* and warmed myself by beating a solitary orange-tree with a bamboo pole. The oranges were worm-eaten and fell in a boggy place.

§ xxxiv

AT MAHEI'S

A LITTLE later I passed a bamboo house. I was hailed by the voice of a man sitting in the doorway:

— *Haere mai taoto.* (Come and sleep.)

— *Eiaha!* (No!)

— Where are you going?

— To Taravao.

— *Haere mai taoto.*

He called me so imperiously that I approached him at last

across the grass, and looking into his house beheld fifteen young men and women sitting on the mats.

— I cannot come, I am going to Taravao.

— Why are you going to Taravao? What business have you in Taravao? What can you do at night in Taravao? To whose house are you going? Why do you not stay here?

A woman threw me down a clean mat and pillow. I put down my bundle and seated myself by the imperious man. A pleasant languor ran through my muscles.

— I will stay.

The first thing I do is to exchange my *pareu* for trousers, a thing they applaud, when I say the *pareu* is good for walking and the *piripou* (trousers) for within-doors. They like to see the *papaa* in *piripou*.

It was a long hut of the old native pattern; a rectangular enclosure of earth with walls made of bamboo canes set up an inch apart, so that all the winds of heaven passed through it from side to side. The gable ends were open to the sky. My host, Mahei, and I sate apart from the rest, by a paraffin lamp which stood on the earth. He had a piece of linen draped over his head like an Egyptian head-dress. His eyebrows had the true Polynesian arch tilted up towards the temple like the wings of a flying crow.

— Tahiti is a good country, is it not? he asked.

— It is a good country.

— The Tahitians are good people, are they not?

— A1.

— It is a good thing for *Peretani* [Britons] to be in Tahiti?

— It is indeed.

— Is *Peretani* also a good country?

— A very good country.

— Would a Tahitian be happy there?

— Hm!

— Would he be treated as a *Peretani* is treated in Tahiti?

— Ah!

— If an Englishman sate in his doorway at nightfall and

John of
Carpenter



at my father's
Side of the boys

saw a man from Tahiti passing on the road, would he cry out, ' *Haere mai taoto* ' ?

I could only hang my face shamefacedly.

— Ah, no, concluded Mahei ; he would not say, ' *Haere mai taoto.* ' He would say, ' Get out on the road again, you man from Tahiti. '

Alas ! they have seen through us in Tahiti.

After a little more conversation the company grew more animated and clustered about me. Neighbours came in. Two boys suddenly developed the power of speaking French. One of them leaned over my shoulder and murmured in my ear :

— Dis donc, Ari Papa, est il mort ?

— Ari Papa ? What, you also know the book of *Ali Baba* ?

— I know nothing of a book. But Temaeva was here and told us of his strange adventures.

— So Temaeva has been here ?

— He is a friend of yours ?

— Temaeva is my friend.

— I do not speak of Temaeva. I speak of Ari Papa. I should like to know so rich a man. And he is dead ?

— Oui, malheureusement, Ari Papa is dead.

Oh, the thirstiness of their imagination, drinking in this tale so greedily, so that I find it here too, many miles away down the coast already, as I found the rose bushes from the English misanthrope's mountain garden scattered in clefts of the valley of Fautaua. And of me too there had been news so many miles away. These boys do not hesitate to identify me without preliminary questions.

One of the young men, who was going on a fishing-party to Mahaena, woke me early in the morning that I might catch the post at Taravao, and I stepped out among the rows of sleeping forms that lined the mats. It was still night, and my road among the trees showed uncertainly in the light of the stars. It traversed innumerable streams of water, and I hurried forward, plunging through wet and dry, cursing the government which pretends to make roads and makes none, and blessing my foresight in having packed my " *piripou* "

in my bundle and donned the native waist-cloth. The sun rose yellow with a yellow mist about it out of the sea, a chaos of bars and patches spread over the sky, their colour as the gleam of rich wines held up to a lamp; then it shot rapidly upwards and melted them all into a fine haze, which stained the edges of the blue.

Tired and hungry from my steeplechase I arrived at last in Taravao.

— Where is the post-house? I asked.

— Go to the big white building on the hill.

It was the *pa farani*, or French fortress, a relic of the war of sixty years ago, when the French expressed their willingness to grant the “Protectorate solicited by the natives.”

§ xxxv

A PERSONAL MATTER

IN the grassy courtyard of the stronghold I found a number of people, brown and white, congregated about the shady verandah. A fat Frenchman sate in his shirt-sleeves at a desk before a big register and looked out of the window.

I held out my letter eagerly.

— Bonjour, messieurs. Am I in time to catch the post?

The fat man stared at me contemptuously.

— Qui donc est ce sauvage-là? he inquired of those about him.

— Monsieur, I am not a savage.

— You wear the costume of a savage.

— I have hurried here by a road full of rivers to post this letter.

This gendarme, known as the Brigadier of Taravao, would not accept my letter. He rose to his full height, banged his fist on the ledger and bade me depart by the way I had come.

— Je! ne! vous! per! mets! pas! de vous présenter devant mon bureau dans cette tenue-là!

.

I went into a thicket of trees, replaced the distinctive garb of the European and bound it firmly about my waist with a strip of *purao* bark. Then I crowned my head with a cool garland of guava leaves and sat down by the roadside to meditate.

“CE SAUVAGE-LA !”

I, Tihoti, one who, take me in the right time and place, am as well dressed as any policeman in Polynesia, had been called a savage by the Brigadier of Taravao ; by a man with a name like a comic opera ; a gig-driving parasite. . . . Let them mend their roads then !

And yet I had perhaps made concessions to the exigencies of natural life which I should not easily have foreseen myself making. . . . This poor, benighted gendarme was but a single crank in a machine of government.

A vile, inefficient government, however, impoverishing the island and incapable even of bridging its rivers. If the island had belonged to the British. . . . Ah ! there were worse things than inefficiency.

All my bitterness passed. I took a notebook from the roll of my shirt-sleeve and quickly wrote the following dedication of the book which at that moment I first conceived the idea of writing :—

A l'administration française de Tahiti
 qui
 en empochant elle-même toutes les richesses de l'île
 ôte aux indigènes
 les moyens de luxe
 qui auraient pu gâter
 les restes de leur simplicité antique
 et qui
 en mal remplissant
 la seule tâche
 qu'elle se donne un peu l'air d'entreprendre
 tient
 loin de ce petit pays charmant
 le pire ennemi de la poésie

L'AUTOMOBILE

ce petit volume
 est respectueusement dédié.

As for my letter, I need not have hurried. The post did not go for two days.

On reaching the isthmus I had come again into the full stream of the civilisation of *papaas* and unredeemed Chinamen. I struck the dusty carriage road which runs round the west side of the island from Pape-ete right down to Tautira in the south. There were rich plantations here on every side ; thriving Germans, well-to-do Frenchmen and other *papaas*.

The walls of the Chinaman's shop were plastered with illustrations from a San Francisco newspaper : pictures of murder, violence, fire, flood, battle and sudden death. The Chinese are a thrifty nation and this is their usual wall-paper in Tahiti. Those who frequent their shops, feasting their eyes on these things daily while they drink their tea and coffee, conceive them to be representations of everyday life among the *papaas*. That is why I am so often confronted by the question :

“ Is it safe to be in America and in England ? Do they not kill you ? ”

Oh, we should get strange reflections of our life as it seems to others, if we could but look into the mind of a Tahitian.

As one sort of tree flourishes in one spot and another in another, so different species of manners prevail in different places. In Vaanui and Hitiaa all was kindness and politeness ; when one entered the Chinaman's shop all the customers there would shake one kindly by the hand, and even the Chinaman, half civilised by his surroundings, would sometimes imitate their example.

Here on the isthmus everyone is rude. I buy bread and tinned salmon against my future needs, and the old Chinaman clutches me angrily by the arm as I am putting them into my bundle and cries angrily, “ Te moni ! Te moni ! ” as if he thought I would cheat him.

The road divides at his door, but he will not tell me which way is mine to Tautira. “ I do not know,” he says. He will buy and sell with me honestly ; I am his customer ; but he will do no more ; it is not in his bond.

I try to buy shoes, my own having turned into lumps and balls under my heels. He has none.

—Where is the next Chinaman's ?

—Don't know.

—Is it five kilos away ?

—Don't know. (It is a hundred yards away, as a matter of fact.)

Failing to get shoes, I tried to get a horse. The charming Corsican, Father Capré, came into the shop. He bargains to get me a horse. He hails the Chinaman as "E mea!" ("O thing!"); this corresponds to our "old plum," "old sport." He walks with me (I am in trousers now), and abuses the gendarme (the Brigadier of Taravao) for his rudeness, saying: —It is these fellows who spoil everything. He tells me that I might have retorted by saying: —Why are you not in uniform as the law directs ?

He laments the perpetual loss to the natives from the use of Chilian money; it is a small loss, but universal, and the Chinamen somehow reap the advantage of it. This comes from the pertinacious affection of the Tahitians for the more beautiful coinage of the Chilians, the *moni piru*, or bird money. It is the large size also of the Chilian dollars that attracts them. The Chinamen, taking advantage of their preference, have fixed a rate of exchange that gives them always a profit. At a French shop or a Government place payment is in francs, with the Chinamen always in Chile money.

§ xxxvi

AT THE PROTESTANT DEACON'S

As I go along the road I stop and pull oranges from a tree and peel and eat them; a man in a cart joins me; we eat together. Then a tall, grave Tahitian comes from the opposite direction and stops. Behind him another man, younger, leading a horse, and behind him a woman carrying a big Bible full of papers. It is a native pastor returning for

the Sabbath to his parish. I point to the papers in the book.

— *E aoraa?*

— *Aita*, says the pastor, correcting me; '*e'a'o'ra'a*.

We continued to eat oranges together and to speak of simple things suited to my understanding: whether the oranges are diseased; where I have stayed; that Piétry is a good fellow; that Father Capré has gone to Tautira; how long have I been in Tahiti? and the like. Very stupid; but the setting was picturesque. He tells me to return with him to Papenoo, sets me on his horse and as we pass a vanilla plantation calls Tamarii, the *tiatono*, or deacon, who is at work in it. Tamarii says his house is at my disposal.

I lodged there, and it was arranged by Louis Juventin and the chief that I should have my meals at the Société, a sort of combined club and co-operative store, and that I was to be well fed; nevertheless for two days I had nothing but *punus* and coffee. As I sat down to *déjeuner* on the first day a blind man cried out: "You ought to have said a prayer before you eat."

The chief visited me there and ordered that I was to be better looked after. They then became really solicitous about my food. The waiter (Mauri's brother) leans over the table and asks if I would like a coco-nut to drink. A minute later a crackling is heard over the road, and a boy is up a tree dropping two coco-nuts with his knife. Chickens are also killed for me.

I sit on Tamarii's verandah alone and rejoice in the opportunity of studying the language, etc. I have books with me. At first I was disappointed not to go back to Pape-ete for the Fête of Quatorze Juillet. But why should I go? There would be nothing but a few to-order dances and the like, detached, antiquarian things. I had been to the practice of the singing and that was enough. In the country I see daily life. I will stay here and see what happens.

As I sit there Mauri passes, picturesque as ever. I hail him. He cuts me dead. Later I meet Lantérés at the

Study of
Character



H. W. W.

Société. He is little better. All the Roman Catholic plateau cuts me. This is the religious feud; sectarian hatred. I am staying at the Protestant deacon's. There is strong antagonism between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. They form different social circles, largely because they sing different hymns. Talking with me, the priest said: — Ne croyez vous pas que le Bon Dieu se fâche en entendant les blasphèmes des Protestants ?

— Oh, mais leur religion à eux les enseignant, etc.

— Leur religion ! Mais, puisque le Bon Dieu est Catholique lui-même ?

There was rain that evening. I heard it coming across the coco-palms and down the mountain. One hears it more plainly in "tropicke cuntriz," because the leaves are big and stiff. Tamarii and his family returned at nightfall; because of the weather they had left the plantation where they had meant to sleep. They had been marrying the vanilla and planting *taros* all day. The word is the same for planting *taro* as for burying a man.

They have given me one of the two rooms for myself, with a mattress on the floor. On the walls are fishing things, with bone hooks. They have a dictionary of the Bible in Tahitian in the house and some French books; the girl talks French, the rest talk only Tahitian.

I hear the Chinaman next door getting up at two in the morning when his alarum goes off; he grunts and gets up to bake the bread. In the day-time this Chinaman wears a jacket of American cloth for economy, so that he has not to wear anything else against the rain. His only luxuries are his pipe and his umbrella, which he always carries on Sundays. He is generally cold and shivers, holding himself together. He regards the Société as his rival.

He took me into his bakery. There is something fascinating in a bakery, the sort of silvery cleanness, the dusty reflections of white light.

Chinamen do all the small trade of the island and much of the big. A few years ago they were introduced as coolies; when the estates they worked on went under they became

shopkeepers. They do all the vanilla trade. They show no conscientiousness in the trade, but sell badly prepared vanilla as good, in order to profit quickly, and so lowered the price about nine-tenths.

—Why do you sell to the Chinaman? I asked Madame Tamaeva.

—It is too much trouble to look for anyone else.

They eat nothing to speak of, sleep anywhere, wear very few clothes, spend nothing. On Sundays they walk about



e Tamarii
tinito

the town with a tired, shambling, bored sort of walk, in groups of two or three, stiff and tottering on the legs, always with umbrellas. In one of their shops the owner was very condescending; he showed me a Chinese-English dictionary of linen like a child's toy book. He had heard of Lao-tsze, but denied all knowledge of K'ung Futsze.

A Chinaman does not try to understand you; a Tahitian does. They generally speak very badly in the *aita mai-tai* dialect, often saying: —I don't talk *papaa*.

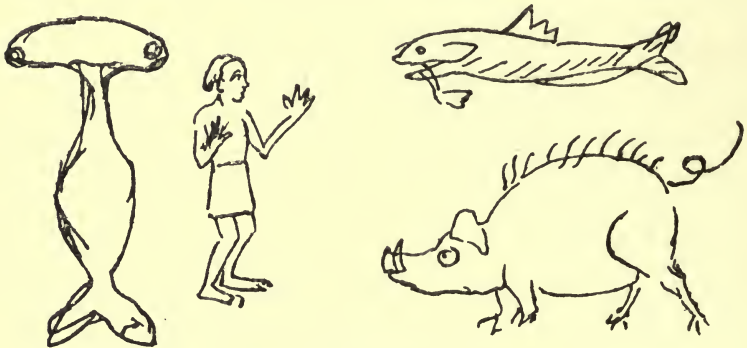
A friend showed me a black stone like a big black boot. It was washed up in Hitiaa (where there is no barrier reef). One native was ready to vouch that he had seen it come floating gently over the water. The wise woman of Mahaena was sent for, and she said that it would bring riches to the owner and disaster to all about him. On the wise woman's report the Chinaman was very eager to buy it, but he was outbidden, and it now lies in my friend's little museum in the town.

Once I saw a carriage full of Chinese ladies, the family of one of the rich Chinese merchants. They had the daintily silly faces of the Gainsborough-Boucher period; delightful dolls in black alpaca, smiling surprisedly, also very uncertain on their feet like the men.

One day there was singing in the *fare-himéné parotetani* (Protestant hymn-house). "Galilea," pronounced *Tarirea*, was written up. There was a Tahitian Bible on the table. In St John i. "Logos" is given "Logo," pronounced *roto*—*i.e.* a lake. "The lake existed from the beginning, for the Lake was in God and God was the Lake." How can they distinguish? Many Hebrew, Greek, etc., words are in the Bible: for example, *hipo*, *aeto* (eagle); *Masele* (Hebrew, *Mashal*) (Proverbs); *Koheleta* (*Koheleth*)—*i.e.* Ecclesiastes, probably because they thought that the plain truth was too mean; so also *Basileia* (*Patireia*) for the Kingdom of God, as if it were some other sort of kingship, of a specially Biblical character. This is a terrible evasion, *te Basileia o te atua*, instead of *te hau arii*. Also *parau mau* for "truth." (*Parau mau* means "true word.") I was told later by a priest that the Roman Catholics are preparing a correct Tahitian version of the Scriptures for their own flock, in place of the erroneous Protestant one. In it they are going to introduce the neology of *Vérité* from the French, in order to make the distinction between what is true in the merely intellectual sense, and what is true in the spiritual sense.

Among the singers was a white girl, quite *canaquisée*. She was the illegitimate daughter of one of the better-class girls of the island, ruined by a French aristocrat. The mother was cast off by the European and died of chagrin. Her Tahitian relatives saw no harm in it all and adopted the child. In person she looks like a refined type of High School girl. She has delicate white limbs, but a perfectly Tahitian voice and way of singing, and the same contentment with doing nothing. She carries heavy loads of fruit from the mountains with bare feet. She lifts her hat in salute and draws gauchely aside from the path as she passes me in the evening, saying: "Good-morning."

LOUIS took me to the house of Tipu to get *parapores* or legends. He lived in a little house in a garden neatly laid out in rows of *taro* and *umara* (potatoes). Potatoes are not eaten by the natives; they are a delicacy for the European. The place was hopping with fleas. We went back and filled our shoes with flea-powder. The old man was nearly bed-



DRAWING FROM TIPU'S BOOK

ridden; he was gored in the leg by a hog ten years ago, and was treated for it by a Roman Catholic priest. The flesh had rotted away downwards to the foot. A hen clucked behind him and got up out of his bed, where it had perhaps been laying an egg. He produced a big book ruled with lines for money, like a ledger. He swept the fleas from his page as he read. I transcribed the first page or two of his book and promised I would show it to no one in Tahiti. This book¹ was written in *parau huna* (a secret writing). Suddenly he grew suspicious of me and wished to know why I wanted his book. It is genealogy: *parau tupuna*. This is not legends; it is grandfather talk, true tales of the ancestors of men who live here, men that I know. It is always the custom to keep genealogies secret except for the members of

¹ This book should be secured by the Polynesian Research Society. Tipu lived in Papenoo.

the family, lest anyone should impose himself as a *fetii* dishonestly, the laws of hospitality being so chivalrously exacting to one's own *fetii*. It has the date 1830 at the beginning, but that cannot be the date of the book in which they were originally written. It is probably a copy of an earlier MS. or MSS. The contents of it are descriptions of the marriages and progeny of chiefly families and of the *maraes* at which they had the right of sacrificing both in Tahiti and in Eimeo. When he hears that I want *parapore*—*i.e.* legends—and not grandfather talk, he is relieved.

I proposed that I should bring an interpreter, but he says no; we must be quite alone. He will tell and I shall write. I asked him if he sometimes tells these tales to children or (correcting myself lest I should hurt his feelings) to other people. There were others present when I asked this. He laughs at the idea and they all laugh. "Of course not." He believes that he and I are the only two people who know these stories; but there are other old men who know them too. In fact, he makes mystery where there is none, as Tahiri-i-te-rai would do.

The children are sent away to play outside while I hear of Torua and the Eel Ero.

PARAPORE OF PAPENOO

(Told by Tipu, with explanation by Mauri)

Tahitian Version

Te tuturí raa o Tuvava o Terapahúe; te ma pú te atua (potii atoa) te fa'ai raa (ta'i-raa), fate Torua o te vai Eunúí (na hweta¹ hoe) (na te to fe) Paíno i te Tunacro wapuu (ua pau) ai ai te mato i taùmúa hópu raa.²

Torua, the fish. Tuvava and Terapahue, a man and his wife, fed him in the pool of the river. The little fish grew big. They said: "It is not a fish."

¹ Note the throw-back of the *h* in *hweta*.

² Generally, not always, the words in parenthesis give what is probably a more usual version of the word or words preceding them [Ed.].

The man and the woman said: "It is a bad thing this fish; it is unprofitable." It was a man fish. The fish cried in the pool. The man fish went to the sea.

Tuvava and Terapahue fell on their knees, and all the maidens wept for Torua of the Falls of Eunui. "It is Ero, the Eel, his father, that ate him at the foot of the rock in the time of his bathing."

Explanation.—Une femme avec son mari gave the fish food to eat. Avant dans la rivière un petit trou sous la pierre. C'est l'homme qui faisait manger ces petits poissons. Après l'homme a dit . . . the little fish grew big. The man and the woman say: "It is a man, not a fish." The man fish goes to the sea. The fish cried in the pool. It was at the cascade that they let him go. Ero was a fresh-water eel and followed him down the river. Torua himself was an eel also; for they kept tame eels and he lived in a hole just as eels still do.

Eunui, Hunui, Vainui. Tipu said *Te vai Eunui* or *Hunui*—that is, the cascade, the Falls of Eunui. The river Papenoo has a cascade which runs inside the mountain. *Noo* is the back end of a canoe. The original name of Papenoo was *Ti-nei-ha-ai-no*; later *Vainoo*, and then *Papenoo*. The name was changed, as with Pape-ete from Vaiete when Pape replaced Vai.

A LEGEND OF THE SHORE NEAR PAPENOO

(A tale from the old days of gigantic stature)

A devil came from Eimeo to carry off a girl, a princess, one of the Arii, of Papenoo. She consented. He went in front, she walked behind. As the devil came to the shore the cock crew and they fell down and became two stones.

