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NINETEEN YEARS

IN

POLYNESIA:

MISSIONARY LIFE, TRAVELS, AND RESEARCHES

IN

THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

BY

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PREFACE.

HAVING, in the good providence of God, returned on a visit to my native land, after an absence of twenty years, as an ambassador of the British Churches to the heathen, it is natural and right to inquire where I have been, what I have seen and heard, and what I have done. A reply to such questions is the simple design of the following pages.

Missionary life will here be seen in a variety of aspects, and a number of things brought to light respecting the manners, customs, and mythology of the native tribes of Polynesia, which, it is hoped, will prove interesting to the friends of missions, and at the same time contribute to the data, after which many, at the present day, are in search, in studying the comparative history of the human race.



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NINETEEN YEARS IN POLYNESIA.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AND SETTLEMENT AT TANNA.

ON Monday, the 10th of August, 1840, I received my commission from the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and on the following day sailed from Gravesend. The instructions of the Rev. H. Nisbet and myself were, to proceed to Sydney, there to join the missionary brig "Camden," and to make all practicable haste to commence a mission on the island of Tanna, in the New Hebrides. The news had just reached England of the massacre of the Rev. John Williams and his young friend Mr. Harris, on Eromanga. It was quite a shock to the country, nay, to the world, for John Williams was known everywhere. Some were for revenge. "Blow the island to pieces!" said they. But others, whose zeal was under better guidance, bowed the knee, and said, "Father, forgive them;" and, as they prayed for the savages of that distant land, they felt persuaded that the blood of our massacred missionaries would yet prove the seed of a mission and

a church in the New Hebrides, over which earth and heaven would rejoice. Our respected Directors were foremost amongst the zealous to accomplish this glorious object, and my brother Nisbet and myself were hurried off to take up the work, as near as we could to the spot where John Williams laid it down.

The day before Mr. Williams was killed, he landed among the savages of Tanna. Tanna is about twenty miles from Eromanga. Standing on a hill near the entrance to Port Resolution, on the north-east side of Tanna, you look over and see Eromanga on your left; Niua and Futuna right opposite to you, the one fifteen and the other thirty miles distant; and away to the right, about forty miles, is the beautiful pear-shaped island of Aneiteum. Considering the savage state of the people, Mr. Williams had, upon the whole, a good reception when he went on shore at Tanna. At one time he was alarmed when upwards of a hundred men, with clubs, spears, slings, bows and arrows, surrounded the boat, and held fast, as if determined not to let them away, but, by means of presents, kind forbearance, and God's blessing, all ended well, and three Samoans were left to prepare the way for European missionaries. At the close of the day, Mr. Williams was delighted with the success he had experienced in being able to effect a landing at all among such a people; but, alas! the very next day he fell under the clubs of the natives on the beach at Eromanga.

The Eromangans had been cruelly treated by some white men in search of sandal-wood not long

before. Mr. Williams did not know this sufficiently, and ventured on shore, in company with his friend James Harris. They hoped to have intercourse with some of the chiefs, and to arrange for the location of teachers, as had been done the day before at Tanna. Presently there is a shout, and up start a host of savages from behind the bushes, and rush towards the strangers, who were walking unsuspectingly along at distances from each other. Mr. Harris falls at once, and is clubbed and speared to death. Mr. Williams runs, reaches the beach, and rushes into the sea. His murderers are at his heels, striking out with their clubs. He turns round and faces them in the deep water. The first club he turns down, but others rush on. He is surrounded, struck, and dives to escape the blows; but all was in vain. God's time for his death had come. The waves dashed red with blood on the beach, and the missionary career of John Williams was at an end.

The natives tried to get at the boat also, and secure some other victims for their savage feast, but the crew pulled off, and escaped beyond the reach of their arrows and slings.

This was in November, 1839, and, by the following August, we were on board ship and off to the New Hebrides—a proof to these benighted savages of the forgiving spirit of Christianity, and of the unflinching determination of the friends of the Saviour to carry out his dying command, however much opposed by Satan and his heathen servants.

Owing to the great distance, and the difficulty of

getting vessels to take us from place to place, we did not reach our destination till June, 1842. We picked up, however, a good deal of missionary experience at Samoa by the way, learned the Samoan dialect, got the framework of a weather-boarded cottage made, and secured the services of a missionary brother, who had been six years in the field, to help us, for a few months, at the outset of our work.

Some shrewd and experienced missionaries rather opposed our undertaking, and they were perfectly right. They thought it was premature; that we ought to wait a year or two, and see whether Tanna was the most favourable spot to commence operations among such a savage people; and they thought, moreover, that *two* missionaries were not sufficient to make a commencement at *such* a group of islands. Others, again, cheered us on, and it was our own wish to carry out our instructions from the Board in London, to go and see and judge for ourselves. We thought that if we found our teachers alive, that we might live there too. This was all we thought we had a right, as missionaries, to require, viz., a fair prospect that our lives were safe, and that the people did not wish us to go on shore for the mere purpose of getting our bodies for a feast on the following day.

We reached Tanna. Found our Samoan pioneers all safe. Bad accounts, however, of the place as unhealthy, the people great thieves, and constantly at war with neighbouring tribes. We landed freely among them. We observed that all went about armed with clubs, bows and arrows, spears, and slings, but

they seemed all so friendly, that we felt quite as safe, and as much at home as we should do in some parts of the world, where, amid high pretensions to freedom, civilization, and so forth, there is still a great attachment to the bowie-knife and the revolver. "Why do you carry about your club in that way?" I one day asked a native. "Nothing," said he, "just to be ready lest anything should spring up." Then there was something so ludicrous in their painted faces: one would have the one-half of his face smeared with red clay, and the other the plain dark copper skin; another would have the brow and cheeks red; another would have the brow red and the cheeks black; another all the face red, and a round, black, glittering spot on the forehead; and another would have his face black all over. The black all over, by the way, was the sign of mourning. They seemed more like a nation of Merry-Andrews than savages, and, as they appeared so friendly, we could not help feeling at our ease among them, notwithstanding all their display of clubs, spears, bows and arrows. As to clothing, of the men I may say they had none. "Why do you put that paint on your faces?" we would ask, and presently one would smartly reply, "Why do you put these clothes on? This is our way of clothing, that is yours."

Our hearts yearned with compassion over the poor, naked, painted savages; we thanked God that the door for our landing among them seemed so wide open, and made all haste, with our dear wives, to take up our abode on shore. We got six or seven of the

chiefs together, and had a formal meeting with them. They assured us of their anxiety that we should reside among them, and teach them Christianity. They pledged themselves to protect us, as far as they could, in the event of war with the neighbouring tribes, and not to call us to take any part with them in their fighting. They seemed willing to say Yes or No to everything, just as they thought it would please us. And so we landed and commenced our missionary labours at Tanna.

We had not been twenty-four hours on shore, until we found that we were among a set of notorious thieves, perfect Spartans in the trade, and, like the ancient code of Lycurgus, the crime seemed to be, not the stealing, but the being found out. The teacher's house, in which we took up our temporary abode, was but badly shut in, with rough upright sticks from the bush, having spaces here and there which easily let in a finger or two. Before we got all these places filled up, a towel was missed here, a comb there, and a pair of scissors in another place. Nay, the very bed-quilt was caught one afternoon moving off towards a hole, by means of a long stick with a hook at the end of it.

When we spoke to the chiefs about it, begging them to make laws; they would talk loudly, and threaten death to the thief if they could only get hold of him; but it was all a joke, the chiefs were as bad as any of them. I recollect a fellow storming against a thief, and telling us to kill him whenever we got hold of him, and, at the very same moment, he slyly picked

up a big nail with his toes, and slipped it into his hand behind his back. We tried to keep things out of the way, overlooked the most of their petty pilfering, and cheered ourselves with the thought that the day might not be far distant when the Gospel of Christ would take root in that truly "virgin soil," and in due time bring forth its lovely fruits of honesty and righteousness of every kind.

Mr. Nisbet and I, through the kind help of Mr. Hardie, in Samoa, took with us the frame and material for a sixty feet weather-boarded cottage; and for several weeks our time was principally occupied in erecting it. We could get no help from the natives. Day after day they crowded about us to see what was going on. All was new and wonderful to them, and every one seemed to be looking out for something to steal. We could hardly lay a tool out of our hands, and had to carry our hammer, chisel, gimlet, etc., in a belt round the waist. But, with all our care, we were often outwitted.

Many a strange thing happened, while we were working at that house. One morning we observed that the natives who came about were all extra armed, and, by and by, we found that a quarrel was commencing, and that we were apparently in the very midst of a regular native battle. There was first the strife of some fifty tongues. Then clubs were up, and cracking against each other. Some were tightening up their bow-strings, others were fastening on their spear-throwers, and we were all anxiety, of course, to prevent bloodshed. We ran in among them, suc-

ceeded in separating some who had come to blows ; but no sooner had we separated one party, than another were at it. They begged us to go into the house, and let them have out their fight, but we kept among them, went from one to another, and, by and by, got the mob dispersed and bloodshed prevented. It originated in some strangers from a distance, who had been stealing from people in the neighbourhood. Observe, their stealing was not confined to us. At first we wondered how it was that the women, in passing to draw water, or in going to their plantations, had such burdens on their backs. But soon we found out they were obliged to carry about with them all their household valuables, even to the brood of chickens, lest they should be stolen.

Another thing happened soon after we landed at Tanna, which I shall never forget. Two boats one day made their appearance in the bay. They seemed shy and suspicious. Presently they spied Mr. Nisbet and myself working on the roof of our house, and pulled in towards us. Seeing the beach lined with armed natives, they were afraid to venture on shore. We stepped down to the beach and spoke to them. "Are we safe here?" they shouted out. We replied: "Why, yes; you see that we are all safe. If you behave yourselves, you are safe too. But mind, the natives are great thieves, and you must keep everything out of their way, and have no quarrelling with them." They immediately went off and brought in the vessel to the anchorage. It was the American whaling ship "M—z—a," Captain B——, of Sag

Harbour. Next morning, while we were at breakfast, two boats pulled in towards our house. The mate stepped up, and said he wanted to know where vessels usually got wood and water. I went down with him to the beach, and pointed to the place about half a mile along the beach, and again begged him to be careful, and not to be leaving anything exposed, as stealing and quarrelling might be the consequence. About an hour afterwards, we heard a great hooting and yelling at the head of the bay where the boats were, and on running down to the beach, saw in the distance the white men rushing through the surf to their boats, and the natives at their heels striking out after them with their clubs. In a few seconds the boats were clear of the beach, and off to the ship; and, as they seemed to be pulling all oars, we concluded they had all escaped. From natives also, who came running from the spot, we learned that none of the white men were killed. We expected that Captain B—— would have come on shore, and, with our help as interpreters, endeavoured to ascertain whether his men or the natives were most to blame. We expected that he had humanity enough to guard against anything which would endanger the lives of the small party of defenceless missionaries, who had braved, and were still braving, all the perils arising from their position among such a savage people. But instead of this, Captain B—— acted just as one of the worst savages of the New Hebrides might do. He immediately looses his sails, weighs anchor, and fires in upon villages, about five hundred

yards from our house—villages far from the place where the quarrel originated, and who were perfectly free from any concern in it. There were first a number of musket-shots, and then, hugging the land as closely as he could in sailing out of the harbour, he fired several times some large guns. This was an hour of no small alarm, and the more so, as reports reached us that a chief and some of the people of one of the settlements were killed. If this had been the case, what could have been expected but that the people would arm, imitate Captain B——'s example, and seek revenge in the massacre of ourselves? Our fears were soon removed, the report was false, the chief and all the people were safe. No thanks to Captain B——, however. His musket-shots, and the slug from his guns, in the shape of old bolts and bars, which split trees, and tore up the earth, showed what he intended. The people lay down flat on the ground, hid behind stones, or fled to a distance. Some of them came running, and crouched behind our house for safety. We thanked God for our deliverance, and could only think of the conduct of Captain B—— and his crew with abhorrence. We felt ashamed, as we listened to the native accounts of the immoralities of the party from the boats as soon as they got into the bush. Viewing the whole case, that visit of Captain B—— to Tanna in August, 1842, was a disgrace to his country and colour, and needs, I am sure, only to be known in the United States, to meet with the universal condemnation which it deserves.

CHAPTER II.

LABOURS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

By the end of September we were snugly settled in our new cottage, and able to devote our time more exclusively to the work upon which our hearts were bent. We soon picked up the language, so as to conduct religious services without an interpreter, arranged the orthography of the dialect, and got our little printing-press set up. We composed some hymns, and commenced to sing the praises of God at our Sabbath services. Schools, too, for the daily instruction of the people, were set on foot; few, however, would attend. We found that we had a difficult people to deal with. We tried to get some of them to come and live with us as servants, but could not succeed. They would crowd about, and be ready to do any little job, but, in an hour or so, they wished payment in the shape of fish-hooks, or strips of print, and then must be off to their home again. We got one good-natured sort of lad to engage to come regularly every day, and rigged him out with some passable clothing. Next morning he makes his appearance, but in his native costume. We fitted him out again, and charged him not to give away his clothing, but the next morning he came grinning and smiling, just as before, and expecting a fresh set out. But

this could not be continued, and so we had to manage, as best we could, with one or two Samoans we had taken with us.

By giving a prize of some beads to the boy who said his lesson best, we for some time got a number of them daily to school. Mrs. Nisbet and Mrs. Turner found it more difficult to get the girls. The women are more degraded at Tanna than in some other parts of Polynesia. A great deal of plantation work, and other drudgery, devolves upon them, arising, to a great extent, from the fact that the men are almost constantly occupied with war. The ladies succeeded, however, in collecting a number of girls for instruction; and here I had better, for a few lines on that subject, let Mrs. Turner speak for herself: "Finding that the girls had a dread of entering our house, Mrs. Nisbet and I thought we should try to commence school out of doors, hoping that as they got better acquainted with us, they would lose their fears. We intimated our intention of beginning a sewing-school; so, collecting our materials, took our seat under the shade of some trees near the house. The first day, only one scholar summoned courage to come. We thought that better than none, so, having fitted her little finger with a thimble, we began to initiate her into the mystery of sewing patchwork. Some women gathered round, curious to see this new wonder. Little Maui was gravely trying to do her best, when the spectators suddenly burst out into a laugh, upon which our little pupil started up, dashed down her work and thimble, burst

through the surrounding circle, and fled with the speed of a frightened hare, leaving us looking blank at the issue of our first attempt at school-keeping. The girls soon, however, collected round us, and got so fond of needlework, that we were astonished how quickly they found out the superiority of a fine needle, and would beg for one, saying that the coarse needle spoiled their work."

After the novelty of the first Sabbath or two, there was no getting a congregation. The people there were of the anti-Sabbatarian class, who wished all the advantages of being Christians, without the labour—they could not spare the Sabbath at all. The festivities and night-dancing connected with the yam harvest were hardly over; the planting season was commencing; another war was threatened by some inland tribes, and, somehow or other, Satan always managed to persuade them that it was too great a sacrifice to give up a day to God so often. Besides, they thought that as their own gods (the deified spirits of their ancestors) only required special prayers and offerings *once* or twice *a-year*, they might venture to make less than a whole day once every seven suffice for this new deity. Like the ancient Samaritans, they still held on to their old superstitions and spirit worship. They tried various schemes to please us, and to satisfy their very slender conscience of religious duty. They thought, like some more civilized religionists, that a great deal might be done by proxy. In reply to the question, "Why were you not at the service to-day?" one

would say, "Was not my wife there?" or, "Was not the chief of our village there?" or a third would reply, "Was not my little boy there?" It was our regular custom, after sermon, to go away for hours, among the highways and hedges, villages and plantations, searching for those who had not been at the service. Some would answer as I have just mentioned; others would say they did not know it was the Sabbath, and promise to stop working, but often it was only until our back was turned. I went round by another road, one day, upon a canoe-builder, who had just promised faithfully to drop work for the Sabbath, and found him hard at work again. He threw down his adze, covered his face with his hands, and then looked up and said, in a sorrowful whine, that he was very bad, that he would now give up work for the day, and not go on breaking the Sabbath. Bad as they were in this Sabbath-breaking, they were always ready to listen to what we had to say, and often, in a plantation, have we had preaching and prayer with a group of ten or twelve.

We itinerated, also, during the week, but we were never able to go further than four or five miles from our house. Soon after we landed, a few came from some other tribes to see us, and as we formed their acquaintance, our hearts yearned over them in their deplorable ignorance. One would say, "I am a sacred man; I made that rain to fall a little ago." Another would ask whether we had lived up in the skies with God? who was God's father? and

how many children he had? Or a third, pointing to the portrait hanging on the wall, would gravely ask, "Is that Jehovah?" All were glad when we said we intended to go and see them, and teach them the way to heaven. As soon, therefore, as we got our house in order, we were all anxiety to fulfil our promises, and visit some of these tribes in midnight darkness not many miles from our door.

But, to our grief and amazement, we found that we were hedged in on all sides. After preaching at one village, and wishing to go on to the next, a mile or so distant, all would forbid it, and say, "No; you must not go there, they will kill you." Seeing us determined to proceed, sometimes a few would lift their clubs, seize a spear or two, and accompany us, evidently thinking that they were risking their lives every step they took. At other places no one would dare to join in going beyond a certain boundary. But on we went, as often alone as otherwise, and, generally, the kindness of the hostile tribes was only surpassed by their amazement that we had ventured so far to see them. We became quite familiar with the stereotyped phrase, "Don't go there, they are bad people, they will kill you," and seldom paid much attention to it. We did not, however, go far; for, in addition to our being all but held fast by the people, and prevented, lest we should be killed, we found that those tribes, at distances of but four and five miles from our house, spoke quite a different dialect. In what a melancholy, isolated, hostile state these people have been living, all over the

island, from time immemorial. Seeing our way thus blocked up on all sides, we felt more than ever that there was an error in commencing *such* a mission with only *two*. Had there been six, instead of two, stationed at distances of ten or twelve miles from each other, the one might have worked on to the hostile boundary of the other, and, ere long, we might have seen the whole island lighted up with the glorious gospel of salvation, peace, unity, and love.

CHAPTER III.

HOSTILITIES AND DIFFICULTIES.

As we awoke one morning, we heard an unusual stir and shouting, and, on looking out, saw the natives hurrying past with their clubs and spears, and talking about war. Presently we found that a chief in the neighbourhood had been killed by a party from a tribe a few miles off, who had been lurking about for a victim as the signal to renew a former war. We made all haste, and went off too, thinking we might possibly be able to mediate, and get the affair settled without further bloodshed. We soon reached the settlement of the poor man who had just been killed, and in the centre of the village there was a most affecting scene. The men were all off to the battle; but there were some thirty or forty women, with their children, rending the air with the most doleful wailing over the dead body of their chief. He was laid out on a mat in a reclining posture, with his face painted red, and supported in the arms of his wife. We expressed our sympathy, felt the region of the heart, and found the poor man was quite dead. He had a great spear-hole in his left cheek, and, as his wife raised a covering which had been put on his head, we saw that his skull had been beaten in by a club. The women implored us

not to go further, lest anything should happen to us; but we went on a mile or two, until we were close up to the yells and hootings of their savage fight. I climbed a tree, and looked ahead a bit, but the bush concealed what was going on. Here, however, a number of the chiefs came running to us. We found that it was vain that day to attempt any interview with the enemy, and, at the entreaties of our people, returned, lest we should get mixed up in the affray, and wounded unintentionally by some arrow, or stone from a sling. All that we could do was to beg our people only to act on the defensive, and pray that God might avert the threatened calamity. We knelt down in the bush, and prayed with them and for them, that further bloodshed might be prevented, bade them good-bye, and then returned home to our dear wives, who were waiting our arrival with no measured anxiety and suspense.

For four months this sad war went on, and the end of it was, that war was raised against ourselves. After they had been fighting for months among themselves, contrary to all our entreaties, God commenced to punish them with a deadly epidemic in the form of dysentery. Just about this time we discovered that there was a number of the disease-makers, who live near the volcano, deliberating on our destruction, and seriously wishing to kill us. They found, like Demetrius, that their craft was in danger; they were always prowling about on the look-out for the skin of a banana, or other refuse of food. Anything of that sort they picked up,

took it home, did it up in a leaf like a cigar, only twice as long, and then commenced burning it at the one end. They supposed that whenever the burning commenced the person to whom it belonged took ill, and that if the burning went on until all was consumed, the person died. We saw that this had a fearful hold on the minds of the people. Whenever a person felt ill, a shell was blown, and they would keep on blowing it for hours. It was meant as a call, or a prayer, to the disease-makers to stop burning the rubbish, and a promise that parties were getting ready to go off with presents to them. Pigs and fine mats would be sent. Some of the craft were sure to receive them, and to say, "Oh, yes, we know all about it, leave it with us; we will stop the burning, and the sick man shall live." If the person died, they concluded that the disease-makers were not satisfied with the presents sent.

This was an immense source of wealth to these crafty fellows. Any one can easily imagine their rage, when they found that some of the people about us when they were ill, instead of blowing the shell and sending presents, got a dose of medicine and recovered. We did not know that they were seriously contemplating to put us out of the way, and continued going about freely among them.

One day Mr. Nisbet and I, accompanied by a Samoan, set out intending to penetrate beyond the Volcano Valley, and visit some of the tribes there. We could not get a chief, or a native of any kind,

from our neighbourhood, to go with us. They, as usual, entreated us not to go, lest we should be killed. We crossed the bay in our canoe, and then had only a distance of four miles to go over the mountain to the Volcano Valley. As we passed through some of the villages on the mountain, the people urged us not to go further. We, at the same time, smiled at their fears, and tried to get them to join us. We managed to persuade a friendly old chief, called Teman, to accompany us; but he was uneasy about it every step of the way, and was every now and then bringing up the subject, and saying, "Now, don't let us go beyond the mountain."

We got down into the valley, and reached a village called Iarofi. At the outskirts of the place, Teman took his stand, and would not move a step further. Mr. Nisbet and I, accompanied by our Samoan, went freely forward, and were presently in the midst of their *forum*, or *marum*, as they call it, viz., an open circular space in every village, where the chiefs assemble for business, under the shade of a great banian-tree. We found a number of people there, and thought they looked shy. We sat down beside an old chief, talked with him and the people who crowded about, gave a few trifling presents, and then got up, saying that we wished to go on a village or two further, and that we should call again on our way back. On this they were all on their feet, and implored us not to go further. Our old friend Teman, seeing us sitting quietly in the

marum and giving them presents, had ventured forward, and he, too, was now more urgent than ever that we should not go beyond that place. Ratobus was the next village, not more than a quarter of a mile distant. "Come, come," we said, "let us go on to Ratobus. Show us the road; we have friends there who have visited us, and we have promised to go and see them." Not one would join us; nay, they all but put out their hands to hold us back.

We had only advanced a few steps, when we saw a young man about a stonecast ahead of us, with a club in the one hand, and waving with the other for us to go on; and calling out, "Come on, I will show you the way." We were rather glad to fall in with this young fellow, although it turned out that he was an enemy. We walked on, and were soon in the middle of the marum of Ratobus. There we recognized some old faces, who appeared glad to see us, but others were dark and shy. We sat down on an old canoe which had been turned bottom upwards for a seat, and begged them to assemble around us, and have a little conversation. Some sat down, others stood, and a number remained in groups in the distance in earnest talk, and looking unfriendly and suspicious. We gave all of those around us a small present of a pair of scissors, or a few fish-hooks or beads; tried to tell them about Christ, and death, and heaven; and then wound up all by proposing that we should all unite in prayer to the true God. A number of them

bowed the knee, and I knelt down also, closed my eyes, and prayed. While I was addressing them, the fellow who showed us the road slipped round, with his club in the one hand and his kawas in the other, and took up his position close behind me. I did not observe it, but Mr. Nisbet was on the watch. It went like an arrow to his heart that the fellow was bent on mischief, and so he edged round, and kept his eye upon him. When I knelt down to pray, the fellow threw his kawas on the ground, and grasped his club with both hands; but God had more work for me to do, the blow was not struck. Humanly speaking, it was Mr. Nisbet that saved me, and I shall never forget his courageous, God-trusting conduct at that awful moment. He showed no alarm, but, instead of kneeling down, stood still, and stared at the fellow all the time I was praying. When I rose from my knees, I heard a gruff voice over my shoulder, saying, "Give me some beads for showing you the way." "This is an impudent fellow," I remarked to Mr. Nisbet, "but we had better not have any words with him;" and so I put my hand into my pocket, and gave him a few beads. We thought there was an unusual shyness among the most of the people, and decided not to go any further, for that day at least. We told them to come and visit us, and hear more about Jesus and the way to heaven. Turning into the road, we left the village, followed for a little way by a number of the more friendly of them.

At Iarofi, our old chief, Teman, was standing

anxiously waiting our return. We shook hands with several of the people there again, and passed on. At the end of the village, whom did I see all on a sudden, a little to the left, but the same rough fellow who asked for the beads, just going to let fly his kawas at my head! The kawas is a long piece of stone, which they throw with deadly precision when they are within twenty yards of their victim. An old woman rushed at the fellow, and seized him by the arm. Good, kind old body! I recognized her as one who seemed unusually friendly with us an hour before, and to whom we had given a pair of scissors. The fellow had his club in his other hand, and was struggling to get away, when a younger woman rushed out of a house, and seized his other arm. This was all the work of an instant. I made a sort of halt. Old Teman darted in between me and the fellow, and, in a loud earnest whisper, said, "Go on, go on!" Looking over my shoulder, and seeing Mr. Nisbet all safe, but a few yards behind, and surrounded by some friendly-looking people, I thought it best to take old Teman's advice, and pass quietly on, as if nothing had happened.

As soon as we were clear of the village, and into the bush, I said to Mr. Nisbet, "Did you see what that fellow was after?" "Who?" "The fellow who showed us the road, and asked so impudently for the beads. Didn't you see them holding him there by the side of the road?" A house close by the road had concealed this from Mr. Nisbet; but now he proceeded to tell me what consternation he

had been in on account of the very same fellow, while I was kneeling in prayer at Ratobus. All the way up and over the mountain, Teman kept talking about it, and told everybody we met that we had been all but killed. We tried hard to find out why the young man wished to kill us. We never had seen him before to our knowledge, and we were all the more anxious to get at the bottom of it. It turned out that there were two of them in the plot, but we could never ascertain anything further than that they thought the new religion was doing two things : first, increasing their diseases ; and, secondly, decreasing the gains of their own disease-making.

It was not until some time after this that we found out, that the same people had killed and cooked three of the natives of our very neighbourhood not long before we landed, for no other reason than that they had received a foreign religion, which they believed would be a fresh source of disease. Had we known this, we should not have ventured so soon among them. However, after it was all over, we did not regret that we had gone freely among them, and showed them all the kindness we could.

Our people were in a ferment when they heard that such attempts had been made on our lives, talked about war, revenge, and so on. Of course we opposed all this, and begged them rather to try and get the guilty parties to come and have a friendly interview with us, that we might render good for evil, and remove, if possible, any cause of anger. Our people again insisted that we keep to

our own district, and never go to the distance again. And so the affair passed off.

Here again we felt our helplessness, and that the mission ought to have been commenced with double the number of missionaries, and a good band of native pioneers as well, to occupy these distant places, and, under God, nip in the very bud these heathen prejudices, which were beginning to work so mightily against us.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED OPPOSITION.

IN the strength of God, we buckled afresh and struggled on, still going as far in the distance as we could. We generally went together in the weekdays, but on Sabbaths we separated, that we might go over as much ground as we could. A Sabbath or two after the occurrence just related, I took the hill on the one side of the bay, and Mr. Nisbet the mountain on the other side. While I was among the villages about mid-day, a stir got up, and I saw men setting off in a hurry, with their clubs and spears, talking about fighting. The war was still going on, and some were drafted off every day, to guard the boundary, and fight if attacked. Some said they were fighting close by our house; others said no, that it was further inland; and that some of our people were being killed there; and so I cut short my work, and hurried down the hill home. All was quiet. I felt anxious about Mr. Nisbet, but said nothing to the ladies. I took the glass and looked across the bay, and felt relieved by seeing him and the two Samoans, who went with him, getting into their canoe all ready to return.

As Mr. Nisbet came in, he looked dull and sad. "What is the matter?" said I. "We have got into

another difficulty. Jamie has been nearly killed, and just on the mountain over there, where we thought all were so friendly." Jamie was our assistant printer, and had accompanied Mr. Nisbet that morning. On reaching a village they found some two or three hundred people assembled. Mr. Nisbet did not know what they had met for, but as he walked on to where some of the principal men were, he congratulated himself on having pounced in upon so many of them, and was hoping for a good congregation. All on a sudden, he saw a party of fifty or sixty of them get up and run off. He looked round, and there was Jamie struck on the left temple and bleeding. It turned out that when Mr. Nisbet made his appearance, one of the priestcraft party got up with his club, bent on mischief. He first went behind Mr. Nisbet; but just at that moment Mr. Nisbet stepped aside to shake hands and say, "How do you do?" to a chief whom he recognized sitting with some others. This scared the fellow with the club. He then slipped back to Jamie, who was following, and when he got behind him, wheeled round, struck him on the head, and ran off. All his party ran off with him, and when they were a stonecast in the distance, they stood still, to see, probably, whether any of the rest had courage to back them in their purpose, and kill the whole three of them. All was now in an uproar. Some scolding the fellows who were standing in the distance; others assuring Mr. Nisbet that they had no hand in it; and others crowding about Jamie,

who was streaming with blood. The women, too, came running to the spot, and broke out in their howling death-wail, thinking that Jamie was mortally wounded. It would have been madness to have remained a minute longer. Jamie was able to walk, and, followed by a crowd of friendly natives, Mr. Nisbet, with Jamie and our other servant, Taume, made all haste back to the canoe, and came across. For four days we were anxious about poor Jamie, but God blessed the means used for his recovery, and ere long he was well again.

This was another dark chapter to us. It was evident that the priesthood were still intent on our destruction. We thought we were safe if we only kept away from the valley where we were nearly killed a fortnight before, but now it was plain that these fellows had the hardihood to strike a blow anywhere, and were allowed to do what they pleased. We could get no further light on the cause of their anger. They said they wished to kill us, because our presence there was certain to make their coughs worse. It is worthy of remark, that, apart from this priestcraft altogether, there was a firm belief among all, that of late years, since they had visits from white men, their influenza epidemics were far more frequent and fatal than they used to be. This impression is not confined to Tanna; it is, if I mistake not, universal throughout the Pacific. Although, however, the priesthood gave the fear of disease as their reason, we felt convinced that a principal cause of their hatred, was the belief, that if

Christianity prevailed, their craft was ruined. Our people were sad about this further attempt on our lives, were clamorous about seeking revenge, and were now more urgent than ever that we should keep at home. "Did not we tell you they would kill you if you go there? You must never go again!"

As the new year set in, our difficulties increased. Dysentery broke out with great virulence, and cut off many. It raged fearfully among our enemies, and, what was further remarkable, the people in the immediate neighbourhood of our house were quite free from the disease. The priestcraft party concluded that we were doing it all, and were now more savage than ever, and determined to kill us. We sent them medicine, and did all we could think of to show them kindness, but in vain.

One afternoon we were sent for to visit a sick chief, about a mile from our house. We thought all were our friends there, and Mr. Nisbet and I at once went. He was ill, and apparently dying. They had him laid out under the shade of a banian-tree, and surrounded by his friends. He was weak, and could not speak above a whisper. I stooped down to talk with him, and so did Mr. Nisbet. He had often attended our services. After trying to lighten up the dark valley to him, with thoughts of Christ and heaven, I rose up again. Just as I got to my feet, something gleamed in my left eye. I turned round, and shall never forget the fiendish half-smile, half-grin of that fellow as he eyed me, apparently scared

in his horrid intention. Whether he intended to strike while I was stooping down, or what, I hardly know; but his tomahawk was *up*, and as my eye caught his, he raised the other hand as if merely looking at it, and feeling its edge. I said nothing, but it struck me there was something wrong. We had just said to the chief that we should go and make up some medicine for him, and so Mr. Nisbet and I bade them good-bye, and walked down the hill, and along the beach home. We observed groups here and there, and saw, as we were leaving the settlement, some hurried message going from one to another, but neither Mr. Nisbet nor I expressed to each other any suspicion. Two years after, when visiting the island, I found out that that very afternoon a plot was laid to kill us, and the reason they gave for not having done it was, that Mr. Nisbet and I *ran* and escaped. That was false, for we walked slowly home all the way. I thought the people looked shy, and I could not get the axe out of my mind for days, but I said nothing.

That poor chief died. Dysentery continued, but principally in the distance among our enemies. In the midst of all the war was going on. Our people were getting the upper hand, but one day they killed some who were connected with the mountain people, opposite our house. Up to this time the mountain party had been all but neutral, and we went freely among them, but now the scale was turned. Suffering from dysentery too, and angry at our people, they joined the enemy. The priestcraft party did

the same, and all were now banded together for the double purpose of killing us, and conquering the people among whom we lived.

At this time a vessel called and remained for a few days. The captain kindly offered to take us off the island, but we had no idea of leaving. We were determined to hold on, while there was the least vestige of hope that our lives might be spared. We thought that the dysentery after a time would abate, and that, under God's blessing, there might be a reaction in our favour. We knew that no strange thing had happened to us. Satan is sure to dispute every inch of his territory, and missionaries must expect many a struggle, especially at the outset of a mission among a race of cannibals.

CHAPTER V.

COUNCIL TO PUT US TO DEATH.

WE had now to be exceedingly careful. Our enemies were to the right and left of us; also on the mountain across the bay, opposite our house. There were only a few in the villages, up the hill, behind our house, upon whom we could look as our friends. One day a messenger came from the mountain, on the opposite side of the bay, to say that the people were assembled on the beach with a lot of yams to sell; that, owing to the war, they were afraid to come over, and that they wished us to send across our large canoe to buy them. The fellow, too, seemed particularly anxious that Mr. Nisbet and I should go over at the same time, and pay them a visit, so much so, that our suspicions were roused. Thinking, however, that it might possibly be an opportunity of showing good feeling, we gave our servants some calico and fish-hooks, and sent them across in the canoe. We begged them to show all the kindness they could, but at the same time to keep a sharp look-out, and on no account to land.

I watched them closely with my glass, as they approached the opposite shore. It is a shelving, rocky place, with deep water close in to the beach. I saw a move, a rush, and the canoe pulling back

into deep water. They held on a little, and then returned home. They said that when they reached the other side, they saw but few yams piled on the rocks, in proportion to the number of people. As they were deliberating what to do, a rush was made at the canoe, but they pulled back instantly into deep water. The plot was now all out. The bush behind was filled with armed men; and who was at the head of them but old *Temán!* The very man who risked his life for us when we were nearly killed at Iarofi, a few weeks before. But, alas! he had become traitor, too; and, what was more remarkable still, he was seized with dysentery, and in four days from the attempt on the canoe, he was in his grave.

The sudden death of *Temán* made the priestcraft party more clamorous than ever, that *we* had the power of life and death, and were killing them with dysentery. "Look at themselves," said they, "they are all well, and the people who pray with them are all well, and we are all dying." It was certainly a remarkable fact that our immediate neighbourhood was so free from the epidemic, and in our own family we had but one case, and that of a mild form. But God's care of us in preserving us from savage violence was more striking still. Parties of the priesthood were now lurking in our neighbourhood, night and day. The wonder is, they did not burn our house; but, for one thing, they were afraid of a couple of dogs which we kept loose at night, and which gave instant alarm. One night a

party of four came, and lay down to watch near the garden-gate. They knew that we took a walk sometimes in the moonlight, along the beach. The gate opened, and some one, as they thought, came out. They were on their feet in an instant. One threw a spear, another let fly his kawas, and then they listened, expecting to hear a shriek or a fall. Not hearing anything, they concluded it was a ghost, turned, and ran for their lives. That very party was seized with dysentery, and we were told that the whole four died.

Our priestcraft enemies, seeing that they could not succeed by stratagem, took a more desperate course. They had now mustered a party two thousand strong, and determined to come in a body, and demand our people to join them in an open attack upon us, so as to do the horrid work completely, and at once. That was a memorable morning. We observed an unusual stir, and saw a number of strange faces passing the gate, and up the hill by the road close to our fence; all looking shy, and all extra armed; but the bulk of the people poured into the district by a back road, and were met up the hill behind our house, before we knew anything about it.

Presently in comes a message from our chief Viavia, entreating us all to keep in-doors, that a party had come wishing to kill us, and that they were all mustering to deliberate about it. What were we to do? To go up the hill, and try to reason and remonstrate, or what? No, that would be

wilfully rushing to our massacre. We felt that we could do nothing but *pray*, and that, we soon found, was everything. We divided ourselves into two parties. Our Samoan servants retired to their house, and Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, Mrs. Turner, and myself were together in our own house, and there we wrestled with Him in whose service we were, and whose voice it is the missionary's privilege ever to hear say, "Lo! I am with you."