When I went to fetch flea-powder I also fetched a coloured blanket. Before leaving I threw it about Tipu's shoulders. Many relatives and inhabitants of the house came in and smiled on me.

I went home to bed and dreamt of fleas. One of them

Map of
California



Easter Islander

pleaded with me that I should respect them. They had little bodies but big minds. He was a very old flea, professor of Hebrew, the language in which the Book of Mormon was written ; he said that Bushido is universal among the fleas, and each had his sphere of influence, his allotted territory on a man's body, which none of them would think of transgressing. I wake and find it a myth.

I relate this to Louis next day. He says it is a sign of wealth to dream of fleas, and Tahiri told me the same thing later.

The chief, Arii Ero (named, perhaps, after the famous eel of Papenoo), hearing that I am in search of legends, came over and told me two : first of a man fishing in his canoe, who hooked a fish which dragged him over the ocean till he landed on an *eyot*, or islet. It was a *tapu* (taboo) place, but he did not know it. Worn out, he lay down and slept. A girl came from the king's house to draw sea-water in a hollow bamboo, for cooking, and returning told the king that he was there. The king, angry at his breaking the *tapu*, came out and killed him as he lay asleep ; he cut him in pieces and threw the pieces into the sea. The fishes eat the pieces and a little shark swallowed his heart. Having swallowed the man's heart, he had the heart of the man, and he was the man himself. Now the man's wife sought for him with her friends, and weary at last with seeking she lay down to sleep, and her husband came to her in her dream and told her to seek him no more, as her search must be in vain.

The shark was in the sea and it grew and it grew, and it wished to avenge itself on the king of the foreign island for what he had done to the man, but it waited till it was big. Then one day it drove all the fish into the bay ; and men went and told the king that the bay was full of fish, and the king came with his wife and his sons and his daughters and they took a net and went out to catch the fish. And the shark drove the fish out of the bay again, and drew the king and his family further and further from the shore and then he slew them one by one.

LEGEND OF A CAVE AT PAPENOO

(From *Teriitaumatu-tine and Arii Ero*)

The cave is divided by a rock like a party wall. A and B, man and wife, lived on one side ; C, a bachelor, on the other ; no one else in the valley. A caught a big eel for dinner ; C saw him and said : — Look at that big canoe without out-riggers. (A little piece of sea was visible.)

— Where ? Where ?

— Come over here and see.

While he looks for it C takes the eel, strips the meat from the bones and throws them outside. A, returning, says : — I have seen no ship. C answers : — It must have passed, and see what the dogs have done ! That comes of curiosity.

When B comes back from the shore there was nothing to eat. C winks and invites her to eat of the stolen eel. She goes and lives with C. A consults his *fetii*. They tell him on a certain night to pray to all his grandfathers and gods, and they will catch flying-fish and put them in the valley. That evening he goes with an axe and cuts down all the *fei*-trees.

— Why ?

— They are no use.

— But they have fruit coming.

— It is no use. I will have meat to grow on the *fei*-trees, not fruit.

He goes to the cave and speaks poetry all night, while the others listen across the rock. In the small hours he gives a great cry, “ It is fulfilled ! ” and the other two wake. The full moon is overhead and they see the valley below, all gleaming with flying-fish laid by his *fetii* on the *fei*-trees. B goes back to A.

Arii Ero promised to take me when next they went to stick hogs in the mountain ; but he did not. He excused himself to me afterwards, saying that they started before it was light to get *fei* in inaccessible places where a European could not go ; that I could not have climbed there in boots or without them. They were out till after dark.

A man goes to the hills with nothing but a *pareu* and a knife ; he makes himself a garland of fern and guava on the way.

LEGEND OF PIPIRI-MA. THE DOUBLE STARS IN SCORPIO

(From *Temaeva, the forgeron : the Milky Way overhead, a little to the west, at 9 P.M. on 10th August 1906. The legend of the stars in the Tail of the Scorpion*)



Two children, twins, Pipiri-ma,¹ a boy and a girl, lay pretending to be asleep when their father and mother came home from fishing ; the parents forgot the children and ate the fish. The children were angry and flew up into the roof and so to the sky.

Their parents begged them to come back ; they are there in the sky begging them, the father in front : “ Pipiri-ma, come back to us. We will give you to eat.” But the four tupapaus say : “ Do not listen to them ; they will forget you again ; your parents are liars.” The children say : “ No, we will not come back. Torch-fishing is a bad fishing, which

¹ Pipiri is the name of the boy. The affix -ma conveys the fact that he and his sister were twins.

disappoints the children; you are fishermen who do not give fish to their children." The parents cry: "Our two bright flower-tufts are taken from us and stolen into the heavens."

They are traced in the mornings by the pools of tears that they leave in the rocks. Their parents are still chasing them.

LEGEND OF HIRO AND MARAMA

(This is an epic heroic poem, "recited to give courage at great gatherings": told to me by *Mati*)

Hiro, a giant, a builder of canoes, married a woman who had already two children, Marama (moon) and a girl. One day the wife went to the wood to get firewood. The women said: "We pity you!" "Why?" "Because Hiro is such a magician." She said: "It is true. I am afraid every night when I go to bed."¹

Hiro, being a magician, heard these words though spoken far away. When she returned home he said: "Come here and get into the boat." She got into the boat; she lay within it and passed out the cords as he passed them in (for like other canoes it was made in three pieces and bound with coco-husk sinnet cord). She cried out, "Stop, my finger is caught," but he pulled all the more and crushed her finger in the cord and held her fast. Then he climbed into the canoe and killed her and hid her body in the boat-shaped trough in which they weave mats in Tahiti.

At that time Marama was surf-diving, plunging landward from the reef on the crest of a wave on his diving-board. When he reached home he did as he did every day, he called for his mother. But she did not answer him because she was dead. Then he called his sister and she came; he bade her bring him his *tihere* (waist-band; a thing that was worn before *pareus*, about six inches broad and sometimes twenty yards long, made of woven grass); she was naked herself, but she covered herself with the branch of a tree and brought it to him.

Then he sought for his mother, and at last after searching

¹ One or two passages in this legend are paraphrased by G. C. [ED.].

all day he found her body in the mat-weaving trough, and laid it over his shoulder, and went away with it to a promontory of the land, where he walked up and down with it over his shoulder ; and wherever he went all the birds fell dead, and he slew every animal and every man that he met. [This walking up and down seems evidently a moon myth by reason of its similarity to all the *searching* games and myths which deal with the moon or the sun, as the Persephone myth and the myth of Cain and Abel. It is like the new moon with the old moon in its lap.]

Hiro wished to make a feast and he sent his twelve sons a-fishing, and they caught a turtle. Now these twelve sons of Hiro were not made in the likeness of men ; but they were Puaariitahis.¹ For when they were born they were not swaddled in swaddling bands, but they were rolled in the hands until their bodies were perfectly round. These were the twelve sons of Hiro. Hiro divided the turtle into portions and sent one of them to Tauta, the under-king, to lay before Huna, the chief-king. Tauta laid the portion of turtle before Huna, the chief-king, and Huna said : “ What is this ? ” And Tauta said : “ It is a portion of the turtle that was given me by Hiro, which was caught by his twelve sons, the Puaariitahis.” When Huna heard this he was angry, and fell upon Tauta to kill him. But the two giants who stood behind Huna said : “ Do not slay Tauta ; for if you slay Tauta you will yourself be slain by Marama.” Nevertheless Huna did not listen to them, but slew Tauta and hung a plank from a branch of a tree and laid his body on it to swing in the wind.²

When Hiro heard what Huna had done he was angry with Huna, and said : “ He has slain Tauta because he gave him a portion of the turtle which was caught by my sons, the Puaariitahis.” And he resolved to send for Marama, and bid him slay King Huna, but he did not dare to go to him himself.

¹ *i.e.* porpoises.

² The turtle was a sacred beast ; it could not be cooked except by a fire made in the interior of the temple of Oro, and after offering a portion to the idols ; so that the under-king's crime was that of sacrilege in offering it to him thus.

He sent for his stepdaughter, Marama's sister, and said to her : " Marama, I lay the charge on him." Now she was a *tamahine haapori* or *faanunu* (a girl of noble birth set apart to grow fat and delicate for marriage). She was shut into a house alone and no one ever saw her ; those who carried to her the *uru* and *fei* from the mountains, and other foods which the twelve Puaariitahis brought, put the food in at a hole in the wall with their heads averted. So Hiro sent for her and she came to him, and he saw that she was beautiful, and he told her to go to her brother. " He will run to you with the body of his mother on his shoulder to kill you ; but when he runs upon you, crouch down and cover your face with a veil." She did as she was told ; she went to look for Marama, and when he ran upon her to kill her she crouched down and covered her face with a veil, and when he saw her he said, " It is a beautiful girl," and he lifted the veil and saw that it was his sister.

She told him what her father wished of him, and he said : " I must obey my father." Then he dug a hole and buried the dead body of his mother and went to the palace of Huna. Now he knew that it was guarded by hundreds of armed men who would try to prevent him from coming to the king. So he said to his sister : " Go ahead to the palace of the king, and when you meet any man he will come upon you to possess you, but do you say, ' Not here ; come farther to a private place.' " She did as she was told, and one by one she brought the king's guards to him and he slew them. Now when all the king's guards were killed Marama came to King Huna, and after salutations Marama pointed to the great Tamanu¹ tree which grew before the king's house, and asked leave to cut it down. The king refused him, saying : " It was planted in the time of my forefathers as a memorial ; it may not be cut down." Marama laid hands on it and pulled it up by the roots. Then Huna sent his two giants and his magicians and they planted it again. But Marama pulled it up again and whirling it round his head slew King Huna, and avenged the insult which he had put upon Hiro by

¹ *Calophyllum Inophyllum*.

slaying Tauta for offering him a portion of the turtle which had been caught by Hiro's twelve children, the Puaariitahis.

When Mati told me this legend there were others sitting round, who at the mention of Marama¹ said: "But that is the moon." This annoyed Mati, who replied: "I do not know, it is a name; I tell you as I have heard it. The moon is called *awae* in our language."

In the following song there is a mention of Hiro and Marama, which seems to imply that Hiro was the god of the sea. As a matter of fact, Hiro, though not exclusively a god of the sea, is conspicuous among sea-gods. He descended to the abysses of sea and held intercourse with monsters there. Marine gods employed sharks as agents of their vengeance, especially the large blue shark.

SONG TO HIRO

(*This song was sung preparatory to war*)

The king of the black purple deep,
 The king of the depths unknown,
 The king who fills with consternation;
 But Hiro is that warrior,
 Broad is the back of Hiro,
 A back of vast expanse.
 His eyes are deep-fixed and dark,
 His ears hang not down in fear,
 Like the pike fish is the hair on his body. . . .
 O Hiro, to whom shall I deliver the song of war?
 Shall I declare it to Marama, the warrior born of Hiro,
 Who came forth with skill to arrange the battle,
 With the savageness of the dog, the strength of the shark,
 Who shall sever the head where the skull joins the neck,
 Causing the dead bodies to run headless,
 And shall pile dead bodies high as the temple walls?

¹ This Marama, the moon, is son of Hiro, the patron of the New (*i.e.* dark) Moon. Marama is the Full Moon. Iro (Tahitian Hiro) is patron of thieves, probably therefore patron of thieves only as patron of the moonless nights. At a certain aspect the moon, called *Marama tamai*, the moon at war, they made human sacrifice. This is Marama as the warrior god; it is probably the aspect of the old moon in the lap of the new moon; that is one of Marama's savage fits; in the legend, Marama carrying the dead body of his mother.

PARAPORE OF TAUTIRA

(Sung before dancing the national dances. From *Tipu of Papenoo*)

Te tatúe vāi tà tu póro póro ¹ i Hyāi ² ;
 te'e'a iti te faráoa te-i taátaha i vāi ³ ú mete
 E tei i hyuiāi e'a'á'i tele pari ⁴ roa rhuoi-rhuoi ⁵ (rhuui-rhuui)
 hú'e mámārā ? T-hauritei ve ároa ta úama
 i hyāi te pa'o máira i pa'ipa'i ⁶ ārūrē ⁷ ti apú rarahi
 te pa'ó máira i paipai ⁸ i ārūrē.

¹ paroles parlées aux hommes.

² C'est une terre, district.

³ Au bord de la mer petit ruisseau.

⁴ *pari*, like a sea wall (sea cliff).

⁵ Tiring to walk on.

⁶ Small wooden boat in which *popoi-fei* is pounded.

⁷ Te hoe fenua i parahi hia iana (eana).

⁸ To slap the legs, etc., and kick.¹

This is a *pata'auta'au* or *pata'uta'u*, recitation before dancing, often obscene, of men, chanted by one in one breath, at the end the drum and the dance, *at once*.

PARAPORE OF HITIAA

(Told by *Tipu*)

Pomaré e arii pāia eiha e tuu hia i te rima,
 o mamáu uri e omamáu te'a. Ua pohoiya eucí
 o maúa wa hit-i, te pureára ivi rāi ; a pohué ya
 Ia . . . ahe. E puhui te 'ea i tataúa múa [moe]
 ta-tára nahé (re) te faá tautí-ni oroto [faa tau teinei o roto]
 pao i teiyara nao nao i te máro ta u te y arii.

PARAPORE

(Told by the wife of *Ponāu* of *Tiàrei*)

Tena te tahi haáma ta'āi te iti i auraá
 te iti au pūto te poóna i te pehota haúa
 poe (pu) ti feetra. Tena arúe à māi tauhwenúa [fenúa]
 iti hoi pupúni núi i te tahi
 āi riá e pāuto uhó te na taumo waiti [ua ite]
 mówaraá [moua, mountain].

(*ua mo'e*, she had forgotten the rest.)

¹ There is no translation of this recitation, only these few rough notes, probably "explanations" by Ponau of Tiarai or by Mauri.

The e in *te* is generally not pronounced before a word beginning with *h*, as *T-hau ri tei* or *i'himené* [ED.].

§ xxxviii

DESOLATION.

AT Temarii's I work hard at the language. Nevertheless a certain sense of loneliness broods over me. I am despondent. My feet are well again, yet I am irresolute.

Wherever I go I hear that Mahaena is the place of prehistoric simplicity. I get a horse and determine to go there.

I reached the village of Mahaena towards evening and wished to find somewhere to put up. Someone told me to inquire of the men who stood in the road. I said to them :

— I wish to sleep here to-night. Where shall I sleep ?

The whole village, which had assembled, roared with laughter. A little girl was sorry for me and begged me in a low aside to stay in her house, but her relatives would have none of me ; they said there was no room.

At the foot of the slope a man said : — Where are you going ? I answered I wished to stay in Mahaena ; would he put me up ? He said his house was too poor. I told him that it was an accursed village full of savages. I crossed the river and sought for a tree under which I could sleep. A young man called me :

— *Haere mai tamaâ.*

I rode to the door of his house and found a very poor, low-built hut. He asked me to stay. I was just accepting when two little girls ran up and said :

— Your mother says that you are not to invite the *papaa* to stay with you ; she wishes to stay here herself.

He bade me to stay in spite of his mother, but I got on my horse and rode as fast as I could through the village and went back to the place where I had slept the night before.

Here they say : “ A wind is blowing, a great ship will come.” Louis tells me that the natives know when a big ship is coming in Mohina, because a strong wind blows for three days. The cruisers come soon afterwards. They are now expecting one.

As I sit on the verandah next day reading, again the sense

of depression closes over me, of desolation and of the fear of death alone on the seashore, away from England. "One is as near heaven on the sea as on the land," but it is a pitiful thing to die away from the land where those whom one loves are. The Chinamen are right. It is a severance from the gods of one's country.

I hear the sound of horses' feet, and Amaru suddenly appears. He is wearing Arii Roo's beads round his hat. He says simply :

— Venez !

I go with him.

I cleared myself of obligation by giving Madame Tamarii a dress and by paying fifteen francs to the Société. The man there was astounded at my liberality and told everyone about it. I was entered in his books simply as *Te Papaa*. He boasted of his cooking, which had drawn so much money from me. He gave me what he called a *peau tîner* (a good dinner). When I told Amaru of this he laughed, and repeated it for days after, and talked of his meal as a *peau tîner*.

Amaru had gone to Pape-ete on a fat horse. He came back riding a thin one, with a bunch of *taro* or *ape* flapping on its flank. He had sold the fat horse to a Chinaman and got fifteen Chile dollars ; I am afraid in order that he might do me well. We put our bundles on the horse and walked through the gathering darkness. There were horses tied in the roads everywhere to feed. This is against the law, but they trust the gendarme not to be about at night. I asked Amaru if he knew what a *hipo* was. He said it was "Un animau dans le Pipe" (animal dans la Bible), and was surprised to hear that it was the same as "un cheveau."

We arrived at night, not at the usual house, but at a little house in a moon-lit clearing. Amaru stopped to listen for the voices of his children. "Ah, no, they are in bed, otherwise I should hear them crying ; they cry always while I am away. I go seldom."

We opened the door of the little house (not more than seven foot wide), and there we found them all lying in a row asleep : Madame Amaru, Fano, Te Hei, Arii Roo and Aiho,

Amaru's foster-mother's husband's adopted son; and his 'mother' was there too—*i.e.* his adoptive father's sister.

They were all roused at once, and rose smiling and rubbing their eyes, surrounding us and kissing us. They were all cold to the touch. They shouldered their blankets and everything that they had there and we all marched together to the other house. Arrived there, Madame Amaru lighted a fire outside, drew out an iron, opened the linen chest with the musical lock and began to iron sheets and pillow-cases, smiling all the time.

In the morning she gave me a beautiful hat she had made for me in my absence.

§ XXXIX

WALKING SOUTH : AT TAUVA'S

AFTER lingering with my friends at Vaanui, I start once more for the peninsula.

As I approach it the natives look disdainful and pass without salutation. This is *Taravao arii ore*; according to the ancient epithet: "Taravao that has no king"—*i.e.* that knows no law. The people of this place had no reputation for friendliness in days of old.

"Les gens de Taravao étaient jaloux et méchants, et tuaient les voyageurs qui osaient passer leur domaine," says Madame Drollet, that wonderful French lady with the stern, ascetic face, who knows as much of the ancient language and traditions of the island as few natives. I am indebted to her for the following poem, which falls very aptly here, as well as for some others scattered through the book.

I see her with her majestic gesture and kindling eye as of an ancient prophetess, while I recall her words.

Explanation of the *Parapore of Uranui*: Tuaivaro, the traveller, comes to the isthmus of Taravao, "Taravao où règne l'anarchie." His wearisome journey through the mud has brought him not to a haven of rest, but to a place where his life is in danger. There he meets Uranui, a Danaë of the

South Seas ; a *tamahine haapori* (a girl set aside to fatten for marriage). She lives all alone in a high house on a platform, built aloft, that she may never stain her foot by setting it on the earth. All day she is shut up in her house that the sun may not scorch her, nor man look on her ; but in the evening she comes out and sits on a mat before the door and decks herself with flowers that are brought to her.

It is night, and her guardians are playing truant when Tuaivaro passes. She invites him to rest himself in her house and to hide himself there till he can continue his journey without danger. All this one should know first before hearing the song. It is Tuaivaro who speaks.

PARAPORE OF URANUI¹

Teripaa matai ua toaheaha,
 mahu totoro i Pūŋ iti, toetoe
 mai nei au i te ara iti ino
 ite puhī arue, e aano topa
 i tahatai tei Mitirapa te
 vahine i ta'omai e : o vai
 rā to hoa i tena tere rii e ?
 o oe e o vau taua anae teie,
 ua tana tara hereo Tuaivaro :
 Uranui ite tiare pūnoono
 Uranui ite tai potō !

My face lashed by the wind
 I come silently to Puuiti.
 I tremble to find myself
 In a place of peril,
 Following a muddy path,
 The abode of eels.
 Like an empty coco-nut
 Fallen on the shore.
 I meet a woman
 By Mitirapa :
 "Who is the companion of thy
 journey ?
 Speak, for there is none to hear
 but me and thee."

(Tuaivaro is kindled with love.)

"O Uranui of the plaited garland
 of flowers !
 O Uranui who drieth the tears
 of men !"

As my sorrow was not so poignant, so neither was my consolation so gracious as that of Tuaivaro.

I met Father Jocelyn on the road ; one of the little black-cassocked Brothers of the Sacred Heart (or is it of Plœrmel ?).

He was a picturesque figure in his black frock, brown beard

¹ Uranui means the great red queen.



and big straw hat, with a fat umbrella tucked under his arm, mounted on his old pony on his way to keep a tryst with one or two other Fathers. He told me that they appoint a day to meet at the boundary of their districts, and pass the time together on the grass with a bottle of wine, a *punu* and oranges.

I go with him. He tells me that the mission to which the Bishop belongs is the Mission of the Sacred Heart, the Frères Picpus they are called, after the name of a street in Paris where the Order centres. But the teaching fraternity of which he is a member is quite independent of the Bishop, who merely invited them to come and take over the teaching of the island. These schoolmaster missionaries are the Frères de Plœrmel.

He said the Tahitians cannot understand the secular education given at the Government schools; they call it education *atua ore* (without God).¹ He spoke much of the difference of what obtains now in Pape-ete, and what obtained "au temps des rois, et dans les districts."

We found the others already at the meeting-place, with their horses tethered. They were affable and talkative. Father Jocelyn speaks of all things lightly but his religion; ethnology, whist, the study of languages, music, etc., it is always "pour passer le temps." They get up at four-thirty for their pious exercises. They say they have not conquered their passions; they dominate them when they come by the "pouvoir surnaturel, la grâce de Dieu"; that it is necessary to have only white priests, as the natives will not be celibate; but nevertheless the Roman Catholics have the greater influence, as they have no personal interests, families or wealth, but are always at the beck and call of those who need them.

At the end of half-an-hour Father Laurence, with great politeness, begged to be excused: — Je vais continuer mes exercices de piété. The others do the same.

¹ Proportionate numbers in schools for boys: Frères de Plœrmel, 175 boys; Protestant, 140; lay, 35; in schools for girls: Sœurs de St Joseph de Cluny, 210; Protestant, 275; a small lay school.

It is these things, their absence of possessions and their celibacy, that appeal to the imaginations of the people and give Roman Catholicism a good chance in the island. I have heard Tahitians say that the Protestant pastors put too much money in their pockets. They are paid weekly, in kind and money as well; they are married, and, if white, have generally a servant also. The best house in Pape-ete belongs to the head of the Mission. The Queen lived in an ordinary little hut till 1838, when it was thought right that she should have a palace. Their piety, even if it is there, is much less obvious and less easily discerned by an alien race. It all comes of the fatal habit of parsons receiving a decent income, instead of living like other working men, if they come to a population that is all poor, except the chiefs. In fact they live like chiefs, and the native pastors have inherited this mistaken tradition. St Paul worked with his hands so as not to be a charge.

After their "exercices de piété" we had a heated discussion. Perhaps they hoped to convert me. Starting from Dumford, the Nature Man, we got to Darwin. Dumford appears to them purely immoral. They cannot get over his nakedness; they think it profoundly immoral; they think it suggests evil ideas; it is for them against nature. They base their objection on the fall of Adam. I propounded that Dumford is not bound to assent to that. Father Laurence said that if he had found Dumford naked he would have said: "Mon bon Monsieur Homme Nature, si tu ne mets pas tout de suite ton pantalon, je te donnerai une bonne fessée." I praised the school of sincerity as opposed to that of faith; Darwin, Huxley, etc. The Roman Catholic Church does not yet admit "Monsieur Darwin." Father Jocelyn said all the irritating things it is possible to say about Darwinism and faith. It ended by my telling them that if they had lived in the time of Christ they would have crucified Him. Father Jocelyn smiled blandly, stroked his beard and said: "Oh, là là!" Father Bernardin had fallen asleep. We parted as good friends as ever.

I have been told that in Pihaa I shall find a charming

Frenchman, a retired gendarme of the name of Piétry, or Pietari ; but my experience of gendarmes does not raise my hopes of him very high. As I walk a tall man comes along on a bicycle towards me, smiles and says : "Hello ! Where you go ?" I answer him in French. He says he knew I was English. Then examining my head he guesses that I am partly Spanish ; in return I guess him for a Corsican. We are both right.

A fisherman comes by with a quantity of bright blue and red most lovely fishes¹ hanging on a pole like onions in England. After a little altercation Piétry gives him a Chile franc and takes a big sky-blue fish from him almost by force (but I believe the price and the purchase were both in order). I was eager to buy something too that I might not come empty-handed to poor Taua Vahine, but the fisherman had gone.

Piétry pressed me eagerly to come to his house ; to visit him, to sleep there ; he assured me that Taua's was no place for a white man. I thanked him, but refused, and pursued my way.

I came on the fisherman again later, by the roadside. He could sell me no fish, but asked me where I was going. I told him to Taua's. He looked distressed, and asked me why not to Piétry's. This seemed to be not because he feared that I should oppress Taua, but because it is not seemly for a *papaa* to be housed so poorly.

This leads me to expect something very sordid and intolerable at Taua's. I filled my packet with fruit and tinned meats for her. At the boundary of Pueu and Pihaa is a broad, clear stream with a *passerelle* constructed by Piétry, who superintends the road-making here. Having drunk my fill, I longed to bathe in it ; but there are many women about, tall, handsome women clad in *pareus*, washing clothes just below the ford. As I stand hesitating an old man comes and bids me bathe ; two men come down the river with *fei* from the mountains. We are in a group together. I ask :
— Where shall I bathe ?

¹ These fish are *uhu* (the blue) and *iiki* (the red).

— Why, here. Undress in the road and go down the bank a little.

— But the women—is it beautiful to bathe before the women ?

— What, are the women beautiful ? He laughs. Go over to them, he adds, as I go to the water.

It is an obvious rule of life always to wash clothes and bathe *below* the ford ; otherwise one would foul the ford, the most natural drinking-place of travellers and dwellers.

I could not distrust these men. I take off my clothes, put on a *pareu* and leave them with my bundle in the road by these strangers, wondering if they are safe. Other men come to bathe there too ; there is one among the rocks a few yards up, right among the women. There is a long bamboo in the water by me ; it is for picking coco-nuts ; it lies there in the water to preserve it. After bathing my packet and clothes are, of course, just as I left them, intact.

I find Taua and her family by the seashore, preparing a cargo of copra and *fei* for the Puéu *poti* (boat) which is going to Pape-ete next day. I present my letter ; they brighten when they learn I come from Amaru.

There is a little child with a crown of white hen's feathers on her head.

They invite me to stay.

— *Aita peapea ? Ai-tá !*

It was evidently a well-ordered household. The curls of bamboo bark standing on the earth in rows to dry, like pairs of big false cuffs, ready for the hat-makers' market, betokened the industry of the women. The children, for all their bright smiles and winning looks, made no noise.

Nevertheless I can see they are not very glad to have me. They do not talk much to me ; they think I will not understand. They do not provide me with a meal apart, but invite me to dine with them on the ground. As there is no table or chair they could not do anything else. Yet they are by no means poor ; the whole promontory, with all its coco-trees, belongs to Taua, but the old house was washed away by the flood and they live in a hut which is only a roof on

four posts, open at all sides and strewn with mats and mattresses.

Piëtry comes round, very gay, and tells me that I can never sleep there, that the fleas and mosquitoes will torment me to death. I refuse his reiterated invitation to sleep at his house, but promise to come and visit him in the evening.

Tauva's lame son, Maina (he fell from a tree when he was a boy), does chores about the house ; chops the wood and prepares the fire. We feed with *purao* leaves for plates, dipping our plantains and stewed fowl in bowls of *miti*. They pass me a bowl of water first, to wash my hands, for one's fingers are one's spoons for supping up the *miti*.

I spent the evening drinking bottled beer at Piëtry's ; his native wife was shy and subdued and talked French slowly, but the children were interested in everything.

When I went back to Tauva's they were all asleep. Maina lay by my bed, stark naked and brown in the night air, with his *pareu* in a tiny roll about his loins. They have more expansible blood-vessels of the skin than we have ; without such furniture the really simple life is impossible ; we cannot be independent of our clothes (luggage) and our frequent well-cooked meals (labour) unless we have bigger blood-vessels and longer bowels.

I wake about midnight and find most of them up and working by the light of a lantern, sewing sacks for the copra. The silence of the night is only broken by the occasional crash of a coco-nut falling from the tree. In the morning they give me a bowl of water as always, "to wash the eyes." As usual coffee-making takes a long time. Want of civilisation means want of ingenuity ; it means poetry, Homeric simplicity, but it means time.

At breakfast I ask if anything is known of Robert Louis Stevenson. Tauva Vahine remembers to have heard of such a man of the name of Teritera. I must inquire for him of Ori, the ex-chief, who knew him. R. L. S.'s house has been destroyed by the flood. However, I am too footsore to go further to pursue the inquiry.

The only rudeness of the Tahitians is to repeat your words

mockingly when you make a fault. For example, they laugh at my saying *típaoti* instead of *tipáoti*, an injustice which galls me the more as it is their corruption of our English *tea-pot*.

One of the sons, Tamarii, goes with the copra to Pape-ete in the *poti*. He kisses his brother and his father before he goes and shakes hands with his sister. I find a pleasant companion in Ariiura, the *tane* of Roo, one of Taua's daughters. He speaks French. He suggests that I should go with him to Puéu to *ute*-singing and *ava-anani*. The rest of the family have gone to visit Fauiu, another of the daughters, who is very sick. Her throat and ears and face have swelled, from an affection of the eyes produced by overworking at hat-making. She eats nothing and is near to death. But Maina and Ariiura do not seem to be affected by it. I have my shirt to wash, and go to the river with soap to do it.

When I came back it was three o'clock and I was very hungry. I ate three raw plantains from the bunch on the tree. Then I went to the *ute*-singing (passing a leper sitting in his doorway by the way) and found a group of beautiful people assembled in a hut behind the chief's house; richly favoured, full-juiced men and women; garlanded with a profusion of wild flowers, and very friendly. Roo was there also.

In the evening Ariiura and Roo come back from the *ava-anani* drinking, very gay, and get nothing but plantains for their supper, for they are late. This is all they have to eat from breakfast to bed-time. Uupa, one of the daughters, now makes very soft eyes at me, and Taua has the air of offering her to me for a companion. It is a cold evening; therefore I throw a coloured blanket on Taua's shoulders and say: "It is for you." She is greatly pleased, and shows it to Uupa, who comes back into the house. Uupa looks at it coldly and asks:

— *E mea api?* (Is it new?)

I again spend the evening with Piétry. He tells me that Taua, who is sixty, has only lately taken her present husband (or *tane* rather), who is over fifty, out of pure love. Of all

her children only one has been legitimately married and that is Ariiura's first wife. It is a tale very closely resembling Tennyson's *Sisters*, but ending differently. Ariiura married B. They went to stay with Amaru, and she was guilty of "bêtises avec des canaques." "At present we are guests in another man's house," said Ariiura, "and I will say nothing; but once we get home, là-bas, je te flanquerai une distribution." ("I will give you beans.")

He fulfilled his promise, and she ran away to *his* father. In order to revenge himself Ariiura then took Roo, her sister, as his mistress (his deceased wife's sister as it were). In order to revenge herself for his flagrant breach of the Mosaic law ("Neither shalt thou take to wife her sister to vex her, beside the other in her lifetime") B went and made herself the mistress of a Chinaman. Yet nevertheless here are Ariiura and Roo received under her mother's roof as if nothing had happened; they have their little hut by the shore and feed with the rest.

I was wakeful at night, and wandered out to see the wonderful sight of the full moon shining over this paradise of coco-trees and bananiers, with the mountain behind. Others were restless too. Tauua and her *tane* came wandering back after the fashion of Tahitian lovers after a tryst among the trees in the small hours, two A.M. "I quo te pedes referent et Venus. . . ."

I had been carefully cherished at night, a sheet being hung up about me to keep out the wind. In the morning Tauua clings to me and tells me how much they all love me. Uupa will soon be here to see me, she says, full of meaning. She arrives almost immediately, and looks me in the eyes with a sad smile. Fauiu has made a wonderful recovery and eats again, she says. Before I leave, old Mouiu suddenly claps his beautiful grass hat on my head, the wonderful work of the sick Fauiu. It is for me, a present. I go to take early coffee with Piétry, with cow's milk, for he keeps a cow.

He tells me that two English cruisers have arrived (as foretold in Mohina), and that they did not salute on entering the

port, according to the French rule of politeness. I defend them by saying that doubtless they knew the state of the *Zéléé*, and that if by saluting they had compelled her to answer, she would have been shaken to pieces and sunk in the bay.

§ xl

IN TAIARAPU

I AM now in the peninsula of Tairapu, a rich, deep-bosomed country of low, sloping hills, long, luxuriant grass, bamboo villages bowered in shady forests. The people of Tairapu in the old days, cut off by the isthmus from the mainland, led a half-independent life and hardly acknowledged the suzerainty which the kings of the mainland claimed over them. Their position protected them also from too close a contact with the destructive contagion of the white men; from the diseases which ravaged other parts of the island; from the ideas which altered the primitive life.

The Tairapuans of to-day, as advanced as any other of the islanders in the arts of life, still retain the fresh-blooded vigour of the age of gold.

I see only native trees and flowers about me; I see men and women of richer temperament and greater stature; people of majestic construction, with big muscles and smooth, handsome faces; with whiter teeth, coarser hair, blacker and more vivid eyes; with brighter smile and tranquil gravity.

But still they are not near and familiar to me like Amaru, Temaeva and the rest.

At the boundary of Tautira the road seems to break suddenly off and vanish into a bay: a brilliant indigo bay seen under the arch of gigantic native chestnut-trees, itself sand-rimmed and fringed with distant dim blue coco-palms. On either side of the road there is fat, feathery, knee-deep grass.

This is the Bay of Tautira.

Out of *The Arabian Nights* swings by a brown-skinned

1894
Ch. 1000



e hei surua

fisherman bearing a pole on his shoulders, hung with those fairyland fishes of translucent scarlet and turquoise blue. A group of women go by ; the foremost carries a heavy bundle on her left arm, a mass of linen in her hands before her and a child astride her right hip. This is the primitive Polynesian way of nursing children, resembling that of the ancient Israelites (Isaiah lxvi. 12, lx. 4). In New Zealand it is said that the fairies, who are golden-haired, nurse children in their arms (unlike the Maoris, who nurse them on their hip or back).

When the South Seas were discovered many thought that here at last we had come on the ten lost tribes of Israel, but the suggestions of Tahiti are descriptions of all primitive life. Tahiti constantly recalls Homer, Rabelais and the Pentateuch.

These women are of beautiful form and face, with immense masses of coarse hair bound up behind their heads ; they offer no salutation ; they turn their eyes neither to the right nor to the left, but steadfastly go on their way, with the majestic tread of Greek goddesses, shaking the earth with naked feet. There is a peculiar intimacy of impression in the sound of women walking with naked feet.

Below the ford of the swift, bright river again women are kneeling in the water washing linen, their bosoms hidden in scarlet *pareus*. As each one rises from the water, her task finished, she drapes herself in a long, straight-falling robe of white, tall and stately like the old Greek charioteer. A naked man comes galloping along the road on a thick-set horse, his right hand hanging behind his hip, as a Red Indian rides. Three young men come down with bananas from the mountain and hang their loaded poles from the stumps of branches on a tree by the water-side. An old man, with his legs thickened with *feefee*, like the legs of an elephant, comes from the village to fill a hollow bamboo with water, just as in the days of Wallis ; he smiles and says that it is the *punu* Tahiti. The ford is the general meeting-place, a place where tales are told.

As I stumbled painfully through and saw natives crossing

simply with their burdens I asked myself sadly : “ A qu'oient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons ? ”

— There is a heavy load, says the old man, pointing to one of the poles, balanced on the tree crutch, on each end of which hangs a mighty régime of bananas.

It was as heavy as my shoulder could bear and I shifted it with difficulty back on to its crutch. The owners of it had come swinging down with them for miles by the goat-paths of the mountains.

The sight of a European awakes no curiosity in these men and women. The race now knows the European too well. Europe has brought their island no good. Even in the earliest days, when the masses greeted the *papaa* with the eagerness of a people seeking always a new thing, there were some who held themselves aloof, and now——

When de Bougainville put in in 1768 he was escorted by a rejoicing throng to the house of the chief. He found an old man there of a passing generation, an ancient of the heroic age, hale and unwrinkled in spite of the antiquity which his white hair and long white beard proclaimed.

“ This venerable man seemed hardly to notice our arrival ; he withdrew without so much as acknowledging our caresses, and without betraying either alarm, astonishment, or curiosity. Far from sharing the kind of ecstasy which the first sight of us occasioned in all those people, his anxious, meditative air seemed to declare his fear that the happy days passed in the bosom of repose would too surely be troubled by the coming of the new race.”

Experience has confirmed his prophetic wisdom ; the many were soon certain of what the few once dimly divined.

The Frenchman, by an unlucky accident, was six months too late to gain the distinction of discovering Tahiti, having been forestalled by Captain Wallis of the *Dolphin*, but yet came soon enough to achieve that of introducing among the islanders the devastating disease which marks the pathway of the European among the “ inferior ” races of the globe. Commerce follows the flag, but this precedes commerce ; it

is everywhere the earnest of the "Mission Civilisatrice" of Europe among the blacks and browns.¹

This people who had known no great disaster saw those whom they loved perishing; their nails and their hair falling from them; their flesh rotting from their bones; panic seized them; they fled from the infection, and those who were struck down perished by a more miserable death than any that can be conceived. When they grew more used to the scourge, nine-tenths of that heaven-blest, full-blooded, laughter-loving people had perished. De Bougainville had found the island populous, the people decorated with pearls and flowers in a state of perfect health, singing and dancing to the music of the tom-tom and nose-flute. He called it Paradise.

They rarely ate meat; the girls and children never. They had no fermented liquor. There seemed to be two races; the one was of great size and beauty; if they were less in the air, he said, they would be as fair as Europeans. Their hair was generally black, sometimes brown or chestnut, the children's generally flaxen. Indeed the Tahitians seemed to be sunburnt whites. They have the large calves to the legs of the white man; the blacks and browns have always spindleshanks. The second race was of medium height, in colour and features like *mulâtres*, hair *crépu* and hard as horseshair. This exactly corresponded with my own observations. In Raratonga the two types were specially observable. I drew one of the old negroid race, Aitu. And the language shows a mixture, due to the capture of women in war.

They believed in a Supreme Deity, who was not represented by any image, and in two inferior orders represented by wooden idols. The image was only regarded as the dwelling-place of the spirit. In fact there was no idolatry in them. De Bougainville described them praying at the rising and setting of the sun.

¹ De Bougainville tried to take all precautions to prevent them getting syphilis, thus tacitly admitting that he had it on board his ships. The natives are quite clear that his sailors brought it. I mention this as he has tried to fasten the blame on Wallis.

Vancouver said that on revisiting the island in 1792 it was no longer the same. The enchantment had gone; disease was rampant. According to Melville, when the missionaries came the depravity they saw was altogether in a measure unknown before intercourse with the whites. And another authority says: "No one knows how much the laxity of morals was due to the French and English themselves, whose appearance certainly caused a sudden and shocking overthrow of such moral rules as had existed before in the island society. Marriage was real as far as it went, and the standard rather higher than in Paris. Polygamy was unknown." (Polygamy is a sheer libel of the missionaries.) Having accepted monogamy as our rule of life, we confuse depravity, "the trade of the brothel," with freedom of love. Seen through the eyes of the English and French sailors, who had not the smallest sense of responsibility and would not have been sorry to overthrow all standards, Tahiti seemed to prove that no standard was necessary (*à la* Rousseau, Diderot, etc.). This made the island interesting to philosophers and charming to the French, never easy under even the morality recognised in Paris.

Captain Wilson, who took out the first missionaries, said that the people had more refined ideas of decency in many ways than ourselves.

But the missionaries came with minds obsessed with the idea of idolatry. To them these islanders were idolaters, therefore naturally plunged in sin. They came looking for the devil and all his works and were not disappointed. For God, or any manifestation of his spirit, they did not look. Their eyes were blinded. Did they think he had forgotten this nation for eighteen hundred years? If the apostle John or a man with the spirit of St Francis of Assisi had but preached the message of Christ to these people . . . But that was not to be.

It was by a very different spirit that most of the early missionary enterprise in Polynesia was inspired, that of the egregious Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, that gorgon of pious self-conceit who patronised Whitfield. It

1914



Young Girl
1914

was her dying charge that the Tahitians were to be Christianised.

The missionary William Ellis, in writing of the Tahitians before their conversion, describes them as "without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, filled with wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, envy, malignity and murder." And as for the awful state of depravity he can only refer to Romans i.; but the implication seems even then to have been unjust, and now there is no sign of such practices; they would murder a man who indulged in them. He also speaks of the women being in a state of slavery to the other sex. This was never the case. Women had very full rights; indeed they played an astonishing part in the history of the island. Daughters inherited estates and powers. Queens were quite independent of their husbands. Missionaries, like those who pursue the art of cleaning old pictures, make the other side, the unregenerate side, as black as possible to give the greater sense of their skill.

Whatever was connected with idolatry was put down. In the old days they were so religious that everything they did was interwoven with their religion, boxing, wrestling, etc. Nothing was done without a prayer. Now they were taught to abstain from flowers, dancing, bathing, singing, music, pantomimes, boxing, wrestling, cock-fighting; everything was indiscriminately ruled out and the people reduced almost to a condition of primitive savagery.

Meanwhile they saw the missionaries continually allying themselves out of sheer but none the less culpable ignorance with the real powers of darkness—*e.g.* with the pirate captain of the *Nautilus* and his crew of "blackbirders," on which occasion they were very naturally attacked by the natives; four missionaries were taken prisoner and robbed of their clothes, and eleven out of the remaining fourteen of them decamped to the *Nautilus*. This attack by the Tahitians was reported by the missionaries as "treachery," and for it fifteen natives were put to death.