While we were praying, our enemies were haranguing our people on the hill behind our house, urging them to join in the massacre. Presently the sun was darkened, blackness gathered all around, and one of those sudden tropical squalls came tearing along, with its lightning, thunder, wind, and torrents of rain. This was all in our favour. The murderous council was being held out of doors. Our savage enemies could not contend with the storm. Nor could they retire to a house; no house was large enough to hold a fiftieth part of them; and hence they were forced to hurry their business to a close. After stating their wishes, only one of our people had courage to stand up in our defence. It was our stedfast old friend Kuanuan, a chief of secondary rank. "What harm," said he, "have the missionaries done? They are not disease-makers. They are true men of the true God. They love the whole of us, and have come here to live for our good. Give up your rage and wicked designs. Go down and get some medicine from the missionaries for your sick friends, and let us all unite in

the worship and service of Jehovah, the true God. This will make us all prosperous and happy." The enemy gnashed their teeth at him, and muttered revenge for his daring to oppose them.

The final question was now put to Viavia, the principal chief of our district, and he was called upon to say *yes* or *no*. All eyes were turned to him. They thought that he would quail before the assembled priesthood, and yield; but he, too, dared to stand by us. He sat for a while, with his head down, in silence—a sign of anger—and then spoke out in a word or two of curt, abrupt displeasure. "If," said he, "you have it in your hearts to kill the missionaries, go and do so *yourselves*. I will have no hand in it." On this they all got up in a rage, and, as the storm of wind and rain was now fairly on, they hurriedly agreed to break up for the day. Some came running down the hill, past the house, and off home; others prowled about for a while behind our premises, to see whether any of us were out, and off our guard; and the rest hastened away by the back road.

As we prayed together while the meeting was going on, we felt calm and composed with the thought that the LORD reigneth, and not our priestcraft enemies. We felt sure that no hand could be lifted against us without *His* permission. And we believed that, if, for reasons unknown to us, but in accordance with the inscrutable designs of our Lord and Master, that day was to be our last, *his* service was infinitely worthy of the sacrifice. On rising

from our knees, after our second prayer, the darkness surprised us. I looked out to the mouth of the harbour, and saw that a squall was coming on. It seemed so emblematical of our circumstances! It was on all at once, and, as the thunder roared, we could not but hear it as the frowning voice of the Omnipotent against those who were plotting our destruction. Presently we heard the running tread of natives coming down the hill, behind the house. What is it? Are they coming to kill us? No. "They are passing. There they go, helter-skelter, through the rain, as if on their way home." We were afraid to venture out to make inquiry. An armed party, who had been sitting on the beach a little to the left of our house, waiting the result of the deliberations, also got up and made off to the bush, and this also led us to conclude that the decision had, for the time at least, been in our favour. We waited on till four in the afternoon, and then in came our old friend Kuanuan. He was downcast and sad, and from his account of the meeting, it appeared evident that the enemy had gone off in a rage, only to plot some other scheme.

Mr. Nisbet and I set to work at once to overhaul the boat, and get all ready to lift it into the water. In the evening we packed up a few things, and now, for the first time, seriously thought of leaving. What could we do? Upwards of two thousand people banded together, and determined to be our murderers. Everything seemed to combine in saying *go*. But *where* were we to go? This was the

difficulty. We felt that we needed a council of a hundred to advise us. But again we fell back upon God, and were comforted by the thought that He would make up for all lack of earthly help and counsel.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR DECLARED.

WE had our house watched for the night. In the morning we made up a number of presents, and sent them to ten or twelve of the principal men in our immediate neighbourhood. We gave to each a regatta shirt, and some other useful things, and said that it was an expression of our gratitude for their kindness to us, in rejecting the wicked proposal of these cruel men the day before. We knew that some of them had shown the cloven foot, and were about as ready to join Kasurumene in killing us, as to take our side, and stand by us. We took no notice of that, however. The present, of course, was acceptable. All renewed their expressions of attachment to us, and their determination to stand by us to the last. But still some had the honesty to add—"What *are* we to do? The people are all dying."

The next day was the Sabbath. Crowds came to the service. It flashed across our minds that some of the enemy might be lurking about there, as we had been told that they had the Sabbath in view as a good opportunity of striking a blow, while we were off our guard at a religious service. We did not, however, wish to show anything unusual, and

so off we went to our little chapel, about a gunshot from our house. No disturbance took place; and we were delighted to have such a good opportunity of again preaching Christ to so many of them. The present was one reason why so many came out that day to the service; but there was another, which came out with fearful prominence in the afternoon. In general, we had but few at the afternoon service; that afternoon, however, we had an unusual turnout. They kept coming all the time of the service, and were all extra armed.

It was not until the service was over, and until we were outside among them, that we knew that a party of the enemy had again come. It seemed as if they had fixed on that very afternoon to make a fresh, but a more clandestine, attempt on our lives; and here we had another remarkable instance of God's care over us. Our people had got the hint in some way of what was in the wind, and hastened to the spot, so that when the enemy came, they found that we were surrounded by sixty or seventy armed men. Whenever we got outside the chapel we saw that there were among the crowd a number of these Kasurumene fellows. What were we to do? Were we to run, or stay and speak with them, or pass quietly on without taking any notice of them? We thought the last the wisest course. I gave Mrs. Turner my arm. Mr. Nisbet did the same to Mrs. Nisbet; and we walked on at our usual pace towards our house. We immediately heard behind us angry voices, the hubbub of rising strife, and

that miserable, ever-recurring word in their savage disputes, "Maruāngen, maruāngen, maruāngen!"—War, war, war!

Some of our chiefs soon followed us into the house. They said the party who had come were threatening an immediate war on the whole district. By way, too, of an excuse for their appearance, they said they had come to get some medicine. We took them at their word, and made up some fifty useful powders. Our chiefs were afraid, and would not allow us to go out to them. We stood, however, in the doorway, and said a few words as we handed out the medicine, and begged them to come for more.

But, alas! it was *blood*, not medicine, they wanted. In half an hour they had under their clubs a poor unoffending boy, belonging to our people, and beat him to death. This was a declaration of war, and their usual savage way of doing it. It came out, also, that one of the two men who killed the boy was the very Narimeta who was on the eve of letting fly his kawas at my head, not long before, at Iarofi. They said that, as they could not get at *us*, they would begin with the people who protected us, and fight their way through them until they reached us.

Next morning, all our people were in arms, and, by sunrise, we heard their heavy tread coming down the hill behind our house. There they were in a string, with Iāru at their head. Iāru was an old hero of a hundred fights, blind of an eye, close upon

eighty years of age, but still erect and energetic; he remembered Cook, who visited them sixty-nine years before. They all mustered in front of our house, and wished Mr. Nisbet and myself to go out and speak with them. Mr. Nisbet and I put on our hats, and went out. "We have come," they said, "to see what is to be done about this war. It is all on your account. We wish you to help us. Are we to be killed when you can save us? Are they to be allowed to come and burn our villages when you can keep them back? We wish you to come and help us with your gun, as it is your war, and, with you on our side, we are sure of success."

Viewed from their point, it was perfectly natural they should make this request. A single musket was at that time an army in itself. We had no fire-arms of our own. Mr. Heath, our missionary brother from Samoa, who had been living with us for a few months, had a fowling-piece, for collecting specimens of birds. That he had left in our charge, while he went on a visit to England; and it was this the natives had in their eye.

Mr. Nisbet and I replied—"No; we cannot join you in this war. We are not fighting men, such as you see in ships of war. We would rather die ourselves than be the murderers of others. We have come to teach you about God, and the way to heaven. We have done no harm to any one. *We* are the injured party in this affair, and it is your business to do all you can to prevent any one from injuring us. Remember, you all promised, when you asked us to

live here, that you would protect us, and that, on war breaking out, you would never ask us to join in it." This last remark touched the right chord. They hung their heads, and whispered to each other, "It is quite true. We said that. We promised never to ask them to fight."

Again, however, they tried to gain their point. "If," said one, "you do not wish to go with us, just let us have the gun, and one of your Samoan *servants* to fire it, and that will do." "No, no, we cannot do that; that would be all the same as going ourselves. We cannot do it," was our reply. We then gave them a bit of print, a hatchet, a knife, a pair of scissors, and some beads, as a present to the father of the lad who had been killed, and begged them not to retaliate, but to do all they could think of to prevent further bloodshed. They saw it was in vain to try any longer to get the gun, promised merely to act on the defensive, and off they went to the village where the boy had been killed.

That day there was no fighting; but next morning, which was Tuesday, the enemy came, and the fighting commenced in a place in the bush, about three miles from our house. But few fall in these bush fights; many, however, are wounded, and often they linger for weeks, and die of their wounds. Our people kept united, gave spear for spear and arrow for arrow, and in the afternoon the enemy retreated for the day. None of our people were killed; but it cut us to the heart to see the wounded, and to hear them calling it *our* war. We were especially

grieved to see old *Wellington* Iāru carried past among them; but his arrow wound was slight. Close behind the wounded came our old friend Kuanuan, downcast and sad. He told us that the enemy, recognizing him, had shouted all sorts of abusive language. They said he was the cause of all the disease and death, and one with the missionaries; and wound up all by making a rush at him. He was all but taken, and only escaped by *throwing back his club*. This is one of the most humbling things a chief can do, and the enemy rejoices over the club as if they had got the life of its owner as well. They were especially pleased to get Kuanuan's club, and went off, at the close of the day's fighting, shouting out to our people, "We have got the *club* of the missionaries to-day; we shall have themselves to-morrow."

We got Kuanuan to come in. He seemed now to be the only friend in whom we felt confidence. Lahi and others were beginning to look shy, and to keep away. We arranged with Kuanuan to be off by dawn to some of his friends, and, through them, to send a message from us to the Kasurumene priesthood to reconsider, and give up the fight, promising them a present, expressive of our friendship, if they did.

After sundown, we seriously considered whether we could not be off to sea in our boat and canoe, in the hope of reaching some other island. But it was out of the question. The sea was high, and the wind right for Eromanga. We were completely

hedged in, and saw that we could do nothing but commit ourselves afresh to the Divine care, and pray for a speedy deliverance from the anxieties of our distressing position.

Next morning, all our people were off by day-break to the fight. They met at the same place, but now the enemy had additional forces. Old Kuanuan was true to his commission; but by the time he reached the place he found that the very party he had hoped to get to mediate had joined the enemy.

This was another anxious day. From a window in our house we could see with our glass the very spot where they were fighting. A number of the old men had gathered about the corner of our garden fence, in earnest conversation, and looking out, like ourselves, for any signs of advance or retreat on the part of our people. About two o'clock, up went the smoke and the flames at the village of Raumia—a sure sign that the enemy were advancing. Towards evening, the people returned from the day's fighting, and brought a dismal tale. They said, that after some hours' skirmishing, and seeing the enemy was making advance, one of our own chiefs, named Sai, turned traitor. He was taking the lead for the day, in the place of Viavia, who was sick; and hoping that all the rest, at the spur of the moment, would blindly follow him, he shouted to the enemy, "Come on, I am with you. Let us stop this fighting, all join together, kill the missionaries, and end the war."

“No! no!” shouted Lahi and Auniuan. “We have *promised* to protect the missionaries; let us fight for them still.” And there they quarrelled.

The enemy were on the alert. They saw that our people were divided, came rushing on, took Raunia, and set fire to the houses. This enraged our people. They rallied, again faced the enemy, but were still unable to hold their ground. Night, however, came to our aid. Both parties retreated; the enemy exulting over their success, and our people, dispirited, divided, and at their wits’ end to know what to do.

The chiefs Lahi and Auniuan came to see what was to be done. They were fresh from the fight, and furious as tigers. Auniuan foamed at the mouth, stormed against the enemy, and against Sai, too, who wished to lead all down to our massacre; and wound up all by saying that they *must* now have our gun. “It is for you,” said he, “that we are fighting; we are driven; we are losing our plantations, our houses, and our lives. Only one day more, and everything will be burned on to this house. You *must* let us have that gun.” We were quite decided, and immediately replied, “No; the gun you shall not have. We have not come here to fight. We will not, we dare not, let you have it. Do not ask for it again.” “Then you will be all killed,” was the instant reply. “Let them come,” we immediately added: “let them come and kill us; we are ready to die rather than kill them. Our souls, when we die, will go to heaven, and be happy there for

ever; but it will be a sad thing for those who kill us. God sees, and God will punish."

On this they cooled down a little. The one whispered to the other, "Their hearts are strong; they are not afraid to die. If they are killed, by and by we shall all die." They made another onset for the gun, but again we firmly refused. They saw our minds were quite made up, and off they went.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR FLIGHT.

ALL looked dark. It was night, and our staunch old friend Kuanuan had not made his appearance. We afterwards heard he was busy bundling up his little property, and removing his pigs to another village, as it seemed certain his own settlement would be the first to go next day. What was now to be done? Never did we feel more at a loss to know the Divine will. The only visible hope of safety on the coming day seemed to be to fire on the enemy. What were we to do? Were we to remain and either be killed ourselves, or be the means of killing others, or should we commit ourselves to the waves, and try to make some other island?

We retired together to pray and wrestle with God for guidance, and sent our Samoans to their house to do the same. For a time we felt overpowered, and could scarcely give utterance to our desires. But the Lord appeared, and enabled us freely to pour out our souls before him. Still, however, our Father's countenance seemed hidden. We could not see where he pointed, or what he wished us to do. Our hearts revolted at the thought of firing on the people. We felt willing to meet death in any form rather than do that. The question was,

remain or go to sea? It occurred to us to cast lots, but although the difficulties in both cases seemed equal, we thought we had better calmly consider and decide. We prayed again, and again deliberated. As it had been squally the most of the day, there was much to forbid our going to sea. But the wind had shifted a few points, and we thought that if we could only get out of the bay, and round the east point of land, we might hoist our sail and fetch Aneiteum, an island about forty miles off. This we all thought would be the right course, and so we determined to be off to sea by midnight. This we thought would put an end to the fighting, save us from all temptation to use violence in our extremity; and we felt, too, that even if we did perish at sea, it would be better thus to enter heaven, than through the medium of savage hands. We now called our Samoan servants and teachers. They too, with one exception, had come to the conclusion that we should be off at once, and not risk the fighting of the day close at hand.

It was now eight o'clock, and we made all haste to gather together some few necessaries we had been preparing. It was still squally—thundering and blowing hard occasionally during the evening. Now and then we trembled as we thought of exposure to the billows in a small open boat, badly manned, and scarcely knowing where we were going. But the case was desperate. Our minds were made up. We must go on, and as often as a doubt arose, we seemed to hear a voice from heaven, saying, "Be

strong and of a good courage, fear not nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, he it is that will go with thee, he will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

By and by we had all ready, and were only waiting the rise of the moon. This was a solemn hour. Death and eternity seemed near. This, we thought, might be to some, or to all of us, the last opportunity on earth for deliberate reflection. The parting message was thought of, and given with the calm heroism of a female martyr—"My dear, if I die, and your life should be saved, tell mamma and uncle that I never regretted having come in the service of Christ." Yes; this thought was uppermost in our minds amid the greatest trials. The cause of our Redeemer, we felt, was worthy, not only of one, but of ten thousand lives if we had had them to bestow.

But these solemn parting thoughts were soon interrupted by the stern realities of our midnight flight. About eleven o'clock, our servants came in to say that they thought the time was favourable. The moon had just risen; the wind was moderate. It rained, but that we thought was an advantage, as we wished to get quietly off without being seen by the natives, lest they should raise the hue and cry, and prevent us: they seldom go about in the rain.

Before stepping into our boat, we shut the door, and committed ourselves once more to God. The lines of Newton suggested themselves as

touchingly appropriate to our circumstances, and we sang :

“ Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us ‘ the Lord will provide.’ ”

“ His call we obey, like Abr’ham of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For, though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
 And trust in all dangers ‘ the Lord will provide.’ ”

We read the 46th Psalm, and bowed the knee in prayer for the Divine direction and protection, and preparation of soul for whatever might that night be before us. We rose from our knees and went down to the boat. Before leaving, we suspended a letter by a string from one of the rafters, to intimate to the captain of any vessel which might anchor at the place, and be in search of us, that we had not been killed by the natives, but had fled from the island, intending, if possible, to reach Aneiteum, and to beg that any one into whose hands the letter might fall, would follow us there and afford the friendly help we might need. I took a farewell look round the room, blew out the light, and hurried after the party to the boat. I turned back from the garden-gate to pluck two water-melons, which had just ripened ; and presently we were all seated, and pushed off from the beach.

There were nineteen of us in all, including four children. We divided so as to have ten in the boat and nine in our large canoe, and arranged to do all

we could to keep company : our boat was a strong thirty feet long whale-boat. Just as we were leaving the beach, a squall came on with heavy rain, but we pulled off, wishing to get out without being seen by the natives. Our dear wives wrapped up as well as they could, but as Mr. Nisbet and I had to pull for our lives like the rest, there was no alternative but to give ourselves up to a thorough drenching.

“Port Resolution” is in the form of a horse-shoe ; as we approached the opening between the heads our difficulties commenced : a heavy swell was setting in, the wind was right ahead and freshening up into another squall ; down came the rain again in torrents. We still headed out, and our boat went over the billows without shipping much water. As the squall cleared off, we found from the look of the land that we had been driven back a bit. The wind was now light, and we stuck to our paddles again. We saw the cocoa-nut trees passing behind us, and were cheered as we found that we were making way notwithstanding the swell. But it gets black ahead again, the wind freshens, the rollers increase, and down comes another squall upon us ; we struggle on amidst wind and rain and sea, trying at least to hold our ground. Again it is clear : we see the land. “Where are we ?” Driven back, but further on than we were at the close of the last squall. “That’s good, let us keep at it.” I had my eye on a cocoa-nut tree on the north-west side of the entrance ; only abreast of that, I thought, and then we will hoist the sail, and rest.

We cut into one of the melons, felt refreshed, and again pulled ahead. But the sea was rough, and those great rolling waves right against us made it terrible work. Still we hoped to get out, and kept at it. Again, however, the wind rose, and another squall came tearing along right in our teeth; torrents of rain, and for a long time we could see nothing. As it cleared off we missed the canoe; we thought she had probably shot ahead, cleared the point, and was off before us. This made us more anxious than ever to get out, and again we drove away at our paddles. Now we found that there was a current taking us nearer the lee reef than we wished to be, but still we hoped to clear it. We pulled and pulled, and thought we were making head-way, but presently one of our men shouted out that we were close upon the breakers, and going smash on to the reef; we instantly headed round, and stood across the bay a bit.

Here we held on, and consulted as to what we should do. Our Samoans said they thought it now seemed impossible to get out; we thought the same; we looked all about but could see nothing of the canoe; we thought they must have got out, were anxious not to break faith with them, and encouraged each other to try once more. Again we struggled to effect our object, but it was all in vain—we were close upon the breakers on the lee reef again, the case was perfectly hopeless; but dark and dismal as the prospect seemed to be to go back to the shore, we had no alternative. God's will was now unmistakable;

had he wished us to go to sea, he would not have thrown such difficulties in our way. We felt concerned about the canoe; however, we could do no more, and, heading round, pulled slowly back to our deserted dwelling.

As we approached the beach we saw something black. "What is that ahead? the canoe, is it? Yes; to be sure it is!" and presently we were on shore, and talking with those who were in it. They too had struggled hard, but gave up in despair. They were afraid also of the heavy sea which seemed to be on outside; they thought the boat might stand it, but that they were likely to be swamped, and so they returned and were waiting on anxiously to see whether we had to do the same. It was a great relief to us to meet again our companions in flight, and we felt all the more convinced that God was still leading us, however mysterious the way seemed to be.

We anchored our boat and canoe, so as to be ready at a moment's warning; got a light, and were again in our house without having been observed by a single native. It was now about three o'clock A.M., and we were all faint and sick, and reeling, after such a struggle against wind and rain and sea; we heaped our dripping clothes in a corner, and threw ourselves on our beds for an hour's rest, to prepare us for the fearful day just at hand.

After a few snatches of confused sleep, we were roused at dawn by the shouts of the natives mustering for battle. Presently our inclosure round the

house was filled with them. They were now becoming lawless ; hitherto they respected our fence, but now they talked about being *our* "soldiers," and thought they might do what they pleased. On going into the sitting-room I found it filled with some twenty of the leading chiefs of the district. I felt so faint that I could hardly stand or speak ; Mr. Nisbet was not much better, but it was a council of war, and we must hear what they had to say.

It was the old subject : " We are few, the enemy is numerous ; we are unable to keep them back ; with the gun we think we could drive them off, and therefore we wish you to join us." We had but one reply : " We have not come here to fight, we cannot join you, we cannot let you have the gun." We told them to wait a minute, went into the store-room, brought out a lot of hatchets, and put one into the hands of the principal men all round the room. " Now," we said, " this is our plan : go with these to the ground where you expect to meet the enemy, hold them up, shout out that they are a present from us to them—a proof that we have no unkind feeling towards them, and implore them to receive *our* expression of regard, and give up the contest."

A number of them smacked their lips, and made their usual *click click* with the mouth shut, in admiration of the fine new hatchets, and seemed pleased with the proposal ; but up got old blind-eyed Iaru, the orator and warrior of the district, and harangued them for a few minutes. The substance of his speech was, that they all lay down the

hatchets, leave them under our care, first try again and fight for it, and, in the event of conquering, get all those fine hatchets for themselves. Iaru swept all before him; every one laid down his hatchet on the table, and all were immediately on their feet following the old man out at the door and off to the war. We went with them to the end of the fence, entreating them to do all they could to try and settle affairs without further bloodshed; they, on the other hand, kept urging us to let them have the gun, and went off grumbling dissatisfaction.

After breakfast we all united in prayer; Mr. Nisbet read and prayed, and I did the same. I had just said *Amen*, when the back-door burst open, and in rushed the servants, breathless and excited, calling out, "The war has come! the war has come!" I looked out at the front-door, and saw the natives coming running along the beach; their savage yells and everything else seemed to say that destruction was near. This was an awful moment; but God was at hand too, and nerved us with presence of mind to act.

As the natives came near, we saw that the most of them were our friends. Lahi and some others were foremost—all breathless, and imploring us to be off to our boat, or along the beach to the point at the entrance to the harbour; they said the enemy was right down upon them, and that they had no hope of being able to keep them back. We tumbled our boxes again into the boat, and hurried it off to the point, telling the Samoan women and children

to be off there too. A number of the Tanna women and school-girls of Mrs. Nisbet and Mrs. Turner came rushing in at the heels of Lahi, crying and seizing the hands of the ladies, to lead them off to the point where the women and children of the district were all running ready to put to sea; we let them go, we felt confidence in the native women who had come for them, and the Samoan women and children went with them. Mr. Nisbet and I determined to wait on a little till the enemy came up, to see whether anything could be done at the last to conciliate.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR RESCUE.

THE ladies were hardly out of sight before we felt that we must follow them. We felt concerned for their safety, and, after telling the Samoans to stand by the house as long as they could, Mr. Nisbet and I hurried off to the point. We found our dear wives all safe in a native hut, but wet to the skin, their dresses dripping with sea-water, and a bundle of dried leaves for a seat. The rain was pouring as they came along, and the beach road was flooded with the high tide. The natives would have carried them, but they made common cause of it, and waded right through. I had rolled up the bed-clothes, with a blanket or two, in the moment of flight, and had thrown them to a little boy to take on to the point. He was honest enough to do so, and with these we got our dear wives wrapped up.

It was quite a scene. The women and children, the old people, the sick, the infirm, and the dying, were all collected together. The canoes were half in the water, everything bundled up, and all ready to push off out to sea at a moment's warning.

But we were no sooner here than we had to be off again. A messenger came running to say that Mr. Nisbet and I were to go back, that the chiefs

were all assembled at our house, and wished to speak with us. What can it be? Do they wish to separate us and kill us? Have they massacred our servants and teachers? These and other thoughts flashed across our minds, but, whatever it was, we all felt that there was no alternative—we must go. If they had made up their minds to kill us, disrespect and opposition would only add fuel to the flames. If they had any new plan for the promotion of peace, a refusal to consult with them would be perilous. So off Mr. Nisbet and I went with the messenger.

As we came in sight of the house, we saw that it was surrounded by a black savage crowd, and a forest of spears. All were looking and waiting our approach. We halted about ten yards from the nearest of them; saw some strange faces, and feared it was treachery.

“What do you want?” we shouted to them.

“Something to take to the enemy, as you proposed in the morning. They are all waiting close by. Have you anything left in the house, or is all off in the boat?”

“That is good,” we replied, “we have plenty;” and off we went in among them. Treachery or good faith, there was no alternative but to dash through the crowd of armed, excited savages. As we threaded our way up to the house, we recognized, through the paint, the faces of several of our friends, and, having cleared the crowd unscathed, we felt that they were still sincere in doing their best to

protect us. Our servants, too, were all safe, and everything inside the house untouched. Some of the principal chiefs were at our heels, and to them we gave twenty hatchets, three dozen of knives, two pieces of print, and a piece of white calico, to take to the enemy. They were pleased with this, and off the whole party went to the place where the enemy was waiting.

We made all haste back to the point to show our dear wives that we were still alive, and to tell them the good news; but presently our hopes are dashed to the ground. We see in the distance the flames rising, the sure signal that another village is being burned, and that our people are being driven out. What can it mean? Has the present been rejected? Or is the enemy determined on having our bodies next? We waited on for a time for some messenger from the scene of strife, but no one came. It was now about two o'clock. Mrs. Nisbet and Mrs. Turner were still sitting in this miserable hut. It seemed doubtful whether anything was to be gained by remaining among the crowd of women, children, and sick people; and so we made up our minds to return to our house, and not to leave it again, but to die there, if all human protection failed.

As we were walking home along the beach, we saw the flames still rising and spreading in the direction of a village called *Manuāpen*. Soon after, a report reached us that it was the chief *Lamias*, who was lately beaten by our people, who was the cause of this fresh burning and destruction. Seizing his

opportunity, he came suddenly down upon our people at an unprotected part of the district, and was burning and carrying all before him, just at the very time they were in another direction in council with the enemy, trying, on the ground of our present, to stipulate for peace.

Night again drew on with its friendly aid to our wearied bodies and excited minds. As the people returned at dusk, reports were conflicting. Some said there was to be peace, others said there was nothing in prospect but war. By and by we got hold of our old friend Kuanuan, and from him we learned that all was still dark and cheerless. The present, he said, diverted the enemy from further fighting for the day, but they gave nothing but the curt reply, "For this we give up the missionaries, but now we join Lamias in giving *you* a beating."

The weather was still stormy, a heavy sea outside, and a swell setting into the bay which convinced us that any attempt to escape would still be fruitless. There was nothing to be done but to commit ourselves afresh to our heavenly Father's care, and *wait* the issue of his mysterious but unerring providence.

By daybreak all was war, confusion, and alarm again. Kuanuan's prognostications were but too true. The attack was in two places, and it was another sad day of excitement and suspense; but, before the sun went down, God sent us deliverance. About two o'clock, a confused shouting and yelling again burst upon us. I ran to the door, and saw

the natives coming flying along the beach, and pointing out to sea. I thought we were again in the jaws of destruction, and that this was a signal for us to flee to our boat. As they came nearer, we heard that they were calling out, "A ship of war! a ship of war! a ship of war come to help us!" I wheeled round, and there, to be sure, was a vessel just hove in sight round the point. This was like life to the dead. I seized the glass, and looked out. "A large brig standing in." Not a moment was to be lost. We feared lest she might merely be cruising, and stand off again. While Mr. Nisbet got the boat ready, I wrote a letter of distress to the captain; and in a few minutes all the hands we could muster were off paddling with the sail up, and the fowling-piece loaded to fire and attract attention. Before sunset the vessel was at anchor off our door, and the captain on shore with us, assuring us of every assistance in his power.

It was the brig "Highlander," of Hobart Town, Captain Lucas, engaged in whaling. They knew of our having landed at Tanna, felt curious to know whether we were dead or alive, and, as they were cruising in the neighbourhood, thought they would take a run in and see. Captain Lucas said that there had been a heavy sea outside for several days, and that if we had got out that night our boat could not have lived for an hour in it. Our hearts overflowed with gratitude, and we were filled with amazement at our heavenly Father's wonder-working care. Captain Lucas let us have five men to help

us in watching our premises for the night, and left us, to consult with his officers on board as to our wish to be taken to Samoa.

Before the captain left, in came a deputation from the chiefs, with a request that we get an armed party from the vessel to join them on the following morning in an attack upon the enemy. We replied by again reminding them of the agreement when we landed, never to be called upon to join in their wars. "There is the captain," we said, "if you wish *him* to help you, you are at liberty to ask him; but as for us, we abide by the agreement—we cannot interfere." They then turned to the captain, and we interpreted for him. "No, no," said Captain Lucas, "can't have anything to do with your fighting." They went away vexed, and half-inclined to be angry; but we could not help it.

Leaving the principal part of the watching for the night to Captain Lucas's men, and having lighter hearts, we all got a refreshing sleep. Next morning was Saturday. The natives mustered again, and made a fresh onset for an armed party from the vessel. The enemy had not come near, being afraid of the vessel; but our people wished to attack them, and seek revenge for the burning and destruction of the previous days. Captain Lucas was soon on shore, but it was to help *us*, not the natives. He again gave them a positive refusal, and begged them not to ask him any more.

Captain Lucas proposed to take us all to Sydney or Hobart Town, but as we numbered nineteen in all

we feared the expense of going to either of the colonies. Besides, Mr. Nisbet and I were desirous of employing ourselves on *missionary* ground while waiting the further instructions of the Directors, and hence we entreated Captain Lucas to take us to Samoa. He had no chart upon which he could depend eastward of the Feejees, and feared the delay of going so far to windward, but seeing us so anxious about it, he at last consented to try and take us to the Samoan group. We drew out an agreement to give him £200, and arranged to be all ready for him a little after midnight on Sabbath night, so as to get all on board before sunrise, and before the natives could muster to hinder us. We offered the Captain £50 more if he would let us call at the neighbouring islands of Aneiteum, Futuna, and Niua, on which we had teachers. But with so many on board, in addition to his large whaling crew, and baffling winds, he could not risk the delay. We knew that our teachers had but lately been ordered to leave Niua; at Aneiteum they were also hindered, and in jeopardy from the disease-makers. At Futuna there was also opposition; nay, at that very time, as we afterwards learned, the whole mission family was massacred by the Futuna people for the very same reason which led us to flee from Tanna. We had little hope of being able to settle anywhere short of Samoa, still we felt anxious to see for ourselves before leaving the group. We could not, however, urge Captain Lucas to do more. We felt that it was a great stretch for him to undertake what he did.

All day we were hard at work packing up as quietly as we could. We left our sitting-room intact to the last. The natives whispered that we might perhaps go. Some said No, and thought that we must wait for our own vessel. Others thought Captain Lucas would remain with his men to protect us, but all day no one ventured to ask. They came and peeped in now and then, and seeing the sitting-room, mats, tables, books, clock, etc., all as usual, walked away. By midnight we had all nearly ready, and rested for the Sabbath-day.

On Sabbath the enemy were still afraid of the vessel, and did not come near. They kept in the distance, plundering plantations passed over on the preceding days, and our people did not do more than guard the boundary. We had public worship as usual. At the close of the morning service, I overheard the chiefs whispering to each other about getting help to fight. One said, "Come now, let us speak about it."

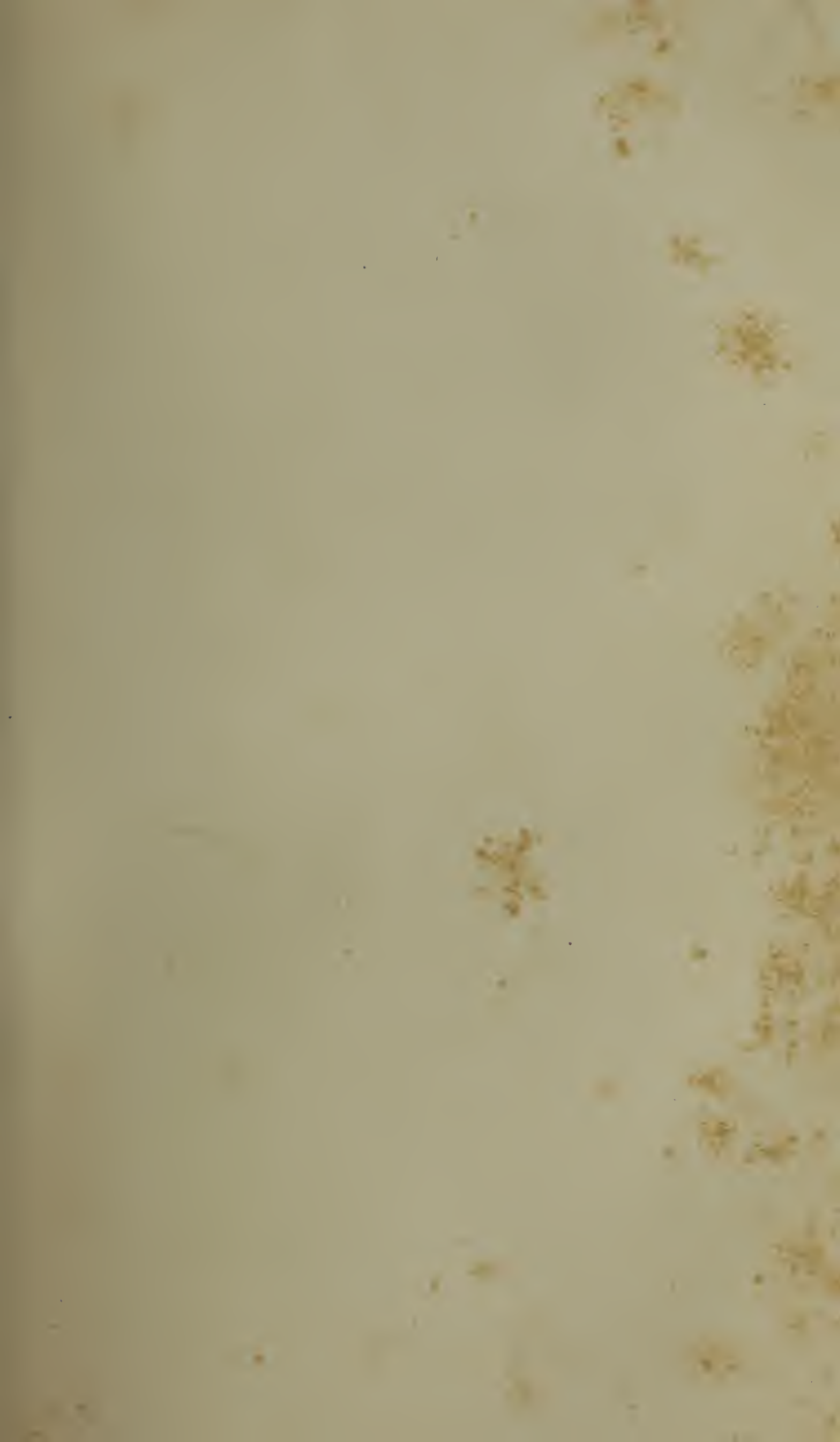
"No," said another, "it will be of no use to speak *to-day*; they won't speak about *that* on the Sabbath. Let us pray well to-day, and to-morrow morning all come again and ask them to help us."

I took no notice of it, but I saw that all fell in with the wiser proposal to say nothing on the Sabbath-day.