But the worst instance was when the missionaries remained quite passive after the villainous Pomare II. had perpetrated

the ghastly massacre of the Atehurians, and continued to support him. They were persistently on the side of the usurping Pomares, under the impression that the other side were rebels, constantly referring in their reports to the "disloyalty" of the natives. The irony of it all! The people regarded them as a kind of children or idiots, incapable of understanding the simplest facts of island politics, and serving only as the unconscious tools of the Tu (Pomare's) family. And all the time people in every household were dying of European diseases. The islanders did not distinguish between the missionaries and other Europeans. To them it was simply the Europeans and *their God* who brought these evils.

The gospel preached to them was the fall of man from goodness, his inherent disposition to evil, the consequent danger of hell, the belief in Christ the only deliverance from this horror (the belief in Christ's *message* seems to have been considered of no account). When the Tahitians came to believe that Jehovah was strong enough to carry out His threats they adopted the only known means of escape.

Therefore when the missionaries spoke to them on the subject of religion, the deformed and the diseased were always brought out and ranged before them as evidence of the efficacy of their prayers and the destructive power of their God.¹

The feelings of the people on this subject were frequently so strong and their language so violent that the missionaries had been obliged to hasten from places where they had intended to address them. On the spot they could say little in reply. But these miserable doings called forth splendid efforts of sacred eloquence at home: "High on the pagan hills where Satan sat encamped," and so on. The excruciating sufferings of the people were attributed to "the direct

¹ The population was estimated by Cook in 1767 at 200,000; by Wilson in 1797 at 16,000; by Turnbull in 1803 at 5000. Dumoulin thinks Cook exaggerated the population and Forster puts it at 120,000. The decrease to 5000 is also probably an exaggeration. Put them even at 100,000 maximum and 10,000 minimum, the figures would be sufficiently appalling.



179
180

179
Negro type

agency of Satanic power." (Possibly; but who were the agents being used by his Satanic Majesty to achieve his ends?) These Protestants were Manichæan.

Let it be remembered that in 1767, when Wallis discovered Tahiti, the islanders had passed out of the *Hau oviri*, or savage age, into the *Hau uua*, or age of culture. They had an enormously elaborated civilisation of a chivalrous and aristocratic sort.

As he approached there were thousands of inhabitants on the shore. They attacked the ship; the cutter was cut off and stove in, and stones were thrown into her which wounded some of the crew, and they prepared to board her with clubs. When they found he did not retaliate, they became friendly.

Their attack was perfectly justified: they thought that he had come to conquer the island. They did not understand when, with the inconceivable insolence of naval men of that time, he proceeded to take possession of it in the name of H.M. King George III., planting the English standard. He also planted limes, lemons and oranges on the hills.

His mate made an expedition up the river (probably the Matavai). He reported that for the first two miles there were many habitations, and that four miles up there was a large body of people, but not so many houses. Looking down the valley, villages were everywhere interspersed. From the smoke on the hills he conjectured that the heights had also inhabitants.

There was no appearance of disease anywhere. There were no metal implements. There were no birds but parrots, parakeets, green doves and duck on the river.

There was a prophecy that a canoe without an outrigger would come over the sea. The prophet was Maui, a man from Raiatea, one of the Leeward Islands. It is probable that a European vessel had been described to him by the people of some other island, for in Polynesia, however far you get back, there are always Europeans before you; like the old woman with the little speckled dog who met Queiros when he discovered Anaa in 1606. "She showed that she knew well how to drink wine. She looked at the goats as if

she had seen them before. There was a gold ring with an emerald on her finger." This suggests that Spaniards from America had been there before Queiros. On another island Lemaire reports "three Spanish dogs, very lean." This, Dog Island, was in the Poumotus, and dogs of Spanish breed were found scattered all over Polynesia; also words suggesting foreign origin, such as *piru*—*i.e.* Peru—for gold. Cook saw many shirts and jackets, such as Spanish seamen wear, about the islands. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Two hundred and forty-four years had elapsed since Magellan made his voyage in 1522. Besides the known navigators there must have been other ships, whalers and such-like, that had visited them and left no record. La Barbinais le Gentil, a smuggler on the coast of Peru and Chile, went across to China in his ship in 1714; that is the type of man who, I should think, brought iron and gold. Everyone who explored there lost ships and men. Two out of three of these adventurers never came back. The Poumotus are set like a great net to catch anyone who crosses the ocean from Peru to New Guinea. The numerals and many other words in the language of the Poumotus are quite strange to a Maori linguist.

De Bougainville suggests that the Tahitian word *auri*, for iron, shows English derivation, and therefore indicates that English sailors had been to Tahiti before Wallis. But the Poumotuan for iron is *kauri*, and the Samoan word *auli* is a smooth iron. Besides, *iron* Tahitianised would make *aironi* or *aiani*. Moreover, the word was used indiscriminately for all kinds of metals. So this *auri* is neither the English *iron* nor the Spanish *hierro*, but is a Polynesian word. But how did they all come to agree to use it for iron? It seems clear to me that they already knew nails and dogs, which they had got from the Spaniards, and that they had given the name of *kauri* or *auri* to iron because it most resembled their sea-gum, called in New Zealand *kauri tarwhiti*, in Tahiti *auri tahiti*, a kind of bitumen thrown up by the sea throughout Polynesia and used for chewing. *Tarwhiti* is the common Polynesian word for any distant place. All this goes to show

that though Wallis was the first European to discover *them*, they had already discovered *us*.

He found the island was peopled by four or five different tribes, among whom the Tevas, on the south-west, were far the most cultured, numerous and powerful. Teva was a clan name. The heads of two of the families had the right to wear the *Maro-ura*, the girdle of red feathers—viz. the Vaiari and the Puauia. The Vaiari head-chief was officially called *Terii nui o Tahiti*, and the Puauia head-chief was officially called *Tetuanui e marua i te Rai*. The Paparaan head-chief alone had the right to the *Maro-tea*, the girdle of yellow feathers. He officially was *Terii rere*. These three chiefs were sacred. Others stripped before them. This applied only to their own people or connections by marriage. In other parts—*e.g.* in Hitiaa—they were strangers. There was no great chief in the east, where the *papaas* always landed. Hitiaa alone was a considerable district, but its chief never had a right to the *Maro-ura*.

The Tevas claimed to be descended from the Shark god. This demi-god became the father of a son by Hototu, the wife of the chief of Vaiari, who was absent on a voyage to the Poumotus to collect red feathers. This boy, son of the Shark god, was Teva. Rain and wind go with him. All the chiefly families traced their descent back to Oro or one of the gods. Vaiari had two famous *maraes*, one called *Fare pua*, the other the *Marae Tahiti*. This shows that Tahiti must have been originally a Vaiari name. There were also famous *maraes* at Tautira, especially sacred to Oro; at Faaa (or Tefano), the *Marae Ahurai*; at Pare Arue (or Purionuu), the *Marae Tarahoi* in Arue, to which the Pomares belonged; and the *Marae Mahaiatea*, which Obereia and Amo built for their son. This was the great truncated stone pyramid with its great steps that Cook saw on the point of Mahaiata.

The distinguishing mark of the Tevas was clanship. They alone were a clan with a sort of union among themselves. The English sailors found about two-thirds of the island in their hands; they were the national party; the rest in the hands of Raiatean and Poumotuan upstart princes.

It was the age of chivalry, when men would fight for the lightest breath of insult.

Peace and war depended on the will of the chiefs and "chiefesses," for women were the equal of men in every way ; the rest lived *paene loco servorum*. But the chiefs would fight for any breach of the code of knightly honour. Public law consisted in this : if a man or woman came with a grievance against an Arii to the chief of any district and said, "The chief of so-and-so has wronged me thus-and-thus," the code of honour bound the chief, if the cause were good, to avenge it. In an hour the canoe fleet was on the water, the army was on the march, and before sunset the shore was running with blood. One of the wars most famous in song was that to avenge the slaying of an idiot, who had been wronged by being treated as if he were responsible. Pare is known traditionally as "Pare where the idiot was slain." So that though their history is all the history of chiefs (Arii), the people are not absent from it.

It was the principle of their political happiness that if one chief grew overweeningly proud (as Oberecia did) the rest should overthrow him. Their whole scheme was against tyranny, and the whole scheme of the sea captains and missionaries was to institute it.

Of all the chiefly families the least aristocratic and important was the chiefly family of the north, of Pare and Arue, by whose possessions the first Englishmen almost habitually cast anchor : Wallis, Cook, Bligh and all their successors. Their chosen harbour was by Point Venus in Matavai, where Cook took his observations of the transit of Venus.

The Tu's¹ (or Otu's) of Pare, the family from which the Pomares sprang, have only been a matter of two hundred years or so in the country. They were foundlings, drifted over from Fahavoa, in the barbarous Poumotus, at an uncertain date. They were always ashamed of their origin. The Tahitians have always regarded the Poumotuans as savages.

¹ To use the names of the islanders correctly would be bewildering ; I have used them incorrectly for simplicity, following as far as possible the errors of the first voyagers.

Island of
Oahu



Poumaka, Islander

Though Cook was one of the great ones of the world, a seer and an understander, he became most unfortunately confused over the matter of the Tahitian hegemony. It was as though he had reached Greece during the Peloponnesian War, and had sided with the Spartans because he had landed there and had insisted that their "kings" (by the law of loyalty) be obeyed by the Athenians.

In 1650 Taurua of Hitiaa, the most beautiful woman of her day, was the wife of Tavi, chief of Tautira, in the southern peninsula. It was curious that her name was the same as that of the planet Venus. In song she is called "Taurua, the morning star to me." (Was she called after the star or the star after her?) Tuitera, chief of Papara, sent to borrow her for a week. According to the code of manners this could not be refused, any more than if he had asked Tavi for one of his children, subject to an equal gift in return. Tavi in the meantime attacked Vehiatua, chief of Teahupo (Taiarapu), because his daughter Tetuachuri, chiefess of Pare Arue, had broken a taboo that Tavi had put upon pigs. Tavi was defeated and disappeared, so that line of chiefs was extinguished. The Paparaan chief kept Taurua. Vehiatua seized Tautira and became his rival. They allied by marriage. Taurua, having married the chief of Papara en secondes nocces, became mother of the branch of the Paparaan family, the Tati's; and Tetuachuri of Pare Arue was grandmother of Pomare I.

From the earliest times there had always been an *Arii rahi*¹ of Tahiti, a suzerain of all the other chiefs. This suzerain chief had by him a chief who was counsellor and confidant; in fact he was Prime Minister.

In 1767 the chief of Papara had somehow become political head for many generations, but he could never become the social head. The *marae* of Fare pua in Vaiari was always that.

The chief of Papara alone could summon the under-chiefs;

¹ *rahi* sometimes *rhai*, phonetically interesting as a case of the *h* throwing back to the consonant. Wilson heard it even before the *r* and wrote the word as *harai*. Cf. Malayan *rangi*.

they were the chosen fighting chiefs or warriors ; collectively they were called Hiva and had the duty of punishing insults to the head-chief. They could also depose the head chief, the *Terii nui o Tahiti*. Only the chief of Papara could call to conference or to war.

In 1766 Amo was chief of Papara and Obereia (Purea) of Matavai was his wife. She is described as "handsome, with manners equal to the standard of countries where the manners of Europe would be considered barbarous." Eight districts acknowledged their son, Temarii, as Terii-rere. Obereia was so proud of her son Temarii's nobility of birth that she made him a *marae* in Mahaiatea. He was installed at this *marae* and invested with a new red girdle and a *rahui* (taboo) was made for him. This was too much pride and raised the chiefs of the island against her. Vehiatua¹ attacked from one side. He wished to release himself from the suzerainty. Tairapuans had no fixed national policy. It was a Tairapuan policy. Tutaha, chief of Matavai, attacked from the other side. They conquered Papara. Obereia fled to her relatives at Haapape.

Tutaha carried off the feathered girdle together with the standard which Wallis had left flying. Obereia seems to have converted the pennant into the new *Maro-ura* with which her son was invested. They thought the English flew it because it was a sacred thing and held the spirit of their god, so their new *Maro-ura* would contain the spirit of the English god as well as that of Oro. They were placed in the *Marae taata* at Puea by Tutaha for Otu, son of Hapai, chief of Pare. Tutaha was regent to Otu. Amo and Obereia had to recognise Otu's right to the *Maro-ura* at the *Marae taata*. So Papara lost the political supremacy, but the quarrel of the people was rather with Obereia than with Amo or Temarii. Temarii remained chief of the Teva districts and kept his social position as wearer of the *Maro-tea*, and was still the most powerful single chief in the island. Two of the three

¹ *Vehiatua* is a good example of the confusion made over names. He is called by Dumoulin *Waitoua*, by Cook *Wahedooa*, by Forster *Ahetua*, and by others *Waheatooa anh Waitoua*.

heads of the *Marae taata* allowed Otu's usurpation of the *Maro-ura* because his great-grandmother had had such a right.

Tutaha and Otu, their ambition raised further by friendship with Cook, wished to subdue Taiarapu. Vehiatua II., one of the most celebrated orators of this group of islands, animated his troops and beat Otu in 1773. Tutaha was killed and Otu escaped to the mountains. Vehiatua did not wish to rule the whole island. He died the same year and was succeeded by his son. This was essentially a struggle of nationalists versus modernisers.

At this time Otu was only an ordinary chief; he only seemed king of Tahiti to the Englishmen landing in his district. He got all the nails, axes and civilisation. To the other chiefs Cook's infatuation for Otu must have appeared a deliberate insult and have been most galling. When a war was being carried on against Eimeo he should have been fighting with his allies (not his subjects), but he evaded his duties and therefore they determined to punish him. Cook protected him most absurdly and threatened vengeance if his dignity was not respected. After Cook's death they took it out of him and ravaged Pare in 1782. Taiarapu remained neutral. And so it went on, the English captains pouring presents into him, and when they went the other chiefs coming and ravaging his country and taking the things away.

In 1788 the *Bounty* arrived, and Bligh, like Cook, supported Otu. Influenced by the ideas of discipline and loyalty, he tried to consolidate Otu's power, promising to return to avenge every injury done him. He gave him fire-arms.

On the third arrival of the *Bounty* sixteen mutineers were landed. They were courted by Otu and given land in Pare and Matavai. All the chiefs competed for their friendship, and Vehiatua got Churchill, who had been master-at-arms on the *Bounty*, and Thompson. When Vehiatua died shortly after, he left the succession to Churchill. The other chiefs of the peninsula consented to his chieftainship, a remarkable thing even in the annals of primitive races. He took the name of Vehiatua and was murdered by Thompson, the other

mutineer, and was succeeded by a nephew of his predecessor as Vehiatua V.

By now Otu had adopted the name of Pomare. Pomare was an accidental title, one of several nicknames taken successively by Tunuieaite-atua or Otu. Various reasons for the name are given : one that he caught a cold in the mountains, another that his young son coughed at night, and so on. The one that may be definitely rejected is the oft-repeated tale of the name having any connection with New Zealand. That is simply a Papeetean foolishness. The New Zealand Pomare (another villain) admired the Tahitian's name and took it. Pomare I. of Tahiti, called the Great, was a very intelligent man, most eager to learn. He and his family were distinguished by great size, thick black hair and dark complexions.

The struggle continued between nationalists and modernisers, Pomare standing for the latter. By means of the *Bounty* men and their fire-arms Pomare succeeded in destroying the chiefs of Opunohu and Faaa, but not yet Papara. As the power of the guns became evident his ambition extended to all the islands within reach. At last, in 1790, Papara was ceded by its regent, a half-brother of Otu's, but the Paparaans did not recognise the bargain ; to them no revolution could affect the royalty of the *Maro-tea*. When he conquered Pucua he took the emblems Obereia had created, the *Maro-ura* and Wallis's flag, from that *marae*, where they had been since 1768, to his own *marae* at Pare.

In 1791 there was the formal investiture of his son, Otu (still a boy). This was acknowledged even in Taiarapu, but he did not consider his messengers were well enough received there, and an invasion was resolved on. The *Bounty* men were sailing in their schooner to join his army in Papara when Bligh arrived in the *Pandora*, which brought Pomare's schemes temporarily to an end ; and Bligh restored peace among the factions. But in 1793 Taiarapu was subdued and Pomare's brother made chief. Otu, son of Pomare I., was adopted by Temarii of Papara, his cousin, and Pomare was the enemy of both. Temarii was blown up with gun-

View of
C. G. Brown



View
of C. G. Brown

powder. The missionaries refer to this event, which happened before their arrival, as a "singular interposition of Providence," because it had strengthened Pomare! Temarii's head was secretly hidden, according to the ancient custom, in the cave of Papara.

Otu and his friends attacked his father; all the west was on Otu's side, and the crew of the Swedish ship was with him. Pomare fled to Eimeo.

But Otu was a thoroughly treacherous fellow. A little later he and Pomare made peace. By now nearly all the island was under the government of Pomare and his relations. He knew he could attain his ultimate ends only by wholesale destruction, by the help of the white men and of Raiateans and savages from the Poumotus; and the missionaries knew it also, for Pomare made no secret of it, and they recorded it as if it did not concern them. The following years are a record of the desperate struggle of the unfortunate people against this tyranny supported by the white men. The missionaries came in 1797. Their party consisted of four clergymen, five carpenters, a saddler, a shoemaker, a gardener, a blacksmith, a weaver, a linen-draper and a stone-mason. The stone-mason, Nott, proved to be the best man of the lot. The people greeted them joyfully, thinking they would receive the same benefits from them as from the *Bounty* men. Later they said to them: "You give us plenty of *parau* [talk], but very few axes, scissors or cloth."

The attitude of the missionaries may be understood from the following extract:—"January 1st., 1800. At one in the afternoon Otu, Pomare and Edea assembled before Brother Eyre's apartment and the brethren presented unto each a musket and one four pound cartridge" (Does this mean 4 lb. of cartridges?) . . . "so by the arrival of the *Porpoise* Otu and his family are permitted to retain quiet possession of their dignity. The Lord does all things well." Thus alternately praying for peace and helping Pomare and Otu to make war, the missionaries hastened the destruction of the natives and encouraged the establishment of a tyranny impossible to describe, the tyranny of a chief who knew

himself to be a social inferior. The villainousness of Otu the Tahitians attributed to his savage Poumotuan ancestry.

Pomare I. died in 1803. After death his spirit was seen by a priest to rise from the waters of the sea, bound about with fillets. For this reason his widow took the name of Tanc-rurua, husband-bound. This is a typical illustration of the way the Tahitians adopted names. He was succeeded by Otu as Pomare II., called the Reformer. Conquest had made him an oppressor. In June, 1807, he carried out the terrible massacre of the people of Atehuru, the great centre of nationalism. Even the old folk, women and little children were slaughtered. His army on this occasion was led as usual by Andrew the Swede, who for years had been the shogun of the Pomares. This made the Tevas and all the Tahitians the yet more deadly enemies of Pomare and his supporters. After the massacre he landed and made an offering to Oro. In spite of all this the English, with the missionaries as passive partners, decided still to support Pomare.

There was a general revolt. Opuhara, the great warrior, was chosen as leader. He was soon head-chief of the island. He utterly routed Pomare at Papenoo in December, 1808. The prophets of Oro had predicted victory to Pomare; this was probably another reason for his finally deciding his gods were as nothing compared to those of the British. He and the missionaries had to fly from the island to Australia. The mission was utterly destroyed.

The victorious nationalists resolved to seize the next and indeed all European ships and murder their crews, in revenge for all the harm the white men had done by helping Pomare and his iniquitous family and by kidnapping, exactions and general bad behaviour. Can this be wondered at? From 1807 to 1815 Opuhara was chief man in Tahiti. Pomare for years had had it in his mind to take his party over to Christianity. In 1812 he announced himself to be a Christian and begged to be baptized. Ellis seems to think that Jehovah, sorry for the domestic afflictions of the missionaries, turned the heart of Pomare to become Christian in order to console

them. (In 1811 they had returned to Tahiti, and in 1812, fifteen years after their coming, they reported they had not one convert on the island.) It is probable that the god of the missionaries' Pantheon who had most power in Pomare's conversion was Satan and his fire and brimstone. It was Pomare, not the missionaries, who Christianised the island.

Yet once more he and his supporters had to fly, this time to Eimeo.

In 1815, with the support of the British, they returned to Tahiti. Under the appearance of religious services Pomare and the missionaries kept their forces under arms (he may have scared the missionaries into doing this, for it was thought that the nationalists were contemplating a massacre of the Christians). They marched on Papara (Ellis represents them as in Papara for their "services"). Opuhara, taken by surprise, did not wait for the Tairapuans, but attacked. Tati, chief of Papara, who seems to have been on the Christian side, was an old friend of the national leader and met him to negotiate for his submission. They met and talked like heroes at Troy.

TATI. Peace I want with you, my brother.

OPUHARA. Go, traitor. Shame on you! You whom I knew as my eldest brother I know no more; and to-day I call this my spear brotherless. Beware of it; for if it meets you hereafter it meets you as a foe. I, Opuhara, have stood on the mountain Temaite bowing to no other gods but those of our fathers. There I shall stand to the end and never shall I bow to Pomare or to the gods forced on us by the white-faced men.

This is the last speech of the heroic age.

Then the great battle of Feipi was fought and Opuhara was slain on 12th November 1815.

His followers believed Opuhara would have won had not the native converts been taught to fight and given guns. The Paparaans looked on his death as an assassination by hired strangers. When he fell Opuhara said: "My children, fight to the last. It is noon and I, Opuhara, the Ti-tree of Mount Temaite, am broken asunder."

Only two warriors in the army could wield his spear.

The missionaries and the natives made Pomare refrain from his habitual practice of a slaughter after the battle. It was against the custom of the island and he was made to conform to the old chivalrous custom which always spared the conquered. They said "*Atira!*" ("It is enough!")

The idol of Oro at the *marae* in Tautira was destroyed; and so, according to the missionaries, God in His infinite mercy, after a bloody war, established the younger branch of the Tahitian royal family on the throne.

After the death of Opuhara, Tati was head-chief of the Tevas, and for the forty years till his death his influence was strongest in the island.

In 1816 all the archipelago was Christianised. This, according to Moerenhout, was not so much a change of religion as a change of divinity. They had come to the same conclusion as Pomare, that the God of the white men was the stronger.

For the first two years the people showed great zeal for school and Christianity. But the yoke waxed heavy. Pomare, now an absolute sovereign, with the grand title of King, given to him by the missionaries and sea captains—a chieftain hardly recognised by the people—knowing that he owed his power to the white men, rigidly upheld their rule.

He had appealed to the missionaries to draw him up a code of laws. The code was designed by Nott, the stone-mason who came with the first missionaries, and whose dogged steadfastness to Pomare throughout all these years cannot but be admired. It began, "Pomare, by the grace of God" (he did not add, and of the mutineers of the *Bounty*), "King of Tahiti."

Road-making was the great punishment (hence the road), also penal servitude and penalties for everything: for not revealing the immorality of others, against tattooing, against dancing, for failing to go to church, for defaming missionaries, or for not giving information if hearing them spoken ill of, for neglecting family prayers, for concealing the neglect, all misdeeds to be reported—an unending list.

1870
Ch. Brown



1870
Ch. Brown

Vagabonds to be whipped, and in Raiatea the death penalty for blasphemy and idolatry.

A law was made against marriage between foreigners and Tahitians. (This was relaxed for three days by Queen Pomare Vahine to allow Ariitamai, a member of the Tati family, to marry an Englishman called Salmon, who was held in high esteem by the islanders. A son of this marriage is the present Tati.)

There was great opposition to the laws against tattooing. Chiefs were doing penal servitude; a chief's son died in servitude in 1821. Hanging was introduced. Natives were hanged in palm-trees for rebelling against the missionaries' government. *Kanakippers* (spies) were employed to report breaches of the law; the missionaries called them "messengers."

After his conversion Pomare continued to live with two wives, a thing contrary to Tahitian morals, and to drink heavily. He used to go every morning to a summer-house to translate the Bible, a Bible under one arm and a bottle of rum under the other. One afternoon he was heard to exclaim: "O Pomare, O Pomare, thy pig is more fit to be a king than thou!" He died of drink at the age of forty-seven, in 1821.

When dying he offered the government to Tati, chief of Papara, his own son being only one year old. The missionaries preferred the baby. Pomare's widow was made regent, and her sister, Ariipaea (called Pomare Vahine), his other wife, acted for her.

In 1824 Pomare III. was crowned after the English style, oil of unction poured on his head, etc. None of the natives knew what coronation meant.

The power of Christianity waned. The judges were busy. The sinners were called *tutae auri*—*i.e.* iron-rust or dross¹—or *atua ore* (without God). Ariipaea refused to submit to the missionaries.

The natives refused to work at cotton-weaving. "Why

¹ This is Biblical. Another Biblical term of abuse is *ohē tapu* (split bamboo—*i.e.* broken reed).

should we work ? ” they said. “ We are content with what we have.” For England had not sent out only missionaries, but hatters, saddlers, stone-masons, etc., “ *in order to raise their needs,*” to make them want money. A sugar maker had also been sent and a plantation manager from Jamaica. *Land was enclosed.*

The gospel of work has nothing to do with Christianity. Work is the gospel of northern climates. The southerners love and contemplate. Our energy is called out by hard conditions, like the aphid which gets wings and masculinity when the juice runs thin. So we go and impose ourselves in Africa and India and other places. It has given us the power of conquest.

Contrast the tropical and northern vegetation. The beauty of the one is resistance. In the summer comes the reward of patience and endurance. The twisted thorn is green and flowering, the stunted furze bush is crowned with gold. The typical beauty is patience. The beauty of the other is luxuriance, unfitted to meet with hardships, unresisting and prolific. So likewise the nature of the people : they blossom. Then we come with our winter-crabbed, tough natures and they fall an easy prey. The winter and the cold provide us with the evil that is necessary to give a salt to life. Polynesians have to invent war and human sacrifice to bring any dread into life, or to remind them of the natural horror of life. We have taken these away and given them work and disease instead. We try to simulate the northern struggle in places where it is impossible.

One of the chief requisites in any form of civilisation is stability, and this was altogether wanting in the new Tahiti.

Pomare III. died in 1827 and was succeeded by his half-sister, Aimata, aged sixteen, under the name of Pomare Vahine. Her aunt Ariipaea continued as regent, and Nott went to England to negotiate for an English Protectorate, which was refused.

This was a time of great licence throughout the island, owing to the weak government. Moerenhout made friends

with Tati, chief of Papara, and describes his household as quite European and well ordered.

A sect called the Mamaia had been founded by a man named Teau, who thought himself to be Jesus Christ. In 1838 the queen went over to them. The missionaries were hated by the Mamaia, who were very pious, wore long beards, made many prayers and lived licentiously (they seem exactly like the Khlysty in Russia; they also were inspired by the spirits of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary).

Commerce was increasing, morals growing worse. In Pape-ete there was much drunkenness. It was a perpetual bedlam of fighting.

There are two false opinions as to the causes of this demoralisation: one that it was native Tahitian; the other that it came from the sailors. The true view is that it came from the destruction of the old order, without the creation of anything new in its place that was worthy to endure.

The chiefs under Tati made insurrection against the Queen and the Mamaia. She had three or four hundred foreigners to protect her and the aged chief Vehiatua was on her side. The Paparaans and their friends defeated the Tairapuans and the Mamaians.

There was a trial of rebels in 1832. A son of Tati's was amongst those condemned to exile. At this trial, as in other things, Tati and the chiefs showed an almost Japanese capacity for government and a perfect civilisation.

The sect of the Mamaians was crushed.

By this time there were missionaries of many sects in the islands. They had agreed to be merely Biblical, but they had different views and were independent. A Protestant missionary, Pritchard, was English consul, and Moerenhout was consul for the U.S.A. They were adversaries.

In 1836 Laval and Caret, French Roman Catholics, arrived from Gambier. The natives, under Protestant influence, had decreed their expulsion, but on acquaintance were pleased with them, because they had no wives and said it was wrong to sell the Gospel for a bamboo of oil. Their cassocks also helped; they were novelties. The Tahitians

were disgusted with Pritchard and the English missionaries for having misrepresented them. In fact the loss of the islands came from the Puritan intolerance of these men ; the same thing that ruined the islanders to start with, when the missionaries did not discern the divine in the old order of things, when they should have grafted their religion on to the old, as Gregory did in England.

The Roman Catholics, on their part, behaved subtly and abominably. It was a vile thing to show the dissensions of Christians to the Tahitians. A chief said to Pritchard : " You white men have long hatreds. The hatreds of Tahitians are short."

Caret was expelled, returned again and was again expelled. It is said that the Government would not admit any Roman Catholics. Pritchard certainly rejected a Roman Catholic carpenter, so that Frenchmen were practically prohibited from visiting the island.

In 1837 France sent the *Venus*, under du Petit Thouars, to demand reparation : apology, 2000 piastres and the saluting of the French flag ; otherwise, war. For such an outrage the Fashoda scare, already referred to, was a just punishment.

Moerenhout was appointed French consul.

Queen Pomare Vahine wrote to Queen Victoria again, asking for a British Protectorate. A clause was added to the treaty with France, giving the Roman Catholics freedom to establish themselves. Pritchard went to England for help versus the French. The British Cabinet refused to grant the Protectorate. Caret and the Roman Catholics returned to the island. To ensure the observance of proper behaviour towards them, du Petit Thouars demanded a bail of 10,000 piastres ; in default of this, the forts to be handed over and occupied by French troops.

In 1840 the Tahitians asked for a French Protectorate. This was granted in 1842.

Pritchard returned to Tahiti and caused fresh difficulties. The Queen wrote to England, saying that she hated the French Protectorate, that she had been forced into it. She

told du Petit Thouars himself that she had been intimidated and refused to recognise the treaty.

Upon this du Petit Thouars proceeded to *annex* the islands, and Queen Pomare was deposed. England refused to interfere, and removed Pritchard to Samoa. He was given an indemnity for having been roughly handled.

After this the natives entirely revolted and refused to submit, and retired to the mountains. The French Government reconverted the Annexation into a Protectorate and restored the Queen in 1846.

In 1852 there was another insurrection, soon repressed, and after that no further troubles.

The inference to be drawn from the following figures is interesting. The garrison consists of forty-five artillerymen and a company of Infanterie de Marine belonging to the New Caledonia battalion. A detachment of fifty gendarmes police *all* the archipelagoes, and there are about one hundred and fifty sailors.

Queen Pomare died in 1877 and was succeeded by Ariiaue under the name of Pomare V., who abdicated on 20th June 1880. The Annexation by France was ratified on 30th December 1880. The Poumotus were annexed with Tahiti as a part of Pomare's kingdom.

I may truly say that I divined the history of Tahiti and found it all explicitly set forth in the writings of Ariitamai, born in 1824, grand-daughter of Tati the Great and daughter of Marama of Eimeo, and the adopted daughter of Pomare II. She writes with the wide wisdom and philosophy of the historian. The missionaries and sea captains (with one or two exceptions, notably Captain Cook and W. Gill, a good and learned missionary) write as children, seeing darkly, each only his own narrow little world.

The Tahitians had been found "living as happy lives as ever had been known among men." They had died by thousands of new diseases, new weapons and the misgovernment caused by foreign intervention. The new weapons are a great thing, a part of our civilisation. For the deaths by disease the foreigners, in a sense, were not wholly

responsible, though their civilisation certainly was ; but for the political misery the foreigners were wholly to blame, and for the social and moral degradation they were the active cause.

The Tahitian view of government is expressed by their word *hau* = dew, peace, government.

At first the islanders had delighted in copying the customs and the clothes of the white men. A frock-coat or a cocked hat made them happy. The women forswore garlands and took to bonnets. The earrings of three pearls worn only in one ear gave place to beads and buttons.

They began to forget their own language and patched the gaps with shreds of sailors' English. The European who adopted Polynesian ways was regarded as an outcast and as a renegade, an Esau who had sold his birth-right for a mess of lotus. The half-caste was a determined European, but now the stream has turned the other way. The children of Europeans in Pape-ete talk Tahitian among themselves. White women wear their frocks in the Polynesian fashion and deck themselves with flowers.

The present Tati does his utmost to preserve the traditions of his race, at the same time keeping up the diplomatic possibilities of regeneration by excelling the Europeans in their own talents. He is a wonderful conversationalist, a French scholar *sans pareil*, and an after-dinner speaker.

The language remains battered and patched ; its grammar is corrupted by the rough handling of Chinamen, missionaries and traders ; but since the French occupation it has ceased to adopt European elements into itself. The Tahitians are beginning to build its shattered fragments up afresh with all the foreign elements sticking in it, as I have seen a piece of coral reef still growing with a piece of English barbed wire embedded in it.

Some say that it is the purpose of the French Colonial Government to eradicate the Tahitian language altogether and to turn Tahitians into Frenchmen. But as the pastors and schoolmasters talk only Tahitian, and it is the international language of the medley of foreigners in the country,

English, American, French, Chinese and German, the fulfilment of the hope seems far away.

The half-castes eat bread-fruit and patter the streets of Pape-ete with naked feet. Their children do not know that they have European blood. The awful domination of the Calvinistic missionaries is ended. There are no more "*kanakippers*" to carry out the reign of terror described in Omoo.

The Tahitians have resolved to cut their losses, to yield what must inevitably go, and save the rest; save their existence, at any rate. The Golden Age is gone. Who would not curse the traders and the missionaries and all their works? In a single generation they have given up everything. The *vivo*, the flute, the pan-pipes, the drum, the conchs are no more heard, or they are for the tourist, to be seen at the July fête and at Tati's.

We must have faith.

§ xli

SONGS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

LEAVING Tairapu, I went a little way along the western shore of the mainland into Papara, in order to see with my own eyes the scenes alluded to by the poet in a ballad, for the communication and translation of which I am again indebted to Madame Drollet. This is a confessedly war-like poem, addressed to the king of the peninsula of Tairapu. It comes down from the old time when the valleys of Tahiti did literally swarm with men like ant-heaps, before ever the white man came. The whole of the southern peninsula was under the rule of one king, and one of his subjects sings of his glory. The brackets contain certain necessary implications.

PARAPORE NO TEIHIPA ¹

E moti ite mâtâ e mâtâ	Her frontiers are laid to north
e moti ite mâtâ e mâtâ,	and south,
o Vaiari ite uru tauhua,	Her frontiers are laid to east and
o Papara ite uru tauhua ;	west.

¹ *Teihipa* and *Teahupo*, ancient name for Tairapu. Note the *hi* and *hu* of central syllable. De Bougainville found a *h* sound in *vivo* (a nose-flute), and wrote *vuvu*, and I find it in *ohipa* (work), *ohûpa*.

e Arii aroha oe e Vehiatua
 ite tautoo raa i tou i hau
 a tae ura e ! Tei tai te
 matai ite muri faanâ,
 faanâ ia'u, faanâ,
 faatai iau faatai ;
 e tii au e vahi noa mai ite
 vai i Mitirapa ei nee raa rii
 no te upai ei pata raa rii
 no te varo ; Mitirapa ite anae
 moeoho haamumuni ite aua
 etu taro ; tei Teavaavaroa,
 tei Tearauo ; tei Vaioario ;
 tei Puutaihani to tipuu raa
 e te rô, to nee raa rii e te rô ;
 Tearauo ite fee mapua ;
 te ura ura i te vete
 hura hia e te ohiti,
 te vai aera ia ia.

*This ballad would be classed among
 Paripari fenua : signifying in praise
 of one's native land.*

(Greater still is the kingdom of
 our enemies,)

Vaiari, abounding in men.
 Like the bread-fruit in its season,
 Papara abounding in men,
 Like the bread-fruit in its season,
 I pity thee, O King,
 I pity thee, Vehiatua,
 That thou must lead thy people
 Against such an army of men.
 The wind (of fate) that blows
 Shall bring thee tears,
 Shall bring thee tears.
 Shall hush thy sorrow,
 Hush thy sorrow.
 The water of Mitirapa
 Shall furnish food for the
 warriors ;
 Mitirapa of the sleepy mullets,
 That hide under the long grasses
 of the shore.
 In Teavaavaroa, in Tearauo
 In Vaioario, in Puutaihani
 Shall be the camping of the ants,
 The multitude of men like ants,
 In Tearauo of the scarlet *vetes*
 And of the iridescent cuttle-fish,
 (That men catch with ohite¹
 bait.
 All these things are there).

This poem was given to Madame Drollet by a native from whom she had bought an estate on the shore, together with the title deeds, as a necessary document belonging to the freehold. It may be dated with considerable precision as belonging to the year 1768, the year in which Vehiatua, King of Taiarapu, made his bold dash for independence from the king of the mainland, who claimed suzerainty over him.

Vehiatura achieved his ambition after a bloody battle on the promontory of Papara by the over-king's *marae* or family altar. Captain Cook, when he visited the place six months later on his first visit to the island, saw on the

¹ Ohiti, *vandella crustacea*.



Maria (d. Kuruti)

shore "scattered up and down a great quantity of human bones."

When walking out on the promontory, where there is no more trace left now of the ancient *marae* than of the bones scattered up and down, I heard a voice singing *E maururu*, the spurious national anthem of Tahiti. I turned and walked away hastily, disenchanted with my historical researches. That such a song should be heard in Papara, and that natives should join in it with complacent grins, no bitterer historical irony could be invented than that. This song, as I said, was composed by Prince Hinoe, the media-tised or retired hereditary monarch of the island, the last of the Pomares, who resigned the remnants of his family's prestige and power into the hands of the French ten years ago, and now lives in inglorious ease, the pensioner of France.

The Tahitians were never a savage race ; they were brave, but not bloodthirsty ; it was their custom to spare the conquered and console them for defeat. They offered human sacrifice to their gods, but the victim was killed suddenly and swiftly ; he did not know his fate ; he never felt the fear of death ; when they offered his body on the altar they said : "It is a fish."

Nor, on the other hand, were they altogether a voluptuous, easy, lotus-cating race. When the white men came and the girls swam off in shoals and decked them with flowers, like the rest of the islanders, they gave them what they had to give. They were all foolishly generous in those days to an ungrateful breed of men ; but it was a holiday, a treat, not their normal life. The palm-fringed islands were a favourite theme with the artists of our grandmothers' days ; but their soft vignettes do not render the character of the South Seas. The beauty of the South Seas is not a *beauté de keepsake* ; it is not all honeyed ; there is a sharp flavour in it. Nature is bountiful in Tahiti, but she is still Nature, benign, but inflexible, and her character is reflected in her children.

Their songs are shrill and wailing ; their perfumes have a strong, sour, memorable severity in them ; there is a certain good-natured fierceness in their pleasure.

One nation cannot easily understand the poetry of another, because the poetry is in the mind and not in the verse ; we can master the verse, but if we have not the right mind we cannot hear the music. It is like sitting and watching the fingers of a master on the keyboard of an organ whose pipes are out of ear-shot ; a skilful man can imagine a new flesh for the skeleton of his harmonies, but he cannot divine the native sound of them.

With us poetry has become more and more explicit ; among the races of the Pacific, cooped in their islands without new influxes of thought, it has remained implicit ; the verse is only a symbol, which provokes.

It is not always possible to understand ; Tahiti is forgetting its older poetry ; the ancient poems are known only to ancient, decrepit men ; they are couched in an antiquated language, which the young men do not understand. But even though half understood, there is a flavour in it, unlike anything we have in European poetry ; a certain confidence in the theme, an assumption that you will understand it ; and a great mystery in the expression.

TUTOARARA

(From Tipu)

Ia p̄hōe tu uá tu to ia Túto- àrará t-hína'aro	“ When I am dead I wish to go to Tutoarara,
ia p̄hōe tú ua vana ihyu wa t-hína'aro	When I am dead it is there that I would be.”
i roá'a ihya wá' ta oe hopúra rii hau	“ In what river has been thy bathing ? ”
oro'oto Hapaiánoo titiri te upeá ineá [i nia ?]	“ In the river of Hapaiánoo.”
ía Teva horua i nará te óne Yaníní	“ Cast thy net over Teva, Plunge to the sands of Ianini, And there shalt thou see me.”
hy o mǎi nará.	

This is a colloquy, a discourse with a spirit ; the spirit, it would seem, of a desirable woman. “ In what river has been thy bathing ? ”—that is to say, in which of the valleys have you lived ? “ In the valley of Papeño ” (for even the name is altered now). “ Do things, then, possible only

in the spirit world; cast thy fishing-net as far as Teva by Papara, twenty miles away across the mountains, on the farther shore; plunge to the unattainable Ianini; there in the world of spirits, after death, thou shalt see me again!"

It essentially resembles a certain sort of Japanese picture; very slight and simple, only a few lines, not altogether comprehensible, expressing spirit and body in the same terms, and dashed here and there with delicate colours.

The key to the poem is often some half-remembered myth, some legend of things done by gods or men, about some rock or river in a certain valley. Between Mahina and Papenoo, among the plantain-trees on the hill-side, where the path used to run in old days, is a hole in the rock, a volcanic vent-hole blocked with big stones, like a built-up doorway. Man or god, the fearless but forgotten Monoi There is fabled to have lived there, and a poem relates how he defied sharks and devils, proud in his descent from a still more forgotten Raitetere.

BALLAD OF THE DOOR ROCK

(From *Tipu*)

Monoi There, ¹ Monoi There, te	Monoi There, Monoi There, the
tane pu tamai vaho e típara	husband,
Núnà'e	Is on the outer side of the reef.
tei tai te aau roa roa tei te	Nuna demands him.
aau potopoto te ramà ramá ra	"Long is the reef, narrow is the
í té ia rii na taúa i teai	reef.
hoa tane te tumu o te papa	He is fishing with a torch
vahia.	For the little fish to feed us.
	He is my friend, my husband,
	The maker of the Door Rock."

The wife is on the shore in the night-time, waiting for her husband's return, when the devil, Nuna, comes upon her in the dark, a sort of satyr, hoofed like a beast, asking for her husband. She seeks to alarm him; Monoi There is on the narrow reef; an easy place to drown a devil; he is a terrible

¹ *y* sound to be given between the *h* and *e*—Ihyere,

fellow, a magician and wonder-worker, for it is he who made the far-famed Door Rock up there on the hill-side. Then the scene shifts and the time changes; wife and husband are at home in the Door Rock cave; she has lost her courage. Her husband is determined to brave the devil and go to Vaiare, and through the river at whose mouth lurks another devil in the shape of a shark. His wife dissuades him in vain.