At midnight we were all at work again. We had little to do, but to bundle up what was left to the last in the sitting-room. By three o'clock we were all ready. Our chapel, boat-shed, and other out-

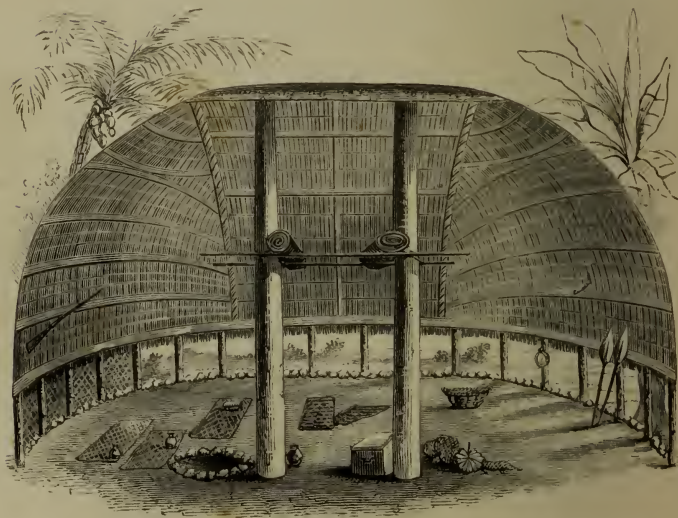
houses were crowded with people from the adjacent villages, who had been burned out, but all were fast asleep. We first got the ladies, with the Samoan women and children, into our boat and canoe, and Mr. Nisbet went off with them to the vessel. This was the signal for Captain Lucas, with his three boats and twenty men, to start for the shore. They brought fire-arms with them, but we implored them not to fire a shot if they could help it, and, in the event of an attack, rather to rush to the boats and leave everything of ours behind. Four or five men walked about with their muskets shouldered, and the rest carried down the things to the boats. The natives sleeping in our outhouses woke up, messengers flew through the district, and, by daylight, when I left the shore, the natives were hurrying towards the house from all the settlements. But before there was time for the chiefs to muster and deliberate about anything, we were all on board with everything that we cared about taking with us. We felt thankful to Captain Lucas and his men for having managed the affair so well. No resistance was offered. Every one stared in amazement, and everything was on board without a gun having been fired even to intimidate.

Before leaving the beach, I got hold of Kuanuan. I told him we were going. He was greatly distressed. Poor old man! He leaned on my arm and shoulder and cried like a child. I begged him to assemble the chiefs, tell them all about it, and then all go on board the vessel and see us before we sailed. Eleven of





COTTAGE OF MESSRS. NISBET AND TURNER AT TANNA, IN 1842.



INTERIOR OF A SAMOAN HOUSE.

the chiefs soon came off to the vessel. They brought a pig as a peace-offering, and told us how grieved they were at what had happened. We told them that it was very grievous to us too—that it was our wish to live among them till our hairs were gray, to tell them about Jesus, and to lead them and their children in the way to heaven, but that now we were driven from their shores. Not one said, *stay*. Indeed they could not. They said that they expected to be driven out to sea as soon as the vessel left. Fangota said he thought of fleeing to Niua, and begged us to go there. We reminded him that our teachers there too were opposed by the diseasemakers, and that we had little hope of being able to settle anywhere, for the present, nearer than Samoa. We promised, however, that they might expect our vessel to come again, that we would love them still, and pray for them, and do everything we could to resume the mission at some future time, if they had done with their wars and wished to learn the way to heaven. Kuanuan promised to count the days, and keep up religious services, as well as he could, every Sabbath, and also on the Wednesday afternoons. We gave them a letter to hand to the captain of any vessel which might call, lest it should be thought, from the deserted house and premises, that we had all been killed. All was confusion getting the ship ready for sea, and with feelings which may be more easily imagined than described, we shook hands and parted.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor, and with heavy hearts, yet grateful to God for our miraculous

preservation and deliverance, we took a farewell look of our lovely little cottage on that savage shore; and thus ended our *seven months* of missionary life at Tanna.

The wind was fair for standing eastward, and by the following morning we were out of sight of the New Hebrides, and far on our way to Samoa. We were all worn out with anxiety and fatigue, but had now time to rest. Our course was through the Feejee group, and while there we on one occasion felt in jeopardy. Captain Lucas gave orders to load all the fire-arms, and prepare for an attack from the natives. We were all but becalmed, and the Feejeans were coming off in large canoes containing fifty and a hundred men, armed with clubs, spears, and muskets. But God sent us a favourable breeze, which filled our sails and carried us beyond the reach of the formidable savages. After clearing Feejee we had a gale which blew our sails to rags, but it soon passed off, and at the end of four weeks we anchored in safety at Apia in the Samoan group.

We shall never forget the humane and respectful bearing of Captain Lucas and all on board. Nor can we cease to remember the kind reception we met with at Samoa. We were welcomed with open arms by Mr. and Mrs. Mills, at Apia, and by all the missionaries; and the people of some of the districts vied with each other in inviting us to be their missionaries. We thanked God that he had still some work for us to do, and, encouraged by his past goodness, we set out afresh on our *second* stage of missionary life.

CHAPTER IX.

TANNA AND THE TANNESE.

SOON after we were driven from Tanna, I drew up a paper, and forwarded it to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, giving an account of the island, as far as our limited stay, and equally limited opportunities of observation, extended. The following notices embody the principal things stated in the paper referred to :—

Tanna is a large island, compared with some others in its neighbourhood, and hence its name “Tanna soré,” or *The Great Land*. Tanna means *land*, and soré, *great*. Tanna, by the way, is the Java and the Malay word for *land*; and, at the very outset of inquiry, indicates the origin of the people. The island of Tanna is situated in 19° 30' south latitude, and 169° 20' east longitude; that is to say, about eight days' sail from Sydney. It is nearly circular. It stretches from east to west about forty miles, and from north to south about thirty-five. There is a high mountain in the centre, covered with vegetation to the top, and all over the island there is a considerable variety of hill and dale, all equally fertile. In one part there is a beautiful lake, and in another an active volcano.

The island was discovered by Captain Cook in

1774. He discovered the harbour also, the native name of which is Uea, and called it, after his ship, "Port Resolution." It was at one time said that our missionary brig "Camden" was the fourth vessel which had anchored at that place, from the days of Cook; but it turned out that the said fourth vessel, from the date of the "Camden" backwards, was one on board of which the natives learned, for the first time, that a certain useful functionary was called *the cook*. No doubt they concluded that the said official was in some way related to our great navigator, and so they called that ship the vessel of Cook. But they start afresh from the cook of the *galley*, and count backwards over many a vessel, until they come to the real Cook, or Kuké (Cookey), as they call him, of 1774, and there they stop. That, they say, was the first ship that ever had intercourse with them. When Captain Cook fired upon them, they were all sadly afraid, and concluded that he must be a god. Two died, and five recovered from their wounds. We met with one old man, in particular, who said he well remembered the time. He was then a boy of ten years of age. Judging from the appearance of this man, we could at once infer that old age at Tanna extends to the "threescore years and ten, and . . . fourscore years."

"Port Resolution" opens to the north, and is formed by a neck of low land on the east side, abounding in pumice-stone and other volcanic matter, and on the west by a mountain five hundred

feet above the level of the sea. The interior of this mountain is a vast furnace, and in some places the crust is so thin, that in passing over it, it is like walking on a hot iron plate. I was travelling over it one day, with two of our Samoan natives, who were unaccustomed to the place. They were before me. Presently they commenced shouting, and leaping, and skipping on ahead, as if suddenly demoted. "Whatever is the matter?" I said. They looked round from the cooler spot they had reached, and said, "Don't you feel it hot? Ah, you have *shoes* on!" Near the top of this mountain there is a barren spot, with fissures here and there, from which volumes of steam burst up now and then, and also sulphurous vapours. The greater part of the mountain, however, is covered with vegetation, and is inhabited by a population of some five hundred people, scattered about in several villages. They have not the slightest apprehension of danger, and have their settlements so arranged as to throw some of the hot places into their marum, or forum, for public meetings, in the very centre of the village. There they lounge and enjoy themselves, on a cold day, from the underground heat, and there, too, they have their night-dances. Around the base of this mountain, and among the rocks on the west side of the harbour, there are several hot springs, which are of great service to the natives. Their degrees of heat vary. Some form a pleasant tepid-bath, and to these the sick resort, especially those suffering from ulcerous sores. Some rise to 190°, and

others bubble up about the boiling point. Every day you may see the women there cooking their yams, and other vegetables, in hollow places dug out, and which form a series of never-failing boiling pots. The men and boys have only to stand on the rocks, spear their fish, and pitch them behind into the hot spring.

Beyond this mountain, and about five miles from the anchorage, stands the cone of the volcano. The black sandy dust and cinders from the crater, form a barren valley about a mile wide all round the base of the mountain which forms the crater. In crossing the valley one day we felt our walking-sticks going down among something soft, and, on turning round, found it to be a beautiful bed of sulphur, yellow as gold. Not far from the same place the fumes of sulphur were so strong from some fissures, that we could not go near them. Near the base of the mountain we found some masses of a clayey substance, hard, and in some places burning hot. From cracks here and there, the steam and boiling water came up as from an immense boiler. But what most astonished us at this place was a steady drop, drop, dropping of water, quite *cold* and clear as crystal, from a fissure, within a few feet of another crack, which was sending forth a blast of air so hot that we could not bear the hand near it for two seconds. It is the same at the hot springs already referred to. You can boil yams at one place, and within five yards of it get a glass of cool fresh water.

The ascent up the mountain to the edge of the cup is a gradual slope, but the walking is laborious, as you sink to the ankles at every step in the fine dark gray dust or sand which has accumulated from the eruptions of the volcano. The perpendicular height of the crater from the valley at its base is almost three hundred feet. When you reach the edge of the cup, you see that it is oblong, and curved rather than circular, and about a mile and a-half in circumference. On reaching the top and looking over the edge, you expect to see the boiling lava; but instead of that, the great cup contains five other smaller cups, or outlets, separated from each other by ridges of dark sand. To see the boiling lava, you would require to go down inside the outer cup, and then up one of these interior ridges. Were it solid rock, the attempt might be made, but from the fragile sandy appearance of these smaller ridges, it seems as if it would be sure to slip, and down you go. Then again, you never know the moment there is to be an eruption, nor do you know from which of the five outlets it is to come. I felt no inclination to risk the experiment, which would be something like examining the interior of the mouth of a cannon, not knowing the instant it might go off. You feel that you are far enough when you stand on the edge of the outer cup. The hissing, panting, blowing, and strange unearthly sounds from these great gulfs, as you look down and along, are fearful, and presently you are awe-struck with the thundering, deafening roar of an eruption, which baffles

description. The simultaneous bursting of a number of steam-engine boilers, or the explosion of a ton of gunpowder, or the united volley from a regiment or two of infantry and artillery, might be something like it. Then up fly the great crimson flakes of liquid lava, which gradually blacken, and consolidate, and descend. More solid blocks of stone fly up with these softer masses, and rise far above them, to a height of two and three hundred feet from the edge of the cup. The most of this matter falls right down again into the crater. It sometimes takes a slant, however, as you see from the masses of obsidian or volcanic glass and scoriæ all about, so that you require to have your wits about you, keep a look-out overhead, and be ready to "stand from under."

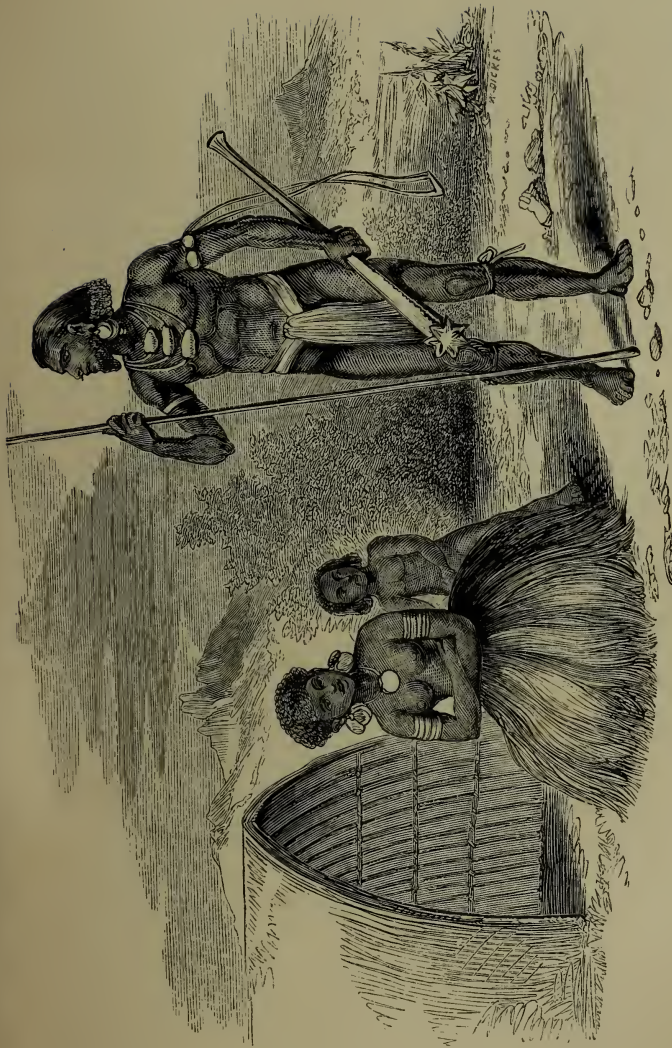
Clouds of steam and thick black smoke also rise with every eruption. This smoke goes, of course, with the prevailing wind, and the atmosphere for miles in that direction is charged with the dark volcanic dust. The volcano was to the west of where we lived. The first day we had a westerly wind Mr. Nisbet and I were busy out of doors, putting up the roof of our house. We felt a strange sensation about the eyes and nostrils, and could not imagine what it was which was gathering on our hands and arms. Presently we discovered that the clouds of black dust from the volcano were coming in our direction, and that the atmosphere was loaded with the finest dark gray particles. Next morning every leaf and blade of grass was covered with a thin coating of something like the finest steel filings.

Our people were in the habit of praying to their gods for a change of wind on such occasions, and that, we were told, was pretty much the case all over the island. Every one, when annoyed with the smoke and dust, prays that they may be sent elsewhere. At Port Resolution, we seldom had a westerly wind, and, as it did not last above a day or two, we did not suffer much inconvenience from the volcano; but that dust must be very troublesome to settlements in a westerly direction. Captain Cook speaks of having been annoyed by this volcanic dust. He did not venture so far inland as to visit the volcano. The account, however, which he recorded of the frequency of the eruptions, and their appearance from the harbour, is interesting and useful, as it is an exact description of the working of the volcano at the present day. Speaking of the mountain on the west side of the bay, to which we have referred, he thus wrote:—"Some of our gentlemen attempted to ascend a hill at some distance, with an intent of observing the volcano more distinctly, but they were obliged to retreat precipitately, the ground under them being so hot that they might as well have walked over an oven; the smell, too, of the air was intolerably sulphurous, which was occasioned by a smoke that issued from the fissures of the earth." In another place he remarks: "On Thursday, the 11th, during the night, the volcano was very troublesome, and threw out great quantities of fire and smoke, with a most tremendous noise; and sometimes we saw great stones thrown into the air. * * * *

On the 12th, the volcano was more furious than ever, and we were much molested with the ashes.
 * * * * The rain that fell this day was a mixture of water, sand, and earth; so that we had, properly speaking, showers of mire.”—(“Cook’s Voyages,” folio edition, p. 168.)

Had we been longer on the island we might probably have paid a night visit to the volcano; but it was a fine sight to look over from our door, on a calm clear evening, to the brilliant display of fireworks, which went blazing up every eight or ten minutes. So far as we observed, that is the usual interval between the eruptions, night and day. The native name of the volcano is Asur (Asoor). They have a tradition that it came from the neighbouring island of Aneiteum; and, probably, this may be founded on some such fact as the extinction of a volcano on Aneiteum being followed by the outbreak of this one on Tanna.

But I hasten to *the people*. Tanna is a field of no ordinary interest for scientific observation; but the business of the missionary is *man*. The population of the island cannot, I think, be less than ten or twelve thousand. They are under the middle stature. There are some fine exceptions, but that is the rule. Their colour is exactly that of an old copper coin. You see some of them as black as the New Hollanders, but it is occasioned by dyeing their bodies a few shades darker than the natural colour. They have less of the negro cast of countenance than some of the other Papuan tribes we have met with,



NATIVES OF TANNA.

and if they would only wash the paint off their faces, and look like men, you might pick out from among them a company of good-looking fellows. We often said to each other there is so-and-so, the very image of some old friend or fellow-student.

Red is the favourite colour of paint for the face. It is a red earth, which they get principally from Aneiteum. They first oil the face, and then daub on the dry powder with the thumb. Some of the chiefs show their rank by an extra coat of the pigment, and have it plastered on as thick as clay. Black is the sign of mourning. This they manage with oil and pounded charcoal. Some make their faces glisten like the work of a shoe-black. Others seem as if they had first oiled their faces, and then dipped them into a bag of soot.

Their hair is frizzled, and often of a light brown colour, rather than black. The women wear it short, but have it all laid out in a forest of little erect curls, about an inch and a-half long. There is something quite unusual in the way in which the *men* do up their hair. They wear it twelve and eighteen inches long, and have it divided into some six or seven *hundred* little locks or tresses. Beginning at the roots, every one of these is carefully wound round by the thin rind of a creeping plant, giving it the appearance of a piece of twine. The ends are left exposed for about two inches, and oiled and curled. This curious collection of six hundred locks of hair is thrown back off the forehead, and hangs down behind. The little curled ends are all of equal

length, and form a semicircle of curls from ear to ear, or from shoulder to shoulder. Viewed at a distance, you imagine that the man has got some strange wig on, made of whip-cords, in some instances coloured black, and in others red; but, on closer inspection, you find that it is his natural hair done up as I have just described. I had the curiosity, one day, to count the exact number of these little locks of hair on a young man's head, and found that they were close upon *seven hundred*. The labour in keeping all these in order is immense, and the only utility of the thing seems to be, that it forms a good thick pad of cords for protecting the head from the rays of the sun. With the exception of the adjacent islands of Aneiteum, Niua, and Futuna, I have not seen or heard of anything like this in any other part of the Pacific. It reminds one of the Egyptian



Gallery in the British Museum, and strikingly compares with the illustrations in recent works on Nineveh. Those twisted beards, also, hanging down in lots of little curls, two or three inches below the chin, which are to be seen in engravings from the Assy-

rian sculptures, are precisely what is to be seen at the present day at Tanna, and especially among the priesthood at Kasurumene, near the Volcano Valley. I have now open before me p. 403 of the sixth volume

of Kitto's "Bible Illustrations." If you imagine the priest there, minus his fine garments, and with nothing in his hands but a long wooden spear and a club, and the addition of a little red paint to his cheeks and forehead, you have a good idea of some of the Tanna chiefs at the present day. This singular custom is worthy of being noticed and noted by ethnologists. Dr. Livingstone has found something like it in the interior of Africa. Speaking of the Banyai, he says: "As they draw out their hair into small cords, a foot in length, and entwine the inner bark of a certain tree round each separate cord, and dye the substance of a reddish colour, many of them put me in mind of the ancient Egyptians."—("Travels in South Africa," p. 624.)

The Tannese pierce the septum of the nose, and insert a small piece of wood or reed horizontally, but not so as to project beyond either nostril.

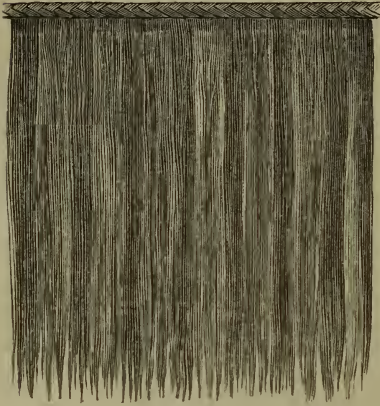
They are fond of ear-rings also, but not of the usual tiny trinket description. They must have a great tortoise-shell article, half an inch wide, and two, three, or four inches in diameter. Nor are they content with one of these dangling on each side; they have half-a-dozen of them sometimes, of various sizes, in one ear. The weight of such things enlarges the apertures fearfully: a child's hand might pass through some of them.

They do not tatoo; cutting or burning some rude device of a leaf or a fish on the breast, or upper part of the arm, are other modes of ornament.

The women are pretty well covered with their

long girdles, hanging down below the knee. They wear them occasionally also over the shoulders. They are made from the rolled and dried fibre of the

banana stalk, are very soft, and at first sight look like hemp.



But, alas for the poor *sons* of Adam, their clothing is very scant! They wear a belt round the waist an inch deep. Instead of “an apron” of “fig-leaves,” they make a little bit of matting, or

rag of any kind, suffice. With this they form an ugly-looking bundle, the receptacle as well of anything small which happens to come in the way—such as beads, fish-hooks, or tobacco. The whole is tied tightly together, by several turns of hair-cord, and one end pulled up through the belt in front. They strut about in this disgusting costume, and criticize the Eromangans and others, as if they thought their own æsthetics of dress were of the highest order.

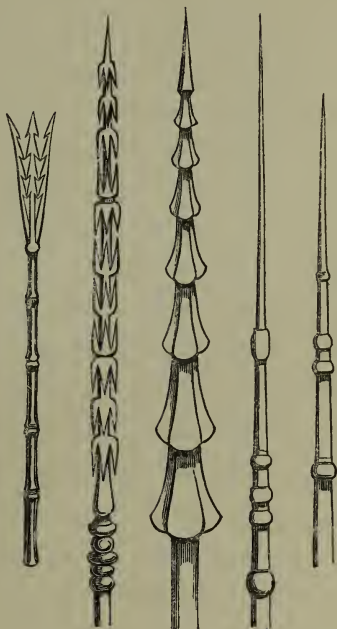
All wear some ornament round the neck. Beads are in repute, and the larger the better. But there is nothing of which a chief is fonder for a necklace than three large whale’s teeth, on three separate strings, and dangling horizontally on his breast. They often tack on to the necklace a few locks of the hair of a deceased relative.

Armlets are also common. They are made of the cocoa-nut shell, in sections of half an inch wide, and



rudely carved. They wear one, two, three, and sometimes half a dozen of these on either arm, close above the elbow, and from them they suspend their spear-thrower and sling.

Their weapons are clubs, bows and arrows, and spears. They sling a stone, throw a spear, and shoot an arrow with great precision. They are also expert at throwing a stone called a *kawas*, which you often see in their hands. It is about the length of an ordinary counting-



house ruler, only twice as thick, and that they throw with deadly precision when their victim is within



twenty yards of them. All the men go about armed. When at work in their plantations their arms are

never out of sight, and at night they sleep within reach of their club. Even the little boys must have their tiny clubs, and spears, and bows and arrows, and always go about ready for a quarrel.

At the first glance, one concludes that the Tannese must live in a state of perpetual war. This is actually the case. War is the rule, peace the exception. They were fighting during five out of the seven months we lived among them, and I should think that is a fair average of the way in which they have lived from time immemorial. There is ample proof there that war is the enemy of civilization and the element of savage life. We were never able to extend our journeys above four miles from our dwelling. At such distances you come to boundaries which are never passed, and beyond which the people speak a different dialect. At one of these boundaries actual war will be going on; at another, kidnapping and cooking each other; and at another, all may be peace; but, by mutual consent, they have no dealings with each other. Their fighting is principally bush skirmishing; they rarely come to close hand-to-hand club fighting. When visiting the volcano one day, the natives told us about a battle in which one party which was pursued ran right into the crater, and there fought for a while on the downward slope inside the cup! But few fall in their daily skirmishes. Many, however, are cut off after lingering for weeks under fatal wounds.

When the body of an enemy is taken, it is dressed for the oven, and served up with yams at the next meal.

Captain Cook only suspected they were cannibals. There is no doubt about the thing now. They delight in human flesh, and distribute it in little bits far and near among their friends, as a delicious morsel. I recollect talking to a native one day about it, and trying to fill him with disgust at the custom, but the attempt was vain. He wound up all with a hearty laugh at what he no doubt considered my weakness, and added: "Pig's flesh is very good for you, but this is the thing for us;" and suiting the action to the word, he seized his arm with his teeth, and shook it, as if he were going to take the bit out! It is different on some other islands, but at Tanna cannibal *connoisseurs* prefer a black man to a white one. The latter they say tastes *salt*! They regard, however, as "*fish*" all who come in their way, as the sequel to massacres of white men there has amply proved.

In Eastern Polynesia, the rule has been that in a group of four, seven, or ten islands within sight of each other, we have found but one dialect, and the people having a good deal of intercourse, not only with each other on the same island, but also with the various islands of the group. They had their quarrels and their wars, at times, but they made up matters after a while, and went on again in harmony. In going westward, however, among the Papuan tribes of the New Hebrides, we found ourselves in a totally different region, all split up into the most hostile isolation. Take, for example, four of the southerly islands of the group, viz., Tanna, Eromanga, Futuna,

and Aneiteum, all within sight of each other; we find a totally different dialect on each, and books which may be printed for the one will be quite useless to the other. Even on the same island we find two and three different dialects. Take, for example, the *numerals* of the three dialects which we found on Tanna alone, as a specimen of the isolation and differences which prevail:—

- | | | |
|----------------|-------------|-----------|
| 1. Riti . . . | Kaiti . . . | Kaliki. |
| 2. Karu . . . | Kaiū . . . | Kalalu. |
| 3. Kahar . . . | Kesel. . . | Kisisel. |
| 4. Kefa . . . | Kúet . . . | Kuas. |
| 5. Grirum . . | Katilum . . | Kúlkúlap. |

Mr. Nisbet and I hoped that we might eventually be able to fix upon some one of the dialects of the island, and make it the basis of our translations and oral instructions. It was, however, a grievous affair to find that, on going to a place four miles from our door, we needed an interpreter to communicate with the people. It is worthy of remark, that these dialects are copious, euphonic, and have some of the niceties of language; a triplial as well as a dual in the pronouns, for instance.

We found no such thing as a king or great chief at Tanna. No Thakombau, Pomare, or Kamehameha there. The authority of a Tanna chief does not seem to extend a gunshot from his own dwelling. In a settlement, or village, you find eight or ten families. Their huts are put up, without any rule

or arrangement, among the trees; and in this place, which has its village name, you may number a population of eighty or a hundred. There will be at least one or two principal men among them, who are called chiefs. The affairs of this little community are regulated by the chiefs and the heads of families. Six, or eight, or more, of these villages unite and form what may be called a district, or county, and all league together for mutual protection. If a person belonging to one of these villages is injured or killed by the people of another district, all the villages of his district unite in seeking redress, either by a fine or by war and spoliation.

Every village has a clear circular space under the shade of a large banian-tree for their marum, or place of public meeting. Here all the men of the settlement assemble about sundown for a cup of kava and their evening meal. The kava (*Piper methysticum*) is prepared in the usual Polynesian way, by chewing the root, and ejecting the contents of the mouth into the "punch-bowl," which, when filled up with water, mixed, and strained, forms the draught. The women and girls are "total abstainers" from the nasty cup, and have their meals apart from the men. At the evening meal the chief of the village is the high-priest, and repeats a short prayer to the gods before they drink, asking health, long life, good crops, and success in battle. In the marum they have also their marriage-feasts. Raw yams and live pigs are served up on these occasions, as well as cooked food, and heaps are carried away by the guests. Feasts

at the birth of children, night-dances, and meetings to discuss political affairs are all held in the marum.

Every village has its orators. In public harangues these men chant their speeches, and walk about in peripatetic fashion, from the circumference into the centre of the marum, laying off their sentences at the same time with the flourish of a club. By common consent, from time immemorial, some one of these seven, ten, or twelve villages which form a district, takes the lead, and is considered the capital of the district, and there the different villages all meet and deliberate on war, or other important matters. In war two or more of these districts unite. But they are fickle and faithless in their unions. A district will be fighting on one side to-day, and off to another to-morrow.

Polygamy prevails, but not to any great extent. A chief has seldom more than three wives, and often only one or two. Women are not allowed to sit with the men in the marum, except on marriage-feasts or other public festivals. Owing to the constant demand on the services of the men for war, a great deal of the plantation work, cooking, etc., devolves on the women; but, upon the whole, we thought the women better treated at Tanna than they often are among heathen tribes. Adultery and some other crimes are kept in check by the fear of club law. The culprit is never safe, and does not know the moment he may be pounced upon by the offended party. Revenge, too, is often sought in the death of the brother, or

some other near relative of the culprit. The Tannese are fond of their children. No infanticide there. They allow them every indulgence, girls as well as boys. Circumcision is regularly practised about the seventh year.

Yams, taro, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, and bananas grow in abundance, and form the principal food of the people. We found also some other fruit-trees which are not common to Eastern Polynesia. The most useful of these is the fig-tree. The fruit is rather insipid, and in colour and form resembles a large plum. The yam is principally cultivated, and the size of some of them astonished us. We have seen them four feet in length, and weighing forty or fifty pounds each. They bestow a great deal of labour on their yam plantations, and keep them in fine order. You look over a reed fence, and there you see ten or twenty mounds of earth, some of them seven feet high and sixty in circumference. These are heaps of loose earth without a single stone, all thrown up by the hand. In the centre they plant one of the largest yams whole, and round the sides some smaller ones. The produce, in such yams as I have described, amply repays them for their labour.

Pigs and fowls, they say, have always been there; dogs and cats were but recently introduced. Captain Cook left them two animals which they called tangarooah. On showing them the picture of a kangaroo, they said they believed that was the very animal. The one died, and the other howled so pitifully after its mate that they killed it.

The Tannese have no idols. The banian-tree forms their sacred grove, or temple, for religious worship. Here and there in the bush there are particular stones which are venerated, and have a history which our limited stay on the island did not enable us to ascertain. Many points connected with their cosmogony, and other traditions, we reserved for further acquaintance with the language, little thinking that our residence on the island was to be so abruptly cut short.

Their general name for gods seems to be *aremha*; that means a *dead man*, and hints alike at the origin and nature of their religious worship. The spirits of their departed ancestors are their gods. Chiefs who reach an advanced age are after death deified, addressed by name, and prayed to on various occasions. They are supposed especially to preside over the growth of the yams and the different fruit-trees. The first-fruits are presented to them, and in doing this they lay a little of the fruit on some stone, or shelving branch of the tree, or some more temporary altar of a few rough sticks from the bush, lashed together with strips of bark, in the form of a table with its four feet stuck in the ground. All being quiet, the chief acts as high-priest, and prays aloud thus: "Compassionate father! here is some food for you; eat it; be kind to us on account of it." And, instead of an *amen*, all unite in a shout. This takes place about mid-day, and afterwards those who are assembled continue together feasting and dancing till midnight or three in the morning.

A day or two before we left, we found out that they have the heavens portioned out into constellations. They have the canoe with its outrigger; the duck, and a man near it with his bow drawn, and taking his aim; the cooking-house tongs; the company of little children all sitting eating, and many other objects. These constellations form their astronomical clock, and by looking up they can tell you whether it is near morning or midnight. Then they have their traditions as to how these canoes, and ducks, and children got up to the heavens; but the minutiae as to their sidereal notions and nomenclature can only be ascertained by a lengthened residence on the island.

The real gods at Tanna may be said to be the disease-makers. It is surprising how these men are dreaded, and how firm the belief is that they have in their hands the power of life and death. There are rain-makers and thunder-makers, and fly and musquito-makers, and a host of other "sacred men," but the disease-makers are the most dreaded. It is believed that these men can create disease and death by burning what is called *nahak*. Nahak means rubbish, but principally refuse of food. Everything of the kind they bury or throw into the sea, lest the disease-makers should get hold of it. These fellows are always about, and consider it their special business to pick up and burn, with certain formalities, anything in the nahak line which comes in their way. If a disease-maker sees the skin of a banana, for instance, he picks it up, wraps it in a leaf, and

wears it all day hanging round his neck. The people stare as they see him go along, and say to each other, "He has got something; he will do for somebody by and by at night." In the evening he scrapes some bark off a tree, mixes it up with the banana skin, rolls all up tightly in a leaf in the form of a cigar, and then puts the one end close enough to the fire to cause it to singe, and smoulder, and burn away very gradually. Presently he hears a shell blowing. "There," he says to his friends, "there it is; that is the man whose rubbish I am now burning, he is ill; let us stop burning, and see what they bring in the morning."

When a person is taken ill, he believes that it is occasioned by some one burning his rubbish. Instead of thinking about medicine, he calls some one to blow a shell, a large conch or other shell, which, when perforated and blown, can be heard two or three miles off. The meaning of it is to implore the person who is supposed to be burning the sick man's rubbish and causing all the pain, to stop burning; and it is a promise as well that a present will be taken in the morning. The greater the pain the more they blow the shell, and when the pain abates they cease, supposing that the disease-maker has been kind enough to stop burning. Then the friends of the sick man arrange about a present to take in the morning. Pigs, mats, knives, hatchets, beads, whales' teeth, etc., are the sort of things taken. Some of the disease-making craft are always ready to receive the presents, and to assure the party that

they will do their best to prevent the rubbish being again burned. If the poor man has another attack at night, he thinks the nahak is again burning; the shell is again blown, other presents taken, and so they go on. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and if he dies, his friends lay it all down to the disease-makers, as not being pleased with the presents taken, and as having burned the rubbish to the end. The idea is, that whenever it is all burned the person dies. Night after night might be heard the dismal too-too-tooing of these shells. We observed, also, that the belief in the system of nahak burning was as firm in the craft as out of it. If a disease-maker was ill himself, he felt sure that some one must be burning his nahak. He, too, must have a shell blown, and presents sent to the party supposed to be causing the mischief.

Some of our kind neighbours were surprised at our indifference on the matter, and felt so concerned for our safety that whenever they saw a banana skin lying at our back-door, or about the servants' houses, they would pick it up, take it away, and throw it into the sea, lest the disease-makers should get hold of it. We were told that the craft repeatedly picked up things about our house, and tried their hand at the burning of them, but never could succeed. They declare, however, to this day, that they killed one of our Samoan teachers by burning his nahak.

Coughs, influenza, dysentery, and some skin diseases, the Tannese attribute to their intercourse with white men, and call them *foreign things*. When a

person is said to be ill, the next question is, "What is the matter? Is it nahak or a foreign thing?" The opinion there is universal, that they have had tenfold more of disease and death since they had intercourse with ships than they had before. We thought at first it was prejudice and fault-finding, but the reply of the more honest and thoughtful of the natives invariably was: "It is quite true. Formerly people here never died till they were old, but now-a-days there is no end to this influenza, and coughing, and death."

The sick are kindly attended to to the last. Local bleeding is a common remedy for almost every complaint; they do not open a vein, but merely make a few incisions with a bamboo-knife. When the case is considered dangerous, their last resort is to burn the foot. I have seen, for instance, a poor fellow dying from an arrow-wound in the neck, and the sole of his foot just burned to a mass of raw flesh. Unconsciousness, or any other symptom of approaching death, is the signal to commence wailing. When the patient lingers for days, the wailing becomes a tearless, formal affair. You may tell them that to the sufferer it is the very reverse of the kindness which they mean to express, and out of deference to you they may stop their dismal, deafening wail; but, as soon as your back is turned, they are at it again. At death it is increased by other friends who gather round. The body is then laid out, wrapped in a piece of thick native cloth, something like tanned leather, made from the bark

of the banian-tree. The face is kept exposed and painted red, and on the following day the grave is dug, and the body buried amid the weeping and wailing of the surrounding friends. The grave is dug four or five feet deep; then they hollow out a recess on the one side sufficient to admit the body, and there they lay it in *the side of the pit*. There is something peculiar in this, and strikingly illustrative of that obscure reference, in the book of Ezekiel, to "the sides of the pit." (Ezek. xxxii. 23.)

It is in general difficult to trace the origin of the customs practised by a heathen people. To this, however, we have a melancholy exception in the recent introduction to Tanna of a species of sutteeism. On the neighbouring island of Aneiteum, it was common, on the death of a chief, to strangle his wives, that they might accompany him to the regions of the departed. The custom has been found in various parts of the Pacific. The poor deluded woman rejoices in it, if she has any affection for her husband, and not only shows us the strength of her attachment, but also her firm belief in the reality of a future state. An old chief will say as he is dying, "Now, who will go with me?" and immediately one and another will reply, "I will." On the island of Aneiteum this revolting custom has entirely fled before the light of Christianity. By the common consent of the chiefs and people all over the island it is strictly forbidden, but, strange to say, it has found a refuge and a resting-place still in the group on poor heathen Tanna. A few years

ago they commenced there to strangle the wives of a departed chief, and the custom is said to be spreading over the island; another proof of the tendency of heathenism. Its tendency is downwards, never upwards; its development is the increase of human wretchedness. The dark places of the earth are now, as they have ever been, full of the habitations of cruelty; the light of the gospel is the remedy. Thanks be to the God of missions, his servants are again on Tanna; the light of Divine truth again shines in that dark land, and is destined to wax brighter and brighter to the perfect day of Christianity, when war and bloodshed, cannibalism and sutteeism, and every form of Satanic influence shall hide their heads as ashamed. We speak because we believe; we believe because we have seen how gloriously the gospel of Jesus triumphs when fully and prayerfully brought to bear upon heathenism of whatever name or form.

CHAPTER X.