Te tumu o te pápa vahía.
 Monoi Ihere i vahía e
 Núnà Núnà fara pàtupàtu

Monoi Ihere is within the Door
 Rock.

Nuna Nuna clatters with his
 hoofs on the stones without.

Eiàha [i ha] taúa e haere na
 Vaiare

SHE : Let us not go to Vaiare,

A pau taúa i te taehae a rahi i
 Vaiare

We shall be eaten by the ogre of
 Vaiare.

Eita vaú e pau ; mootua i
 teiau no Raitétére
 o te ohué [ofe] taú ra te ma'ó
 i hiá rahi ; te ma'ó i

HE : Never shall I be eaten,
 I the grandson of Raitetere !

hiá rahi na n'è hyu wāũ
 te haere ; [na ni'a iho wāũ ti
 haere].

I will pass high in the air

Over Nuna's head ;

As for the shark,

I will set my foot on his back

And stride across.

A splendid example of the pride of birth. It is not dead yet. I met an old man who claimed that he himself was grandson of Monoi Ihere.

Another poem describes an expedition across the island, over the mountains, whether of war or peace it does not appear; probably of war, for the peace route would be by sea. Much of the beauty of this poem depends on the affection men have for the hills and valleys of their own country, the romance of names (as in *The Shropshire Lad*).

THE PASSAGE OF VAHIRIA

(From *Madame Drollet and Temaeva, le Forgeron*)

Te aiaro te muri aitua,
 te hau Orotére, Orotére !

One behind the other
 Each with his face to his fellow's
 back,

So march the travellers,

The travellers !

ua tuhaa tane, o Urufaa
 ua haa vahine, o Vaihiria

The clouds rise on the ridge of
 Urufaa

e pihaa raá no te ia, pihaa
 atu i tai i te rae o Tupu ;
 panapana te avae o to tupuna
 e Tepaufaataata ;
 te vi e tupu i Pautuna ;
 te moana Niniróúru ;
 e áu ite vai i Vaihiria ;
 e tia i Oneamo ;
 e áě i Urufaa ;
 e pou i Anaorii ;
 e tomo i te fare i Puá
 e tamahanahana i te ráũ
 nahe o Tupenaho ;
 te ieie o Patafara
 e toro i Maareirua.
 te ieie o Maareirua
 e toro i Patafara.

Like the veil on the face of a
 woman.¹
 By the valley of Vaihiria, the
 fountain of fishes,
 Flowing towards the beetling
 brow of Tupu,
 Your fathers washed their feet at
 Tepaufaataata.
 (There they rested for the night.)
 (They saw) the mango growing
 in Pautuna,
 The deeps of lake Niniróúru.
 They swam in the water of (Lake)
 Vahiria,²
 They landed in Oneamo,
 (The sandy shore),
 Climbed the ridge of Urufaa,
 Descended the valley of Anaorii ;
 Entered the cave, the House of
 Pua,
 And warmed themselves with
 the leaves of the giant-fern.³
 The wild convolvuli of Patafara
 Twine with those of Maareirua ;
 The wild convolvuli of Maareirua
 Twine with those of Patafara.
 (Such was the harmony and
 union
 Which reigned among the
 travellers.)

A collector of songs between the years 1817 and 1837 says that even in that time the language so changed that the natives themselves could hardly understand them ; but there are still some who understand.

¹ *i.e.* of a woman in mourning.

² The lake is the only volcanic crater in the Society Islands.

³ The cooked leaves of the wild *taro*.

§ xlii

UTES

VAHINE ITI

(Well-known. Given me by Ariiura of Tihaha)

E haere a vau i te matete	I go to the market-place ;
e tere hio o tou i tau vahine iti	I depart to seek my little love.
iteraa mai tau vahine pio 'tu ra	When my love sees me she hangs
i raro	her head down.
eiaha tou mata e pio i raro	Do not hang your head down ;
E hio mai to' mata iau,	But let your eyes look on me.
eiaha e heama tau vahine ;	Do not be shy of me, vahine
	mine ¹ ;
te heama noa nei yau.	Or I shall be shy of you.

THE REEF-PASS OF TOATÁ

(From Terii)

Hare ra roa tau tino i te ara e,	SHE : Far has been the wander-
	ing of my body in the roads ;
Rari mai nei au e	I am wet with the drops of rain.
I te topata ua e.	
Eere o tau e te	Yet never have I murmured
Parau faaino e	complaint against you:
Na tau tane iti	Do not leave me, O my Tané ! ¹
Tatara iau e.	
Uaa lili ite e	HE : The lily blooms and the
Uaa remuna e	remuna. ²
Te matai te maoro e	The wind loiters in coming, else
Reva tu-ai au e ³	had I sailed long since.
Ua taf ma ra hia te awa	I have reached the pass, the reef-
Te awa i Toatá e.	pass of Toatá.
Tirara taúa tau	SHE : This is the end of all our
Tane iti e farerei ai e.	meetings, my little Tané.

A WAITING

(From Terii)

Hare rii au i te uputa i to fare	I go to the door of thy house ;
E tiaí rii au ia oe	I wait for thee ;

¹ Used thus, *vahine* signifies " my love " (fem.); *vahine iti*, " little love," and *Tane*, " my love " (mas.).

² Flower of the pomegranate.

³ As a sailing-boat waits for the wind.

Avae te tia mai ra i nia mara- marama i raro e	The moon is up, casting its light down to earth.
Piri ae tau tino i te tumu ra'au	My body cleaves to the trunk of the tree ;
Aore e vahi i moe aie	There is no place for me to hide.
Turia tau tino i te hupe i te po.	My body is wet with the dew of the night wind from the valley:
Aue ra vau te arofa e.	Alack-a-day ! have pity on me.

THE ROSE-TREE

(From Terii)

Tumu roti tanu hia eau	I planted a rose-tree
I mua i tau uputa fare	Before the door of my house.
I reira hoi eite ai e	It will tell me of your many
I te mau haerea no oe.	journeyings.
Tau tane iti hoi mai	My Tané, come back !
Afa rii ae taua,	Let us kiss a little.
Rahi tura o tau tai ia oe.	Great has been my weeping for thee:
Tapapa hua tu nei au e.	I come myself to seek thee.

A BRANCH OF JASMINE

(From Madeleine. Sung to a trifling European air)

A-maa pitate ti tou rima	A branch of jasmine in my hand,
Apetahi tou rima te i au e	(My eyes look at it sideways daintily).
Eaue eaue eaue aue aue tē arofa e !	Ah wae, ah wae, ah wae, ah wae. Alack-a-day !
Toramai to rima earofa rii ana taua taa ta tara te arofa	Give me your hand that I may wish you happiness before I leave you.
Eaue eaue eaue aue aue te arofa e !	Ah wae, ah wae, ah wae, ah wae, Alack-a-day !
Ahuru mapiti i te po e patoto mai te opani e reo toetoe	At twelve o'clock in the night there is a tapping at the door and a shivering voice,
Eaue eaue eaue aue aue te arofa e !	Ah wae, ah wae, ah wae, ah wae, Alack-a-day !
No Te Uira i te piiraa mai ia tane vahine,	The voice of Te Uira calling to his vahine,
Eaue eaue eaue aue aue te arofa e !	Ah wae, ah wae, ah wae, ah wae, Alack-a-day !

The foregoing *ute* is to convey, by implication, a

woman, her accepted lover and husband, and the wail of a disconsolate lover without.

EVENING

(From *Taua*. Always sung by a woman)

E mahana rui rui i te ahi ahi.	In the evening of the still bright day
Mai ta'u arofa ¹ ia oe	My heart goes out in sorrow to thee.
Ua rere ua mai o toto i roto i té ata o te marama	A bird comes fluttering in the twilight of the moon.
To reo iti ho'i e parau mai "Eiaha e tai mai ia au."	I hear thy dear voice which says, "Weep not for me."
Eha tu-ra o te mea e mau ai Tau aroha iti ia oe.	What shall I do to check my tears, To still the sorrow of my heart for thee?
A hani e mea tuati o taúa tino	If our two bodies were linked in harmony,
Mau mau rima e te aroha. ¹	The meeting of our hands would teach you my sorrow ;
I roto i te vai api raa nei	In the time of our youth
Te vahi mauiu roa	It is the season of suffering ;
E manii á pape to vaimata	The tears of thine eyes flowed once like water,
To ta'i raa mai i au e.	While thou didst wait for my coming.

I saw a little white doe in fairyland. It was walking in an alley with a golden collar on its neck and letters on the collar. I lay under a tree and we conversed in silence. I understood but dimly by looking where she looked. Then she touched me with her little foot, as much as to say, "Look here," and from that moment I understood everything perfectly.²

¹ A good example of the interchangeableness of *h* and *f* occurring thus in the same song.

² There is no clue as to where this story of the little doe came from. It was on a loose sheet of paper with a scribbled direction that it was to come after this *ute* as a note to the meeting of the hands [ED.].

§ xliii

STILL ON THE ROAD

I AM on the road again, hastening to keep an appointment I had made with Amaru. We are due to start in three days on a ride round the island and I should like two days' rest at Vaanui before doing this.

I did not fulfil one of my chief objects in going to Tautira—namely, to see R.L.S.'s friends and to hear what they say of him. I was too footsore; and it might have been more to the point if Taua's family had lent me a horse on the first day instead of being so fond of me on the second. I am the bearer of a letter from them to Amaru.

Passing through Afaaiti I came on a boy with curly, hay-coloured hair, with an axe over his shoulder; he spoke French; he was gay; he was going to cut fire-wood and get tobacco; he was dressed in rags. I asked him if he was not partly English.

—My mother was Tahitian, he said, and my father was King of the Uahine; he was *afa-peretani* [half a Briton].

—What was the name of your English grandfather?

—Ah! he said, turning at the corner of the footpath through the bush, with the sloping axe over his shoulder, and smiling, *c'est perdu!* (It is forgotten, *ua mo'e.*)

I passed a man climbing a coco-nut-tree. His ankles were tied with a thong of *purao* bark. He held with his hands and pulled up his legs and the thong held in the rings of the bark. A boy went by on stilts; they are called *rora* (supports), and are indigenous.

I saw white men sitting in the verandah of a house; one turns out to be a Pape-etean acquaintance; fortunately I am wearing trousers. They have driven many miles down here with the children to meet a friend who has not arrived. He tells me that the cruiser officers behaved very badly. They got drunk at Prince Hinoe's luncheon-party and most of them were not fit to present themselves at Madame D——'s

ball. One of the few who went created a scandal by kissing his partner in the garden. The captain of the last cruiser before this one offended everyone by taking his dog to parties with him and seating it at table ; also by refusing to shake hands. The Nautch girls do not like the British officers ; they are rude, they say ; but *one* says that they are not so bad as the French officers.

I go to the Chinaman's to buy salmon and bread, also cigars (for gifts). Soon I come to where a river runs murmuring across the footpath. I bathe, and sit to eat my salmon under a very big tree, surrounded on all sides by chestnuts, acacias and the like. I ruminate ; the silence holds the thud of the sea waves, the unceasing accompaniment of life in Tahiti ; and the air is full of the faint smell of wood fires that always pervades the island at meal-times ; a bee buzzes from blossom to blossom. The true Tahitian for a bee is, as I have said, *manu-manu-hamani-mad-mona-mona*, a good instance of their long, leisurely words.

A Frenchman, a pleasant man of forty with a beard, comes down from the mountains and eats a little with me, sitting on a fallen tree trunk ; the native who has been up there with him refuses to eat. This Frenchman hates the Colonial Government, like all of them, and we abuse it together. He leads the life altogether of a native.

— Ah ! he says, you are one of the last people to see the last remains of the last home of romance in the world.

He is very intelligent and full of character ; he rather resembles W. H. Hudson, with his sad eye under a beetling eyebrow, and his hawk-like face. He laments sadly over the degeneration of Tahiti. He believes that the true Tahiti remains unknown ; that the natives themselves have lost sight of themselves through the aspect they have tried to present to Europe. He believes that not even its true name is known to Europeans. The old name, he says, is Haiti (this is confirmed to me later by a native). Tahiti, he says, was invented to please Europeans. All the names have been made easy for them to pronounce. So also the true name of Mourea is Eimeo, of Raiatea, Iorotea, and so on. The fact is



William Tou
(Antulaki)

that places here change their names almost as easily as men do. There is no such thing as *Taata Tahiti*; it should be *Taata Maori*, or *Maohi*. But the old language has gone; no one of the Tahitians knows it, unless it be Tiurai of Puuaauia (the great native doctor).

Another striking thing is that the island, so far as the natives are concerned, has passed out of cultivation except for articles of export, vanilla, copra, etc.

There is a Board of Agriculture, but there are no planters on it nor any men who know Tahiti and Tahitian life, except the president of it. They read one another reports—*e.g.* how to grow coffee up in the mountains (where no one lives). They discuss them solemnly and have them copied out several times by the clerks.

It is they who introduced hawks, in order to destroy the birds which preyed upon the fruit; but as there were no such birds the hawks have lived ever since on wild and tame poultry, and now the Government is offering fifteen francs a head for their destruction.

Wherever you see a particularly neat villa, with a trim garden and an orderly plantation, you may be sure that it is a German settler. The Germans intermarry as easily as other Europeans with the natives, but they do not become *canaquisé*.

Farther on I look for Mahei, to thank him for his late hospitality. I offer him cigars; he refuses them. He does not smoke. But the boys pounce on them; a little one is chased with laughter among the trees and bushes with his hands full of them.

In passing down the coast I had again to go through Mahaena, where I had left a letter in the empty house of Himene's brother-in-law, Uramo'é (Lost flame), saying that I should probably call this evening and see if he would put me up. I go to his house and find it still empty. I am determined not to sleep elsewhere in this inhospitable village; but I wish to have the pleasure of refusing; I wish to have a grievance against the Mahaenans. Therefore I limp terribly through the village; but few people see me, and nobody asks

me to come in and rest, though it is the time of sunset. By the river-side I halt and eat my bread ; I still have four or five miles to walk. A man who is a little way down on the other side of the street, sitting with two women, walks over to converse with me. An old man comes down the road ; some young ones come over the ford with oranges. The old man stops them and takes two for me. I eat and talk. The old man compliments me on my Tahitian, asking me how many years I have lived there and saying it is the true tongue that I speak and not the *Tiuito-papaa's* dialect. He asks if I will come and sleep. At last I have attained my purpose, and I am able to refuse the hospitality of Mahaena. And I thought of the Levite who went to Gibeah : " And they turned aside thither to lodge in Gibeah. And when he went in he sat him down in a street of the city, for there was no man that took them into his house to lodging. And behold there came an old man out of the field at even. And when he lifted up his eyes he saw a wayfaring man in the street of the city : and the old man said, Whither goest thou, and whence comest thou ? " (*haere oe hia ? me hia mai oe ?*) " I am going to the house of the Lord and there is no man that receiveth me to house. And the old man said, Peace be with thee ; only lodge not in the street. And they washed their feet." (Just as they do in Tahiti. One is reminded of the Old Testament a hundred times just because one simple life is like another.)

So I go on my way into the gentle, hospitable country beyond. It is soon dark and the road becomes all unknown to me and mysterious. I recognise the model of Tahitian singing in the voice (stridulation) of the cicadas in the trees. How pleasant to walk at night without fear of beasts or men ; if any figure be seen standing by the roadside it is no enemy, but a kindly voiced man, who will say : " Where are you going ? Come and sleep."

And so at last I come to Amaru's and hear greeting cries of "*O e Tihoti ! Ua tae mai Tihoti !*" for the children were soon taught they must not call me *te papaa*, but Tihoti.

Univ. of
California



Janney Ellis
(Actutakion)

§ xliv

THE PIGLING FEAST

WHEN I had been paying my first visit to Amaru, as I passed the Chinaman's one day, up in the village of Vaanui, I saw a young *papaa* mending a table on the terrace before the house. This was Vaillant, a Frenchman who had settled in Vaanui and did odd jobs about the place.

Amaru told me that he lived with his, Amaru's, own adoptive father, Piriri, the ex-chief, at the house where I had the melon.

— Why, said I, then he is a *fetii* of yours, almost a brother.

— How is he my brother ?

— Is he not adopted as a son by Piriri, who also once adopted you ?

— No, indeed. Piriri would not adopt such a son.

— How long has he been there ?

— Three years.

— Three years with Piriri ?

— Yes, all the time.

— It is a long time.

— Yes ; it is too long to stop in a man's house. Besides, it is I who fetch the plantains from the mountain for Piriri, so that I am fetching them also for Vaillant.

Still, for all that he was a white man, and though he had no high opinion of him, Amaru felt it was due to me to ask him in to meet me. So Vaillant had come to supper one evening. I found him a very agreeable and even philosophical companion. "When I think of the miserable life men lead in Paris and the other cities of France," he said, "I regard myself as a very fortunate man. When I was younger than I am now I drudged in the office of a trader in Sydney who did business with the French islands. I had what I should now call a great deal of money, but I had many wants and I was always poor. Now I have very little money, but I have few necessities and I am always rich. It

is an ideal life ; a life of Paradise. If I need money for anything I can work ; if not, I can do nothing. The natives are hospitable. They receive one gladly ; they are even proud to have a white man live with them. We are always their superior.”

— Even of the chief ?

— What is a chief ? He is no better than you ; he is even worse. Piriri is as my father ; his friends are my friends. When I travel it costs me nothing ; I have *fetii* all round the island with whom I can stop.

He has decided to spend the rest of his life in the island and is building a house next to that of his adopted father.

— Ah ! and soon, no doubt, you will marry a native.

— No ; what I want is independence. If I married I should no longer be independent ; les filles me suffiront.

On this occasion Amaru has prepared a feast in my honour. We are to have other visitors—Piriri, the father who had been adopted against his will by Vaillant, and his wife and some of his adopted children. It was to be a feast more substantial than any I had yet had. The day before Amaru had disappeared for the whole day and returned in the evening, smiling brightly, with a little sucking-pig over his shoulder for the banquet. All night my slumbers had been disturbed by the squeaking and struggling of this sucking-pig tied to the *purao*-tree against the wall. Preparations began at daylight. As I walked in the edge of the sea with Aarii-Roo and Te-Hei we heard a prolonged squealing from the house. The children rushed to see the slaughter. The stones were heated in the ground and all buried in with leaves. In the morning I had seen Amaru sitting under a palm-tree having his hair cut by another native. This is a friendly office ; in the country there are no barbers and they do it for one another.

Piriri, lean and gay, came smiling up the path with Madame Piriri, who kissed my hand, and three little girls ; for as one generation of his children grew up he supplied their places with a new one, and had a dozen little ones now to comfort his old age, besides Vaillant.

How of
C. J. P. P. P.



P. P. P.
The other type in Antutaki

We play around while the last preparations are being made, and Fano, the blind girl, one of Piriri's adopted daughters, sits in the doorway with a stick to keep the pig out.

The conversation turned on the former population of Tahiti and its vastness. Captain Cook had reckoned the population at 200,000, or twenty times as many as it is now. There was no room on the shore for so many. In the interior there is now practically no population. As for the remains of houses and human bodies, these are generally said to be the remains of settlements of refugees, or of chiefs and great men which have been carried up there.

But Piriri would have it that in the old days, though many had lived on the shore, yet still more dwelt in the mountains. This opinion of Piriri's is very valuable as tradition. Why should men, he said, not live in the mountains? And so he came to praising the mountains; they hold everything that man needs for life.

For meat there are pigs, goats and fowls; in the river there are fish.

For vegetables there are plantains, bananas, yams, *taro*, *umara*, *ape*, bread-fruit, oranges, lemons, limes, shaddocks, mangoes, pumpkins, melons, and a hundred other things, also honey.

— Certainly there is food in plenty, but one must have pearl shells to cut it with. What could you use up there to cut your food with?

— A sliver of bamboo.

— For a house?

— In five minutes I will build myself a house of bamboos and plantain leaves; in a day I will make it strong with plaited coco-nut leaves and pandanus thatch.

— There is no fire on the mountains.

— There is fire whenever a man wants it. I will rub two pieces of *purao* wood together, or bamboo, or guava, green or dry, it is all one to me, and soon get fire; even though it were raining.

— Then why do men not live there now?

— Why do men not live there ? Because it is dark, because it is dark !

— I do not believe that you can make fire so easily ; it is an old tradition, a thing written of in books.

— After dinner I will show you in reality.

When Wallis visited the island all the river valleys for miles inland were full of smiling villages, with gardens and plantations. Now this is but a memory and a sadness and all is wild again. They were not afraid of the darkness of the mountains then. The shore terrace swarmed with them too.

Ellis, the missionary, ascribes it to their sinful pagan life, to wars, to infanticides, human sacrifice, vicious habits, and the power of Satan, the unregenerate. Sir John Burrow, on the other hand, says that the diminution must undoubtedly be ascribed to praying, psalm-singing and dram-drinking ; while Kotzebue says that the natives, being compelled by the missionaries to go to church three times a day and spend the rest of their time reading the Bible, had no leisure to cultivate their plantations, and were consequently starved down.