SAMOA—POSITION—EARLY VISITORS—SUCCESSFUL
INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

SAMOA is the native name of the group of volcanic islands in Central Polynesia, commonly known as the "Navigators." They are situated about 3000 miles from Sydney, and may be seen on the chart between the parallels of 13° and 15° south latitude, and 168° and 173° west longitude. The mountains of Savaii, one of which is 4000 feet high, may be seen 50 miles off, and, on coming near, the stranger finds a lovely island, 150 miles in circumference, and covered with vegetation as far as the eye can reach. The mountains of Upolu and Tutuila rise 2000 and 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and present the same aspect of richness and fertility. These are the principal islands in the group. They run east and west. Upolu, 130 miles in circumference, is in the middle, having Savaii 10 miles to the west, and Tutuila, an island 80 miles in circumference, about 40 miles to the east. There are several smaller islands, which are inhabited, and several other isolated romantic spots here and there, which are not inhabited.

Upolu is almost entirely surrounded by barrier reefs; those wonderful submarine walls, or break-

waters, built up to the level of the sea, and forming a lovely smooth lagoon, invaluable for fishing and facilitating all kinds of intercommunication between the settlements.* The distance between the shore and the reef varies from thirty feet to three or four miles. In some places the lagoons are shallow, and

* There is a popular error abroad about *coral reefs*, which we have repeatedly seen, and of which the following is a specimen from a London periodical of last year :—“ Imagine that you and I are sailing in a vessel upon the South Seas. How beautifully we glide along ! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows like a painted highland ? Now it sparkles in the rays of the sun like a rock of silver, and now it assumes different colours, variegated in the most charming manner. Red, golden, silvery hues, all blend together in delightful richness. Nearer and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant than the Crystal Palace, when, lo ! we discover it is the splendid work of *insects* so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral insect threw up those many-coloured reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island covered with tall palm-trees, so green and slender.”

This is all imaginary. There is no such thing to be seen rising up out of the sea, for the simple reason, that the lime-secreting coral insect *cannot work out of* the water. When it comes to the surface of the ocean it stops building ; hence the reefs are all *covered* by the sea, and the surf breaking over them. When a little bit happens to be exposed, on a calm day, at low water, it presents none of that Crystal Palace grandeur, but a dirty, muddy appearance rather, from the fragments of seaweed, drift-wood, and all sorts of rubbish which collect upon it. But in sailing along in a boat in the lagoon, between the reef and the shore, some lovely beds of living coral may be seen ten and twenty feet *down below* the surface of the water, and *there* the said “ red, golden, and silvery hues all blend together in delightful richness.”

require the rise of the tide to allow a canoe to pass along ; in other places, and particularly where there are openings in the reef, they are ten and twenty fathoms deep, and afford good anchorage to ships. The rivers are neither numerous nor large, but there is no lack of fresh water. It springs up in abundance in many parts of the interior, and along the coast. The natives, who number 35,000, are of pure Malayan origin. Hardly a vestige is to be seen among them of the crisped and woolly-haired dark brown Papuans, or Western Polynesian negroes. But as the physical characteristics and language* of Central and Eastern Polynesia are well known, I pass on to other matters.

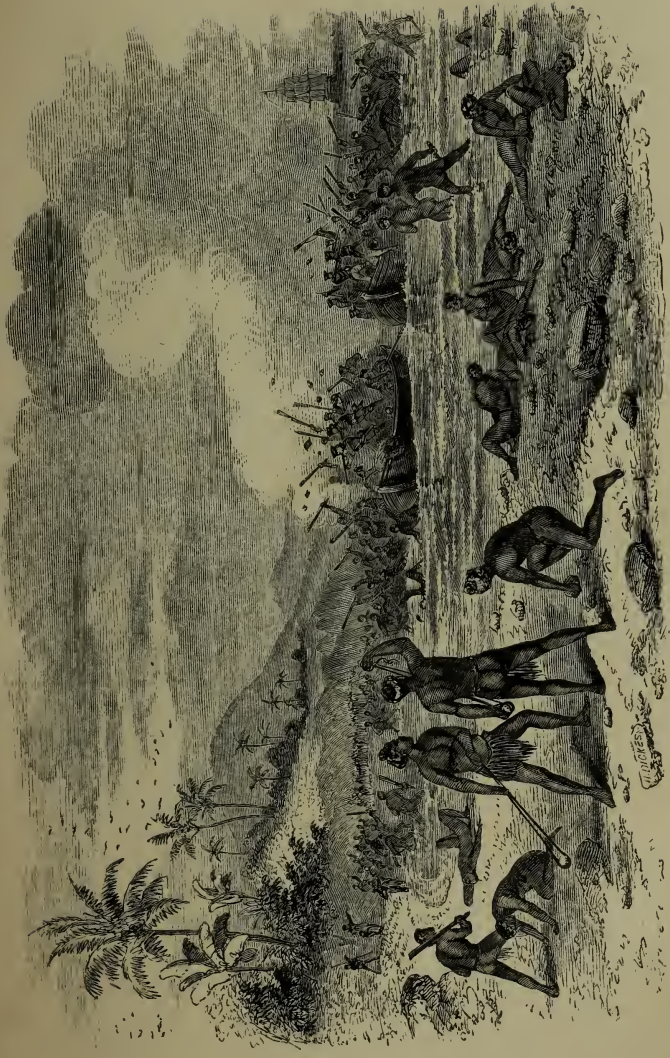
The Dutch "three-ship expedition," under Roggewein, in 1772, seems to have been the first to notice these islands. Then followed the French navigators, Bougainville and La Perouse, the former in 1768 and the latter in 1787. Bougainville, seeing the natives move about so much in canoes, gave the group the name of the "Isles of the Navigators." Captain Cook heard of them, in 1773, from the Tongans, noted some of their names, and, in 1791, they were visited by H. B. M. ship "Pandora."

The massacre, at Tutuila, of M. de Langle and

* My brother missionary, Mr. Pratt, has a grammar and vocabulary of the Samoan dialect in progress, which I hope will be carried through the press in the islands in the course of the year. The different kinds of native poetry will also be noticed. As soon as printed, copies will be forwarded to the Mission House, in Bloomfield Street, where it may be had.

others, belonging to the expedition under the unfortunate La Perouse, branded the whole group for fifty years as a race of treacherous savages, whose shores ought not to be approached. Had the native version of the tale been known, it would have considerably modified the accounts which were published in the Voyages of La Perouse. The origin of the quarrel was not with the party who went on shore in the boats. A native, who was out at the ship, was roughly dealt with, for some real or supposed case of pilfering. The poor fellow was shot at, and mortally wounded, and, when taken on shore bleeding and dying, his enraged companions roused all who were on the spot to seek instant revenge. Hence the deadly attack on the party in the boats at the beach, in which the stones flew like bullets from a steam-gun, and which ended in the death of M. de Langle, his brother officer, and ten of the crew. The natives wound up the bodies of the Frenchmen in native cloth, and decently buried them, as they do their own people. The only inference, probably, which ought to have been drawn from this tragic occurrence was, that heathen natives have a keen sense of justice, and that if men will go upon the disproportionate principle of a life for a tooth, and shoot a man for a perfect trifle, they must abide by the consequences. It is certain to be avenged, and, alas! it is often the case that vengeance falls not on the guilty, but on some unsuspecting visitor who may subsequently follow.

For the next half century the group was dreaded ;



FIGHT AT TUTUILA, IN WHICH M. DE LANGLE AND OTHERS FELL.

but when our missionaries, Williams and Barff, arrived with Tahitian teachers, in 1830, they were delighted to find the people quite friendly. There was something remarkably providential in the *time* when these good men first visited the people, and in several other circumstances connected with the commencement of the mission. It was a crisis in Samoan history. Tamafaingā, who was supposed to have within him the spirit of one of the principal war gods, had just been killed. He had not descended from any of the *royal* families of Samoa, but the supposition that he could rule the destinies of war raised him high in the scale of political influence. The principal titles of the two large islands had been given to him, and in pride and profligacy he had become a pest and a proverb. A plot was laid for him one night, when he was far from home. Some village coquettes threw him off his guard by their flatteries. Presently he found that the house was surrounded by a band of desperadoes. He rushed through them into the sea, and escaped the first onset; but he was pursued, caught, overpowered, and clubbed to death. All are of opinion, that if this fellow had been alive, he would have been a perfect Nero in opposing the new religion. Before any other daring upstart had time to concoct a scheme for political influence, by declaring that he had the spirit of the god which dwelt in Tamafaingā, the missionaries arrived. They had picked up an influential Samoan at Tonga, who not only piloted them to the very spot best suited to begin the work,

but whose glowing description of the value of Christianity, from what he had seen of it at Tonga, combined with the bland and kind bearing of Messrs. Williams and Barff, won the entire confidence of the people. War was raging to avenge the death of Tamafaingā ; but the wish of the chiefs and people seemed so cordial to receive their new instructors, that the missionaries had no hesitation in locating at once in the settlement of the chief Malietoa, on Savaii, eight teachers from the Tahitian Islands. Malietoa was now the principal leader of the tribes who had acknowledged Tamafaingā as their head. Subsequently he inherited all his political titles, and to the close of his life, in 1840, was faithful to his original pledge to Messrs. Williams and Barff, to be the friend of Christian missionaries and teachers.

CHAPTER XI.

SAMOA—EARLY HINDRANCES TO CHRISTIANITY.

IT must not be supposed that Satan gave up his dominion in Samoa without a struggle. In Prout's *Life of Williams* (page 372), the following is the description of a scene in which the Christian party felt obliged to arm and prepare to resist the heathen party in an avowed attempt to drive Christianity from the land: "The people expected every moment the furious onset of the enemy. All the warriors of the district were clad in the wild military costume of the country, and were armed, some with clubs, others with bows, and others with slings and spears, and, while thus presenting to the eye a spectacle the most alien from the design of Christianity, and not unfrequently expressing, in their tone and gesture, the untamed ferocity of their natures, they shouted, or knelt before the Lord in the attitude of devotion. But, most unexpectedly, their foes did not appear; and, on the following morning, it was announced that the heathen forces had suddenly dispersed."

This occurred within a few miles of the place where the teachers were first located by Messrs. Williams and Barff, and reminds me of a similar instance of heathen opposition in another part of the

group. The heathen party forbade the beating of the native wooden drum, the common substitute for a church bell. They said it made the gods angry. The Christian party refused; they knew what the issue would be if they yielded. They still beat the drum, as usual, to call the people to worship. One night the heathen party came, stole the drum from the side of the teachers' house, and threw it away in the bush. The Christian party quietly sought for it, and brought it back. This was repeated. Then the heathen party declared war. The day came; the Christian party armed too, and were all engaged in united prayer, when the shout for battle burst upon them. They started to their feet, and were presently face to face with their painted savage enemies. Guns were presented, triggers drawn—the powder flashed in the pan, but not a gun would go off. They raised their clubs, but not a man had courage to rush and strike his blow. Spears were poised, but not one thrown. It was the same with the guns of the Christian party; they would not go off, and not a man struck a blow or threw a spear. The people felt confounded, wished to fight, and could not. The teachers were at hand; rushed in between the parties; all listened, sat down, were astonished at “the power of God in shutting the mouths of their guns, and in making their clubs and spears useless,” had a friendly conference, agreed to live at peace with each other, and dispersed. It was a complete victory on the side of Christianity. Day after day the teachers had fresh converts from heathenism,

and soon there were none left in that district, but a few harmless, uninfluential obstinates.

These instances of violent hindrance from *heathenism* died away. The God of the "men who had burst through the heavens" began to be feared. Of old the Samoans thought the heavens ended at the horizon, and hence the name which they give, to this day, to the white men, viz., *pāpālangi*, or heaven-bursters. The ships, the masts, the sails, the boats, the calico, the hatchets, the trinkets, and a host of other things, gave the natives high ideas of the white man's God. Opposition, however, was not at an end. Satan tried another scheme. The news soon spread, among the whaling and other vessels in the Pacific, that there were Christian teachers on Samoa, and that the natives were friendly. On the faith of this, white men soon ventured on shore in various places, and took up their abode among the people. A chief thought it added vastly to his importance to have a white man in his train, and thinking that the religion of white men must be all the same, and that any one could set it up, he would urge his adopted white *son* to be the high-priest of his family and district. The white men made the attempt, and seeing that the thing was popular, carried it on. In some rare case there might be a man like "John Adams" among the Pitcairn Islanders, who had a Bible, and tried to tell them some of its great truths; but, in most instances, it was hardly a step in advance of heathenism. The privilege of eating several kinds of fish and fowl which had been

regarded as the incarnations of mischievous spirits, and the thought of having a more powerful God who could give longer life, were grand ideas to a Samoan, and made many, day after day, join the white man's religion. He told them, too, that the Tahitian missionary teachers were too strict, and that polygamy, night-dances, and other inseparables of heathenism, were quite harmless; and this, of course, made his system for a time all the more popular. A native, who was a follower of one of them, and who distinctly remembers the doings of runaway sailors in these days, thus wrote, in giving me an account of his early history:—

“The new religion was spreading in our village. One and another joined, eat the incarnations of the spirits, no harm followed, and so I determined to join. The sea-eel and the sea-spider (common *Octopus*) were the incarnations of the gods to whom our family prayed. I procured one of each. I then sent to inquire whether I was to join first, or eat the fish first. The reply was, that I was to join first. I went immediately to the white man's house—he was said to be a Portuguese. I told him I had come to say that I was now of his religion, and would henceforth worship his God. After this, I cooked and eat a piece of the eel and the sea-spider. Night came on, and there I lay, feeling whether any disease was commencing. The night passed, and the following day, and other days; I felt quite well, and so concluded that the white man's God was more powerful than the gods of Samoa. Our great time

for worship was once a year. It was about the month of May. Every day, during a whole month, we met with the white man. He sang, and we tried to catch his words and follow him; but it was in a foreign language. He read from a foreign book; we did not know a word of it. We all bowed down on our knees, and he did the same, and prayed for a few seconds, all still in an unknown tongue. That was all we did. The whole month was a time of feasting and night-dancing. When the month was over, we separated, and went to our respective villages. There was nothing forbidden; plurality of wives, and other heathen customs, remained as they were. Nothing was required but to meet together, for a month in the year, for worship, feasting, and fun. I never prayed at home, merely when we met once a year. I contented myself with the thought that I was of the white man's religion, and under the protection of the white man's God. When any of us were sick, he came and prayed for recovery."

An Englishman, in another district, carried on in a similar way. He had a weekly Sabbath, got a chapel built for worship, read from a foreign book, sang, prayed, and made an attempt at telling the natives, in their own tongue, what they now recognize as Bible stories. Once a year he summoned all his adherents, who were numerous and widely scattered. Some of them came distances of forty miles. They took quantities of food with them; all met, had a great feast, and, on this occasion, there was a special religious service, which was no doubt meant

to be the observance of the Lord's Supper. Only the chiefs and heads of families and their wives were admitted to this. They knew not what it meant, but, from their description of little bits of taro, and a sip of cocoa-nut water, it is evident that it was an attempt at the holy communion. Then they separated, and the more distant never thought more of the religion until the next annual gathering and feast. There was nothing forbidden. They might have night-dances, and live as they pleased, as their leader himself countenanced balls and all sorts of revelry.

The spirit-worship of heathenism, as we have already remarked, had become unpopular—it was all the *fashion* to have a foreign religion, and any worthless upstart, whether white, brown, or black, was sure to get a number of followers. I might add several other illustrations, but will only give one more. A Samoan, who had been away for a year or two on board a whale-ship, and visited some foreign ports, at length returned, and he, too, must set up his *foreign* religion. Although further from the truth than ever, this fellow got a surprising number of adherents. He would stand up with an English book before his face, pretend to be reading, mutter off some unintelligible jargon, talk a little on any subject, and pray, naming the “God of heaven.” By and by, he and his party made out that they had the Son of God among them, dwelling in the body of an old woman, and that, whenever she pleased, she could tell them the true mind and sayings of Jesus

Christ, or "Seesoo Alaisah," as she called him. She gave out that Christ came in person to her house from the bush after dark, and that all the sick were to come and be *touched* by him, and made whole. This wonderful touching was done at *night*, and in the *dark*! A curtain of native cloth was strung up, partitioning off a corner of the house. The patient came, sat down on the one side of the curtain, and presently a cold hand came over the top of it, and *touched* his head, or breast, or limb, as the disease might be. The hoax was carried on by the old lady's sister, as it afterwards came out. There were, of course, many *wonderful* cures, and then there was such a rush from all parts of the group to be touched!

After a time the said old lady declared that the "last day" was at hand, and ordered all to prepare for the coming of Christ. All were to go and weed about the graves, as the dead were to be raised, and would like to see all tidy. The taro plants were to be plucked up and thrown away, bananas were to be destroyed, and the pigs to be killed and cooked. Food, she said, would be no longer needed. Jesus Christ, when he came, would go about and burn up everything, and then abundance of food would be sent down from heaven for them. The poor, credulous dupes believed it all. The women and children went to weed about the graves, the men to root up the taro plants and kill and cook the pigs. There were heaps upon heaps of food prepared. The feast was over, and then came the day for the appear-

ance of the Son of God. He was to come walking in from the sea on the top of the waves. By early dawn the excited gathering, from all parts, were out of doors, and every eye on the stretch. Some were fear-stricken, others were apprehensive, others more inclined to fun and frolic, and there they sat the livelong day gazing out to sea, but nothing was to be seen beyond the ordinary spray on the reef, and the occasional leap of a fish. Towards evening a report was passed from group to group that it was to be "*to-morrow.*" "To-morrow," said the old lady, gravely, "Seesoo Alaisah will come." To-morrow came, but the gulled expectants found all at sundown just as the day before. The old lady still kept her dignity. "Christ wished them to wait *three days,*" was the next response. The third day came, and the fourth, all the same, of course; and now said her ladyship, "I'll tell you how it is: Jesus Christ is offended with this rabble who have come to look, and laugh, and joke. He is angry. He will not come *now,* but he says he will come *some other day,* just when it pleases him." Chagrined, but still believing, the deluded people set to work afresh to replant their taro patches, thinking that food, after all, *might* be of use for some years to come. By and by *death* stepped in—the great enlightener of this, and all kindred fraternities based on deceit or delusion—our Samoan Joanna Southcott died. The bubble burst. The persistency of a few, however, led them to catch at the evaporating fragments, and, to this day, there are some who still

maintain that their semi-heathenism is the true religion.

As these systems allowed free indulgence to all heathen immoralities, they were more popular with many than the religion of the Bible, which the Tahitian teachers, left by the missionaries, attempted to teach. Many were contented with anything that allowed sin, and did not require a change of heart and life. They did not like to be called *heathen*, and wished to be able to say to a Christian teacher, or a friend who might warn them of their danger, "Don't speak to me. I have got a *foreign* religion as well as you. Mine is as good as yours. Attend to your own soul, I am attending to mine."

When the six missionaries, sent out by the London Missionary Society to take up the work so happily commenced by Messrs Williams and Barff, arrived in 1836, the white men, to whom we have referred, gave place to the accredited teachers of the group. To this day, however, some of the people are still led on, by native religious pretenders, into all sorts of extravagances and absurdities, the blind literally leading the blind, and both, when they die, falling into the ditch—a feature of poor, corrupt, sin-loving humanity which, alas, is not peculiar to Samoa. Still, notwithstanding all hindrances, glorious changes have been effected, and the good work goes on. Samoa, too, instead of being shut out from civilized man, now contributes her quota to the commercial world in the annual export of coconut oil, amounting to about £20,000, and imports

annually, from the manufactures of England and America, to the amount of upwards of £30,000.

The staff of missionaries which our Society endeavours to keep up at present in the group is ten. The number of native teachers is 212, who occupy and take the oversight of as many villages. The aggregate of our church members is 2798, and of candidates for church fellowship, 2892. For the support of the village pastors and teachers, the present annual contribution of the people is £560, and to the funds of the London Missionary Society, £650; in all £1210, which our Samoans voluntarily contribute per annum for the support of the cause of God.

CHAPTER XII.

LABOURS AT SAFATA.

ON reaching Samoa, after escaping from Tanna, I felt the advantages of having previously spent nine months in the group. I had visited most of the stations, acquired the language, become familiar with the plans of the missionaries, and was somewhat prepared to enter at once upon all the duties of missionary life.

The news of our arrival soon spread, and among the first indications of it was the appearance one morning of a party of chiefs and people from one of the districts with a present, and "a call" for me to go and be their missionary. I thanked them, but could only assure them that their wish would be duly considered at a meeting of the missionaries which was about to be held. The meeting was held. Mr. Nisbet and I were received with an overflow of brotherly kindness by all the missionaries, and had districts assigned us in which to commence missionary labour in connection with the Samoan mission.

Subsequently we had a kind letter from the Directors in London, informing us that, on the receipt of our letters giving an account of our escape from Tanna, they recorded the following reso-

lution : “ That the Directors receive, with feelings of affectionate sympathy, the intelligence of the sufferings and dangers of their devoted missionaries, Messrs. Nisbet and Turner, on the island of Tanna, from the determined hostility of the barbarous people; and they devoutly record their gratitude to God, whose gracious providence was so signally displayed in their rescue from impending death, by the arrival of a vessel in which they were conveyed, together with the native teachers, to the Navigators.”

Dr. Tidman further added : “ We feel sincere pleasure in expressing our entire approbation of your conduct, not only in reference to the measures pursued from the time of your arrival at Tanna, with a view to carrying out your important mission, but also throughout that long season of fearful suspense, and alarm, and peril which preceded your providential deliverance. . . . As there is no early prospect of renewing operations at the New Hebrides, at least by European agency, we shall now regard you as identified with the Samoan mission.”

It was with much reluctance that we gave up the New Hebrides, but the path of duty seemed plain; and as there was plenty to do, we settled down in earnest to our work as Samoan missionaries.

I was appointed to a district on the south side of Upolu, containing sixteen villages, scattered along the coast about twenty miles, and embracing a population of three thousand. All the ordinary organizations of missionary labour had been commenced, such as week-day and Sunday schools, Sabbath

services, weekly meetings for prayer and exhortation ; a church too had been formed, and every village was under the care of a teacher, who was authorized to preach. I took up my abode in the centre of the district. Daily attendance at the children's school, a class in the afternoon for the young men, who were ashamed to rank among the children ; a weekly lecture in some part of the district ; a day spent entirely with my teachers and preachers ; a prayer-meeting on Saturday afternoon ; preaching three times, visiting the Sabbath-school, and riding, on an average, eight miles every Sabbath ; a meeting of the church members for prayer and exhortation once a month ; the administration of the Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of the month ; and a monthly missionary prayer-meeting ;—these were among my principal duties during my first year of missionary life in Samoa. Mrs. Turner had a meeting once a week with the women of the district, took a class at the Sunday-school, and had also a daily class of girls.

Whether I would or not, I was obliged to turn out "Graham's Domestic Medicine," and become *head doctor* of the district. Day after day I had twenty, thirty, or fifty calls for advice and medicine. I appointed an hour, morning and afternoon, for the purpose, and, by making a small charge of something useful to the servants, such as a hank of cinet, or a few taro roots, for a dose of medicine, I was able to keep the rush and inconvenience within bounds. A little surgical knowledge which I had picked up from a session at the anatomy class in the Andersonian

University of Glasgow, was all of service; I only wished that it had been more. One gets cut and mangled in a quarrel, another falls from a tree, a third has his leg nearly bitten off by a shark, and when such poor sufferers are carried and laid at your door by their distressed friends you *must* do something. I often wished, also, that I had attended to obstetric practice before leaving home, and would strongly advise all young men preparing for missionary work among a heathen people, to devote a year or two at least almost exclusively to such matters. On one occasion I got some vaccine lymph, and by attending to it for two or three months, succeeded in getting every man, woman, and child in the district vaccinated. My brother missionaries did the same. We have kept on vaccinating as often as we could in subsequent years, and to that as a means it is probably to be traced that we have never had small pox* in the group. Vessels have called having the disease on board, but we have never had a case among the natives.

About the time to which I refer, the novelty of the new religion had passed away. Many began to prefer a sleep to a second religious service on the Sabbath, a gossip instead of the school for reading; and it was common to stay away from a week-day service if it happened to come in the way of a fish-

* This has been a fearful scourge in some parts of the Pacific, where the natives have not been vaccinated. I know an instance where it laid a third of the entire population of an island in the grave.

ing excursion. I made a number of the people of our village stare one afternoon by refusing a present of fish because they had been taken when all ought to have been with me at a religious service. "No, I cannot receive them; you did wrong in neglecting the service, and were I to receive the fish, it would be like sharing with you in the fruits of sin."

Speaking of presents, I may remark, that upon the whole the people were kind to us, and often brought presents of fish and taro, which, in their politeness, they called food *for our servants*. They wished us to send and let them know when we were short, but that was contrary to the grain. I said, "No, you know that we are here, and here for your benefit; if you choose to bring us anything of the kind as a free-will offering, we receive it; if not we can do without it; we never beg." Hardly a day passed without some one or another coming with a basket of fish or taro, as a proof that we were not forgotten, and that our labours were valued. An English family could not have made use of a twentieth part of what we had as payment for medicine and presents from the people; but, as we had to keep an almost fabulous number of servants, nothing was lost.

People in England can hardly understand it, but it is a fact, that we were obliged, almost all the years we were in Samoa, to have regularly *six* male and *six* female servants. They considered it an honour and a privilege to come and live with us, and, as they did not expect any heavy remuneration, we let

them come to the extent of a dozen. We gave them, on an average, thirty shillings each per annum, Samoan value, in calico or clothing. They had also some little perquisites, such as a copy gratis of every new book issued from the press, etc. But I imagine some people saying, "*Whatever* did you do with a dozen of servants?" With English conveniences and a cool climate, *two* good servants could do all that the dozen did; one, for instance, draws water, and he thinks that is quite enough for his business; another milks and takes care of the cow; another attends to the horse; another seeks fire-wood and heats the oven, and so on; the in and out-door work has to be portioned out a little to each, so that all have plenty of time and liberty to attend to instruction, call upon their friends, help them with any work in hand, or fish for an hour or two. A Samoan is very independent: he prefers liberty to money; any attempt to *force* him to do more than he feels inclined, would only cause him to turn on his heel and say, "Good-bye, I'm going." It would have been pleasanter to have had fewer servants, but as they were easily kept, seemed happy, and were evidently benefitted by their residence with us, we got reconciled to it. Mutual attachments were formed, and parties were raised up now and then among our domestics, who have proved useful members of society, and, in some instances, valuable Christian teachers.

The undue interference of native chiefs with religious affairs has to be guarded against, particu-

larly in the early stages of missionary work. Having been accustomed to take everything of importance into their own hand, and legislate accordingly, it comes quite natural to them to wish to have *their say* in the arrangements made by the missionary for schools and other services. Thinking, no doubt, that it would please me, the chiefs in one part of my district made a law that every man who did not appear at the six o'clock morning-school for reading and prayer should be fined in a quantity of cooked taro, fish, and other eatables. The chiefs like anything of that sort that brings in a fine; some are sure to transgress, and then the old senators are quite in their element feasting over the fines. Whenever I heard what had been done, I sent a message to the chiefs, begging them to confine their legislation to other matters, and leave all at liberty to search the Scriptures and worship God, or the contrary, just as they pleased, as it was to God and not to man all were at length to be called to give an account of their reception or rejection of the gospel.

It was the same in building a chapel, viz., a disposition to impose fines and penalties on all who did not assist. We begged, however, in this case also, to claim an exception; adding, that we wished it to be said in the erection of our churches, as was said of old in the days of David, that the chiefs and people "offered willingly."

These occasional interferences with established usages were taken in good part, and were useful opportunities of imparting instruction, and teaching

right principles, as the following incident further illustrates. On looking out one afternoon, I saw all the grown-up people of the village coming and sitting down before the door. They all looked very demure, and I wondered what was up. Presently one of the old men commenced speechifying. "We have been talking about your horse which has got a lame foot, and which is supposed to have been stoned by some one. We wish to know who has done it, but all deny, and we cannot find out. It is our custom when anything is concealed, for all to assemble and take an oath. That is our plan. Will you please to hand out a Bible, and let us all swear here, that we may know who is the guilty party?" It was their custom thus to assemble, and each laying his hand on the sacred stone, or shell, or cup, which might be considered the representative of the god, to implore vengeance and speedy death, if he touched the stone and told a lie. Of course I thanked them for their respect for my nag Tom, but told them that such imprecations were wrong, and that the simple *yea* or *nay* in such a case was quite sufficient. They were satisfied, and by and by it appeared that the horse was lame not from a stone, but from rheumatism.

Before setting my foot on missionary ground, I had some serious apprehensions as to how a Presbyterian might be able to co-operate in the same mission with Congregationalists; but soon my fears were driven to the winds. A few days after my arrival in Samoa, I was present at a half-yearly

general meeting of the mission, and found that it was perhaps as Presbyterian and Synodical as the case requires. The assembled missionaries all unitedly deliberate, vote and settle by a majority everything of importance. Following the order of seniority, one acts as secretary for twelve months, recording all that is done, answering correspondence, and transmitting a copy of the minutes to the Directors of the Missionary Society in London. The retiring secretary acts as chairman, or moderator, for the next twelve months. All this goes on harmoniously, and, without interfering with the order and government of individual churches, this united and frequent conference of brethren on their common work, secures, not only unity of plan in the mission generally, but a great deal of uniformity in the more minute affairs of individual churches and congregations. For obvious reasons, the natives, for the present at least, take no part in these general meetings. They are not yet prepared to deliberate or vote on many points of importance affecting translations, location of missionaries, and other matters which are entrusted by the Directors to the exclusive control of their agents.

In the management of individual churches, cases of discipline, for instance, admissions, exclusions, etc., the missionary is left to the exercise of his own judgment, whether to settle them by a court consisting of all the church members, or whether to arrange matters in a more private assembly of the preaching teachers of the district. I adopted

the latter plan, consulted first with my fifteen teachers, stated at the next monthly prayer-meeting of the church members what we thought to be right, and asked them to signify by a show of hands their approval, or the contrary. The church members had entire confidence in these prior decisions, and never opposed them.

On looking further at my position ecclesiastically, I found that I had actually become a sort of *bishop*. There was no avoiding it; my fifteen teaching and preaching curates were, as all native teachers necessarily are in an infant mission, perfect babes in religious knowledge and experience, and looked up to me to decide in everything affecting doctrine or discipline, or the selection of new teachers, and many other matters. While presiding at our meetings, I endeavoured to make them all think, give their opinion, and lift their hands in a vote; but I could easily see that they looked on me as their superior, and that their main anxiety was to know what I thought, and vote accordingly.

A missionary bishop is thus not only called to rule well, but he must labour hard "in word and doctrine." I felt my position to be one of great responsibility. Here I was the mainspring of influence to the entire district, and so destined to be a blessing or the reverse, as my instructions and advices might be in accordance with the divine will, or the contrary. As I have already remarked, in enumerating other duties, I met with my staff of teachers and preachers once a week, gave them a

skeleton of a sermon for the following Sabbath, which each copied; expounded a passage of Scripture as a further help for the Sabbath; received reports of anything of importance transpiring in the villages, and advised accordingly; and, in addition, spent an hour in the common day-school work of teaching these big men correct reading, writing, arithmetic, and some of the simple outlines of geography and astronomy. People in England hearing of a *native teacher and preacher*, are apt to think of an *educated* man, fully qualified for the work which his name indicates; but such is by no means always the case. If it is an infant mission, where no institution for training native teachers has been in operation, they are likely to be at the very bottom of the scale of literary acquirements. Take, for example, the teachers in the district where I commenced my labours in Samoa: if I asked them to write down on a slate *fifteen*, three-fourths of them would write X5, or perhaps 105. That, too, is a fair specimen of what they were in Bible knowledge. At that early stage, also, it is common to find out that the strangest errors have been made, and propagated as Scripture truth. I discovered one day that some of the teachers had been preaching up and down the district, giving poor Nebuchadnezzar a tail, snout, and hoof, and declaring that he had been actually changed into a *real* four-footed beast!

Nor are such misunderstandings and specimens of imperfect knowledge to be wondered at. Where could the instruction come from? These men have

grown up in heathenism. They have but just been converted. They have the gift of utterance, seem anxious to tell their fellow-creatures that Christ died to save them, and are selected by the missionary as *the best he can get* to take the oversight of a village, conduct religious services, and do what he can in teaching the people to read. My teachers being so much scattered, I could only assemble them once a week for instruction. This I found very inadequate to meet the case. To take in the sermon and lecture, was about as much as they could attend to properly in the one day. Their advanced age was also against them, so that much of what I gave them in the more secular class was forgotten before another week. I kept it up regularly, however, and some made encouraging progress.

Finding that a number of my teachers were in the habit of smoking tobacco, and tasting the native intoxicating beverage called *ava*, when they were offered it, as a matter of courtesy, on a Sabbath-day on going out to preach, I begged them to take my advice, and give up both of them. They all agreed to drink no more *ava*, but three or four seemed determined to hold to the tobacco. I asked their reasons. One said he smoked just because he liked it. Another said that when they eat a hearty meal, a smoke kept all right. And another said it made them warm and comfortable about the face when they went out in the early morning to fish. It is astonishing to what an extent the love of tobacco spreads among these native races. Almost the

entire community seemed mad after it, down even to little boys and girls. You would see the little urchin walking along to the school with his miniature cigar lighted, and puffing it out with acquired dexterity from mouth and nostrils. At the chapel door he would have three or four extra draws, throw away the last of the leaf, and then dart into his class, thinking it manly to perfume the place, and show that he could smoke tobacco. Nursing women, too, were, I believe, killing their children by it. As the habit was thus going beyond all bounds, it seemed necessary that a check should be put upon it, and that it should not be sanctioned and encouraged by the example of the teacher. It was the opinion of the majority of the teachers that they, as a body, should give up smoking as well as ava drinking. I thought so too, wrote out on a sheet of paper a pledge to give up both, and all at once signed, with the exception of three inveterates. I gave them another week to consider it, and at last they signed. I heard afterwards that they met the night before to talk over it; at length they determined to sign, but first of all to have a *farewell* smoke, and they *had* a smoke. I marked these three men in my own mind at the time, and subsequently my suspicions were more than confirmed. They proved themselves to be utterly unworthy of the confidence which had been placed in them, and had to be dismissed from the church and the teachership.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISSION SEMINARY.

THE inefficiency of our native teachers was felt by all. Each missionary did what he could to improve those under his jurisdiction, and to raise up a few others; but as each had his share in Scripture translations, and a scattered district of three, four, or five thousand people to attend to, it was found impracticable in that way to meet the necessities of the case. In Samoa alone, apart from our outposts in other islands, we require a native agency of about two hundred. It was therefore decided, at a general meeting of the members of the mission, held in March, 1844, that Mr. Hardie and myself should be appointed to commence an educational institution, embracing a more extensive plan than had previously been attempted for raising up a better native agency.

We at once took up the work, removed from our stations, fixed upon a central situation, bought from the natives about twenty-five acres of land, and by the 24th of September opened our first class, and dedicated to God, by prayer, the interests of the institution, which has since been called by the name of the *Samoa Mission Seminary*.

We commenced with a mixed class of 25, varying in ages from ten to twenty. In the following year, a more select class of 21 was formed, consisting of young men from various parts of the group. In most instances they had been teachers, and were chosen by the missionaries as parties most likely to improve and be useful. As our students began to go out at the end of a four years' course of instruction, the demand became universal for young men from the institution; and, as we had always plenty of candidates for admission, we had no difficulty in filling up vacancies. From year to year we made steady progress, and at the end of our fifteenth year, just before I left, our statistics stood as follows:— Sent by the missionaries from various parts of the group, young men to the number of 263; of these, 25 are dead, and, with *three* doubtful exceptions, finished their course with joy; 18 were dismissed, but are giving evidence of reformation; 14 have been laid aside as failing in health or qualifications; 5 are among a class which we are sorry to designate fallen and bad; 70 are now under instruction in the institution, preparing for the work of the ministry; and 131 are now labouring either in Samoa or in some of the rising missions to the westward. Those who are familiar with the statistics of such institutions, in any part of the world, will, I am sure, conclude from this statement that my brother missionaries have been remarkably careful in the selection of the young men they have sent to the seminary.

It is more difficult to trace the members of the youths' class, which we have endeavoured to carry on in connection with the instruction of the teachers ; but of the 154 who have been received since the commencement, I may say, in a general way, that some are dead, some have become teachers, eighteen of them are now in the teachers' class in the institution, others are steady and longing to return to the institution for further instruction, and others, though careless, are still *nominally* the friends of the cause of God, and may yet, like Saul of Tarsus, turn their early education to good account. I heard one day of a youth of this last class, who, in a discussion with a Roman Catholic priest, was considered by the natives present to have the better side of the controversy. He simply took his stand on the New Testament, and defied his opponent to prove from *that* volume that there is any authority for praying to the Virgin Mary.