Comparison of dates shows that it was none of these things, useful only for vituperation, but the diseases brought by the European visitors—ague from Cook, dysentery from Vancouver, scrofula from Bligh, and worse from de Bougainville.¹

When dinner was over I invited Piriri to show me if it were as easy to make fire with wood-rubbing as to speak of it.

Amaru fetched in several branches of *purao* wood, and cut pencils nine or ten inches long and pointed them. The old man sate down on his heels across a branch, with Arii-Roo squatting on it in front of him to keep it steady ; he held his *purao* pencil pointing forward and downward, with his hands folded over it crossways so as to give it a firm, elastic pressure, and pushed it forwards and drew it backwards up and down the branch slowly and steadily, at about

¹ Dumoulin.

a hundred and twenty to the minute. A groove was worn along the grain of the branch ; the soft wood powdered and collected in the far end of the groove ; soon the groove turned black and began to smoke ; his strokes quickened and at last a little spark caught in the powdered wood, was cherished, and blown, till all the little heap glowed and the fire was imparted to a wisp of dry grass.

Each of us sate down to a branch. Little Te-Hei sate with his fierce little face and rubbed ferociously, to his mother's delight.

— *Te-Hei tane!* she exclaimed delightedly.

I failed in the attempt and consoled myself with an epigram : — *Na toe toe te raau, na vea vea te taata.* (—The wood is cold, but the man is hot.)

— But I am hot, corrected Piriri.

This Ollendorffian *mot* had so much success with Piriri that my heart warmed to him more than ever. “This dear, affectionate Polynesian,” I thought, “for him at any rate there has been no disillusion in the *papaa*. His heart is open to all of us. He loves even the pitiful Vaillant. He has housed him three years in spite of the obvious disapproval of his relatives.” I spoke to him of Vaillant almost tenderly.

A flicker of dry humour crossed the old man's eyes, and his nose wrinkled a little with a sort of malice :

— Three years he has been living in my house, and there he sits day after day drinking tea and coffee. He travels round the island ; he makes use of all my *fetii* as if they were his own, and now he is going to set up his house beside mine, and I see no end to it all.

The next opinion I heard on Vaillant was from a Frenchman. He, too, could not approve of his conduct ; but it was not his living with Piriri, or costing money for his tea and coffee, or treating his *fetii* as his own that galled him ; no, his grievance was that Vaillant worked for a Chinaman and thereby lowered the white man's prestige among the natives.

NEXT morning, after many delays, we set out, I mounted on "Pihaa," named after his mother's dwelling-place, and Amaru on "Tarafonia." A woman came in and she and Amaru's wife made us wreaths to travel in of fern and *fara* seeds. Amaru rejoiced in his wreath all the journey, sniffing it from time to time and saying how good it smelt.

We stopped at Piriri's to greet them and found a young man with an adze chopping out a canoe for Amaru out of brotherly love: it was a dug-out he was making from one solid tree-trunk. As we passed a house a woman called out: — *Tama-iti haa-viti!* (A smartly dressed child!) This is Tahitian mockery of me. The Tahitians always laugh at the *papaa*; they have done so since the first days; it is the business of their life to laugh, even at what they most respect.

At Taravao Amaru had to go to the gendarme to pay a fine with costs for his pig having been found straying on the road one night. The Conseils de District evidently have no jurisdiction, in spite of the provision of the fundamental law.

Amaru rides with his big toe in the stirrup, the iron between that and the second; he talks in his quaint French; he says he would travel if he were rich.

— *Moi étais riche, moi aller là-bas.* Then suddenly coming close he recalls all that he remembers of his schooldays. *La grammaire française est l'art de parler et d'écrire correctement en français.*

He calls a wise or clever man "Un astronome," believing that this is equivalent to "homme instruit." — *C'est un astronome!* He says *moi* with the infinitive for indicatives; uses *personne* for *rien*, and ends most of his sentences with *comme ça*.

I used the word "impossible" in conversation. He asked me what it meant: — *Moi ne connais pas cette mot-là.*

He pronounces saumon *chaumont*, and says *chouriers* or *jouriers* for souliers. He cannot distinguish the sounds of

Day of
Oct. 1888



Caroline
(Marquisienne)

“s” and “ch.” “K” makes his throat sore. In fact when he was ill and had to have nonoes squeezed down his throat, it was probably the result of talking so much French with me. This is interesting phonetically, for it may be the reason why the “K’s” and the “ng’s” have been lost in Tahitian. The climate may have altered their throats, just as the Ur-Celts lost the “P” from *atar* (pater), owing to the decoration that they wore through their lips.

He tells me that Tahiti is “a Pompeii.” I think he means volcanic.

Farther on I saw a good subject for a picture: a gathering with a judge and lawyers on the road to a native house, settling a family dispute. The *papaas* were in white linen with white umbrellas; the judge sturdy, swart and stooping; the house behind the coco-palms; old native women sitting on the ground and smoking cigarettes; children at the edge of the road playing and listening with their backs to the group.

Amaru has a natural sense of beauty, for sunsets and the like.

That night we stayed at Davis, the dentist’s. He is known as the *taute*¹—that is, the doctor (European).

Next day passing through Matiaea we feed in a Chinaman’s shop, and Tuma, the beautiful native woman I had made friends with earlier, came in. Her Chinaman husband remembers me, but makes no sign of recognition. A Chinaman sits by the window in this shop, doing up vanilla pods into bundles like cheap cigars. Chinamen converse in a dry, uninteresting way without approaching one another as they walk about, with a sound as of German with guttural *ch*. This Chinaman by the window speaks a few unintelligible words in English.

— Where did he pick it up?

— Infrucisco.

— How long was he there?

— Tokhiyaw.

— What?

¹ Taute—Ta’ute—Takute. In New Zealand Takuta = English doctor.

—Thorty yaw.

Amaru tells me that one part of the road which we pass is a terrible place for *tupapaus* at night. You would see them coming towards you ; among others, for example, at times a terrible one, a European in a helmet and white waist-coat ; but when you come close they disappear : “ Ils disparaissent dans la brousse comme du papier ” (*i.e.* like a piece of paper before the wind). Perhaps the word *tupapau* is *tu papau*, that which stands upright and is shallow—*i.e.* a flat thing ; “ a sheet of paper ” suggests this idea.

In order to free the place from this terror and danger the men of the neighbourhood seek for the buried *tii* ; for here, as in all other places, it is that a *tii* has been buried. “ They enragent all around.” If a *tii* is alive they cannot find it, for it runs about under the earth concealing itself, but if it is dead it stays in its place, and they easily dig it up. But even if it be alive and race about from place to place, nevertheless they find it ; they “ enragent ” all about ; at last they catch it and burn it alive. Then there are no more *tupapaus* in that place.

So it was with the *Varua ino* stone in Vaanui that I and the children visited. There is a *tii* there which has not been found.

He says demons are always in the singing of the sea-shells, and he also tells me of the music of singing heard in the hills at night.

Apropos of buried *tii*s, I saw in Osmund Walker’s collection two *tii*s, images of little gods found by him in a cave in the mountains which was revealed by burning the brush. The word equals *tiki*, which in New Zealand stands for the little carved figures of greenstone which the New Zealand Maori women wear as ornaments. Tepano says it means *carved*, but Tregear that it means *sent away*—*i.e.* disembodied.¹

¹ Mr T. Marsh-Davis, who has kindly looked through the Tahitian quotations in this book, tells me that these little figures are always carved with their heads leaning towards one shoulder. An old Maori told him that this attitude denotes *listening* ; that the spirit is always listening, so as to be ready to help you. From this comes the idea that it is lucky to wear these little effigies [ED.].

2411

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



144



70's

Tii was the name of the first man, the Adam of Tahitian tradition. His wife was *Hina*, or spider. It is said also (but I think the legend is post-Christian, sown by the missionaries) that she was made from a bone (*ivi*) taken from *Tii*—i.e. Eve.

A *tii* is, in fact, a spirit, a demon, not a god, but less than a god, an intermediate spirit dwelling in the world of night. They are invoked only by wizards for the injury of enemies. Each celebrated *tii* was honoured with an image by those for whom its power was exerted. It was a privilege to have a *tii* set up at the *marae*; it gave the right to worship there. They were irritable and cruel, avenging some things with death. *Tii tane* and *tii vahini* are figures representing *génies subalternes*, used in religious ceremonies. Tahitians have several of them in their houses. Megalopygian is the right word for the Polynesian idols. A *tii* was also a demon who possessed a person; *paipai* is to exorcise such a demon (also to strike with the hands). *Mahue* is to have an extraordinary appetite, as women possessed of a *tii*, of *tino* (body); also a prophet is inspired because he is the body of a spirit who inspires him.

To scare *tupapaus* a negress says that the way is to make that gesture which is held to be complimentary only among Cyanopygian baboons. This is Tahitian *tupu*. As for the sacrifices, How gives *tapu* as a sacrifice to Oro, the god of war; commonly a man killed for the purpose (see Bovis). But this *tapu-tapu* was commonly called *ia*, a fish (compare Pope Joan's casuistry of stewing the goose).

Two or three times I have heard of three *papaas* who are going down the coast; they are said to be *Mariti Momunis*. On the road I see approaching me three men; the tall one wears a stained cotton jacket. Two of them have degraded faces; the other is a simple but not degenerate man. We say Good-morning and pass, then I turn and say:

— Are you the Mormons?

They are. We stand and talk a while. One of them carries a hand-bag of the size that a country woman would

take with her when she goes up to London to see Madame Tussaud's or the British Museum; they say it is their luggage; quite enough for a week. They are missionaries. I question them on their doctrine. Polygamy; they believe in it; the object of marriage is to get children; they have given it up only in deference to the law. Polygamy, indeed, is enjoined by Christianity. I suggest St Paul on bishops (they admit St Paul). The text has been misinterpreted; it means that a bishop should be the husband of *at least* one wife; if he has three or four it is better. Therefore they encourage their bishops to marry at once if they are bachelors. I conclude from all this that they do not belong to the *Reorganised* Church of Latter Day Saints of which my other Mormon friends are members. All of the Reorganised Church are strict monogamists, the followers of Joseph Smith, junior. They have never heard of "Momuni Island" in the Poumotus. This is an example of how the natives create legends to account for the strange white men who arrive on their shores.

Further on Amaru and I sit in the heat of the day by a stream that crosses the road and then passes under giant chestnut-trees.

A half-caste Frenchman comes out of the splendid villa which faces us and talks with me. He has that rare riches, cows, and a bull in a field. I see his little girl go into this field in a red robe. He laughs at the idea of infuriating the bull; everything loses its savage nature in Tahiti; dogs do not bite, nor bulls gore, nor hornets sting.

We arrive at about one in the morning at Faaa, which is only a suburb of Pape-ete, on the frequented road; poor, degraded, dusty, a desolate spot with coco-palms waving feathery fans over places like back-yards.

There is a rock in Faaa called Tehiu Taataa, which is doubtless the place with the Stones of Life and Death, where the souls fly on dying.¹ I inquire about this of Amaru. To this, as to another question on the Last Judgment, he answers: "Je ne l'ai pas vu," because in Tahitian to see

¹ How's Dictionary.

and to know are the same thing—viz. *ite*; in Tahitian he would say: *aite vau ua ite* (know).

We start again early in the morning. I gave our hostess two tiny bottles of scent, but she was not pleased, nor Amaru either; he dislikes our *papaa* habit of giving presents in return for hospitality; he says it is "not necessary." These things are very difficult to the European, for you cannot say: "Thank you very much, you are very kind and I am extremely obliged to you for what you have done." There is no way of being "grateful," but only of being pleased, though you can add that the man is "good." Their sincerity knows no fine shades.

We pass canoes standing on stilts to keep them above the tide. As we enter the town we meet one of the Mérigaud girls driving in a cart full of people. I change my clothes, put on a clean white shirt, and take *déjeuner* at Pandora's, where the verandah is being hung with bananas and strips of *aute* leaves. I am invited to a Drollet-Dexter picnic at Fautaua, but I am bound to ride on with Amaru.

They told me that a little, mild tourist lady from New Zealand whom I had known was considerably embarrassed at the fête by having won a sucking-pig in a lottery. I picture her leading it away through the crowd.

As Amaru sits on the grass by the road with the horses the Mérigaud girl, who is in a carriage waiting to start, talks with him about me: "Is he a good *papaa*?" "He does not seem to be proud from the way in which he travels." "What, he is a married man?" "I was told only yesterday that someone was going to arrange a Tahitian marriage for him." Amaru suspects that she wishes to marry me herself.

I turned into a shop kept by Lormier, a pleasant Frenchman. I apologised for paying him with a five-franc note with a large brown stain on it. "Ce n'est rien! I know that *assignat* well. It has often passed through our hands."

He told me an anecdote which he did not (I trust rightly) consider typical of our nation. At one time he kept a little eating shop, but did not sell wine. An Englishman came in and asked for wine. He explained that he was sorry it was

not a wine shop. The Englishman insisted. Lormier fetched a bottle of his own wine and told him to take some, which he did.

— How much ?

Lormier (I can imagine how amiably) replied there was nothing to pay.

— Nothing to pay ? Oh, very well, then, I'll take the bottle.

And he took it.

Whilst I was chatting with Lormier his native shop-help came and asked him for money in advance of wages. He told him to go and take a dollar out of the till. This shows the trust that those who know the natives repose in them.

Catching sight of me through the door, Percier came in :

Haven't I heard ? The two Nature men have quarrelled on a point of doctrine and separated. Betts, the new-comer, was more logical than Dumford ; he says that Nature has no morals, and that the true Nature man must follow her and have none either. He has gone off to lead a strictly immoral life. To be, in fact, austere profligate.

That evening as we rode along the road we met Dumford on his bicycle. I hailed him and we talked awhile. What I had been told was entirely untrue. Betts had gone simply in search of land. This was a characteristic piece of Pape-etean news.

I had invited Amaru to come and eat with me at Pandora's, but he said that people passing in the street would say : " Is he drunk, then, this *canaque*, to be seen dining at the hotel with a *papaa* ? Moi avoir honte comme ça."

Next day as we ride past a house on the way back to Vaanui Amaru points to it and says : — The house of Te-Hei's father. He is also my wife's brother. — What, I say, is Te-Hei your wife's nephew ? — Vous êtes toujours comme ça, says Amaru, very angry because he had told me all this before and I had forgotten it.

We galloped down to Moitua's at nine P.M., stopping while I got a coloured blanket. I wear this on my shoulders as I

View of
California



Autumn
1891

sit on the verandah and call on Madame Moitua to admire it, then throw it on to her shoulders ; — *e na oe*.

They press me warmly to come again. Moitua will be back to-morrow, but I feel somehow my welcome is wearing thin in the country and I must go back to Pape-ete. Hospitality is a thing for an occasional night, not for long stays, even when one gives presents, unless one can enter more into the life than I can do.

We hear Amaru's children crying out as we reach the house : — *E Papaa ! E Tihoti !*

Amaru has brought cakes with him from the Chinaman's in Pape-ete ; the children sing for them ; they sing *Tara vahine, Tara iti !*

Amaru's key-note is his love for his family and his affection for Piriri and all his mothers and fathers.

School term has begun, and Arii-Roo goes every day to the far end of the village to the *Fare haapii tamarii parotetani* ; she has nothing but oranges to eat until she gets back at five in the afternoon. I go to buy an exemption for Amaru from working on the roads, and afterwards to say good-bye to old Panau and his wife. On the way back I meet children I know coming from school.

§ xlvi

PAPE-ETE REVISITED

FOR the last time I am on the road walking from Vaanui to Pape-ete.

As I come into Papenoo with two bundles hanging on a bamboo, I find the chief at work, making a road of mud for the Government.

Men stop to pray, hat in hand, before they resume work.

This is the place where there are two rocks, one in the sea and one on the shore, of which the legend is told that they are a devil and an eloping princess turned into stone at cockcrow.

I sit and share a *punu* and bread with Louis Juventin by Tamarii's *taro* patch. Bread-fruit and coco-nut are also provided by Tamarii. Louis tells me wonders of Tiurai of Puuaauiia; that he knows who is coming to him from other districts when they start and what is their illness (at variance with his own questions and the accounts they give of themselves); that if he strokes a limb the *ofati* goes out of it.

Nine kilometres from Pape-ete a brown Pondicherrian, with a brilliant smile, soft eyes and a perfect knowledge of French, comes out of the Chinaman's shop and shakes hands with me.

This is at the turning to Point Venus. A little later I look round and find one of my bundles has fallen off. I am obliged to go back. I find it lying in the road and replace it on my bamboo.

By the way I fall in with a cassocked Catholic priest riding on his old pony to his next parish (he has three, with a house in each). All his luggage is in a little bag on the saddle before him. He talks of Roman Catholics and Protestants; the libels of the Protestants; how they showed a picture of the Pope eating babies, saying it was his daily occupation (I myself have heard them charge the priests with having mistresses, a thing that would be known at once).

Arrived at Arue, he invites me into his strangely dusty and dingy old house, with its old-fashioned books and pictures. Part of his scanty luggage is two bottles of beer, of which he insists that I shall share one with him. He tells me it is his amusement at another house to make this bottled beer: of hops and honey and orange peel.

— Does it take up much time?

— Oh! none at all. I will be reading my breviary, say, and I will go and see if it is boiling. Then back to my breviary, and so again to the beer a little later.

He shows me his church and takes me round all the Stations of the Cross.

The roads on the Arue side are all planted with hedges of the white-leaved fake-coffee; native vegetation is quite displaced.

Arriving at the outskirts of Pape-ete, I rest awhile in my

shirt-sleeves with Mrs Young and the Piteairn Islanders ; some Roman Catholic priests come to see them. One of them invites me to visit him at the Bishop's house.

As I enter the town in the twilight Monsieur Percier of the Chancellerie is standing with a friend.

— Who is that ? says the friend.

— Don't you know ? C'est Monsieur Calderon.

— Tiens ! Impossible ! Ah, see to what such imprudence leads. Two months ago that man came here rich, full of money ; he threw it right and left, squandering it on liquor and harlots. Now see to what he has reduced himself by his extravagance. He is obliged to go about like a beggar.

— No, no, it is not that, said Pereier ; he still has money.

— Then what explanation is possible ?

— Voyez-vous, c'est un type.

A boy greeted me at the hotel : — Two years has been thy wandering—*i.e.* You are welcome back again.

As I stepped on to the hotel verandah Pandora strode by in cook's dress, stout, anxious, imperialled, holding a tiny teaspoon daintily out in his big fat hand, with the little finger extended, evidently to give the finishing touch to the dish that the little, overburdened brown boy bore before him, and that he set down on a table where three uniformed *fonctionnaires* received it with grave attention. The *patron's* erect, disordered hair, flushed face and furrowed brow betokened a force of concentrated care. The sight of this face and of the three French officials bending slightly sideways to peer down at the confection impressed me more than anything I saw in all Tahiti with the Imperial power of Europeans, with their power to resist local influences, with their steadfast hold on their own ways of thought. There was something in Pandora, perhaps in a great degree arising from a heavy likeness to Napoleon III., that always brought the word "Imperial" to one's mind.

At table I sat once or twice with an elderly Scandinavian tailor. Talking of the desirability of remaining in Tahiti (he came from the States) he said : — It doesn't make much

difference to me where I live. He is all alone, has no relatives and no particular friends.

There is a Swedish traveller, "little Lizzie, the Switzer," Williams calls him, a little upstart in a pith helmet and immaculate clothes, who says he has never been so badly dressed in his life before. He has a little, hard, conceited, expressionless face, no manners, but immense self-possession and self-defensiveness. He pretends that he does not understand me when I first address him in French; he hates the Scandinavian tailor because he is not respectful, telling him to send his clothes if they are to be repaired; we heard him storming at a passive, dignified young Chinaman, waving a shirt in either hand, throwing them on the floor and stamping, shouting in English that he will drag him to the gendarmes for washing things so badly.

He says it is his fifth journey round the world and that he is writing every day for a syndicate of Swedish papers. He has left his wife behind in America because the Customs duty on her luggage would cost hundreds of pounds. Although a great traveller, he has never seen tinned meat before, according to his own account. At *Taute* Davis's he refuses the corned beef which is offered him and demands something else. He is determined to have good photographs of Vahiria. He and Gunthier the photographer go up a hill together at night, he in patent-leather boots, with two natives to carry his luggage and build them a house.

He is a great favourite with the young ladies and flirts with them on the seashore. He frequents the Nautch girls and believes that Tupuna is in love with him. He purchases "curios," and he is always showing me bowls in which the natives make *popoi*—*i.e.* mashed plantains—and the stones they do it with and such-like. He might as well show me the pieces of wood with which they light the *auahi* or fire. He reads me some of his poems, of which he carries a few volumes about with him, and translates them into English. He mentions the name of a town which he tells me has the finest collection of implements in Sweden, adding: "I presented them all." His knowledge of the natives is derived from

Pape-etean half-castes, French officials and Nautch girls from the Taluai and Poumotu Islands.

After my arrival in Pape-ete very little happened that was interesting. I used to visit Tupuna and Marotea's house (where Mrs Young saw me one day as she walked with her daughter and stepped back to register the fact, waving and saluting me by name).

I generally found them squatting with bowls and bottles on the back verandah, making hats and dresses; for themselves, I think, not as a trade. The Bayadères live the two lives that go on side by side in Pape-ete, the gay European and the dark, narrow life like the rest of the natives in the town.

One night at eight o'clock I called at the Bishop's house upon the priest who had invited me and was received on the verandah by a tiptoeing bishop, lamp in hand, with a shocked face. He said:

— Il nous est impossible de vous recevoir a cette heure-ci.

— But Father Laurence?

— Il est déjà longtemps couché. They were all in bed but the Bishop.

This was dreadful to me, this intrusion, but it was nothing to two Mariposa Americans who came, as Father Laurence told me, to this mission house, marched about from room to room, pursued by a lame Father, asserting, in spite of all his remonstrances, that there was a museum there. One of them wore no coat or waistcoat, but a flannel shirt with braces over it.

On my way back two men dashed out from a dark place fighting furiously with their fists. They were immense boxers. Neither guarded, they exchanged quick, powerful blows, dancing all over the place. It was the swiftest, fiercest fight I ever saw. The crowd tried to form a ring, but had to fly hither and thither with incredible speed, like quicksilver, following them.

It was a fight about a woman.

The violence of jealousy (a thing often denied them by Europeans) which it betokened destroyed the last of those accepted fallacies about the race that I had been told of by

Percier and the traders. As to their heartlessness. I had seen women lamenting; I knew their pretty custom of naming the living from the dead so that their memory should not fade; I had watched the tenderness of their love in their homes and daily life. Never was an accusation based on more superficial grounds or more entirely false.

I met my friend Vava, the dumb man, who told me that Tahiri was ill. I visited her and Maná at their father's house. I found her feverish with consumption. She sat up in bed with her handkerchief tied about her brow, playing the concertina; she visits her friend opposite, who is also *poitrinaire*; she is gay, she is better than her friend, who does not get up. Another friend brings her some "pilules pink pour les personnes pâles."

In the family all are on equal terms of liberty in conversation. They joke on equal terms; there is no condescension; and they talk and listen to one another's jokes politely as if they were strangers.

I tell Tahiri that she is a naughty girl to be ill. She says:—I don't want to be ill; *c'est le Bon Dieu qui m'a fait malade.*

I give Maná English lessons. Her father tells me a legend or two; her little nephew from next door presents me with a nosegay every day as I go away. The aunt who lives close by, in a house without a front to it, interprets dreams. As usual, they ask about the Boer War, whether I was in it and who won. One night there was a ball at the D——'s when the cruisers were here. Now there is a "surprise party" in return, a ball given by the guests, who each provide something. The guests are all in white, men and women, with garlands of roses and gardenias. The garden is full of fairy lamps and Japanese lanterns.

I am particular in my account of Tahiri-i-te-rai, entering into trivial details of what she said and did. In the first place, because she is a very charming person, and in the second place because I do not think that justice is done, as a rule, to the South Sea maiden. She is too generally represented as nothing more than a garland and a pair of black



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Afata Ahomatu
(Marquesa Islands)

eyes; something that laughed and ran away, or something that clung with passionate admiration to the superior creature from the wonderful race of white men. It is with the South Seas as with most places; people have seen there that which they came to see. Sailors tired with rubbing brass and eating salt horse and obeying a hard-featured skipper have found the islands a place of languorous ease, vegetable diet and Cytherean delights. Lady tourists have found them a place where you have only to dress up in order to be overwhelmed with admiration. The pleasure which most of those who go to Tahiti find there is not essentially Tahitian. The great guild and brotherhood of men with a passion for the South Seas are the traders and the rough sea-dogs with the tender hearts, who go to and fro between Tahiti and Auckland, with a dusky wife or two in every port; the men of whom it is said that "what Jack don't know about the islands ain't worth knowing." These men, who furnish travelling authors with the matter for their books, have the same knowledge of Tahiti that men who go to Boulogne in ships and visit only the American bars on the quay have of the life and literature of the French nation. As a rule these men are great whisky drinkers, and the nearer they get to Tahiti the more whisky they drink, so that when they get ashore they are not in a condition to gauge the finer shades of native character. They get what they came for, as you can get what you pay for in most places; and they go about declaring that nothing else is there, that no sensible person would want anything else.

The Polynesians have suffered defamation in this way. Each visitor draws to himself the natives who suit him: stupid, flattering, faithless, mercenary. Sailors find themselves taken in hand by some attentive native, who wheedles them out of all the treasures of their chest and then deserts them for another; they proclaim the mercenary character of the natives and the falseness of their friendship. But I warrant they will find the same in the Commercial Road.

When I left Tahiti there was a man on board, a young Irishman, who informed me, to my astonishment, that

Pape-ete was not only the jolliest, but also the most expensive, place in the world; that he had been living at the rate of five pounds a day.

Pape-ete in this way has got the reputation of being a very gay, wicked, delightful place, and from this it is inferred that Tahitians are a very wicked, gay, delightful nation.

§ xlvii

NATIVES IN PAPE-ETE

THE real Tahitian is not happy in Pape-ete. This green settlement, which seems to be the lap of nature itself to the European, seems something like the slums of Southwark to the Tahitian from the country. One discerns the Tahitians at last in Pape-ete, as sometimes in a dry field one's eyes are opened suddenly to the sight of the grasshoppers, and one is surprised one had not seen them sooner. These are folk who have strayed up to Pape-ete under some temptation of wages or employment, given up their place in the country and are condemned, perhaps, to end their days in what seems to them a waste and desolation.

They do not try to adapt themselves to the life of the town. They try to live exactly the same life as they led in their villages by the open shore. It is very much for them that the market is held, where the mountain fruits are sold at dawn. They eat what they eat in the country and not what Europeans eat in the town. They fish along the shore as they were wont to do; they go out on the reef with torch and spear at night as they have been doing these many centuries.

They do not gloom and frown; that is not in their nature; they smile and talk as of yore, if less, and pine gradually away without understanding the meaning of the circumstances among which they have fallen.

They sit in circles together and there they pass their leisure time smoking, talking, laughing, singing, as in the

country. But always on the dirty floor of their houses, and not on the grass in the sweet wind as they would do at home. The women, who pass their days in sitting and looking before them, look out on houses and roads and ragged pieces of waste ground instead of on the palm groves and the blue sea; they are thrust by poverty towards the dull and ill-kept parts of the town. I have seen women sitting there for many hours together, with their feet in the ditch and their faces towards a tarred black fence; for evidently they said to themselves it is as good as the street. The employments, which represent nothing but such and such a wage to their unwestern minds, are not suited to their temperament; the men work in yards and workshops; their daughters prostitute themselves and get consumption; their little children grow up unhealthy and enfeebled, without the cat-like vivacity which is theirs in the country.

One morning the contrast of the true and untrue native life presented itself to me in this way.

I was awakened early by the sound of chopping. Somebody was hacking at something on the shore and I could not sleep for the noise. I could hear somebody else growling at it in a neighbouring room.

I put on a few clothes and went out. It was still dark. Mourea stood dark against the sky. A little cool breeze was beginning to blow off the sea. On the shore I found an old man with a hatchet chopping branches from the dead trees washed up here and there along the shore by the flood. He was lean and brown, with puritanical, starved cheeks, dressed only in a ragged *pareu*; he looked like some poor figure out of *The Arabian Nights*. I asked him what he was doing and he answered he was getting wood to cook his breakfast. His name was Te Faito. When he had collected a load I followed him on his way. We passed along the quay, where countrymen, who had come in overnight with their fruits and bamboo bast for the morning market, were lying asleep in rows along the verandahs of the big, shuttered European and Chinese stores.

Suddenly there burst upon my ears the sound of music, of

trumpets, trombones and drums, and voices singing. As I and the old man entered the market-place on the north the rout met us coming in from the south. I guessed at once that it was the end of the ball at Madame Lenorinant's. The men and women were all dressed in white and wore wreaths of flowers on their heads. They then, coming out into the open space, began to pirouette in couples, while the natives, roused from sleep (for there, too, the verandahs were full of them), sat up and looked on and laughed. One or two of them even began to clap their hands in time to the music. Then the dancers began to lay hold of one of the party with good-natured laughing and cheering, and twirl him about, singing, "*Horue, Horue,*" with other native words, as if it were some song in his honour, which indeed it was.

I caught the old man up a little farther on, for he had not waited to see this spectacle. He went along the familiar rue Rousseau and turned aside through a five-barred gate which I had not noticed before. It brought us into what I suppose was once a field, but now little more than a big, sordid courtyard, and where a dozen or more houses of the sort called *maisons européennes*, which seemed to me rather to resemble pile dwellings of the Stone Age, had been scattered at random, without any plan. A few scraggy coco-nut-trees, girdled with rusty tin plates to keep the rats from climbing up, rose here and there from the worn brown earth; and to one of these was tethered a lean and mangy pony, which gazed sadly at a soiled tuft of grass between two empty Chicago meat tins. The smoke of fires rose from beside the houses, where women were busy preparing the native ovens to cook their plantains, of which my old man had a bunch hanging from the bough of a naked *purao*-tree. His grandchildren squatted in a row on the verandah in silence and looked listlessly out before them.

Then I understood that these people were savages, as the word goes; wild men, civilised after their own fashion—that is to say, with a body of traditions binding them together into a polity of a native sort, but still in touch with the

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1
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nature from which they had sprung ; still enjoying the pleasure of the simple state ; trying to live the "savage" life under conditions in which it is impossible.

No doubt they were accustomed to sit so before their houses in the country, doing nothing but enjoying the air and the sunshine, like dogs and cats, gazing out through groves of coco-palms and plantain bushes to the sea. It is their life ; so much of their life as has been left them by the white man ; for in the old days it was dappled with fierce pleasures and fierce pains and a long round of beautiful ceremonies and poetical beliefs which were taken from them, crushed out as inspirations of the devil by the messengers who brought them the word of Christ ; messengers so blind and deaf in their eagerness to deliver their own message that they failed to see and to hear the word of their God as he had made it manifest in so much of the life of this island people.

In Pape-ete they do not breathe their natural air ; they have no river to wash in, no mountains to fetch fruit from. The mountain is there, it is true, and in the old days a fine body of water flowed down this broad valley from the wooded heights above. But now the forests are destroyed ; the rains fall no more in the heights ; the river has almost disappeared. As it passes through the town it is a mere rill in the roadside kennel, where children splash with their feet and sail *purao* leaves for boats.

Whether they sit with their faces or backs to the fence, it is all one ; either way they are not pleasant to see.

I made the acquaintance of the old man's son. They had no time to attend to me, as their politeness urged. The son had to get to his work at the ice works ; they were anxious to get breakfast done and I was in the way. However, I had time to tell the son about what we had seen in the market-place, and to ask him for an explanation about this "*Horue, Horue.*" He shrugged his shoulders ; he did not know ; it was some custom of the *papaas*. He could not say what its origin was.

I learnt later that it is a native adaptation of an English

sailor's chantey and the word "*Horue*" is only the English words "Haul away!"

§ xlvi

THE REEF-PASS OF TOATA

I WAS sitting in my room sadly pondering on these things when the door opened, and there was Amaru, with his broad smile, holding out a young coco-nut.

He had arrived in the spring cart with his wife and the two children in order to see the last of me these last days. They brought the young coco-nut for me to drink at once; a sack of oranges and three or four hats to take with me. In the street the children wanted pods from a flamboyant tree and Amaru climbed up to get them. He drove me about the town in his spring cart and took me to the field behind Tupuna's house, where there are native houses like a village in the country. The people in them are better off than my wood-chopping friend and his neighbours; they eat as in the country, smoke, joke and sing; but they are out of place. His hostess, a beautiful Mourean, is "wife" to the captain of one of the ships in the harbour, so she knows Maná and Tahiri. As we drove about Amaru mentioned, among other things, sorcery. It is practised more particularly by the Poumotuans. Every other country has some other nationality like this. The British have the Picts; the Russians have the Finns, etc. If you spit on the road, he says, sorcerers and enemies can do something with your spittle to hurt you, and so with any trace of you, for instance, your footprint in the dust of the road, or anything, such as hair, can be used to bewitch a man. This is *tupu*, I learn from How's *Dictionary*.

On one of my last days I went to visit Madame Drollet, senior, with her son Edouard, when she told me *parapores*, sitting under the candlenut-tree in her courtyard.

I also called on Monsieur —, a white Protestant pastor. He and his son, another missionary, told me terrible stories

of the wickedness of the Roman Catholics. The old man trembled with fury and fear when he spoke of them.

I went again to the cinematograph ; it was wild and noisy. I entered during an interval ; girls burst out of the inner room, hung about with roses and other flowers. Tupuna tried to make me drink beer from her glass, and said : " Tu fait ton chichi." Another girl appropriated me, danced me round, led me to a seat and decorated me with all the flowers she was wearing herself. It was pandemonium and I soon fled.

Amaru and his wife came to do my packing for me ; Maná and Tahiri sate on my bed looking on, and two or three natives of the household joined the party.

Later in the day as I look over the ship's side Amaru and his wife and children stand in a row on the wharf weeping. The Drollets are there too. This is August 17th, 1906.

And so I left the island of illusions.

Far has been the wandering of my body in the roads,
I am wet with the drops of rain,
Yet never have I murmured complaint against you.
Do not leave me, O my Tané !

The lily blooms and the *remuna*,
The wind loiters in coming, else had I sailed long since.
I have reached the pass, the reef-pass of Toatá.
This is the end of all our meetings, my little Tané !

EPILOGUE

PAPE-ETE, *Juin* 1907.

NOTRE CHER AMI TIHOTI,—C'est vrai nous nous croyons que vous êtes mort, ou bien tu nous as oublié.

Mais maintenant je vois bien que tu nous as pas oublié parce que tu nous as écrit.

Te Huirā tane et Te Huirā vahine ont été très contents de vous cher Tihoti parce que tu leu avait [leur as fait] des saluts mes sœurs aussi sont très contente aussi.

Cher Tihoti vous vous rappelez toujours de notre cher Tahiti et vous m'écrivez que c'était dous d'être a Tahiti.

Reviens cher Tihoti pour voir encore le beau pays que vous aimiez tant.

Reviens le voir encore une fois.

Oh quand sera heurus de vous voir encore auprès de nous cher Tihoti. Si vous voyiez ou bien si vous écriviez à Aritana vous lui direz que je ne l'ai pas oublié. Vous lui enverrai mes meilleurs souhaits. Je voudrais bien lui écrire mais je ne connais pas son adresse sans ça je lui écrirai. Je me porte bien cher Tihoti. Te parau atu nei. O Te Huirā tane e o Te Huirā vahine. Eorāua outou pauroa. Eo aroha ia Aritana tane.

Nous nous t'embrassons de bon cœur et affectueusement vos cheres amies.

MANÁ ET TAHIRI-I-TE-RAI.

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A few Tahitian words showing common origin with the Melanesian and Malayan and Melagasian Languages found among notes [Ed.].

<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>Melanesian</i>
huruhuru (hair or feathers)	bulu ; vulu, ulu ; <i>Malay</i> , bulu ; <i>Melagasy</i> , volo ; <i>Maori</i> , huruhuru.
rau (leaf)	lau or rau.
utu (louse)	kutu, gut, guta, wutu, wu, <i>pan-Melanesian</i> ; <i>Malay</i> , kutu.
pua'a (pig)	<i>Rotuma</i> puake ; <i>Fiji</i> , vuaka (perhaps from Tongan) ; <i>Fate Sesake</i> , wago.
raau (tree)	kau, gau, vaga : va-kau, the kau = <i>Malay</i> , kayu, wood ; <i>Melagasy</i> , hazo, tree.
vai (water)	wai, fairly common ; <i>Malay</i> , ayes (pape is a brand-new word).
vahine (woman)	vaivine.
iore (rat)	Not in Melanesian, but note that the Melanesians of Fiji have the word for rat in common with the Melagasys.
ia (a fish)	=iga, ig, eg, iga, ika, ia, ie ; <i>Malay</i> , ikau.
rai	= <i>Maori</i> , rangi (sky). <i>Melanesian</i> , rani (rain), lan (wind). <i>Fiji</i> , cagi=(dhangi), wind, atmosphere.
tai	tasi, tahi, tai in Melanesia and Polynesia for salt, sea, etc. Bank Island, tas-mate, sea-dead — <i>i.e.</i> shore on the lee-side of the island (is there not Taimate in Tahite ?).
nui (coco-nut-tree)	Common to all Polynesia and Melanesia. <i>Melagasy</i> , nihiu ; niu, <i>Fiji</i> and others ; ha'ari is not Melanesian.
pepe (butterfly)	beb, peb, bebe.
manu (bird)	<i>pan-Melanesian</i> (<i>Fiji</i> , manumanu = insect in Tahiti ; in Fiji it means beast as well as bird), not in Malay ; but in Malayan Archipelago.
vaa (canoe)	waga agu, aka, vaka, taka, haka, ak, always properly <i>canoes with planks</i> (in Melanesia).

<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>Melanesian</i>
mata (face)	mata.
rao (fly)	lan, lano ; <i>N.Z.</i> , ngaro=rango.
moa (fowl)	<i>Rotuma. N.Z.</i> , moa, the extinct big bird.
rima (hand)	lima ; <i>Malay</i> , lima.
fare (house)	hale, vale, pal, vadhe ; <i>N.Z.</i> , whare ; <i>Malay Archip.</i> , bali bareh.
taurua (double canoe)	<i>cf. Mota</i> , pepe-rua, two canoes, <i>i.e.</i> "butterfly-two."

*Some words showing the peculiarities of the way in which
English and other words are assimilated into Tahitian
[Ed.].*

<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>English</i>	<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>English</i>
√ <i>atiuta</i>	Jew (Judaens)	hotera	hotel
atimarara	admiral	(hanere, hundred (tauatino, thou- sand (mirioni, million	These have dis- placed native words, for the natives also counted up to a million, for which their word was filings, sawdust.
anani	orange		
afa miniti	half-a-minute		
√ <i>afa paina</i>	half-a-pint		
atēni	donkey (asinus)		
√ <i>epitopo</i>	bishop (epis- copus)		
faráoa	flour	hiona	snow
√ <i>faraoa pai</i>	pie-flour— <i>i.e.</i> pastry	Itaria	Italy
√ <i>faraoa pere</i>	flour play— <i>i.e.</i> flour-like play- ing cards— <i>i.e.</i> biscuits	inita	ink
farani	French	muni or moni	money
furu	full hand (cards)	√ <i>te moni manu</i>	bird money— <i>i.e.</i> Chilian dollars
hepetoma	week (Greek)	Momúni	Mormon
horue	haul away!	meri (Mel.)	honey
haniti	harness	√ <i>Materita</i>	Marguerite
√ <i>hapáina</i>	half-pint— <i>i.e.</i> tumbler	mereti	plate
himené	song (hymn)	Monire	Monday
√ <i>heata</i>	hearts (cards)	mátaro	matelot (French)

<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>English</i>	<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>English</i>
mati	match	paniora	Spanish (es- pagnol)
Mariti	(American America	Peretue	King Edward (Prince of Wales)
matete	market	punu	spoon, tin, roof, etc.
maunti	monkey ; but they have their native <i>uri-taata</i> , dog- man	peata (Lat.)	saint (beatus)
naero	nail	pitape	jessamine
niru	needle	Roretona	London
Petania	Pitcairn	rata	letter (epis- tola)
pere	to play cards	pute-rata	letter-purse or letter-pocket
peretei	cricket	rita	letter (litera)
piripou	trousers	rēni	line
pia	beer	rimuni	lemon (actually a shaddock)
perepitero	(priest) pres- byters	Rutirani	New Zealand
pani	pan (sauce-pan)	raita	rice
poti	boat	rota	lock
Peretani	Britain (Eng- lish)	reta	razor
Purutia	German (Prussia)	tuaina	twine
paraitete	blanket	tara	dollar
péretatie	brigadier (French)	tare-tare	caraway
Pipiria	Bible	tatini	stocking
purumu	broom — <i>i.e.</i> privet (used for brooms) ; road, high- road (because it used to be swept)	titapu	jew's-harp
painapo	pine-apple	tuava	guava
pútete	potato	tiurai	July
paina	glass, tumbler, (pint)	Teritera	Stevenson, (R. L.)
peni	paint	tita	cigar
purumu peni	paint-brush	tonitera	consul
puta	book	tetepa	September
paŕia	fork	tavaná	chief (gover- nor)
Pero	Bill	tihóta	sugar
		tapati	Sabbath (Sunday)
		tima	steamer
		tinitóu	Chinese
		ti	tea
		tipáoti	tea-pot
		taote	doctor

<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>English</i>	<i>Tahitian</i>	<i>English</i>
toeta (or taute)	quarter dollar	te hai	" the high "
tiatono	deacon, sacristan		ace (from All Fours)
taimanu	diamonds (cards)	tatauro	cross (Gk.)
tarapu	clubs (cards)	te afa	the half
teata	knave (Jack. cards)	tamano	salmon
		uaitete	waistcoat
		uaina	wine
		uati	watch

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