Marriage prevents admission to many of our home colleges ; it is not so at our Samoan Mission Seminary. If we have the choice of two we reject the single man, and admit the married couple, for the simple reason that the wife needs education as well as her husband, and, when instructed, is a great blessing to her sex in the village where he may be called to labour. "We want a young man who has a wife that can teach our wives and daughters something," is sometimes the adjunct to an application for a village pastor. As many as 200 names of young women, the wives of teachers, are on the list since the

commencement, and of these 50 are now in the institution.

The children also come with the parents, and of these we have had in all 402. We have a school for them daily, conducted by two of the teachers a month at a time, and many of these dear children will look back, in after years, with sunny recollections of the days spent at Malua.

Then there have been always with us a few natives of other groups in the Pacific. Some have wandered to our islands in whaling and other ships, but the most of them were brought by our missionary vessel, and taken home again after a time. Of this class we have had natives of New Caledonia, Maré, Lifu, Tanna, Vate, Eromanga, Tokelau, Manahiki, and Savage Island, up to the number of 52. And this gives us an aggregate of upwards of *a thousand individuals*, who either are now or have been connected with the Samoan Mission Seminary. The number in the institution, just before I left, was 70 teachers, 50 women, the wives of teachers, 36 Samoan youths and strangers from other groups, who, with 98 children, make up an aggregate of 254.

For the mission to have been at the sole expense of boarding and lodging all these parties would have required an immense outlay. But even if the means had been at our disposal, we saw no reason why the missionary funds of the British churches should be spent in doing that which, by a little management, the natives themselves could do. We therefore

determined to keep up the agricultural habits of the young men, and throw the care of providing for the wants of their table entirely on themselves. The plan has worked admirably. With the exception of the first year, when the land was being laid under cultivation, the students have been amply provided for from their own resources, and that without interfering much more with their studies than is essential for the good of their health.

When we were in search for a site on which to erect our own institution premises, the chiefs and people in various places were so anxious to have us in their neighbourhood, that they offered us, free of any charge, as much land as we pleased. "Here is our village," said a chief, "just say the word, and we shall all clear off to another place, and let you have the entire settlement." We did not, however, wish to disturb people in that way, or to take a grant of land open to subsequent disputes, and so we fixed on a spot on the coast—quite a bush, and away from any settlement, which we could easily purchase and secure as mission property. We called together the owners of the land, marked off about twenty-five acres, and paid for it in calico and hardware. Subsequently, as our numbers increased, we added twenty-five acres more. The entire cost of the land was £28 3s. 11*d.*; that is to say, about 11*s.* per acre English value, or £1 5*s.* per acre Samoan value.

We commenced operations with but two small native cottages, and have gone on gradually adding





CLASS-ROOM AT MALUA, AND COTTAGES OF THE STUDENTS.

house to house, principally by the industry of the students themselves, until now, when we can show nineteen cottages, 16 by 32 feet, arranged something like a barrack square, as a naval officer called it one day, with a substantial stone-walled class-room in the centre of one of the sides, 60 feet by 30, and fitted up with desks, black boards, and other conveniences. My fellow-tutor and I reside in stone cottages, which were erected by the paid labour of the natives from the adjacent villages. Including the original cost of the land, a suit of clothes annually to all, tools, stationery, etc., the entire expenditure for fifteen years has been £570, or an annual average of £38; and for this we can show, not only the statistics of the instructed to which I have referred, but also the twenty houses, together with fifty acres of land, stocked, as the result of the students' industry, with 1021 bread-fruit trees, and 678 cocoa-nut trees, all bearing, and a third more coming on.

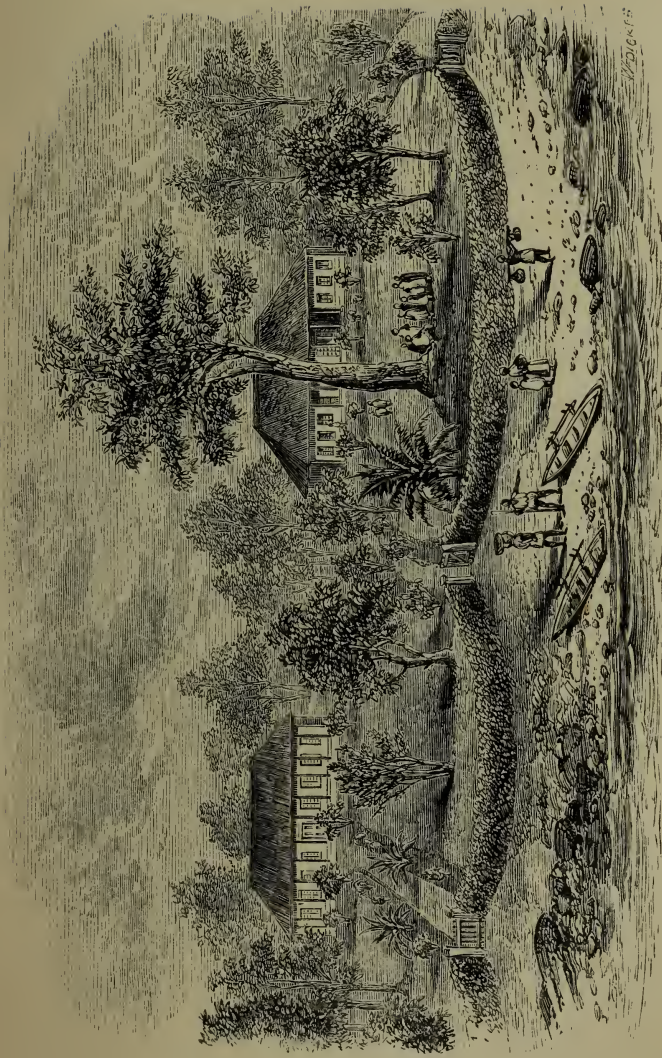
Every student has a plot of ground which he cultivates as his own, and each has his share of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. He works regularly at his plantation, raising yams, taro, and bananas till the day he leaves, and the student who succeeds him becomes heir to all he has left.*

* To a limited extent they are allowed to sell, for their own benefit, their surplus produce, and this, with the clothing which we give them, supplies them from year to year with all they want, without being dependent on their friends for anything, while they are going on with their education.

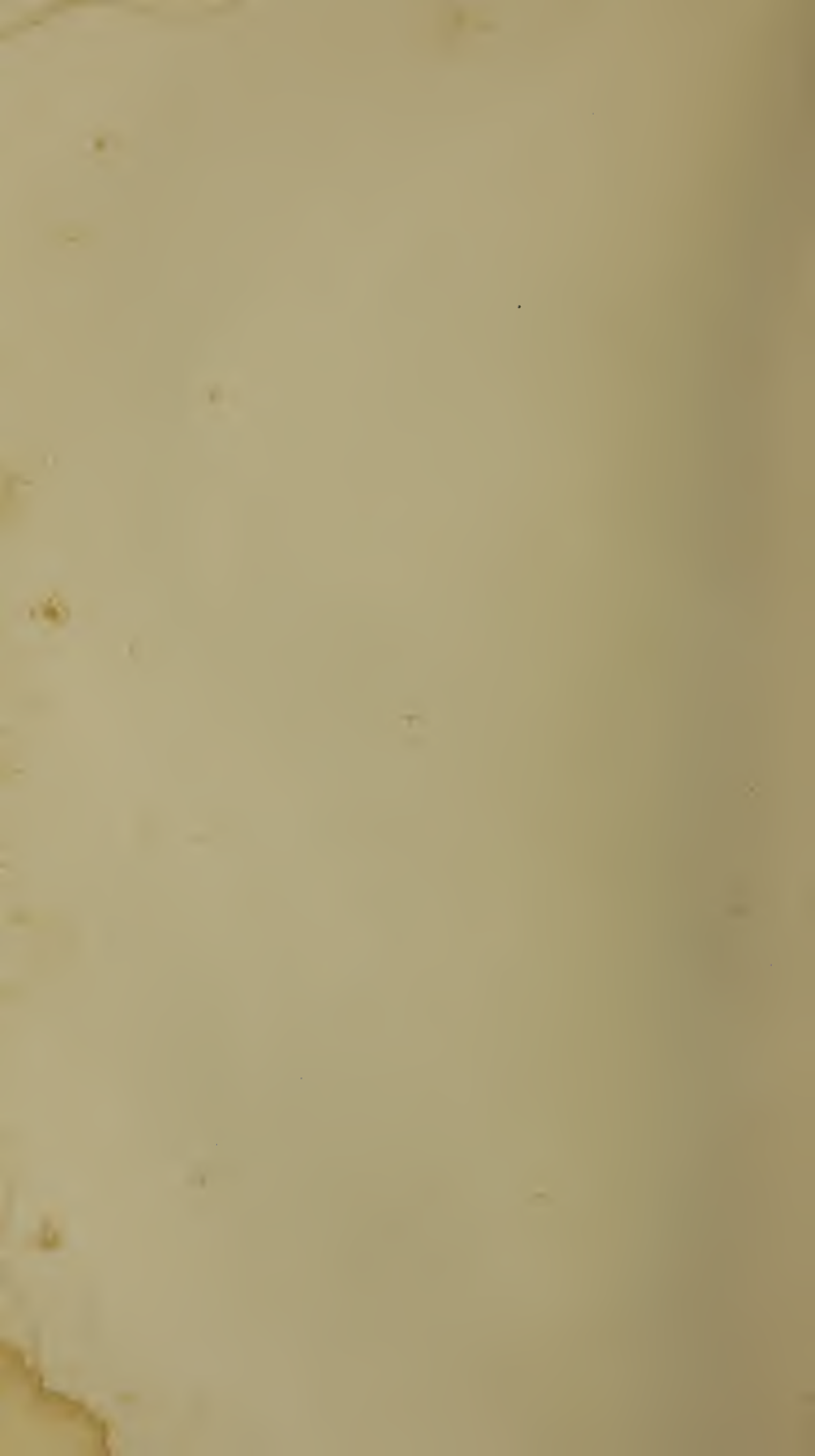
Our principal current expenses are for tools, stationery, and a suit of cotton garments annually. The whole amounts to about £50, and that entire sum has been recently met by the combined efforts of the children of the Sunday-schools in connection with Mr. Miller's church in Hobart Town. So that now, with the occasional gifts of kind friends who are interested in our work, and this noble effort of the children in Hobart Town, I expect that our institution will go on, under God's blessing, from year to year, without our having to draw a penny more for its support from the general funds of the London Missionary Society.

The institution bell rings at dawn. After their devotions, the students all go out to fish, or do plantation work, whichever they please. At eight the bell rings again to call them all in to bathe, have breakfast, and be ready for the first class at nine. With short intervals they are entirely occupied with classes, copying lectures, etc., until four in the afternoon, when they again disperse, to the lagoon, or the plantations, or the carpenter's workshop, as their tastes or necessities incline them. After family prayer they generally spend their evenings in reading, writing, or conversation on the day's classes. At half-past nine P.M. the bell rings the curfew, and all retire for the night.

Wednesday is what we call our industrial day, and, until two o'clock, is specially devoted to improvements about the premises. House-building, sawing, weather-boarding, fencing, burning lime,



TUTORS' RESIDENCES AT THE MISSION SEMINARY, MALUA.



stone and mortar work, and other such employments, are all reserved for that day. In the afternoon of this industrial day all meet for a Scripture exposition, and, while the young men are at work in the early part of the day, I have embraced the opportunity of having a class with their wives. The main instruction of them, of course, devolves on the ladies.*

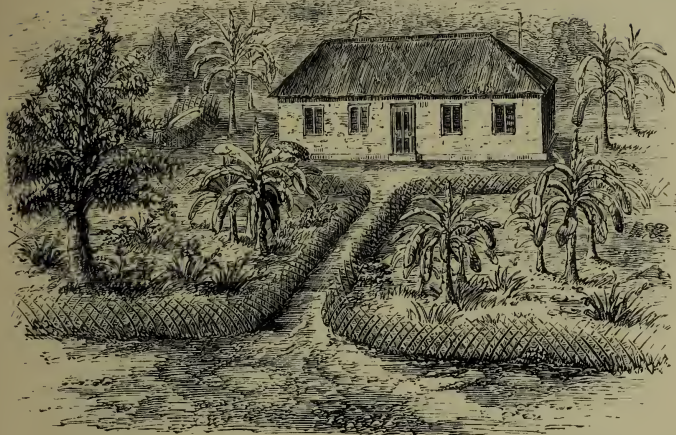
A Saturday evening prayer-meeting in the institution chapel closes the week, and on this occasion the students in turn deliver an address in the hearing of their tutors. The Sabbath is ushered in by a prayer-meeting at six o'clock. At half-past eight there is the morning service, which is attended by church members and others from neighbouring villages, forming a congregation of about 400. At ten all the members of the institution meet in family groups, for prayer and conversation about the sermon. At eleven the children are assembled for a Sunday-school. At two there is an adult Bible-class. At half-past three an afternoon service, after which all again meet in family groups for family prayer and conversation about the sermon.

* Our institution rules forbid quarrelling, the use of tobacco, going anywhere without permission, lights after a certain hour, night-fishing, and a few other things adapted to the circumstances of the place and people. The fines are one shilling each, and most rigidly kept up, as the students themselves get the benefit of them. With the fines they buy oil, and that, with what they make themselves, keeps each supplied with a light for his room all the year over.

The evening is also spent in religious conversation, Scripture reading, and prayer. On Sabbath evenings, I allowed any of the students to attend a service which I had with our servants, and every evening the room was crowded. I found this a useful service, not only as a duty to our domestics, but as a pattern to the teachers how to improve their Sabbath evenings. A question of the catechism, with Scripture proofs, or a section of Bunyan, and a chapter of the Bible, read verse about, and simply explained and applied, together with singing and prayer, well and happily occupied our Sabbath evening hour. On the first Sabbath of the month we have the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and on the first Monday of the month a missionary prayer-meeting.

In dividing our labours and arranging our departments of instruction in 1844, it was agreed that my fellow-tutor, Mr. Hardie,* attend to systematic theology, church history, arithmetic, and geography; and that I take up Scripture exposition, practical theology, or the work of the Christian ministry, Scripture history, writing and composition, and natural philosophy. We both arranged also to de-

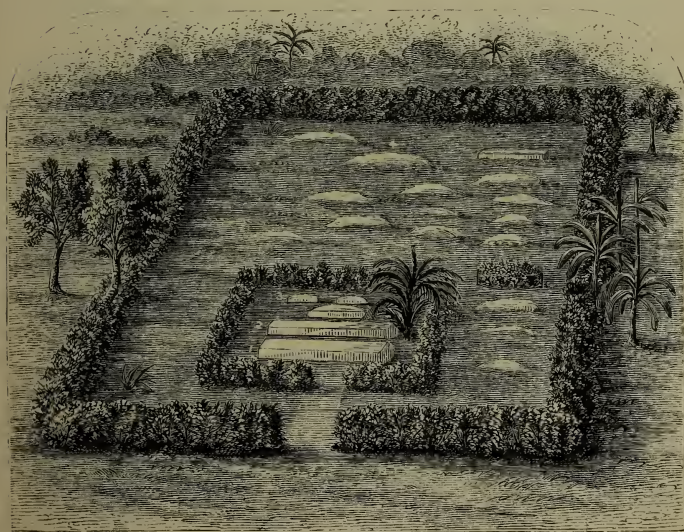
* Mr. Hardie retired from the Samoan Mission a few years ago. His place in the Mission Seminary was for a time filled by the late lamented Rev. George Stallworthy. On the death of Mr. Stallworthy, last year, the Rev. H. Nisbet, my fellow-labourer in former years at Tanna, received the appointment, and was removed from his station on Savaii to the institution.



MISSION COTTAGE AT PORT RESOLUTION.

Page 480.

1. Grave of Mrs. Paton and her infant Son.



BURYING-GROUND AT MALUA.

Page 132.

1. Grave of the Rev. George Stallworthy. 2. Grave of Mrs. Drummond, of Glasgow. 3. Graves of Fanny Hardie, and of the infant Children of the Rev. Messrs. Nisbet and Ella. 4. Graves of Native Children and others connected with the Institution.

vote a little time to the elements of the English language.

In conducting my classes, I endeavoured to attend to two things—first, to see that the young men understood what was explained in class; and, secondly, to secure its being remembered. The former, I think, was effected by questioning the young men well on the previous lecture, and by allowing them to ask any further explanation of what they did not understand. This they did freely, and hardly let anything pass; but it was more difficult to secure the latter. Students in England not only find it easy to take copious notes, but they have in their possession printed text-books, commentaries, and many other works of reference, with fixed names and phrases for every department of science. It was not so in Samoa when I commenced my tutorial labours. The entire literature of my first class of students was three Gospels and an Epistle, the History of Joseph, some Scripture Lessons, and a few miscellaneous pieces in a small native magazine, which we had commenced. I found it necessary, therefore, to put all my instructions carefully in a compact written form, and to let the young men have a separate copy, from which to write out as much as they could, to take with them when they left the institution, as a help to the memory and for future reference.

For fifteen years I have continued to give out to the students copies of my notes and lectures, at an average, during the most of that time, of twelve

pages per week, and the result of my labours I may state as follows:—

1. A consecutive Scripture narrative from the creation to the times of the Apostles, including a history of Jewish affairs in the interval between the latest Old Testament times and the days of our Saviour.
2. Comments, expository and practical, on the Gospel of Matthew.
3. Ditto, ditto, on the Gospel of Mark.
4. Ditto, ditto, on the Gospel of Luke.
5. Ditto, ditto, on the Acts of the Apostles.
6. Ditto, ditto, on the Epistle to the Romans.
7. Ditto, ditto, on the Epistle to the Galatians.
8. Ditto, ditto, on the Epistle to the Hebrews.
9. Ditto, ditto, on the entire Book of Psalms.
10. Lectures on the Work of the Ministry after the model of Bridges.
11. Notes on Bunyan's Pilgrim.
12. Translation of "Scripture Facts in Simple Language," by the author of the "Peep of Day;" fifty-two in all. These Scripture Facts, notes on Bunyan, and also a series of 112 maxims on parental duty, were subjects taken up in a class which I had with the wives of the teachers, on the Wednesday, while their husbands were engaged in industrial affairs. These women were also furnished with paper, and copied everything carefully which was given to them.

13. Elements of natural philosophy.
14. Sketches of sermons, to the extent of 2640 pages.
15. Commenced and progressing with a Biblical Dictionary.

These things which I have just enumerated required me to write in all 11,520 pages, of which I gave out to the students to copy 6955. At the end of his four years' course, a student took with him about 2000 pages of lectures and notes.

But why not *print* these things, and save all that laborious copying? That is now being done. From the first I have endeavoured to make all my class preparations the groundwork of future publications; and of the manuscripts which I have just enumerated, there are already in print:—"The Elements of Astronomy," "The Scripture History," the Commentaries on Matthew, the Acts, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, and also the Lectures on the Work of the Ministry, amounting in all to 950 pages of 12mo letterpress.

Few can understand but those who have it to do, the amount of labour in getting up such works as these. I spent five hours a-day, on an average, in my study all the years I was in the islands. Before obtaining these 950 pages of letterpress, for example, I have had the prior labour of writing 5300 pages of manuscript. After being prepared for the press, all such works, according to a rule in our mission, are first submitted to the inspec-

tion of a committee of at least two of the missionaries, and then they are printed. We give a copy of each gratis to the students of the institution and native agents throughout the group, and sell the rest to pay expenses, at the rate of 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, or 2*s.*, according to the size of the book.*

A connected commentary on a gospel or an epistle is, at this infant stage of their literature, of great value to our native agents. Before they had such helps, they could hardly venture to expound more than the single verse of the text, of which they might have a skeleton from the missionary. With the aid of their printed commentaries, or written notes, they can now with confidence write out a skeleton of their own, or expound a gospel, or an epistle, from beginning to end. Intelligent church members, too, value these Scripture comments. They buy them up as soon as they are printed, and take a pleasure in being able to form an opinion on the correctness, or otherwise, of the expositions of

* Some of these works are out of print, but I am commissioned by my brethren to carry through the press, while I am in this country, new editions, of 3000 each, of the Commentaries on Matthew, Acts, and Hebrews, and also an edition of the Scripture History. All are to be illustrated, if possible, with such useful maps and woodcuts, as the ample resources of the London Religious Tract Society and Sunday-school Union can afford. In the first editions, printed on the islands, we were aided by liberal grants of paper from these noble institutions; and now that second editions are wanted, I have no doubt they will do all in their power to further our wishes.

Scripture given by their village pastors. These facilities for the spread of intelligence among the hearers has a good effect also on the pulpit. The preachers find that if they do not rise and keep up to the mark of correct instruction, that they will soon hear of it in the whispers, or louder talk, of daily gossip.

It must not, however, be supposed that the young men sent out from the institution, after a four years' course of instruction, are all that is necessary for their work. It is but a distant approximation. They are still *far* from the mark of Christian experience and intelligence which it is desirable to reach, but which cannot be reasonably expected either in this or in the next generation. I may, perhaps, best illustrate this by a fact or two: I devote an hour every day to the profitable exercise of hearing and answering questions out of class. At two P.M. any one who wishes information on any subject is at liberty to come to my study privately for a few minutes; and at that hour there may be seen waiting their turn at my study-door, ten, fifteen, or twenty of the young men. The following are some of their questions, given almost as I noted them one day out of curiosity:—

1. What is the meaning of the bottomless pit?
2. What is meant by tears put in God's bottle?
3. Why did Christ ask the lame man whether he believed; did he not know?

4. What is meant by the body going whole to hell ?
5. If a person calls me while I am at prayer, should I answer him ?
6. What does plucking out a right eye mean ?
7. Why does Paul say to the Corinthians that things offered to idols are not to be eaten ; and to Timothy he says, every creature of God is good ?
8. If we feel sleepy at prayer, should we open our eyes ?
9. What is meant by the two daughters of the horse-leech ?
10. Why is Athaliah called the daughter of Omri, as well as the daughter of Ahab ?
11. How tall was Zaccheus ; how many feet do you suppose ?
12. Why could not the *wise* men of Babylon read the writing on the wall ?
13. If people go out to fish at night, should they have prayer in the canoe at daylight ?
14. What is meant by *killing* the passover ?
15. What is meant by the evening and morning in Genesis being called a *day* ?
16. If Christ knew that Judas was bad at heart, why did he not put him down ?
17. What is the meaning of *cymbal* ? Is it an animal, or what ?
18. Should people shave their beards on the Sabbath-day ?
19. Is it right to beat a child on the Sabbath-day ?

20. If we are repairing a chapel, is it right to take our dinner inside ?
21. What is the meaning of people being measured with *lines*, in 2 Samuel viii. 2 ?
22. What is meant by Satan falling from heaven ?
23. What is meant by saluting no man by the way ?
24. Did Isaiah live before Christ, or after him ?
25. Is Joseph of Arimathea the same as the Joseph who was sold by his brethren ?

We find it difficult to hammer *chronology* into the minds of the natives, as the last two questions indicate ; and it lately occurred to me, that perhaps we ourselves have increased the difficulty, by printing the *New Testament before* the Old. Time, however, will remove this.

I need hardly add, that sometimes I was amused with their questions ; at other times I was pleased to see indications of close reading and careful thinking ; and now and then I was startled with their ignorance, and felt that it was one of my most difficult tasks, with some of them, to dive down to the depths of it.

When the young men leave the institution they return to the missionary who sent them, and are located each in some particular village. There they conduct schools, preach, and in some cases are appointed to baptize the children of church members, and administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. For the present, the admission or exclusion of

church members is left to a meeting of the church members and teachers, at which a missionary can preside. To a great extent, however, the missionary, in voting for the admission of new members, acts upon the united report of the teacher and church members of the village to which the party belongs.

Our native agents will, we trust, eventually be fit to take the care of the churches entirely on themselves. It will be many years yet, however, before they can be safely intrusted with such weighty responsibilities. But the work is going on. The Scriptures have been completed; every year is adding to the religious and other literature of the people; and we trust also that, from year to year, the systematic education of the native teachers will be carried on with all the earnestness which, under Divine blessing, is essential to reach that standard of intelligence and usefulness in our native agents at which we aim.

Considering the number gathered together in our institution, from all parts of the group, I often wondered that they lived together so harmoniously. Next to the Divine blessing, and strict rules, our main dependence, in securing peace and friendship, was to keep all so fully employed as to prevent their having time for trifling and strife.

It is but right also to add, that the marked respect which the students uniformly showed to ourselves, tended much to lighten our burden, and

cheer us in our work. We had often letters, too, from those who had been with us in past years, full of affectionate remembrance and expressions of gratitude, which we felt to be ample returns for all the pains we took in instructing them.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONVERSIONS.

AMONG my institution duties I embodied private conversation with the students. He whose turn it was to deliver the address at the prayer-meeting on the Saturday evening, came to my study on the following Monday, and I had then an opportunity of dropping a few encouraging words, or admonitory hints, as the case might require. On these occasions I often felt much interested in accounts given me by the young men of their early history, and, in several instances, got them to commit to writing some of the facts elicited in the course of conversation.

It will be interesting, I am sure, to many to observe the similarity of corrupt human nature in all parts of the earth, and to mark the proofs which the few instances which I shall now give afford, that there is one and the same Divine Spirit at work in the human mind, in conversion, all the world over. It will be manifest also that God, in Samoa, as well as elsewhere, calls forth his servants from every variety of character and circumstance.

I might fill a volume with the autobiographical notices to which I refer, but I must be contented with a few condensed extracts. I shall give them, as

near as I can, in the translated words of the young men themselves, omitting here and there things of minor importance.

1. "I was once," says one, "dark and ignorant. I cared for nothing but the body. When Sabbath came round I delighted in it, because there was no particular work to do, and I could sleep all day if I pleased. I hardly ever went to the chapel or to a school. I lived like a beast of the field, without any thought of futurity. By and by I was taken ill. I could not walk, and my arms were crooked, I could not stretch them out. I felt alarmed, and thought it must be a judgment from God, as I had been away in the bush the Sabbath before, with other lads, stoning birds. I recovered, and away went my fears. I lived just as before. Then my brother came and talked to me about my wickedness, and entreated me to turn to God. I told him to leave it with me. Two months after he came again, reasoned with me, and begged me to tell him why I would not turn from sin. I said I did not wish to lose my companions. He then asked what my companions could do for me in sickness and death. I thought that was true, for I had often been ill, and lay alone, as they seldom looked near me. I thought my brother was right after all, and began to think in earnest about life in heaven. I had learned to read when I was a little boy, and now felt the advantage of it. I commenced reading the Bible, and felt interested. When Sabbath came, I felt less inclination to sleep, and a real desire to read and go to chapel. About this time I

was roused more than ever, and alarmed by a sermon from a teacher on the text, 'Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker.' I knew that I had been striving against God, and that I had done, over and over again, what he forbad. I was dreadfully afraid, but found Christ who died for sinners, and was, in course of time, received into the Church."

2. Another wrote as follows:—"When the Word of God was first brought to Samoa, I attended the schools, learned to read and write, and for a long time was steady and a servant with the missionary, Mr. Slatyer. When he left I fell back into sin. War broke out, and I was drawn into it. I was at the battle of Safata, and three other fights. One day Mr. Murray visited our war-camp. He knew me well when I was steady. He asked what I was doing there. I said that I was just fighting with the rest of them, but that I hated it, and also that I did not forget God, and thanked him daily for sparing my life. Mr. Murray reminded me of what I had been taught in former happy days, and I made up my mind to break off from the war party, but I determined first of all to go with a number of others on a visit to the island of Tutuila. We went, and were caught in a gale. Ropes, mast, and sail were all blown useless, and we were drifted off to sea, we knew not where. The storm continued. Two nights and two days we were in the midst of it, our food gone, no appearance of land, and there we wept and wailed, and gave ourselves up as lost. I prayed earnestly to God to save us, and determined, that if

my life was saved, ever after to devote it to God. The storm cleared off, we sighted land, pulled for the shore and were all saved. I thanked God, begged forgiveness of my sins through the blood of Christ, went to the teacher, conversed with him and gave in my name as a follower of the Lord."

3. Another thus writes: "At the commencement of the mission, I was appointed a teacher, and laboured in four different villages. Afterwards I fell, and lived for years careless and worldly. After a time one of my children died, then another, and a third, and a fourth. My wife and I began to think that God was in this way punishing us for the neglect of his Word. I was struck, too, at this time with what the teacher said to me. He said that my children were safe in heaven, and that I might go to them, but they could never come to me. I determined to go to them, and began afresh to seek salvation. I felt also a strong desire to devote the remainder of my days to the service of Christ. I am afraid lest I should again be drawn away into sin, but I try to keep close to my Saviour."

4. Another related respecting himself as follows:—"The first thing which roused me to think of my sins was a severe illness, but as I recovered I became careless again. After that my wife died. I was in great grief, and, as I looked down into her grave, I thought that that would soon be my road too, and felt alarmed to think that I was quite unprepared to die. I commenced to attend the chapel regularly, and from that time my desire

to leave sin and serve the Lord continued to grow.”

5. Another, a young man, the son of a teacher, who first came to the institution with his father, and who is now preparing for the work of the ministry himself, thus said respecting his conversion: “It was not any sickness that first led me to think of my sins and my Saviour, but the reading and exposition of God’s Word, together with the teaching of his Holy Spirit. It was some time in 1853, when listening in the class to the exposition of the Gospel of Mark, that I first felt love to Christ growing up in my heart. I prayed for the help of the Holy Spirit that my love to Christ might grow stronger and stronger, and that I might be kept from all sin. I felt that I was weak, and, like a young lamb, an easy prey to wild beasts if far away from the shepherd. The more I think of the vanity of vanities of which Solomon speaks, the more do I feel inclined to devote soul and body to the service of God.”

6. Another, who traces his conversion principally to the reading of God’s Word, says: “I was long hardened and obstinate. I was with the troops during the most of the last war. I felt sick of the camp life, and after escaping in safety through five of the battles, I thought there was something peculiar in God’s goodness to me in preserving my life. I then determined to break off from the war party, and set myself to the reading of God’s Word to see what was in it. I caught a pig, sold it for money, and bought a New Testament. I then read about Christ—his

coming into the world, his life, his miracles, and his death. Light broke in; I wondered at such amazing love. I still feel dark and ignorant, but I am persevering, and that good Spirit who led me to Christ will, I trust, continue to enlighten my dark mind."

7. Another thus writes: "For years I was undecided for God, but my wife gave me no rest. Ever since she became a church member (fifteen years ago) she has kept stedfast, and in my days of folly she never ceased to exhort me to repent and turn to the Lord. What Paul says about the unbelieving husband being sanctified by the wife, is fulfilled in my case. The hand of God also was laid on me. I was laid down and very ill, and then formed resolutions, that, if ever raised up again, I would live a new life. I recovered, and, ever since, I have tried to serve the Lord, and pray that I may be faithful unto death."

8. Another, who became connected with the institution when he was a boy, related as follows: "But for my parents, I might have been bad enough. They watched me with great care. I was never allowed to go near a night-dance. If I happened to get off to the bush at any time with other boys, it was not long before there was a message from my father for me to go back, and play in front of the house. It was the same in the moonlight nights, I had to keep near the house. I learned to smoke, but my father did not know. He would have been angry had he known that. When my parents were appointed to go to the institution, I did not wish to

go with them, and it was arranged that I was to remain behind, under the care of my uncle. But up comes a message to say that I *must* go, as the laws of the institution require that teachers who have children must assemble them also in the institution, to be taken care of and instructed. I had not been long on the premises until I felt a great desire to join the youths' class, and be allowed to attend the lectures. I made every effort, and prayed to God to help me, that I might be able to read any part of the Bible, and not be rejected when I applied. Great was my joy when I was received, and took my place in the class."

This young man is still under instruction, and will, I trust, yet rank among our most useful teachers.

9. Another case occurs to me, the very reverse of this in parental influence. "My father," says the narrator, "was a wicked old man. The Christian religion was set up in our village, but he was an enemy to it, and we, the children, had to comply with his wishes. As I grew up, it seemed to be my very trade to lie and steal; and the Sabbath I generally spent in hunting wild pigs. Then it happened that I was taken very ill. My father and all the family were crying, and concluded I was dying. In my distress it occurred to me, as a last resort, to call upon God, and for the first time I prayed to the true God. Next morning I felt better, and continued to recover. I now determined to give up heathenism, and serve the Lord. About that time

I heard Mr. Hardie preach, and well remember his saying, 'Make haste and repent ; for if you do not, death will come, and then you can never obtain eternal life.' This made me all the more anxious to follow Christ. After a time war broke out. My father did all he could to get me off to the war. He first tried to coax and flatter me, praising my bright sharp eyes, which would make me the beauty of the corps, but this did not do. He then tried anger, and at last went off in a rage. My mind was made up. I was determined to hold on to Christ. Instead of going to the war, I got up, put on a decent cloth, and joined a party of Church members and steady people who were going off to remonstrate and try to prevent fighting. For a long time I did not make it known formally to the teacher what a change had come over my mind. I thought it was enough, for the time, that God knew. People wondered and talked about it. They saw that I had begun to pray, attend schools on the week-days, and on the Sabbath just like a church member, and yet I was not one. By and by I opened my mind to the teacher, and, after a year or two, was received into the church. I am greatly delighted to add, that my old erring father seems now to be turning to the Saviour, too. I heard lately that he has become a candidate for admission to the church."

10. Another gave the following account of himself: "I was formerly an ignorant, wicked lad. My father became steady and a member of the church, and begged me, for his sake, to behave

better, and not to bring him and the family into disgrace. I tried, but I was still lawless and immoral; so much so, that a heavy fine was imposed on our family for one thing I did. This was the last of my gross sins; and when in the midst of it a strange fear of God came over me; so much so, that I at once prayed for forgiveness. I then began to pray regularly morning and evening. Although I was quite ignorant, and could not read a word, I felt a pleasure in prayer. It seemed as if God came and cheered and instructed me when I prayed. I then gave up going to night-dances: felt that I did not care for them. It was about this time that I one day overheard two women talking together. The one was telling the other of a conversation she had with one of the deacons of the church, when she went to talk about becoming a member; she said it made her feel as if she were actually in heaven. I wondered whatever the man could say to her to make her feel so, and thought I would try and have a talk some day with the deacon, too. A few days after that I saw him coming along the road, and all at once made up my mind to speak. 'Will it be agreeable to you to have a little conversation with me about the Word of God?' 'Quite agreeable,' said the good man. 'I am going somewhere, just now, but you come to my house by and by, in the evening.' I was delighted that he was willing to talk with me. Evening came. I went to his house. He took me into a back-room, and there we sat down. I said I had a great desire to know about

the Word of God. He said it was very good, and then commenced questioning me. He first asked if I knew what sin was. I did not know what to say, and so he explained to me that it meant treading under foot God's law. He then asked whether I thought that *I* had been trampling on God's laws. He talked about that, too. Many a thing the good man told me that night. He seemed to go over all the great doctrines of the Word of God. I continued inquiring after the truth, and was at length admitted into the church. None but God knows how sinful I was. I feel that I have a sinful heart still, but I trust in the redemption-price paid by Jesus for the forgiveness of all my transgressions."

11. Another young man thus writes : "Several years ago I had a sister that I loved dearly. She took ill, lay for seven months, and then died. I was at that time a servant of the devil. Sin was sweet to me. My sister had great compassion for me, mourned over my wickedness, and implored me to abandon my sins. I was constantly beside her, and especially at the last. To my astonishment, she had no fear of death. She was quite happy at the thought of it, and talked about going to be with Jesus in heaven. She did not seem like one dying at all, but rather like a person going a journey to another part of the country, and glad at the thought of going. This to me was most amazing. I could not understand it ; for when I happened to be ill at any time, I was dreadfully afraid of dying. It was not so with my sister ; death was all joy to her ; she

did not know what fear was. Her last entreaties were, that I should give up sin, and seek forgiveness and eternal life through Christ. I promised to do so, and I now say that her happy death and her dying agreement with me, were the means of my casting off the service of sin, and of my turning to Jesus, whose service I have found to be far sweeter than ever I found the service of the devil. Some time ago I was thought by the missionary to be fit to act as teacher, and as there was a scarcity of teachers, I consented. I commenced my labours, but it was like a man attempting to cut down a forest with a blunt axe, or like a foolish man hammering away, but never striking the head of the nail. I mean to say, that I did not know sufficiently God's Word myself to be a teacher of others, and that, although I could talk, yet it was of little use. I therefore implored the missionary to let me have the first opening he had at the institution, that I might get further instruction, as I wished, when I talked, to say something to the point, and explain clearly the Word of God."

12. Let me add but another illustration of the power of God in the conversion of the Samoans. It is from a young man now in the institution: "I was once," he says, "a great thief. I remember stealing two fowls from one family, a hatchet from another, and often I stole taro from the plantations. One day I went into a house where there was a blind man. I said I wanted a light, and stole three paddles. Many cases of stealing were searched into by

the chiefs, but no one could find out the thief. I knew all the time who it was. I thought stealing a famous sport, and got it into my head that God did not cause anybody to die merely for stealing. I did not like to hear sermons, and seldom went to chapel. My favourite Sabbath employment was to be off in the bush with some other young fellows, chasing fowls, stealing bananas, and quarrelling. I went to the week-day school sometimes, but it was merely for the fun and mischief I could raise among the other boys. The teacher was obliged to drive me away. I only knew three letters then, but I did not care. I said to myself, 'What is the use of these difficult things? who can remember them?' and so I kept to my thieving and wickedness. I once even went the length of giving my mother a beating. About five years ago I felt a change come over me, and a wish to go to school. I did so, and night after night I dreamed about reading, and thought that I could read well. This made me all the more anxious to persevere. I never missed a school now, and soon I could read the Bible. I attended the services also, and as I began to see how wicked I had been, my greatest wonder was, how ever God had borne with me so long. I delighted to think of his love, and that I had been spared to understand that Christ died to save sinners like myself. Even now that I have received Christ, and have for some time devoted my life to his service, I have frequent sorrow of heart as I think of the great wickedness of my early days. It seems as if I had been at the very extreme of

wickedness, but thanks, thanks, thanks be to God for his great forbearance in not quickly punishing me on account of my sins! I am amazed as I think of it. My love to Christ increases, and I hope after death to be with him where he is in unchanging life.”

But I must stop. May God bless those young men to whom these notices refer! They can speak to their fellow-men from experience. I have given but the meagre abridgments of more lengthened narratives, and I must leave the reader to make his own comments. As I have been writing, I have been thinking that many of the Samoans will rise up in judgment for the condemnation of multitudes who live in far more favoured parts of Christendom. God forbid that any of my readers should slight their privileges, and famish amid the rich profusion of the bread of life by which they are surrounded!

CHAPTER XV.

MISSION SEMINARY DISTRICT.

At short distances along the coast, for about four miles east and west of the institution, there are eight villages, containing an aggregate population of 2152 individuals. These villages have each a resident teacher, who preaches, and to whom is entrusted other branches of ministerial duty. My fellow-tutor and I take a pastoral oversight in the admission or exclusion of church members, and also in administering the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper. These villages also furnish a sphere for the occasional exercise of the preaching talents of the students, preparatory to their being sent out and appointed to the care of villages themselves.*

Of the population in the eight villages just referred to, 234 are members of the church, 387

* The kind of preaching which takes in Samoa is the illustrative. A plain statement of abstract truth to a people who hardly ever open their mouth but in a figure, is dry and uninteresting. The successful preacher in Samoa, whether native or European, must search heaven, and earth, and sea, and bring forth also from every age of the history of his fellow-men with which he is acquainted, facts illustrative of the great truths which he preaches. The man who thinks that "anything" will do for such a people, will find that his preaching is vain and valueless. He will neither gain the respect of the people, nor save souls.

are candidates for church fellowship, and the rest are professedly Christians. In every family in the district God is worshipped, and family prayer conducted night and morning. In the day-schools for children there are in all 551, and in the day-schools for adults there are in attendance 902. In addition to the regular morning and afternoon services on the Sabbath-day, there is a Sunday-school at noon for the children, and after that a Bible-class for the adults. At the former, there is an aggregate attendance of 504, and at the latter, 900.

The church members at five of these villages, unite once a month in communion with the students in the institution. The other three villages, which are more isolated, form a separate church, and have a united communion once a month. It seldom happens,—but it is an understood thing,—that if the missionary is prevented from attending on the ordinance day at this outpost, that the teachers of the three villages conduct the service themselves. At outstations, in various parts of the group, the Lord's Supper is duly administered once a month by the native pastors.

In admitting members to the church, the course we have pursued is something like the following: When an individual feels a desire to leave off the service of Satan, and become a follower of Christ, he makes known his wish to the teacher of the village. If the teacher thinks him sincere he notes his name, and mentions the case to us, that we too may take it down. In our arrangements, we have an hour

now and then for the purpose of conversing individually with these candidates for church fellowship, and note in our memorandum book, opposite to the name of the party, the opinion formed. At some of these names I have such words as "hopeful—reads—seems in earnest;" or, it may be, that I have to record such words as, "doubtful—can't read—answers by rote—pharisaical—dark as to Christ." The teacher forms these candidates into a class for special instruction, and keeps his eye particularly upon them. Once or twice in the course of the year he, together with the aid of the church members, makes a selection, it may be of two, four, or six, whom they think fit to be admitted to the church. If we find, on comparing the list with our notes, that our opinion is the same as that of the church members and teachers, we then give notice at the next prayer-meeting of the church members, that certain parties are proposed for admission, and if, after another month, there are no objections, and all lift up the hand in a vote in favour of the parties, they are admitted, and join in the next communion. If, however, there are any doubts, we delay. It is rare that any are admitted before having been candidates for two or three years. I have some who have been candidates for five, and even *ten* years, and yet we have not confidence in admitting them. One, for instance, is a middle-aged, steady sort of man, but he cannot read. Another can read, but he has not been at the trouble to procure the books of Scripture. Another reads and has the entire Bible, but there are suspicions;

he seems to equivocate at times, and now and then slips away to fish, or work in his plantation, instead of attending the prayer-meeting. For these, and similar things, which indicate a want of Christian principle, we keep back many, year after year, afraid lest we should be the means of misleading any, or of causing them to settle down contented with a mere name to live. By being careful to admit only such as give protracted evidence that they have been received by God, we have all the less occasion for subsequent discipline. We do not hesitate, however, to dismiss at once from church fellowship any against whom there is a clearly made out case of such things as lying, stealing, adultery, lifting the hand in a quarrel, or Sabbath-breaking. When church members prove unfaithful, it can hardly be concealed. Their conduct is pretty open to the world, and not only is the eye of the ungodly open and vigilant, his tongue also is ever ready to trumpet abroad any inconsistencies which he may discover in the professors of Christianity.

The eight village teachers or pastors, to whom I have referred, are supported by the voluntary contributions of the people in the villages where they labour. For several years we gave our teachers, throughout the group, an allowance of clothing from the funds of the Missionary Society. This required the Directors to send out now and then a £200 parcel of Manchester goods—a serious item of expenditure, and yet, when it was divided into 200 shares, and each share considered a man's allowance

for himself, his wife, and family, for eighteen months or two years, it seemed so little that one felt ashamed to offer it. In 1852, we thought the time had fully come to throw the entire support of the teachers upon the people themselves. We have no seat-rents, or other stated source of ecclesiastical income, from which to pay these village pastors. The chapels are built freely by the united labour of the people themselves, and that entitles them to free attendance. Annually, in May, we have missionary meetings, and a voluntary collection, but that is sacred to the Missionary Society. We, therefore, decided that we should call upon the people simultaneously all over the group, to fix upon the first month of every year for making a voluntary contribution for the support of their village teacher. The people had all along been in the habit of building him a house, and of supplying him with the most of the food which he required, but they left him to his own resources, or the allowances from the Missionary Society, for everything else.

The extra effort was something novel to the people, but as they had by this time the New Testament in their hands, and the greater part of the Old, it was easy to explain to them the Scripture principle, and even to appeal to their own common-sense, that the man who does *their* work should be paid by *them*. Still, however, some grumbled. "Why not pay the teachers out of the May collection?" "If we subscribe for the teachers in January, there will be nothing for the Missionary Society in May."

“If we yield to this, and pay the teachers, we shall be called upon to pay the missionaries next.” These were the sayings of a few of the croaking, close-fisted, and unprincipled. It was easy to meet every objection, and so we commenced the new scheme in January, 1853. In the eight villages adjacent to our Mission Seminary the aggregate, in cash value, of articles given by the people to their teachers amounted to £14, or about 35s. to each teacher. It was not much, but it was a commencement, and far more than we had been able to afford from the funds at our disposal from the Missionary Society. Next year it amounted to £22. Every year it went on steadily increasing, and the year before I left, the united collections of these eight villages, for their teachers, amounted to £84; that is to say, on an average, upwards of £10 to each. This, with the addition to which we have already referred, of a free house, and a pretty good supply of food, is, we consider, ample provision for a native teacher in Samoa at the present day.

Not only has the scheme worked well for the support of the village pastors, but it has not detracted in the least from the annual collection in May for the Missionary Society. For the last seven years we have averaged upwards of £60, as the annual collection from the district and the institution—a larger sum by far than we ever averaged in preceding years. It holds good in Samoa as in England, that the people who do most for the cause of God among themselves are the very parties who are foremost in.

their efforts for the cause of Christ among the heathen.

The chiefs were on the alert again, according to their custom, at which I have already hinted, and wished to legislate on the question of the support of teachers. One proposal was, that they should pass a law, and have a uniform poll-tax, that all might give alike. Another, and rather an amusing scheme of the cheap religionist order, was, that the *women* pay the teacher one year, and the *men* the next, and so on alternating. Of course, we had again to interfere, and beg the chiefs to confine their legislation to other things, and let religion alone. On the part of some of them, it was kindness to the teacher, and a wish to see that all contribute; but we begged them to leave his support, just as they do the annual missionary collection, viz., to the free-will offerings of the people, to whose instruction the teacher, from day to day, devotes himself. This is done. The month is fixed, one gives one thing, another something else, and the result is as I have mentioned.

For the gratification of the curious, I may give an illustration or two of what a Samoan minister gets from his people as his stipend. Last year one in a neighbouring village had handed in to him by various parties—

10 Fine mats, worth 4s. each.

47 Pieces of native cloth, worth 1s. each.

4 Bed-curtains, worth 8s. each.

- 33 Two-yard lengths of calico.
 1 Woman's gown.
 3 Pigs.
 34 Silver coins, of various kinds, from a dollar
 to a dime, worth in all, 45s.

Another teacher had given him :—

- 23 Four-yard lengths of calico.
 17 Two-yard lengths of calico.
 10 Pieces of native cloth.
 6 Pigs.
 3 Native tiputas, something like the Spanish
 ponchos.
 1 Coat.
 1 Shirt.
 1 Fowl.
 1 Child's garment.
 Silver coins of various kinds to the value of
 £4 15s.

Another received :—

- 97 Pieces of native cloth.
 14 Two-yard lengths of calico.
 5 Four-yard ditto ditto.
 1 Shirt.
 3 Fowls.
 1 Duck.
 1 Smoothing iron.
 Coins to the value of 7s.

Let these suffice as a specimen of what the Sa-
 moans give to their teachers in the shape of salary.

They also illustrate the mixed currency which prevails in their dealings with each other in their present stage of civilization.

The beneficial effects of throwing the support of the teachers on the people themselves are obvious. On the one hand, the people like the independent feeling, that they are paying for the pains which the teacher takes to instruct them and their children; and, on the other, the teacher is stirred up to his duty; and, even if he has the inclination, feels ashamed to waste his time in trading pursuits, or in any other secularities, hostile to the discharge of the duties of his teachership and pastorate. We charge it solemnly on our native agents not to entangle themselves "with the affairs of this life," but to be faithful to the special duties of their sacred calling. To each we say, with reference to these duties, "Give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear unto all," and with the precept, we give the example of our own missionary life and conduct. Ever since I have known the Samoan Mission, its agents have stood aloof from all secular pursuits in quest of gain; and God forbid that any one should ever there, by land-jobbing, cattle-dealing, or trading of any description, pollute the sacred office, and bring his brethren into disrepute!

The general routine of the duties of a teacher in the district of which I am now speaking, is to devote the morning to the children, noon to a more select class of boys or girls, and sometimes both, who have been collected into a boarding-school, sup-

plied with food and clothing by their parents, and conducted by the teacher and his wife;* and the afternoon is spent in attending to classes of adults for general instruction. One afternoon they have the men, another the women, and once a week have a united meeting of all for a religious service in the interval of the Sabbaths. On Saturday evening they have a prayer-meeting with the church members and more steady part of the community, and on the Sabbath they are employed as follows:—There is first the early morning prayer-meeting, then the morning service; mid-day, the Sunday school; at two P.M., an adult Bible-class; and at four P.M., the afternoon service.

These are the leading duties of a teacher. In addition, however, there are many other things which draw upon his time, such as visiting the sick, conducting a religious service at funerals, and attending classes for further instruction himself at the residence of the missionary.

Once a year we examine the schools which these good men conduct, and endeavour frequently to visit their villages, preach to the people, and converse with those who are candidates for church fellowship.

* Any time which Mrs. Turner has been able to give to the instruction of the natives, has for a number of years been principally devoted to the wives and daughters of the teachers in the institution. She has endeavoured, however, to keep her eye upon these girls' boarding-schools, by getting them to visit her occasionally. By advices also to the women who conduct them, and by supplying them with sewing and other materials, she has been able to give them some little superintendence.

We have also annually a united missionary meeting of the whole district in our magnificent "Exeter Hall," which is simply the institution square under the shade of the bread-fruit trees, and there we have three hours' interesting speaking; first with the adults in the morning, and then in the afternoon with the children. Missionaries, native teachers, and leading church members are the speakers. On these occasions, also, we send round half a dozen plates, to receive whatever the people please to give for the Missionary Society. They contribute in silver coins, and for the last seven years this annual collection has averaged upwards of sixty pounds.

But the greatest encouragement amid all our labours, and the rich reward of all our toils, is the fact that hardly a month passes without some instance of a happy death, as the close of a changed and penitent life. I know something of the later years and last days on earth of more than half a generation of the people in the district about whom I am now writing; and of many of them I can entertain the cheering conviction that they are safe in heaven. I have frequently retired from their peaceful death-beds, involuntarily whispering such words as the following:—"O God, grant that when my change comes, I may be enabled to look death in the face with all the composure and holy triumph which that good man now feels." Even from the closing scenes of some who have lived a most ungodly life, we have now and then an affecting and telling testimony in favour of Christianity. In agony

themselves at the thought of what is before them, they urge their weeping relatives and ungodly companions to betake themselves, with all haste, to Jesus, lest they, too, should go to that "place of torment."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRESS AND TRANSLATIONS.

SOON after the commencement of the institution, it was arranged that the tutors there act conjointly as revisers of the press. The printing-office is situated about five miles from the institution. In addition to carrying through the press my own works, to which I have referred, the proof-revising of all the books of the Old Testament, and the greater part of those of the New, together with various other minor productions, occupied many an hour of my time. Mrs. Turner was my faithful proof-reader all these years, and, although unknown at Earl Street, has nevertheless rendered no small service to the foreign version department.

Having been thus connected with the Samoan press, it is but right perhaps that I should add something on the subject of the Scripture translations. When I joined the mission, all the books of Scripture had been portioned out for translation. Subsequently I got four of the prophetic books as my share of the work, viz., Daniel, Hosea, Joel, and Amos. The laborious work, however, of carrying all through committee was but commencing, and marked out for us years of toil before accomplishing the great work on which our hearts was set.

In all our Scripture translations, we acted upon the principle that no one man, however well qualified for the task, is fit to be intrusted with the entire responsibilities of translating the Word of God into a foreign language. It was, therefore, a standing rule with us, that after the translator had done his best, he submit his manuscript to a committee of not less than three of his brother missionaries, appointed for the purpose at a general meeting. The translator, if possible, formed one of the number, and as that committee, rather than the translator, was held responsible, every word was compared with the original, and the renderings altered or confirmed, as the united voice of the committee might decide.

When we met on these committees, we sat ten hours a day, with our native pundits, for two, three, four, or six weeks, according to the length or difficulty of the book. The first thing, of course, was to settle the rendering; the second, to find the right word; and the third, to put that word in the right place. For the rendering we had some of the leading critical helps, and were guided also by the translating rules of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society,* and for the right word and the right

* The following are three of the principal rules to which I refer:—

“1. For the Hebrew Bible, the edition of Van der Hoèght is considered the standard; and, in the use of this, the translator is at liberty to follow either the *Ketib* or the *Keri*; but not to adopt any rendering which is not sanctioned by the Masoretic vowel

place, we had to be guided by our united knowledge of the language, aided by four or five intelligent natives who sat with us, ready to answer our questions and to hear verse after verse read connectedly as we finished it.

At the commencement of a book, we had a number of preparatory things to settle, affecting the style of the author, and certain phrases which he uses ; so that our progress for a few days would be slow, not more, sometimes, than *five* verses. As we advanced, however, we got through from twenty to forty verses a day. We endeavoured to make the translation of every verse the united voice of the entire committee. When there was a difference of opinion, the disputed point was settled by the majority of votes ; and in any case of unusual difficulty, the question was reserved for the united deliberation of the entire mission at a general meeting.

On referring to my notes, I find that I sat in committee on twenty-nine out of the sixty-six books

points, *or* the Keri, *or* the English authorized version, *or* the marginal reading of this last.

“ 2. For the Greek Testament, the Elzevir edition of the *Textus Receptus*, A.D. 1643, and reprinted by the Bible Society, is considered the standard ; but in cases where the English authorized version differs from this, either *in the text*, or in the *marginal reading*, the translator is at liberty to adopt the rendering which may agree with any one of these three.

“ 3. The verb, βαπτίζ, and its cognates, in the New Testament, are either to be represented by the Greek word being *transferred* into the form of the language of the version, or else to be translated by terms not *definitely* limited to the sense of either *sprinkling* or *immersion*.”

of the Scripture, and as I know something of the history of the manuscripts of all the other books, I can bear testimony that every book of our Samoan version of the Scriptures was got up with all the care and sacred regard for accuracy which I have just described.

After completing the New Testament, and printing it in separate books on the islands, we divided ourselves into four committees for the further revision of the whole. This being done, we rewrote the entire version and sent the manuscript to London for an edition of 15,000 copies from the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Directors of that noble institution had repeatedly aided us by grants of printing-paper, as the first edition was passing through the press, and now that the New Testament was completed, and a second edition wanted, they at once rendered us the help we solicited. In 1850, the new edition, which was carried through the press in London by our missionary, the Rev. J. B. Stair, was sent out to us at a cost for the whole of £1388 13s. 6d. Believing that the natives could perfectly well afford to pay for them, and would value them all the more after making a little effort to procure them, we arranged our sales accordingly, and, in seven years, paid off the £1388 13s. 6d., much to the satisfaction of ourselves, and especially to the delight of our good friends the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. While issuing the Scriptures in single books from our mission press, we uniformly made a small charge to meet

expenses, and, as a general rule, only gave copies gratis to our native agents.*

By the close of 1855, we had completed the revision and printing in the islands of the Old Testament, and, as a worthy commemoration of the event, we had a general thanksgiving all over the group. Our Scripture translation work, however, was not yet done. We divided the whole afresh into eight portions for further correction by individual brethren, preparatory to a final revision, and a new edition of the entire Scriptures, in one volume, to be printed in London. The final revision, to secure uniformity and give to the whole the matured benefit of nearly twenty years' experience, we committed to our brethren Pratt and Nisbet. For three hundred and thirty-one days they plodded afresh, through every book from Genesis to the Revelation, referring difficulties to Mr. Murray and myself, and, in particular cases, to the entire mission. In addition to this Mr. Murray sat with them on two different occasions for four weeks at a time, and I also spent a month with them. Now that this revision work is done, the whole has been committed to my care, to carry through the press an edition of 10,000, with marginal references, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society. As the version is in accordance with our knowledge of the Samoan dialect in 1860, it is, of course, free from all obso-

* I give, I believe, an under estimate when I say that, during the last twenty years, the Samoans have bought and paid for copies of the Scriptures to the extent of *three thousand pounds*.

lete words and phrases, and will, I have no doubt, be far plainer in this respect to a Samoan, than our English version is at the present day to many of our countrymen.

The printing of the work has been commenced, and, with God's help and blessing, I hope in due time to return to the sphere of my much-loved work, and to take with me the new edition of this precious volume, for which the people there are waiting with no measured interest.

CHAPTER XVII.

ETHNOLOGICAL PAPERS.

WHILE in Samoa, I wrote a number of papers, embodying some of the leading facts connected with the history of the people, which are not only interesting in themselves, but likely to be of use as a contribution to ethnological science. The most of these papers have already appeared in a journal called the "Samoa Reporter," which we issued occasionally for private circulation among our friends. I have collected and revised the whole, and now give them in a more connected form.

I have, to some extent, followed the order of a list of queries respecting the human race, drawn up a number of years ago, by a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. This arrangement will amply suffice to classify the information communicated, and to those who have these queries, and who take an interest in ethnological studies, it will facilitate reference.

Samoa *as it was* is the leading subject of some of the following chapters; at the same time prominence is given to the changes effected under the benign and ameliorating influences of Christianity. We begin with a number of topics which may be headed **INDIVIDUAL AND FAMILY LIFE.**

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

At the birth of her child, the mother, as in more favoured parts of the earth, has a liberal share in the kind attention of her friends. Her own mother was almost invariably *la sage-femme*; but failing her, some other female friend. Her father was generally present on the occasion, and either he or her husband prayed to the household god, and promised to give any offering he might require, if he would only preserve mother and child in safety. A prayer was thus expressed: "O Moso, be propitious; let this my daughter be preserved alive! Be compassionate to us; save my daughter, and we will do anything you wish as our redemption price." Offerings to the god were regulated by the caprice and covetousness of the cunning priest. Sometimes a canoe was demanded; at other times, a house was to be built; and often fine mats or other valuable property was required. But more as to these offerings in a subsequent chapter. The household god of the family of the father was generally prayed to first; but, if the case was tedious or difficult, the god of the family of the mother was then invoked; and when the child was born, the god prayed to just before was carefully remembered and duly acknowledged throughout the future life of the child. By way of respect to him, the child was called his *merda*; and was actually named during infancy and childhood, "merda of Tongo," or "Satiā," or whatever other deity it might be.

If the little stranger was a boy, the *umbilicus* was cut on a club, that he might grow up to be brave in war. If of the other sex, it was done on the board on which they beat out the bark of which they make their native cloth. Cloth-making is the work of women; and their wish was, that the little girl should grow up and prove useful to the family in her proper occupation.

Infanticide, as it prevailed in Eastern Polynesia, and as it is still practised in the New Hebrides, was unknown in Samoa. Nor were children ever exposed. After they were born they were affectionately cared for. But the custom of destroying them *before* that, has prevailed to a melancholy extent. Shame, fear of punishment, lazy unwillingness to nurse, and a dread of soon being old-looking, were the prevailing causes. Pressure was the means employed; and, in some cases, proved the death of the unnatural parent. Since the introduction of Christianity, this custom has been greatly checked, if not almost entirely abandoned.

As to nursing, during the first two or three days, the nurse bestowed great attention to the head of the child, that it might be modified and shaped after notions of propriety and beauty. The child was laid on its back, and the head surrounded with three flat stones. One was placed close to the crown of the head, and one on either side. The forehead was then pressed with the hand, that it might be flattened. The nose, too, was carefully flattened. Our "canoe noses," as they call them, are blemishes in

their estimation. For the first three days the infant was fed with the juice of the chewed kernel of the cocoa-nut, expressed through a piece of native cloth, and dropped into the mouth. On the third day a woman of the sacred craft was sent for to examine the milk. A little was put into a cup, with water and two heated stones, and then examined. If it had the slightest curdled appearance, she pronounced it bitter and poisonous. This process she repeated two or three times a day for several days, until it was drawn off free from coagulation, and then she pronounced it sweet and wholesome, and the child was forthwith permitted to partake of its proper nourishment. Of course, she was well paid for her services, and had every inducement to prolong them for several days. During this time the infant was fed with the juice of the cocoa-nut or the sugar-cane. Many fell victims to this improper treatment. At a very early period the child is fed; and sometimes weaned altogether at four months. This has been another fruitful source of mortality among children. Occasionally the father or some member of the family, through whom it was supposed the god of the family spoke, expressly ordered that the child have nothing but the breast for an indefinite time. This was a mark of respect to the god, and called his "banana." In these cases the child grew amazingly, and was soon, literally, as plump as a banana. These and other evils are being remedied; and the better treatment of children is, in some places, apparent in the increased population. With

ordinary proper treatment, they are, upon the whole, easily reared. What Marsden says of the children of Sumatra will apply to Samoa:—"Mothers carry the children, not on the arm, as our nurses do, but straddling on the hip. . . . This practice, I have been told, is common in some parts of Wales. It is much safer than the other method, less tiresome to the nurse, and the child has the advantage of sitting in a less constrained posture. But the defensive armour of stays, and offensive weapons called pins, might be some objection to the general introduction of the fashion in England. The children are nursed but little; not confined by any swathing or bandages; and being suffered to roll about the floor, soon learn to walk and shift for themselves."— ("History of Sumatra," 3rd edit. p. 285.)

Education.—Girls always, and boys for four or five years, are under the special charge of the mother, and follow her in her domestic avocations. The girl is taught to draw water, gather shell-fish, make mats and native cloth. The boy, after a time, follows his father, and soon is useful in planting, fishing, house-building, and all kinds of manual labour.

A modified form of *circumcision* prevailed. About the eighth or tenth year, two or three boys would unite and go, of their own accord, to some one in the village, who would make the customary incision, and give him some trifling reward for his trouble. There was no further ceremony on the occasion, as at other periods of life.

Names.—Out of respect to the household god, as we have already remarked, the child was named after him, during the time of infancy and childhood ; after that, a name was given. The animal and vegetable kingdoms, places, occupations, actions, and events furnished them with the principal names. The primitive rule, “one man, one word,” invariably prevailed.

Rejoicing.—About the third day the woman was up, and at her usual occupation, and ready to take part in the rejoicings connected with the occasion. By this time the principal friends were assembled. They all brought presents, and observed an unvarying rule in the *kind* of presents each was expected to bring. The relations of the husband brought “*oloa*,” which includes pigs, canoes, and all kinds of foreign property, such as cloth, hatchets, etc. The relations of the wife brought “*tonga*,” which includes the leading articles manufactured by the females, viz., fine mats and native cloth. The “*oloa*” brought by the friends of the husband was all distributed among those of the wife, and the “*tonga*” brought by the friends of the wife was divided among those of the husband ; and thus the whole affair was so managed, that the friends were the benefited parties chiefly, and the husband and wife left no richer than they were. Still, they had the satisfaction of having seen what they considered a great honour, viz., heaps of property collected on occasion of the birth of their child. Feasting, sham-fighting, night-dancing, and many other heathen customs, formed one continued

scene of revelry for two or three days, when the party broke up.

Twins are rare. Triplets still more so; indeed, there is only a vague tradition of such a thing. Twins are supposed to be of one mind, and to think, feel, and act alike; during the time of infancy and childhood, at least. There are a few instances of large families, but four or five will be the average.

Adopted Children.—The number of children seen in a family is small, occasioned, to a great extent, by the bad management and consequent mortality of children, and also a custom which prevails of parting with their children to friends who wish to adopt them. The general rule is, for the husband to give away his child to his sister. She and her husband give, in return for the child, some foreign property, just as if they had received so many fine mats or native cloth. The adopted child is viewed as “*tonga*,” and is, to the family who adopts it, a channel through which native property (or “*tonga*”) continues to flow to that family from the parents of the child. On the other hand, the child is to its parents a source of obtaining foreign property (or “*oloa*”) from the parties who adopt it, not only at the time of its adoption, but as long as the child lives. Hence the custom of adoption is not so much the want of natural affection, as the sacrifice of it to this systematic facility of traffic in native and foreign property. Hence, also, parents may have in their family adopted children, and their own real children elsewhere. The existence of this custom has been

a source of great practical difficulty to those who become converts from heathenism. No sooner are their eyes opened to see their parental responsibility, and that they must give account at the judgment-seat for the manner in which they have trained up their children, than they wish to collect their offspring from the families into which they have been adopted. But then the parties who have adopted them will not give them up; and often, too, the children are unwilling to leave their adopted parents, and go among strangers—for, alas! such to them are their real parents. Christian parents, however, are to some extent succeeding in their efforts to recall their children to their proper home; and the consequences are delightful. A sense of parental responsibility is making way among the whole population, and a conviction that they must give an account unto God for the manner in which they train up their children is, to many parents now, paramount to the inferior concerns of secular traffic in fine mats and foreign property.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADULT AND ADVANCED YEARS.

PASSING from infancy and childhood, we proceed to the ceremonies, superstitions, and customs connected with more advanced years.

Tattooing.—“Herodotus found among the Thracians, that the barbarians could be exceedingly foppish after their fashion. The man who was not tattooed among them was not respected.” It was the same in Samoa. Until a young man was tattooed, he was considered in his minority. He could not think of marriage, and he was constantly exposed to taunts and ridicule, as being poor and of low birth, and as having no right to speak in the society of men. But as soon as he was tattooed, he passed into his majority, and considered himself entitled to the respect and privileges of mature years. When a youth, therefore, reached the age of sixteen, he and his friends were all anxiety that he should be tattooed. He was then on the outlook for the tattooing of some neighbouring chief with whom he might unite. On these occasions, six or a dozen young men would be tattooed at one time; and for these there might be four or five tattooers employed.

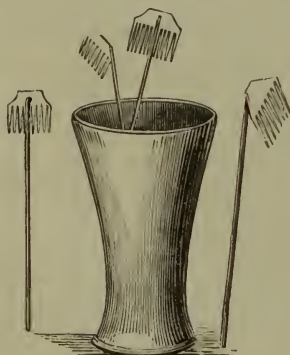
Tattooing is still kept up to some extent, and is a regular profession, just as house-building, and

well paid. There is a tradition on the origin of the custom, which traces it to Feejee. Two goddesses, the one named Taēmā and the other Tilafainga, are said to have swam to Samoa from Feejee, and, on their reaching these islands, commenced singing—

“Tatoo the men, but not the women ;
Tatoo the men, but not the women.”

The custom is thus traced to Taēmā and Tilafainga ; and they were worshipped by the tatooers as the presiding deities of their craft.

The instrument used in the operation is an oblong piece of human bone (*os ilium*), about an inch and a half broad and two inches long. A time of war and slaughter was a harvest for the tatooers to get a supply of instruments. The one end is cut like a very small-toothed comb, and the other is fastened to a piece



of cane, and looks like a little serrated adze. They dip it into a mixture of candle-nut ashes and water, and, tapping it with a little mallet, it sinks into the skin ; and in this way they puncture the whole surface over which the tatooing extends. The greater part of the body, from the waist down to the knee, is covered with it, variegated here and there with neat regular stripes of the untattooed skin,

which, when they are well oiled, make them appear in the distance as if they had on black silk knee-breeches. Behrens, in describing these natives in his narrative of Roggewein's voyage of 1772, says: "They were clothed from the waist downwards with fringes and a kind of silken stuff artificially wrought." A nearer inspection would have shown that the "fringes" were a bunch of red *ti* leaves (*Dracæna terminalis*) glistening with cocoa-nut oil; and the "kind of silken stuff," the tatoeing just described. As it extends over such a large surface, the operation is a tedious and painful affair. After smarting and bleeding for a while under the hands of the tatoeers, the patience of the youth is exhausted. They then let him rest and heal for a time, and, before returning to him again, do a little piece on each of the party. In two or three months the whole is completed. The friends of the young men are all the while in attendance with food. They also bring quantities of fine mats and native cloth, as the hire of the tatoeers; connected with them, too, are many waiting on for a share in the food and property.

The waste of time, revelling, and immorality connected with the custom have led us to discountenance it; and it is, to a considerable extent, given up. But the gay youth still thinks it manly and respectable to be tatoeed; parental pride says the same thing; and so the custom still obtains. It is not likely, however, to stand long before advancing civilization. European clothing, and a sense of

propriety they are daily acquiring, lead them to cover the tatoood part of the body entirely; and, when its display is considered a shame rather than a boast, it will probably be given up, as painful, expensive, and useless; and then, too, instead of the tatooning, age, experience, common-sense, and education will determine whether or not the young man is entitled to the respect and privileges of mature years.

There is a custom observed by the other sex worth noticing, for the sake of comparison with other parts of the world. About the time of entering into womanhood, their parents and other relatives collect a quantity of fine mats and cloth, prepare a feast, and invite all the unmarried women of the settlement. After the feast the property is distributed among them, and they disperse. None but females are present. It is considered mean and a mark of poverty, if a family does not thus observe the occasion.

Chastity is ostensibly cultivated by both sexes; but it is more a name than a reality. From their childhood their ears are familiar with the most obscene conversation; and as a whole family, to some extent, herd together, immorality is the natural and prevalent consequence. There are exceptions, especially among the daughters of persons of rank; but they are the exceptions, not the rule. Many native teachers and other consistent characters, seeing the evil, have now separate sleeping apartments in their dwellings; and their better

regulated families are becoming models to their countrymen of an improved and improving community.

Adultery, too, is sadly prevalent, although often severely punished by private revenge. If the injured husband seeks revenge in the blood of the seducer, no one thinks he has done wrong. But the worst feature of the law of private revenge is, that the brother, or any near relation of the culprit, is as liable to be killed as he himself is. Fines are now being substituted; but, occasionally, revolting murders are still committed on account of the crime.

Marriage contracts are never entered into before the parties reach the years of maturity just described. Considerable care is taken to prevent any union between near relatives; so much so, that a list of what they deem improper marriages would almost compare with the "Table of kindred and affinity." They say that, of old, custom and the gods frowned upon the union of those in whom consanguinity could be closely traced. Few had the hardihood to run in the face of superstition; but if they did, and their children died at a premature age, it was sure to be traced to the anger of the household god on account of the forbidden marriage.

A young man rarely, in the first instance, pays his addresses in person to the object of his choice. A present of food is taken to her and her relatives by a friend of his, who is, at the same time, commissioned to convey the proposal to her father; or, failing him, to the elder brother of the young

woman. Her consent is, of course, asked too ; but that is a secondary consideration. She must agree, if her parents are in favour of the match. If the present of food is received, and the reply favourable, the matter is considered settled. This, together with a somewhat formal meal directly after the marriage ceremony, reminds us of the Roman *confarreatio*.

All parties consenting, preparations commence, and one, two, or three months are spent collecting various kinds of property. All the family and relatives of the bride are called upon to assist, and thus they raise a great quantity of *tonga*, which includes all kinds of fine mats and native cloth, manufactured by the women. This is invariably the dowery, which is presented to the bridegroom and his friends on the celebration of the nuptials. He and his friends, on the other hand, collect in a similar manner for the family of the bride *oloa*, which includes canoes, pigs, and foreign property of all kinds, such as cloth, garments, etc.

A time is fixed when the parties assemble. The bride and her friends, taking with them her dowery, proceed to the home of the bridegroom, which may be in another settlement, or on an adjacent island. If they were people of rank, it was the custom of old that the ceremonies of the occasion pass off in the marae. The marae is the forum or place of public assembly—an open circular space, surrounded by bread-fruit trees, under the shade of which the people sit. Here the bridegroom and his friends, and the

whole village assembled, together with the friends of the bride. All were seated cross-legged around the marae, glistening from head to foot with scented oil, and decked off with beads, garlands of sweet-smelling flowers, and whatever else their varying fancy might suggest for the joyous occasion. In a house close by, the bride was seated. A pathway from this house to the marae, in front of where the bridegroom sits, was carpetted with fancy native cloth; and, all being ready, the bride decked off too with beads, a garland of flowers or fancy shells, and girt round the waist with fine mats, flowing in a train five or six feet behind her, moved slowly along towards the marae. She was followed along the carpetted pathway by a train of young women, dressed like herself, each bearing a valuable mat, half spread out, holding it to the gaze of the assembly; and, when they reached the bridegroom, the mats were laid down before him. They then returned to the house for more, and went on renewing the procession and display until some fifty or a hundred fine mats and two or three hundred pieces of native cloth were heaped before the bridegroom. This was the dowery. The bride then advanced to the bridegroom, and sat down. By and by she rose up before the assembly, and was received with shouts of applause, and, as a further expression of respect, her immediate friends, young and old, took up stones and beat themselves until their heads were bruised and bleeding. The obscenity which preceded this burst of feeling will not bear the light of description. Then followed a display of the *oloa*

(or property) which the bridegroom presented to the friends of the bride. Then they had dinner, and after that, the distribution of the property. The father, or, failing him, the brother or sister of the father of the bridegroom, had the disposal of the *tonga* which formed the dowery; and, on the other hand, the father or brother of the bride had the disposal of the property which was given by the bridegroom. Night-dances and their attendant immoralities, wound up the ceremonies.

The marriage ceremonies of common people passed off in a house, and with less display; but the same obscene form was gone through to which we have referred—a custom which, doubtless, had some influence in cultivating chastity, especially among young women of rank. There was a fear of disgracing themselves and their friends, and a dread of a severe beating from the latter after the ceremony, to which the faithless bride was sometimes subjected, almost as if the letter of the Mosaic law had been carried out upon her.

But there were many marriages without any such ceremonies at all. If there was a probability that the parents would not consent, from disparity of rank or other causes, an elopement took place; and, if the young man was a chief of any importance, a number of his associates mustered in the evening, and walked through the settlement, singing his praises and shouting out the name of the person with whom he had eloped. This was sometimes the first intimation the parents had of it, and, however mortified they might

be, it was too late. After a time, if the couple continued to live together, their friends acknowledged the union by festivities and an exchange of property.

Concubinage.—When the newly-married woman took up her abode in the family of her husband, she was attended by a daughter of her brother, who was, in fact, a concubine. Her brother considered that, if he did not give up his daughter for this purpose, he should fail in duty and respect towards his sister, and incur the displeasure of their household god. Failing her brother, her mother's relatives supplied her with this maid of honour. Hence, with his wife, a chief had one, two, or three concubines. Each of these took with her *tonga* as a dowery, which, perhaps, was the most important part of the business; for, after presenting her dowery, she might live with him or not, as she pleased. Often the addition of these concubines to the family was attended with all the display and ceremonies of a regular marriage.

Polygamy.—The marriage ceremony being such a prolific source of festivities and profit to the chief and his friends, the latter, whether he was disposed to do it or not, often urged on another and another repetition of what we have described. They took the thing almost entirely into their own hands, looked out for a match in a rich family, and, if that family was agreeable to it, the affair was pushed on, whether or not the daughter was disposed to it. She, too, as a matter of etiquette, must be attended by her complement of one or more young women. According to this system, a chief might have some ten or a

dozen wives and concubines in a short time. Owing, however, to quarrelling, and jealousies, many of them soon returned to their parental home; and it was rare to find a chief with more than two wives living with him at the same time.

Divorce.—If the marriage had been contracted merely for the sake of the property and festivities of the occasion, the wife was not likely to be more than a few days or weeks with her husband. With or without leave, she soon found her way home to her parents. If, however, a couple had lived together for years, and wished to separate, if they were mutually agreed, they did it in a more formal way. They talked over the matter coolly, made a fair division of their property, and then the wife was conveyed back to her friends, taking with her any young children, and leaving those more advanced with their father. A woman might thus go home and separate entirely from her husband; but, while that husband lived, she dared not marry another. Nor could she marry even after his death, if he was a chief of high rank, without the special permission of the family with which she had connected herself by marriage. Any one who broke through the custom, and married her without this, was liable to have his life taken from him by that family; or, at least, he had to pay them a heavy fine.

Widows.—The brother of a deceased husband considered himself entitled to have his brother's wife, and to be regarded by the orphan children as their father. If he was already married, she would,

nevertheless, live with him as a second wife. In the event of there being several brothers, they met and arranged which of them was thus to act the part of the deceased brother. The principal reason they alleged for the custom was, a desire to prevent the woman and her children returning to her friends, and thereby diminishing the number and influence of their own family. And hence, failing a brother, some other relative would offer himself, and be received by the widow. Should none of them, however, wish to live with her, or should there be any unwillingness on her part, she was, in either case, at liberty to return to her own friends.

Viewing these customs in the light of Old Testament Scriptures, the most cursory observer will perceive striking coincidences. The punishment with a view to cultivate chastity, the punishment of adultery with death, the parties whose consent is essential to the marriage ceremony, the particular relatives whose prerogative it was to distribute the dowery, together with the disposal of the wife of a deceased brother, all show that Samoa, like heathen lands of every age and clime, possesses the wreck of a long lost, but Divine system of truth and duty.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOOD—COOKING—LIQUORS.

FOLLOWING the order of the queries to which we have already referred, our attention is next called to the prevailing food of the Samoans, their mode of cooking, the liquors which they use, together with the time and number of their meals.

Animal and Vegetable Food.—Bread-fruit, taro, bananas, and cocoa-nuts form the staff of life in Samoa. Yams are cultivated, but chiefly as an article of barter. Sweet-potatoes, Indian corn, melons, and pumpkins have been introduced, but are not much cared for amid the profusion of better food which generally obtains. Pine-apples, custard-apples, oranges, limes, citrons, figs, vines, yellow and purple guavas, pomegranates, and mulberries have also been introduced. Some date, cinnamon, and mangostin plants have recently been added, and thrive. The lagoons and reefs furnish a large supply of fish and shell-fish, of which the natives are very fond; and occasionally all, but especially persons of rank, regale themselves on pigs, fowls, and turtle. Oxen have been introduced, and are being prized by the natives. Those who wish an extended and minute account of the varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in this and other groups in Central and

Eastern Polynesia, will find ample information in the published volumes of the United States Exploring Squadron of 1842.

For about half the year, the Samoans have an abundant supply of food from the bread-fruit trees. During the other half they depend principally on their taro plantations. Bananas and cocoa-nuts are plentiful throughout the year. While the bread-fruit is in season, every family lays up a quantity in a pit lined with banana and cocoa-nut leaves, and covered in with stones. It soon ferments; but they keep it in that state for years, and the older it is they relish it all the more. They bake this in the form of little cakes, when the bread-fruit is out of season, and especially when there is a scarcity of taro. The odour of these cakes is offensive in the extreme to a European; but a Samoan turns from a bit of English cheese with far more disgust than we do from his fermented bread-fruit.

A crop of bread-fruit is sometimes shaken off the trees by a gale before it is ripe, and occasionally taro plantations are destroyed by drought and caterpillars; but the people have wild yams in the bush, preserved bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and fish to fall back upon; so that there is rarely, if ever, anything like a serious famine. A scarcity of food, occasioned by any of the causes just named, they were in the habit of tracing to the wrath of one of their gods, called *O le Sa* (or the Sacred One). The sun, storms, caterpillars, and all destructive insects were said to be his *au ao*, or “ministers of his, that do his pleasure,” who were

commissioned to go forth and eat up the plantations of those with whom he was displeased. A Samoan, in describing the ravages of caterpillars, would have said of *Le Sa*: "He spake, and caterpillars came, and that without number, and did eat up all the herbs in our land and devoured the fruit of our ground." In times of plenty as well as of scarcity, they were in the habit of assembling with offerings of food, and poured out drink-offerings of *ava* to *Le Sa*, to propitiate his favour.

Cannibalism.—It has been questioned whether this savage custom ever prevailed in Samoa. During some of their wars, a body was occasionally cooked; but they affirm, that, in such a case, it was always some one of the enemy who had been notorious for provocation or cruelty, and that eating a part of his body was considered the climax of hatred and revenge, and was not occasioned by the mere relish for human flesh, such as obtains throughout the Feejee, New Hebrides, and New Caledonian groups. In more remote heathen times, however, they may have indulged this savage appetite. To speak of roasting him, is the very worst language that can be addressed to a Samoan. If applied to a chief of importance, he may raise war to avenge the insult. Sometimes a proud chief will get up and go out of the chapel in a rage, should a *native teacher* in his sermon speak of "hell *fire*." It is the custom, on the submission of one party to another, to bow down before their conquerors each with a piece of firewood and a bundle of leaves, such as are used in dressing a pig

for the oven ; as much as to say, “ Kill us and cook us, if you please.” Criminals, too, are sometimes bound hand to hand and foot to foot, slung on a pole put through between the hands and feet, carried and laid down before the parties they have injured, like a pig about to be killed and cooked. So deeply humiliating is this act considered, that the culprit who consents to degrade himself so far is almost sure to be forgiven. It is not improbable, therefore, that in some remote period of their history, the Samoans were more familiar with the savage custom to which we refer than in more recent times.

Cooking.—The Samoans have the mode of cooking with hot stones, which has been often described as prevailing in the South Sea Islands. Fifty or sixty stones about the size of an orange, heated by kindling a fire under them, form, with the hot ashes, an ordinary oven. The taro, bread-fruit, or yams, are laid among the stones, a thick covering of bread-fruit and banana leaves is laid over all, and, in about an hour, all is well cooked. In the same oven, they bake other things ; such as fish, done up in leaves and laid side by side with the taro or other vegetables. Little bundles of taro-leaves, too, mixed with the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut kernel, and some other dishes, of which cocoa-nut is generally the chief ingredient, are baked at the same time, and used as a relish in the absence of animal food. Salt-water is frequently mixed up with these dishes, which is the only form in which they use salt. They have no salt, and are not in the habit of preserving

fish or pork otherwise than by repeated cooking. In this way, they keep pork for a week, and fish for three weeks or a month. However large, they cook the entire pig at once; then, using a piece of split bamboo as a carving-knife, cut it up and divide it among the different branches of the family. The duties of cooking devolve on the men; and all, even chiefs of the highest rank, consider it no disgrace to assist in the cooking-house occasionally.

Forbidden Food.—Some birds and fishes were sacred to particular deities, and certain parties abstained from eating them. A man, for example, would not eat a fish which was supposed to be under the protection and care of his household god; but he would eat, without scruple, fish sacred to the gods of other families. The dog, and some kinds of fish and birds, were sacred to the greater deities—the *dii majorum gentium* of the Samoans; and, of course, all the people rigidly abstained from these things. For a man to kill and eat anything he considered to be under the special protection of his god, was supposed to be followed by his displeasure in the sickness or death of himself, or some member of the family. The same idea seems to have been a check on cannibalism, as there was a fear lest the god of the deceased would be avenged on those who might cook and eat the body.

Liquors.—The young cocoa-nut contains about a tumblerful of a liquid something resembling water sweetened with lump-sugar, and very slightly acid. This is the ordinary beverage of the Samoans. A

young cocoa-nut baked in the oven yields a hot draught, which is very pleasant to an invalid. They have no fermented liquors; but they make an intoxicating draught from an infusion of the chewn root of the ava plant (*Piper methysticum*). A bowl of this disgustingly-prepared stuff is made and served out when a party of chiefs sit down to a meal. At their ordinary meals few partake of it but the father, or other senior members of the family. It is always taken before, and not after the meal. Among a formal party of chiefs, it is handed round in a cocoa-nut shell cup, with a good deal of ceremony. When the cup is filled, the name, or title rather, of the person for whom it is intended is called out; the cup-bearer takes it to him, he receives it, drinks it off, and returns the cup to be filled again, as the "portion" of another chief.* The most important chiefs have the first cups, and, following the order of rank, all have a draught. The liquor is much diluted; few drink to excess; and, upon the whole, the Samoans are, perhaps, among the most temperate ava drinkers in the South Seas. The old men consider that a little of it strengthens them and prolongs life; and often they have a cup the first thing in the morning. Foreign liquors have been introduced, but there is hardly any demand for them yet among *the natives*; and long may they be preserved from the curse of drunkenness!

* Any one seeing this custom can easily imagine how, with a limping Vulcan as cup-bearer, it might naturally follow that

"Heaven rung with laughter not to be suppressed."

Hospitality.—The Samoans, even in their most heathen state, were remarkable for hospitality. Travelling parties never needed to take food for any place beyond the first stage of their journey. Every village had its “large house,” kept in good order, and well spread with mats for the reception of strangers. On the arrival of a party, some of the members of every family in the village assembled and prepared food for them. It was the province of the head of one particular family to decide, and send word to the rest, how much it would be necessary for each to provide. After all was cooked, it was taken and laid down in front of the house, and, on presenting it, one of them would make a speech, welcoming them to their village; and, although a sumptuous repast had been provided, an apology would be made that there was nothing better. The strangers replied, returned thanks, and exchanged kind words. In the event of there being a chief of high rank among the party, it would probably be decided that every man, woman, and child of the place turn out, dress themselves in their best, walk in single file, each carrying a fish, a fowl, a lobster, a yam, or something else in the hand, and, singing some merry chant as they went along, proceed to the place, and there lay down in a heap what they had provided for their guests. An evening ball or night-dance was also considered an indispensable accompaniment to the entertainment. A travelling party rarely spent more than one night at a place. On the introduction of Christianity, the kind enter-

tainment of strangers was encouraged, with the exception, of course, of the night-dance part of it. Hearing of late years vague accounts of inns, and the custom of making strangers pay for food in other parts of the world, some of the Samoans have been led to think that Europeans and others from ships should pay for everything, almost to a cup of water; and hence strangers, from a mere stroll along the beach at some of the ports, may conclude that the people are the most inhospitable in the world. Such is far from being the case. Among themselves, as I have just remarked, the rights of hospitality are numerous, and well observed, and to missionaries and other well-known foreign residents, with whom they live on friendly terms, they are always hospitable and polite.

Meals.—Like the ancient Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, the Samoans have a meal about eleven A.M., and their principal meal in the evening. At the evening meal, every family is assembled; and men, women, and children all eat together. They have no tables, but seat themselves cross-legged round the circular house, on mats. Each has his portion laid down before him on a bread-fruit leaf; and thus they partake, in primitive style, without knife, fork, or spoon. Should any strangers be present, due respect is shown to them, as of old, by laying before them “a worthy portion.” After the meal, water to wash is handed round.

Formerly, the head of the family, in taking his cup of ava at the commencement of the evening

meal, would pour out a little of it on the ground, as a drink-offering to the gods, and, all being silent, he would utter aloud the following prayer:—

“Here is ava for you, O gods! Look kindly towards this family: let it prosper and increase; and let us all be kept in health. Let our plantations be productive: let fruit grow; and may there be abundance of food for us, your creatures.

“Here is ava for you, our war gods! Let there be a strong and numerous people for you in this land.

“Here is ava for you, O sailing gods!* Do not come on shore at this place; but be pleased to depart along the ocean to some other land.”

It was also very common to pray with an offering of “flaming fire,” just before the evening meal. Calling upon some one to blow up the fire and make it blaze, and begging all to be silent, a senior member of the family would pray aloud as follows:—

“This light is for you, O king † and gods superior and inferior! this light is for you all. Be propitious to this family: give life to all; and may your presence be prosperity. Let our children be blessed and multiplied. Remove far from us fines and sicknesses. Regard our poverty; and send us

* Gods supposed to come in Tongan canoes and foreign vessels.

† The principal god of the family.

food to eat, and cloth to keep us warm. Keep away from us sailing gods; lest they come and cause disease and death. Protect this family by your presence; and may health and long life be given to us all.”

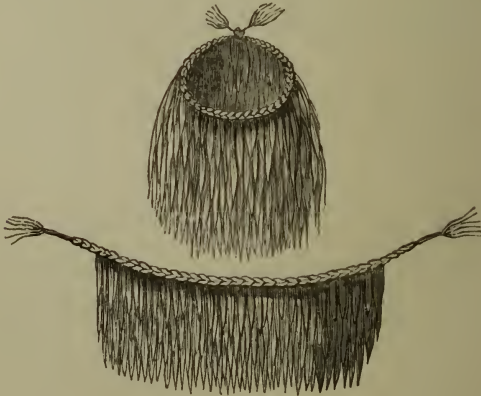
Among the vagaries of Samoan superstition, there was much to prepare the heathen mind for the pure and holy doctrines which the Christian missionary came to make known—much calculated to facilitate his labours. To give thanks before meals, to unite in prayer, and to be quiet and orderly during religious services did not seem at all strange or unnatural. Now, the evening meal is commenced by thanking the one living and true God for his goodness, and is generally followed by family worship, in conducting which they praise God, read the Scriptures, and unite in prayer.

CHAPTER XX.

CLOTHING.

IN our last chapter we alluded to the food of the Samoans, and now proceed to a description of their clothing, the materials of which it is made, their modes of ornament, etc.

Previous to the introduction of Christianity, their wants for clothing were few, and amply supplied by the produce of their own islands and labour. During the day, a covering of *ti* leaves (*Dracæna terminalis*)



was all that either sex thought necessary. "They sewed" *ti* "leaves together, and made themselves aprons." The men had a small one about a foot

square, the women had theirs made of longer *ti* leaves, reaching from the waist down below the knee, and made wide, so as to form a girdle covering all round. They had no regular covering for any other part of the body. Occasionally, during rain, they would tie a banana-leaf round the head for a cap, or hold one over them as an umbrella. They made shades for the eyes, of a little piece of plaited cocoa-nut leaflet; and sometimes they made sandals of the plaited bark of the *Hibiscus tiliaceus*, to protect the feet while fishing among the prickly coral about the reef.

Native Cloth.—At night they slept on a mat, using as a covering a sheet of native cloth, and inclosed all round by a curtain of the same material to keep out musquitoes. In sickness, also, they wrap themselves up in native cloth. Their native cloth is made of the inner bark of the paper mulberry (*Morus papyrifera*) beaten out on a board, and joined together with arrow-root, so as to form any width or length of cloth required.

The juice of the raspings of the bark of trees, together with red clay, turmeric, and the soot of burnt candle-nut, furnish them with colouring matter and varnish, with which they daub their native cloth in the form of squares, stripes, triangles, etc., but, with a few exceptions, perhaps, devoid of taste or regularity.

Fine Mats.—Their fine mats were, and are still, considered their most valuable clothing. These mats are made of the leaves of a species of pandanus

scraped clean and thin as writing-paper, and slit into strips about the sixteenth part of an inch wide. They are made by the women ; and, when completed, are from two to three yards square. They are of a straw and cream colour, are fringed, and, in some instances, ornamented with small scarlet feathers inserted here and there. These mats are thin, and almost as flexible as a piece of calico. Few of the women can make them, and many months—yea, years, are sometimes spent over the making of a single mat. These fine mats are considered their most valuable property, and form a sort of currency which they give and receive in exchange. They value them at from two to forty shillings each. They are preserved with great care ; some of them pass through several generations, and as their age and historic interest increase, they are all the more valued.

Another kind of fine mats for clothing they weave out of the bark of a beautiful dwarf hibiscus, which is extensively spread over these islands without any cultivation. They are shaggy on the one side, and, when bleached white, resemble a prepared fleecy sheep-skin. These they sometimes dye with red clay found in the mountains. It is doubtful whether the hibiscus, to which we have just referred, has yet found a place in any botanical nomenclature. From the strength and whiteness of the flax manufactured from its bark, it is capable of being turned to great use.

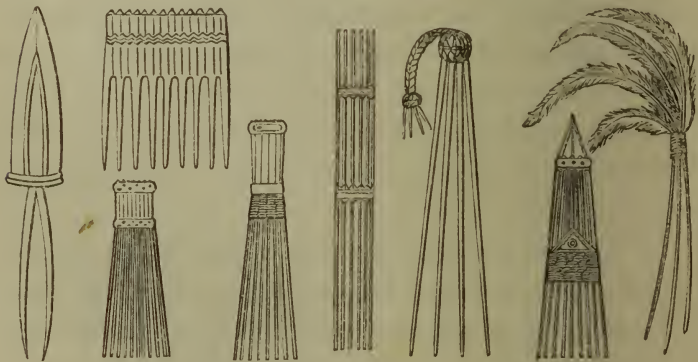
Cleanliness.—As the native cloth cannot be

washed without destroying it, it is generally filthy in the extreme before it is laid aside. This has induced a habit of carelessness in washing cotton and other garments, which is very offensive and difficult to eradicate. They are cleanly, however, in other habits beyond most of the natives of Polynesia. Their floor and sleeping mats are kept clean and tidy. They generally use the juice of the wild orange in cleansing, and bathe regularly every day. It is worth remarking, too, that, while bathing, they have a girdle of leaves or some other covering round the waist. In this delicate sense of propriety, it would be well for some more civilized parts of the world to learn a lesson from the Samoans.

Special Occasions.—At marriages and on other gala days, the women, and many of the men, laid aside the leaves and girded themselves with fine mats. Gay young men and women decorated themselves with garlands of flowers or shells. The nautilus shell, broken into small pieces, and strung together, was a favourite head-dress. They oiled themselves from head to foot with scented oil, and sometimes mixed turmeric with the oil to give their skin a tinge of yellow.

Both sexes kept uncovered the upper part of the body, and wore beads or other trinkets round the neck. They prided themselves, also, in dressing their children in a similar style. The women wore the hair short, and, on occasions, sometimes had it raised and stiffened with a mixture of scented oil and the gum of the bread-fruit tree. It was fashionable,

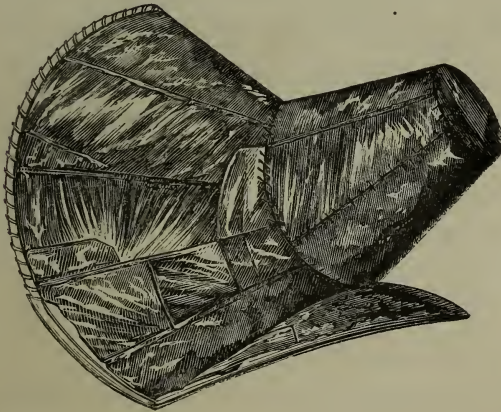
also, for young women to have a small twisted lock of hair, with a curl at the end of it, hanging from the left temple. The men wore their hair long and gathered up in a knot on the crown of the head, a little to the right side. In company, however, and when attending religious services, they were careful to untie the string, and let their hair flow behind, as a mark of respect. Gay young men occasionally cut their hair short, leaving a small twisted lock hanging down towards the breast from either temple. Their hair is naturally black; but they were fond of dyeing it a light brown colour, by the application of lime, which they made by burning the coral. To dye hair, and also to rub and blind the eyes of pigs which trespassed into neighbouring plantations, were the only uses to which they applied lime in the time of heathenism.



The beard they shaved with the teeth of the shark. Armlets of small white shells were worn by

the men above the elbow-joint. Some pierced their ears with a thorn, and wore a small flower for an earring; but this was not very common. A long comb, made from the stem of the cocoa-nut leaflet, was a common ornament of the women, and worn in the hair behind the ear. For a looking-glass, they sometimes used a tub of water; but in arranging the head-dress, they were more frequently guided by the eyes and taste of others. The tatooing, which we described in a previous chapter, was also considered one of their principal ornaments.

Changes of Modern Times.—Soon after the arrival of the missionaries, a marked change took place. With few exceptions, the men cut their hair short, abandoned the short and narrow leaf-apron, wore, while at work, the deep leaf-girdle of the women,



and, when they appeared at public worship, dressed, if possible, in a regatta or white shirt, and a piece of

calico round the loins. Coats, waistcoats, trousers, neckerchiefs, and straw hats came into use. The women, too, commenced wearing loose calico dresses, and were rarely seen without a *tiputa* or upper garment of some kind. The *tiputa* was introduced from Tahiti. It is simply a couple of yards of cloth with a hole in the middle, through which they put the head, letting the ends hang down before and behind like a Spanish poncho. Straw bonnets and shawls were also soon in demand. In the lack of the former, some of the women showed great ingenuity in manufacturing a novel and very durable article from tortoise-shell. Every missionary had a supply of calico, prints, etc.; not that he might set up as a missionary trader—a system which in our mission we have ever strongly deprecated—but simply because clothing and such things were the currency of the islands, and the payment sought for work done, or in exchange for vegetables and other articles of domestic consumption. Much, however, was thus done to further the commercial interests of civilized countries. At the present time the Samoans do not clothe so well as they might do. Clothing in such a climate is a burden. Still the demand for cotton goods alone, apart from other articles of foreign manufacture, amounts to about £15,000 per annum, and is every year increasing.

The war which broke out in 1848 sadly altered the aspect of the people. Hundreds of young men who had been clothed and sober-looking for years, were soon seen with the long hair and dissipated

look of heathen times, and in their war costume, too, which, with the exception of a few *ti* leaves, is nudity itself. We trust, however, that the reaction in favour of peace, happiness, and everything that is good, which has again set in, may be long continued.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMUSEMENTS.

UNDER the head of *amusements*, dancing, wrestling, boxing, fencing, and a variety of games and sports call for description, and to these we shall briefly advert.

Dancing was a common entertainment on festive occasions, such as a marriage; it is practised still, but only among people who make no serious profession of Christianity. Some of their dances are in the daytime, and, like dress-balls of other countries, are accompanied with a display of fancy mats and other Samoan finery. At the night assemblies, the men dress in their short leaf-aprons. Sometimes only the men dance, at other times women, and occasionally the parties are mixed. They dance in parties of two, three, and upwards, on either side. If the one party moves in one direction, the other party takes the opposite. They have also various gesticulations, which they practise with some regularity. If, for example, the one party moves along with the right arm raised, the other does precisely the same.

Singing, clapping the hands, beating time on the floor-mats, and drumming are the usual musical accompaniments. Their music, on these occa-

sions, is a monotonous chant of a line or two, repeated over and over again, with no variety beyond two or three notes. They seek variety rather in *time*. They begin slow, and gradually increase, until, at the end of ten or twenty minutes, they are full of excitement, the perspiration streaming down, and their tongues galloping over the rhyme at breathless speed. For a drum, they have two or three contrivances. One is a log of wood six or eight feet long, hollowed out from a narrow elongated opening on the upper surface; and this they beat with a short stick or mallet. Another is a set of bamboos, four feet long and downwards, arranged like a Pan's pipe, having the open ends inclosed in a mat bag, and this bag they beat with a stick. A third kind of drumming is effected by four or five men, each with a bamboo open at the top and closed at the bottom, with which, holding vertically, they beat the ground, or a stone, or any hard substance, and as the bamboos are of various lengths, they emit a variety of sounds. At these night-dances, all kinds of obscenity in looks, language, and gesture prevail; and often they dance and revel till daylight.

Court buffoons furnish some amusement at dancing and other festivals, and also at public meetings. If a chief of importance goes to any of these assemblies, he has in his train one or two Merry-Andrews, who, by oddity in dress, gait, or gesture, or by lascivious jokes, try to excite laughter.

Boxing and fencing were common formerly on festive days, and often led to serious quarrels. In fencing, they used the stalk of the cocoa-nut leaf as a substitute for a club. *Women* as well as men entered the ring, and strove for the fame of a pugilist.

Wrestling is another amusement. Sometimes they choose sides, say four against four; and the party who have the most thrown have to furnish their opponents with a cooked pig, served up with taro, or supply any other kind of food that may be staked at the outset of the game. A supply of some kind of food is the usual forfeit in all their games.

Clasp and undo is another kind of wrestling. One man clasps a second tightly round the waist, and this second does the same to a third. The three thus fastened together lie down and challenge any single man to separate them. If he succeeds, they pay the forfeit; if not, he does.

Throwing the spear is also common. The young men of one street or village will match against those of another; and, after fixing a mark in the distance, throw a small wooden javelin so that it may first strike the ground, and then spring upwards and onwards in the direction of the mark. They who throw farthest win the game, and have a repast of food at the expense of those who lose it. In more direct spear-throwing, they set up the stem of a young cocoa-nut tree, with the base upwards, which is soft and spongy. One party throws at it, and

fills it with spears. The other party throws, and tries to knock them down. If any remain after all have thrown, they are counted until they reach the number fixed for the game. In another of these amusements, at which they may be said to "learn war," a man stands in the distance and allows another to throw spears at him. He has no shield, but merely a club; and with this he shows surprising dexterity, in hitting off spear after spear as it approaches him.

Fishing matches are in vogue at particular seasons. The party who take the most fish win, and are treated with cooked pigs and other viands by those who lose.

Pigeon-catching is another amusement, and one, like our English falconry of other days, in which the chiefs especially delight. The principal season sets in about June. Great preparations are made for it; all the pigs of a settlement will be slaughtered and baked for the occasion; and, laden with all kinds of food, the whole population of the place go off to certain pigeon-grounds in the bush. There they put up huts, and remain sometimes for months at the sport.

The ground being cleared, the chiefs station themselves at distances all round a large circular space, each concealed under a low shed or covering of brushwood, having by his side a net attached to a long bamboo, and in his hand a stick with a tame pigeon on a crook at the end of it. This pigeon is trained to fly round and round, as directed by its

owner, with a string at its foot thirty feet long, attached to the end of the stick. Every man flies his pigeon, and then the whole circle looks like a place where pigeons are flocking round food or water. The scene soon attracts some wild pigeon; and, as it approaches the spot, whoever is next to it raises his net, and tries to entangle it. He who gets the greatest number of pigeons is the hero of the day, and honoured by his friends with various kinds of food, with which he treats his less successful competitors. Some of the pigeons are baked, others are distributed about and tamed for further use. Taming and exercising them for the sporting season is a common pastime. Of all the Samoan sports, none, perhaps, is a greater hindrance to missionary work than pigeon-catching. Schools are deserted, and whole villages scattered by it on a career of dissipation for many weeks at a time. But, happily, it is fast becoming unpopular. The fowling-piece is taking the place of the pigeon-net. Few, comparatively, now go to the grounds; and, ere long, fewer still, perhaps, will follow in the train of those who go.

Spinning the cocoa-nut is another amusement. A party sit down in a circle, and one in the centre spins a cocoa-nut. When it rests, they see to whom the three black marks or eyes on the end of the shell point, and impose upon him some little service to the whole, such as unhusking chesnuts, or going for a load of cocoa-nuts for them. This is especially worthy of remark, as it is the Samoan method of

casting lots. If a number of people are unwilling to go a message, or do a piece of work, they will decide the matter by wheeling round the cocoa-nut to see to whom it turns its *face*, as they call it, when it rests. Formerly, they would sometimes appeal to this lot, and fix the charge of stealing on a person towards whom the *face* of the cocoa-nut pointed.

They have also a game of *hide-and-seek*, with the addition that those who hide try to escape those who seek, and run to a given post or mark. All who reach the post are counted towards making up the game.

Pitching small cocoa-nut shells to the end of a mat is a favourite amusement of the chiefs. They try to knock each other's shells off the given spot. They play in parties of two and two, with five shells each. They who have most shells left on the place, after all have thrown, win.

They have also *guessing* sports. One party hide, the other bundle up one of their number in a large basket covered over with a cloth. Then they, too, hide, all but three, who carry the basket to the other party, for them to guess who is in it. If they guess correctly, then they in turn get the basket to do the same. The successful guesses are counted for the game.

Like Samson and his companions, they were in the habit of amusing themselves with *riddles*. Let the following suffice as a specimen. I quote them

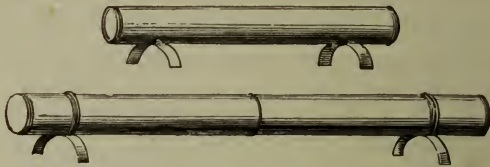
from a paper by Mr. Nisbet, which appeared in our "Reporter:"—

"1. A man who continues standing out of doors with a burden on his back.—*Explanation.* A banana-tree, with a bunch of bananas.

"2. There are twenty brothers, each with a hat on his head.—*Explan.* A man's fingers and toes; the nails of which are represented as hats.

"3. A man who stands between two ravenous fish.—*Explan.* The tongue, as being placed between the teeth of the upper and lower jaws.

"4. There are four brothers, who are always bearing about their father.—*Explan.* The Samoan pillow, formed by four legs and a bamboo; the



legs being the four brothers, the bamboo the father.

"5. There is a man who calls out continually day and night.—*Explan.* The surf on the reef, which never rests.

"6. There is a man who, when he leaves the bush, is very little; but when he has reached the sea-shore, becomes very great.—*Explan.* The bark of the paper-mulberry, which, when first taken off the wood, is very narrow; but, when beaten

out to make the native cloth, becomes very broad.

“7. A man who has a white head, stands above the fence, and reaches to the heavens.—*Explan.* The smoke rising from the oven.”

They have *sundry other amusements*. Swimming in the surf on a board, and steering little canoes while borne along on the crest of a wave towards the shore, are favourite juvenile sports. Canoe-racing, races with one party in a canoe and another along the beach, races with both parties on land, climbing cocoa-nut trees to see who can go up quickest, reviews and sham-fighting, cock-fighting, tossing up oranges and keeping three, four, or more of them on the move: these and many other things were of old, and are still, numbered among Samoan sports. The teeth and jaws, too, are called into exercise. One man will engage to unhusk with his teeth, and eat five large native chesnuts (*Tuscapus edulis*) before another can run a certain distance and return. If he fails, he pays his basket of cocoa-nuts, or whatever may be previously agreed upon.

Our juvenile friends will be sure to recognize some of their favourite amusements in this description, and will, perhaps, feel inclined to try the novelty of some of these Samoan variations. What a surprising unity of thought and feeling is discoverable among the various races of mankind, from a comparison of such customs as these! These illustrations also suffice to show that, while in their

heathen state, the Samoans found plenty to occupy their leisure hours, day and night, all through the year. Now, however, many of them find in Christianity other and better occupations, and have neither time nor inclination to follow after the "childish things" in which they were wont to revel in by-gone days.

CHAPTER XXII.

MORTALITY, LONGEVITY, DISEASES, ETC.

MORTALITY, longevity, diseases, and the treatment of the sick will now form the subject of a few observations; and here we begin with—

Infants.—Before the introduction of Christianity, probably not less than two-thirds of the Samoan race died in infancy and childhood. This mortality arose principally from carelessness and mismanagement in nursing; evils which still prevail to a great extent. Even now, perhaps, one-half of them die before they reach their second year. The poor little things are often carried about with their bare heads exposed to the scorching rays of a vertical sun. Exposure to the night-damps also, and above all stuffing them with improper food, are evils which often make us wonder that the mortality among them is not greater than it is. The Samoans were always fond of their children, and would have done anything for them when ill; but, with the exception of external applications for skin diseases, they had no remedies for the numerous disorders of children. Now, they are highly favoured with useful medicines at every mission-station, and have generally one or two medical practitioners among the European and other residents at the harbour at Apia. Were their care

in preventing disease equal to their anxiety to obtain a cure when the child is really ill, there would probably be less sickness among them, and fewer deaths.

Adults.—The universal opinion of the natives is, that the mortality is now greater among young and middle-aged people than it was formerly. “It was common,” they say, “to see three or four old men in a house, whereas you rarely see more than one now.” Among a people destitute of statistics or records of any kind, it is difficult to speak correctly of an earlier date than some twenty-five years ago. Since that time, however, the population has been on the decrease. We have not observed any marked disproportion in the deaths of adults of any particular age, compared with other parts of the world. A person died in 1847, who was present at the massacre of M. de Langle and others connected with the exploring expedition of La Perouse, in 1787, and who was then a youth of about fourteen years of age. Judging from his appearance, we may suppose that there are some in every village who must be sixty, seventy, and even eighty years of age.

Diseases.—Pulmonary affections, paralysis, diseases of the spine producing humpback, ophthalmia, skin diseases, scrofulous and other ulcers, elephantiasis, and a species of leprosy, are among the principal diseases with which they are afflicted. Ophthalmia and various diseases of the eye are very prevalent. There are few cases of total blindness; but many have one of the organs of vision destroyed.

Connected with diseases of the eye, pterygium is common; not only single, but double, triple, and even quadruple are occasionally met with. The leprosy of which we speak has greatly abated. The natives say that formerly many had it, and suffered from its ulcerous sores until all the fingers of a hand or the toes of a foot had fallen off. Elephantiasis, producing great enlargement of the legs and arms, has, they think, somewhat abated too; only, they say, it prevails among the *young* men more now than it did formerly. Insanity is occasionally met with. It was invariably traced in former times to the immediate presence of an evil spirit. If furious, the party was tied hand to hand, and foot to foot, until a change for the better appeared. Idiots are not common. Consumption they called "Moomoo;" and there were certain native doctors who were supposed to be successful in spearing the disease, or, rather, the spirit causing it. The doctor, when sent for, would come in, sit down before the patient, and chant as follows:—

"Moomoo e! Moomoo e!
O le ā ou velosia atu oe;"

which in English is:—

"O Moomoo! O Moomoo!
I'm on the eve of spearing you."

Then he would rise up, flourish about with his spear over the head of the patient, and leave the house. No one dared speak or smile during the ceremony. In-

fluenza is a new disease to the natives. They say that the first attack of it ever known in Samoa was during the Aana war, in 1830, just as the missionaries Williams and Barff, with Tahitian teachers, first reached their shores. The natives at once traced the disease to the foreigners and the new religion; the same opinion, spread through these seas, and, especially among the islands of the New Hebrides, has proved a serious hindrance to the labours of missionaries and native teachers. Ever since, there have been returns of the disease almost annually. It is generally preceded by unsettled weather, and westerly or southerly winds. Its course is from east to west. It lasts for about a month, and passes off as fine weather and steady trade-winds set in. In many cases, it is fatal to old people and those who have been previously weakened by pulmonary diseases. There was an attack in May, 1837, and another in November, 1846, both of which were unusually severe and fatal. They have a tradition of an epidemic answering the description of cholera, which raged with fearful violence many years ago. In 1849, hooping-cough made its appearance, and prevailed for several months, among adults as well as children. A good many of the children died; but it has long since quite disappeared. In 1851, another new disease surprised the natives, viz., the mumps. It was traced to a vessel from California, and soon spread all over the group. Scarcely a native escaped. It answered the usual description of the attack given in medical works, and passed off in ten days or a

fortnight. Hitherto, they have been exempt from small-pox. Some years ago we vaccinated all the natives, and continue to do so, as often as we get a supply of vaccine lymph.

Medicine.—The Samoans, in their heathenism, never had recourse to any internal remedy, except an emetic, which they sometimes tried after having eaten a poisonous fish. Sometimes, juices from the bush were tried; at other times, the patient drank on at water until it was rejected; and, on some occasions, mud, and even the most unmentionable filth was mixed up and taken as an emetic draught. Latterly, as their intercourse with Tongans, Feejeeans, Tahitians, and Sandwich Islanders increased, they made additions to their *pharmacopœia* of juices from the bush. As in Egypt, each disease had its particular physician. Shampooing and anointing the affected part of the body with scented oil, by the native doctors, was common; and to this, charms were frequently added, consisting of some flowers from the bush, done up in a piece of native cloth, and put in a conspicuous place in the thatch over the patient.

The advocates of *kinnesipathy*, or the “Swedish Medical Gymnastics,” would be interested in finding, were they to visit the South Seas, that most of their friction, percussion, and other manipulations, were in vogue there ages ago, and are still practised. Now, however, European medicines are eagerly sought after; so much so, that every missionary is obliged to have a dispensary, and to set apart a certain

hour every day to give advice and medicine to the sick.

As the Samoans supposed disease to be occasioned by the wrath of some particular deity, their principal desire, in any difficult case, was not for medicine, but to ascertain the cause of the calamity. The friends of the sick went to the high-priest of the village. He was sure to assign some cause; and, whatever that was, they were all anxiety to have it removed, as the means of restoration. If he said they were to give up a canoe to the god, it was given up. If a piece of land was asked, it was passed over at once. Or, if he did not wish anything particular from the party, he would probably tell them to assemble the family, "confess, and throw out." In this ceremony, each member of the family confessed his crimes, and any judgments which, in anger, he had invoked on the family, or upon the particular member of it then ill; and, as a proof that he revoked all such imprecations, he took a little water in his mouth, and spurted it out towards the person who was sick. The custom is still kept up by many, and the sick-bed of a dear friend often forms a confessional, before which long-concealed and most revolting crimes are disclosed.

In *surgery*, they lanced ulcers with a shell or a shark's tooth, and, in a similar way, bled from the arm. For inflammatory swellings, they sometimes tried local bleeding; but shampooing and rubbing with oil were, and are still, the more common remedies in such cases. Cuts they washed in the sea and

bound up with a leaf. Into wounds in the scalp they blew the smoke of burnt chesnut wood. To take a barbed spear from the arm or leg, they cut into the limb from the opposite side, and pushed it right through. Amputation they never attempted.

The treatment of the sick was, as it is now, invariably humane, and all that could be expected. They wanted for no kind of food which they might desire, night or day, if it was at all in the power of their friends to procure it. In the event of the disease assuming a dangerous form, messengers were despatched to friends at a distance, that they might have an opportunity of being in time to see, and say farewell to, a departing relative. This is still the custom. The greater the rank, the greater the stir and muster about the sick, of friends from the neighbourhood, and from a distance. Every one who goes to visit a sick friend, supposed to be near death, takes with him a present of a fine mat, or some other kind of valuable property, as a farewell expression of regard. Among the worldly-minded, whose interests centre in this life, this heaping together of property by the bedside of a dying relative, is still in high repute. But the custom is being opposed. Many, in the light of Christianity, now shun it as cruelty to the dying, and an injury to the living. They wish to direct the thoughts of their departing relatives to heaven rather than earth, and are desirous that the house should be, for a time, a "house of mourning," and

free from the distracting formalities, jealousies, and strifes, which are invariably associated with such a collection of property, and its subsequent distribution among the members of the family, just before or immediately after death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

WHENEVER the eye is fixed in death, the house becomes a scene of indescribable lamentation and wailing. "Oh, my father, why did you not let me die, and you live here still!" "Oh, my brother, why have you run away, and left your only brother to be trampled upon!" "Oh, my child, had I known you were going to die! Of what use is it for me to survive you; would that I had died for you!" These and other doleful cries may be heard two hundred yards from the house; and, as you go near, you find that they are accompanied by the most frantic expressions of grief, such as rending garments, tearing the hair, thumping the face and eyes, burning the body with small piercing fire-brands, beating the head with stones till the blood runs, and this they called an "offering of blood" for the dead. Every one acquainted with the historical parts of the Bible will here observe remarkable coincidences.

After an hour or so, the more boisterous wailing subsides, and, as in that climate the corpse must be buried in a few hours, preparations are made without delay. The body is laid out on a mat, oiled with scented oil, and, to modify the cadaverous look,

they tinge the oil for the face with a little turmeric. The body is then wound up with several folds of native cloth, the chin propped up with a little bundle of the same material, and the face and head left uncovered, while, for some hours longer, the body is surrounded by weeping relatives. If the person has died of a complaint which has carried off some other members of the family, they will probably open the body to "search for the disease." Any inflamed substance they happen to find they take away and burn, thinking that this will prevent any other members of the family being affected with the same disease. This is done when the body is laid in the grave.

While a dead body is in the house, no food is eaten under the same roof; the family have their meals outside, or in another house. Those who attended the deceased were formerly most careful not to handle food, and for days were fed by others as if they were helpless infants. Baldness and the loss of teeth were supposed to be the punishment inflicted by the household god if they violated the rule. Fasting was common at such times, and they who did so ate nothing during the day, but had a meal at night; reminding us of what David said, when mourning the death of Abner: "So do God to me, and more also, if I taste bread or ought else till the sun be down!" The fifth day was a day of "purification." They bathed the face and hands with hot water, and then they were "clean," and resumed the usual time and mode of eating.

The death of a chief of high rank was attended with great excitement and display; all work was suspended in the settlement; no stranger dared to pass through the place. For days they kept the body unburied, until all the different parties connected with that particular clan assembled from various parts of the islands, and until each party had, in turn, paraded the body, shoulder high, through the village, singing at the same time some mournful dirge. The body, too, was wrapped up in "the best robe," viz., the most valuable fine mat clothing which the deceased possessed. Great respect is still shown to chiefs on these occasions, and there was a recent instance of something like a "thirty days' mourning;" but the body is seldom paraded about the settlements now-a-days.

The burial generally takes place the day after death. As many of the friends as can be present in time attend. Every one brings a present, and, the day after the funeral, these presents are all so distributed again as that every one goes away with something in return for what he brought. Formerly, the body was buried without a coffin, except in the case of chiefs; but now it is quite common to cut off the ends of some canoe belonging to the family, and make a coffin of it. The body being put into this rude encasement, all is done up again in some other folds of native cloth, and carried on the shoulders of four or five men to the grave. The friends follow, but in no particular order; and at the grave again there was often further wailing and

exclamations, such as, "Alas! I looked to you for protection, but you have gone away; why did you die! would that I had died for you!" Since the introduction of Christianity, all is generally quiet and orderly at the grave. The missionary, or some native teacher appointed by him, attends, reads a portion of Scripture, delivers an address, and engages in prayer, that the living may consider and prepare for the "time to die."

The grave is called "the fast resting-place," and, in the case of chiefs, "the house thatched with the leaves of the sandal-wood," alluding to the custom of planting some tree with pretty foliage near the grave. Attempts have been made to get a place set apart as the village burying-ground, but it is difficult to carry it out. All prefer laying their dead among the ashes of their ancestors on their own particular ground. As the bones of Joseph were carried from Egypt to Canaan, so did the Samoans carry the skulls of their dead from a land where they had been residing during war, back to the graves of their fathers, as soon as possible after peace was proclaimed. The grave is often dug close by the house. They make it about four feet deep, and after spreading it with mats, like a comfortable bed, there they place the body with the head "to the rising of the sun," and the feet to the west. With the body they deposit several things which may have been used during the person's illness, such as his clothing, his drinking cup, and his bamboo pillow. The sticks used to answer the purpose of a pickaxe in digging

the grave are also carefully buried with the body. Not that they think these things of use to the dead; but it is supposed that, if they are left and handled by others, further disease and death will be the consequence. Other mats are spread over the body, on these a layer of white sand from the beach, and then they fill up the grave. The spot is marked by a little heap of stones, a foot or two high. The grave of a chief is neatly built up in an oblong slanting form, about three feet high at the foot and four at the head. White stones or shells are intermixed with the top layer, and, if it has been a noted warrior, his grave may be surrounded with spears, or his gun laid loosely on the top.

Embalming is known and practised with surprising skill in one particular family of chiefs. Unlike the Egyptian method, as described by Herodotus, it is performed in Samoa exclusively by women. The viscera being removed and buried, they, day after day, anoint the body with a mixture of oil and aromatic juices. To let the fluids escape, they continue to puncture the body all over with fine needles. In about two months, the process of desiccation is completed. The hair, which had been cut and laid aside at the commencement of the operation, is now glued carefully on to the scalp by a resin from the bush. The abdomen is filled up with folds of native cloth; the body is wrapped up with the same material, and laid out on a mat, leaving the hands, face, and head exposed. A house is built for the purpose, and there the body is placed with a sheet

of native cloth loosely thrown over it. Now and then the face is oiled with a mixture of scented oil and turmeric, and passing strangers are freely admitted to see the remains of the departed. At present there are four bodies laid out in this way in a house belonging to the family to which we refer, viz., a chief, his wife, and two sons. They are laid on a platform, raised on a double canoe. It must be upwards of thirty years since some of them were embalmed, and, although thus exposed, they are in a remarkable state of preservation. They assign no particular reason for this embalming, further than that it is the expression of their affection, to keep the bodies of the departed still with them as if they were alive.*

Burnings for the dead.—On the evening after the burial of any important chief, his friends kindled a number of fires at distances of some twenty feet from each other, near the grave; and there they sat and kept them burning till morning light. This was continued sometimes for ten days after the funeral; it was also done before burial. In the house where the body lay, or out in front of it, fires were kept burning all night by the immediate relatives of the departed. The common people had a similar custom. After burial, they kept a fire blazing

* Since writing the above these bodies have been buried. None were allowed to dress them but a particular family of old ladies, who have all died off; and, as there was a superstitious fear on the part of some, and an unwillingness on the part of others, to handle them, it was resolved at last to lay them underground.

in the house all night, and had the space between the house and the grave so cleared as that a stream of light went forth all night from the fire to the grave. Whether this had its origin in any custom of burning the dead body, like the ancient Greeks, it is impossible now to ascertain. The probability, however, is that it had not. The account the Samoans give of it is, that it was merely a light burning in honour of the departed, and a mark of tender regard. Just as, we may suppose, the Jews did after the death of Asa, when, it is said, "they made a very great burning for him." (2 Chron. xvi. 14.) Those commentators who hold that this and one or two other passages refer to a Jewish mark of respect, and not to the actual burning of the body, have, in the Samoan custom which we have just named, a remarkable coincidence in their favour.

The unburied occasioned great concern. No Roman was ever more grieved at the thought of his unburied friend wandering a hundred years along the banks of the Styx than were the Samoans, while they thought of the spirit of one who had been drowned, or of another who had fallen in war, wandering about neglected and comfortless. They supposed the spirit haunted them everywhere, night and day, and imagined they heard it calling upon them in a most pitiful tone, and saying, "Oh, how cold! oh, how cold!" Nor were the Samoans, like the ancient Romans, satisfied with a mere "*tumulus inanis*" (or, empty grave), at which to observe the

usual solemnities; they thought it was possible to obtain the soul of the departed, in some tangible transmigrated form. On the beach, near where a person had been drowned, or on the battle-field, where another fell, might be seen, sitting in silence, a group of five or six, and one a few yards before them with a sheet of native cloth spread out on the ground before him. Addressing some god of the family, he said, "Oh, be kind to us; let us obtain without difficulty the spirit of the young man!" The first thing that happened to light upon the sheet was supposed to be the spirit. If nothing came, it was supposed that the spirit had some ill-will to the person praying. That person after a time retired, and another stepped forward, addressed some other god, and waited the result. By and by something came; grasshopper, butterfly, ant, or whatever else it might be, it was carefully wrapped up, taken to the family, the friends assembled, and the bundle buried with all due ceremony, as if it contained the real spirit of the departed. The grave, however, was not the hades of the Samoans.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FUTURE STATE—RELIGION, ETC.

THE entrance to the hades of the Samoans was supposed to be a circular basin among the rocks, at the west end of Savaii. Savaii is the most westerly island of the group. When a person was near death, it was thought that the house was surrounded by a host of spirits, all waiting to take the soul away to their subterranean home at the place referred to. If at night, the people of the family were afraid to go out of doors, lest they should be snatched away by some one of these invisible powers. As soon as the spirit left the body, it was supposed to go, in company with this band of spirits, direct to the west end of Savaii. If it was a person residing on one of the more easterly islands of the group—on Upolu, for example—they travelled on, by land, to the west end of the island, not to a Charon, but to a great stone, called “the stone to leap from.” It was thought that the spirits here leaped into the sea, swam to the island of Manono, crossed the land to the west point of that island, again leaped from another stone there, swam to Savaii, crossed fifty miles of country there again, and at length reached the *Fafā*, or entrance to their imaginary world of spirits. There was a cocoa-nut tree near this spot,

and it was supposed that, if the spirit happened to come in contact with the tree, it returned, and the person who seemed to be dead, revived and recovered. If, however, the spirit did not strike against the tree, it went down the Fafā at once.

At this place, on Savaii, there are two circular basins, not many feet deep, still pointed out as the place where the spirits went down. One, which is the larger of the two, was supposed to be for chiefs; the other for common people. These lower regions were reported to have a heaven, an earth, and a sea, and people with real bodies, planting, fishing, cooking, and otherwise employed, just as in the present life. At night their bodies were supposed to change their form, and become like a confused collection of sparks of fire. In this state, and during the hours of darkness, they were said to ascend and revisit their former places of abode, retiring at early dawn, either to the bush or back to the lower regions. It was supposed that these spirits had power to return, and cause disease and death in other members of the family. Hence, all were anxious, as a person drew near the close of life, to part in good terms with him, feeling assured that, if he died with angry feelings towards any one, he would certainly return, and bring some calamity upon that very person, or some one closely allied to him. This was considered a frequent source of disease and death, viz., the spirit of a departed member of the family returning and taking up his abode in the head, or chest, or stomach of the party, and so causing sickness and

death. The spirits of the departed were also supposed to come and talk, through a certain member of the family, prophesying various events, or giving directions as to certain family affairs. If a man died suddenly, it was thought that he was eaten by the spirit that took him. His soul was said to go to the common residence of the departed; only it was thought that such persons had not the power of speech, and could only, in reply to a question, “beat their breasts.”

The chiefs were supposed to have a separate place allotted them, called Pulotu (or, according to English orthography, Poolōtoo*), and to have plenty of the best of food, and other indulgences. Saveasiuleo was the great king, or Pluto, of these subterranean regions, and to him all yielded the profoundest homage. He was supposed to have the head of a man, and the upper part of his body reclining in a great house in company with the spirits of departed chiefs. The extremity of his body was said to stretch away into the sea, in the shape of an eel or serpent. He ruled the destinies of war and other affairs. His great house or temple was supported, not by pillars of wood or stone, but by columns of living men—men who on earth had been chiefs of the highest rank. Chiefs, in anticipation of death, were often pleased with the thought of the high honour which awaited them, of being at once the

* Those familiar with the islands of the Indian Archipelago will remember that one of the most easterly is called *Booro*.

ornament and support of the mansion of the great chief of their Pulo-tu Paradise. Here, again, we have another striking coincidence with the language of Scripture, and one which throws an additional interest around our instructions, as we read and expound the words of Him who exhorted his people to perseverance by the cheering declaration, applicable to all, high and low, rich and poor, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God."

THIRTY years ago the Samoans were living under the influence of a host of imaginary deities, and steeped in superstition. At his birth, as we have already remarked, every Samoan was supposed to be taken under the care of some tutelary or protecting god, or *aitu*, as it was called. The help of perhaps half a dozen different gods was invoked in succession on the occasion, but the one who happened to be addressed just as the child was born, was marked and declared to be that child's god for life.

These gods were supposed to appear in some *visible incarnation*, and the particular thing in which his god was in the habit of appearing, was, to the Samoan, an object of veneration. It was, in fact, his idol, and he was careful never to injure it or treat it with contempt. One, for instance, saw his god in the eel, another in the shark, another in the turtle, another in the dog, another in the owl, another in the lizard; and so on throughout all the fish of the sea, and birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. In some of the shell-fish, even,

gods were supposed to be present. A man would eat freely of what was regarded as the incarnation of the god of another man, but the incarnation of his own particular god he would consider it death to injure or to eat. The god was supposed to avenge the insult by taking up his abode in that person's body, and causing to generate there the very thing which he had eaten, until it produced death. This class of genii, or tutelary deities, they called *aitu fale*, or gods of the house.

The father of the family was *the high-priest*, and usually offered a short prayer at the evening meal, that they might all be kept from fines, sickness, war, and death. Occasionally, too, he would direct that they have a family feast in honour of their household gods; and on these occasions a cup of their intoxicating ava draught was poured out as a drink-offering. They did this in their family house, where they were all assembled, supposing that their gods had a spiritual presence there, as well as in the material objects to which we have referred. Often it was supposed that the god came among them, and spoke through the father or some other member of the family, telling them what to do in order to remove a present evil, or avert a threatened one. Sometimes it would be, that the family should get a canoe built, and keep it sacred to the god. They might travel in it and use it themselves, but it was death to sell or part with a canoe which had been built specially for the god.

Another class of Samoan deities may be called

gods of the town or village; "according to the number of thy cities were thy gods," would be applicable to a Samoan in reminding him of former times. Every village had its god, and every one born in that village was regarded as the property of that god. I have got a child for so-and-so, a woman would say on the birth of her child, and name the village god. There was a small house or temple also consecrated to the deity of the place. Where there was no formal temple, the great house of the village, where the chiefs were in the habit of assembling, was the temple for the time being, as occasion required. Some settlements had a sacred grove as well as a temple, where prayers and offerings were presented. The Swift One, the Sacred One, Destruction, the God of Heaven, the Great Seer, the King of Puluotu were the names of some of their village gods.

In their temples, they had generally something for the eye to rest upon with superstitious veneration. In one might be seen a conch shell, suspended from the roof in a basket made of cinnet network; and this the god was supposed to blow when he wished the people to rise to war. In another, two stones were kept. In another, something resembling the head of a man, with white streamers flying, was raised on a pole at the door of the temple, on the usual day of worship. In another, a cocoa-nut shell drinking-cup was suspended from the roof, and before it prayers were addressed and offerings presented. This cup was also used in oaths.

If they wished to find out a thief, the suspected parties were assembled before the chiefs, the cup sent for, and each would approach, lay his hand on it, and say: "With my hand on this cup, may the god look upon me, and send swift destruction, if I took the thing which has been stolen." The stones and the shells were used in a similar way, but the *cup* is especially interesting. (See Kitto's "Bible Illustrations," vol. i. p. 426, on "Divining Cups.") Before this ordeal, the truth was rarely concealed. They firmly believed that it would be death to touch the cup and tell a lie.

The priests, in some cases, were the chiefs of the place; but, in general, some one in a particular family claimed the privilege, and professed to declare the will of the god. His office was hereditary. He fixed the days for the annual feasts in honour of the deity, received the offerings, and thanked the people for them. He decided also whether or not the people might go to war.

The offerings were principally cooked food. As in ancient Greece, so in Samoa, the first cup was in honour of the god. It was either poured out on the ground, or *waved* towards the heavens, reminding us again of the Mosaic ceremonies. The chiefs all drank a portion out of the same cup, according to rank; and, after that, the food brought as an offering was divided and eaten, "*there before the Lord.*" This feast was annual, and frequently about the month of May. In some places, it passed off quietly; in others, it was associated with games, sham-fights,

night-dances, etc., and lasted for days. In time of war, special feasts were ordered by the priests. Of the offerings on war occasions, women and children were forbidden to partake, as it was not their province to go to battle. They supposed it would bring sickness and death on the party eating who did not go to the war, and hence were careful to bury or throw into the sea whatever food was over after the festival. In some cases, the feasts in honour of the god were regulated by the appearance in the settlement of the bird which was thought to be the incarnation of the god. Whenever the bird was seen, the priest would say that the god had come, and fix upon a day for his entertainment.

The village gods, like those of the household, had all some particular incarnation: one was supposed to appear as a bat, another as a heron, another as an owl. If a man found a dead owl by the roadside, and if that happened to be the incarnation of his village god, he would sit down and weep over it, and beat his forehead with stones till the blood flowed. This was thought pleasing to the deity. Then the bird would be wrapped up, and buried with care and ceremony, as if it were a human body. This, however, was not the death of the god. He was supposed to be yet alive, and incarnate in all the owls in existence. The flight of these birds was observed in time of war. If the bird flew before them, it was a signal to go on; but if it crossed the path, it was a bad omen, and a sign to retreat. Others saw their village god in the rainbow, others

saw him in the shooting star ; and, in time of war, the position of a rainbow and the direction of a shooting star were always ominous.

The constant dread of the gods, and the numerous and extravagant demands of a cunning and avaricious priesthood, made the heathenism of Samoa a hard service. On the reception of Christianity, temples were destroyed, the sacred groves left to be overrun by the bush, the shells and stones and divining cups were thrown away, and the fish and fowls which they had previously regarded as incarnations of their gods were eaten without suspicion or alarm. In a remarkably short time, under God's blessing, hardly a vestige of the entire system was to be seen.

CHAPTER XXV.

MYTHOLOGICAL TRADITIONS.

THE mythology of Samoa, like that of all heathen nations, whether savage or civilized, abounds in obscenities and absurdities. An hour, however, is not altogether lost in turning over the heap of rubbish. At one time, we fall in with something which throws light on the origin of the people; at another we have some curious coincidences with the tales of modern as well as ancient civilized nations; and often we pause in deep interest, as we recognize some fragment, or corroboration, of Scripture history.

The tales to which we refer would fill volumes. The few which we have selected will probably suffice as a specimen of the rest.

COSMOGONY, AND ORIGIN OF MAN.

The earliest traditions of the Samoans describe a time when the heavens alone were inhabited, and the earth covered over with water. Tangaloa, the great Polynesian Jupiter, then sent down his daughter in the form of a bird called the *turi* (a snipe), to search for a resting-place. After flying about for a long

time, she found a rock partially above the surface of the water.* This looks like the Mosaic account of the deluge; but the story goes on to the origin of the human race. Turi went up and told her father that she had found but one spot on which she could rest. Tangaloo sent her down again to visit the place. She went to and fro repeatedly, and, every time she went up, reported that the dry surface was extending on all sides. He then sent her down with some earth, and a creeping plant, as all was barren rock. She continued to visit the earth, and return to the skies. Next visit, the plant was spreading. Next time, it was withered and decomposing. Next visit, it swarmed with worms. And the next time, the worms had become men and women! A strange account of man's origin! But how affectingly it reminds one of his *end*! "They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the *worms* shall cover them."

THE RAISING OF THE HEAVENS.

The Samoans have no *consecutive* tales of these early times; but we give the disjointed fragments as we find them. They say, that of old the heavens fell down, and that people had to crawl about like the lower animals. After a time, the arrow-root and another similar plant pushed up the heavens. The

* Another account represents Tangaloo as rolling down from the heavens two great stones, one of which became the island of Savaii, the other, Upolu. Both accounts compare with the mythology of the Battas. (See Marsden's Sumatra, p. 385.)

place where these plants grew is still pointed out, and called the Te'enga-langi, or *heaven-pushing place*. But the heads of the people continued to knock on the skies. One day, a woman was passing along who had been drawing water. A man came up to her, and said, that he would push up the heavens, if she would give him some water to drink. "Push them up first," she replied. He pushed them up. "Will that do?" said he. "No; a little further." He sent them up higher still, and then she handed him her cocoa-nut shell water-bottle. Another account says, that a person named Tiitii pushed up the heavens; and the hollow places in a rock, nearly six feet long, are pointed out as his footprints.

INTERCOURSE WITH THE SKIES.

They tell about a man called Losi, who went up on a visit to the heavens. He found land and sea there, people, houses, and plantations. The people were kind to him, and supplied him with plenty of food. This was the first time he had seen or tasted taro. He sought for some in the plantations, and brought it down to the earth, and hence, they say, the origin of taro. They do not say how he got up and down, but another similar tale speaks of a tree whose top reached to the heavens, and by which parties went up and down. When that tree fell, they say, its trunk and branches extended a distance of nearly sixty miles. In this and the following tale we are reminded of Jacob's ladder.

VISIT TO THE MOON.

Two young men, named Punifanga and Tafaliu, determined one afternoon to pay a visit to the moon. Punifanga said he knew a tree by which they could go up. Tafaliu was afraid it might not reach high enough, and said he would try another plan. Punifanga went to his tree, but Tafaliu kindled a fire, and heaped on cocoa-nut shells and other fuel, so as to raise a great smoke. The smoke rose in a dense, straight column like a cocoa-nut tree, towering away into the heavens. Tafaliu then jumped on to the column of smoke, and went up and reached the moon long before Punifanga. One wishes to know what they did next, but here the tale abruptly ends, with the chagrin of Punifanga, when he got up and saw Tafaliu there before him, sitting laughing at him for having been so long on the way.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

In another story, we are told that the moon came down one evening, and picked up a woman, called Sina, and her child. It was during a time of famine. She was working in the evening twilight, beating out some bark with which to make native cloth. The moon was just rising, and it reminded her of a great bread-fruit. Looking up to it, she said, "Why cannot you come down, and let my child have a bit of you?" The moon was indignant at the idea of

being eaten, came down forthwith, and took her up, child, board, mallet, and all. The popular superstition of "the *man* in the moon, who gathered sticks on the Sabbath-day," is not yet forgotten in England; and so, in Samoa, of the *woman* in the moon. "Yonder is Sina," they say, "and her child, and her mallet and board."

THE SUN STANDING STILL.

We have a fragment or two, also, about the sun. A woman, called Mangamangai, became pregnant by looking at the rising sun. Her son grew, and was named "Child of the Sun." At his marriage, he asked his mother for a dowery. She sent him to his father, the sun, to beg from him, and told him how to go. Following her directions, he went one morning with a long vine from the bush, which is the convenient substitute for a rope, climbed a tree, threw his rope with a noose at the end of it, and caught the sun. He made known his message, and (Pandora like) got a present for his bride. The sun first asked him what was his choice—blessings or calamities. He chose, of course, the former, and came down with his store of blessings done up in a basket. There is another tale about this Samoan Phaethon, similar to what is related of the Hawaiian Maui. They say, that he and his mother were annoyed at the rapidity of the sun's course in those days—that it rose, reached the meridian, and set, "before they could get their mats dried." He determined to

make it go slower. He climbed a tree one morning early, and, with a rope and noose all ready, watched for the appearance of the sun. Just as it emerged from the horizon, he threw, and caught it. The sun struggled to get clear, but in vain. Then, fearing lest he should be strangled, he called out in distress, "Oh, have mercy on me, and spare my life! What do you want?" "We wish you to go slower; we can get no work done." "Very well," replied the sun; "let me go, and, for the future, I will walk slowly, and never go quick again." He let go the rope, and, ever since, the sun has gone slowly, and given us longer days. Ludicrous and puerile as all this is, one cannot help seeing in it the wreck of that sublime description in the book of Joshua, of the day when that man of God stood in the sight of Israel and said: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

THE DELUGE.

There are but few tales in Samoa in which we can trace the deluge; nor are these so circumstantial as those which obtain in some other parts of the Pacific. (See Ellis's "Polynesian Researches," vol. i. pp. 386, etc.) It is the universal belief, however, that "of old, the fish swam where the land now is;" and tradition now adds, that, when the waters abated, many of the fish of the sea were left on the land,

and afterwards were changed into stones. Hence, they say, there are stones in abundance in the bush, and among the mountains, which were once sharks, and other inhabitants of the deep.

FABULOUS WARS, ETC.

According to Samoan tradition, many things of old had their battles; and one account gives a number of them in the following order: "The god Fe'e, of the lower regions, fought with the deep underground rocks; the god was beaten, and the rocks conquered. The low rocks fought with the high rocks; the low were beaten, and the high rocks conquered. The high rocks fought with the hollow (volcanic, cavernous) rocks; the high rocks were beaten, and the hollow rocks conquered. The hollow rocks fought with the rocks level with the ground; the hollow rocks were beaten, and the low, ground rocks conquered. The ground rocks fought with the earth; the ground rocks were beaten, and the earth conquered. The earth fought with the small stones; the earth was beaten, and the small stones conquered. The small stones fought with the small grass; the stones were beaten, and the grass conquered. The small grass fought with the strong weedy grass; the small grass was beaten, and the strong grass conquered. The strong grass fought with the long grass of the bush; the strong grass was beaten, and the bush grass conquered. The bush grass fought with the trees; the grass was beaten, and the trees con-

quered. The trees fought with the creepers; the trees were beaten, and the creepers conquered. *And then began the wars of men.*" Would that the wars of *men* had been as bloodless as those which preceded them!

The principle seems to be, that wherever one thing prevails to excess above another thing, be it rock, stone, earth, grass, or tree, we are sure to find some tradition about its having had its battle and its victory. The old poetic Samoan forefathers, who framed these fabulous fights, added a great deal of circumstance and minuteness to their tales, and all is seriously believed by some of their more prosaic posterity.

We have also accounts of battles fought by the birds, on the one side, and the fish of the sea on the other. The fish, they say, were beaten, and the birds conquered; and, ever since, the birds have the right of going to the sea to pick up as many fish as come within their reach.

The appearance or form of a thing has also suggested many a tale, of which the following are examples. They say that the rat had wings formerly, and that the bat (*Pteropus javanicus*) at that time had no wings. One day the bat said to the rat: "Just let me try on your wings for a little, that I may see how I like flying." The rat lent the bat his wings. Off flew the bat with the wings, and never came back with them again. This fable is quite a proverb, and often applied to a person who borrows a thing and does not return it. Take another illus-

tration. With the exception of the mountain plantain, all the bananas have their bunches of fruit hanging down towards the earth, like a bunch of grapes. The plantain shoots up its bunch of fruit erect towards the heavens. As the reason of this, we are told that, of old, all the bananas held their heads erect, but that they quarrelled with the plantain, fought, and were beaten, and, ever since, have hung their heads in token of their defeat. I recollect hearing an old speaker referring to this in an address at a missionary meeting, and applying it to the cause of Christ. "The cause of Jesus," said he, "will at length appear victorious over every opposition. It stands with its head erect to the heavens. All its enemies will eventually be driven, and hang their heads in shame and disgrace for ever."

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE.

The late Dr. Kitto, in one of the sections of his "Daily Bible Illustrations," remarks, that *fire* was probably as unknown to Adam as it was unneeded by him, before the fall, and then alludes to some curious traditions respecting its discovery. It is beyond dispute, that islands and tribes have been found, in various parts of the world, where the use of fire was quite unknown; and hence, we may suppose that the traditions in Samoa on this subject were, at some remote period, founded on fact. The Samoans say, that there was a time when their forefathers ate everything raw; and that they owe the

luxury of cooked food to one Ti'iti'i, the son of a person called Talanga. This Talanga was high in favour with the earthquake god Mafuie, who, like the Vulcan of the Greeks, lived in a subterranean region, where there was fire continually burning. On going to a certain perpendicular rock, and saying, "Rock, divide! I am Talanga; I have come to work;" the rock opened, and let Talanga in; and he went below to his plantation in the land of this god Mafuie. One day, Ti'iti'i, the son of Talanga, followed his father, and watched where he entered. The youth, after a time, went up to the rock, and, feigning his father's voice, said, "Rock, divide! I am Talanga; I have come to work;" and was admitted too. His father was at work in his plantation, was surprised to see his son there, and begged him not to talk loud, lest the god Mafuie should hear him, and be angry. Seeing smoke rising, he inquired of his father, what it was. His father said it was the fire of Mafuie. "I must go and get some," said the son. "No," said the father; "he will be angry. Don't you know he eats people?" "What do I care for him!" said the daring youth; and off he went, humming a song, towards the smoking furnace.

"Who are you?" said Mafuie.

"I am Ti'iti'i, the son of Talanga. I am come for some fire."

"Take it," said Mafuie.

He went back to his father with some cinders, and the two set to work to bake some taro. They kindled a fire, and were preparing the taro to put on the

hot stones, when suddenly the god Mafuie blew up the oven, scattered the stones all about, and put out the fire. "Now," said Talanga, "did not I tell you Mafuie would be angry?" Ti'iti'i went off in a rage to Mafuie, and, without any ceremony, commenced with, "Why have you broken up our oven, and put out our fire?" Mafuie was indignant at such a tone and language, rushed at him, and there they wrestled with each other. Ti'iti'i got hold of the right arm of Mafuie, grasped it with both hands, and gave it such a wrench that it broke off. He then seized the other arm, and was going to twist it off next, when Mafuie declared himself beaten, and implored Ti'iti'i to have mercy, and spare his left arm.

"Do let me have this arm," said he; "I need it to hold Samoa straight and level. Give it to me, and I will let you have my hundred wives."

"No, not for that," said Ti'iti'i.

"Well, then, will you take *fire*? If you let me have my left arm, you shall have *fire*, and you may ever after this eat cooked food."

"Agreed," said Ti'iti'i; "you keep your arm, and I have *fire*."

"Go," said Mafuie; "you will find the fire in every *wood* you cut."

And hence, the story adds, Samoa, ever since the days of Ti'iti'i, has eaten cooked food from the fire which is got from the friction of rubbing one piece of dry *wood* against another.

The superstitious still have half an idea that Mafuie is down below Samoa somewhere; and that

the earth has a long handle there, like a walking-stick, which Mafuie gives a shake now and then. It was common for them to say, when they felt the shock of an earthquake, "Thanks to Ti'iti'i, that Mafuie has only one arm: if he had two, what a shake he would give!"

The natives of Savage Island have a somewhat similar tale about the origin of fire. Instead of Talanga and Ti'iti'i, they give the names of Maui, the father, and Maui the son. Instead of going through a rock, their entrance was down through a reed bush. And, instead of a *stipulation* for the fire, they say that the youth Maui, like another Prometheus, *stole* it, ran up the passage, and before his father could catch him, he had set the bush in flames in all directions. The father tried to put it out, but in vain; and they further add, that ever since the exploit of young Maui, they have had *fire* and cooked food in Savage Island.

It is true what Dr. Kitto says, in the article to which we have already referred: "A volume—and one of no common interest—might be written on the origin, the history, the traditions, the powers, and the uses of fire, which was of old worshipped in many nations as a god."—"Daily Bible Illustrations," vol. i. p. 104.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOUSES.

THE Samoans have a tradition, that of old their forefathers had no houses. They say that in those days the people were "housed by the heavens," and describe the ingenuity of a chief who first contrived to build houses. He had two sons, and, out of love to them, built for each of them a house. The places where the houses stood are also pointed out, and form the names of two divisions of a district at the east end of Upolu. The one is called the "upper house," and the other the "lower house."

But, leaving tradition, imagine a gigantic beehive, thirty feet in diameter, a hundred in circumference, and raised from the ground about four feet by a number of short posts, at intervals of four feet from each other all round, and you have a good idea of the appearance of a Samoan house. The spaces between these posts, which may be called open doors or windows, all round the house, are shut in at night by roughly-plaited cocoa-nut leaf blinds. During the day the blinds are pulled up, and all the interior exposed to a free current of air. The floor is raised six or eight inches with rough stones; then an upper layer of smooth pebbles; then some cocoa-

nut-leaf mats, and then a layer of finer matting. Houses of important chiefs are erected on a raised platform of stones three feet high. In the centre of the house there are two, and sometimes three, posts or pillars, twenty feet long, sunk three feet into the ground, and extending to and supporting the ridge pole. These are the main props of the building. Any *Samson* pulling them away would bring down the whole house. The space between the rafters is filled up with what they call *ribs*, viz., the wood of the bread-fruit tree, split up into small pieces, and joined together so as to form a long rod the thickness of the finger, running from the ridge pole down to the eaves. All are kept in their places, an inch and a half apart, by cross pieces, made fast with cinnet. The whole of this upper cagelike work looks compact and tidy, and, at the first glance, is admired by strangers as being alike novel, ingenious, and neat. The wood of the bread-fruit tree, of which the greater part of the best houses are built, is durable, and, if preserved from wet, will last fifty years.

The thatch, also, is laid on with great care and taste; the long dry leaves of the sugar-cane are strung on to pieces of reed five feet long; they are made fast to the reed by overlapping the one end of the leaf, and pinning it with the rib of the cocoa-nut leaflet, run through from leaf to leaf horizontally. These reeds, thus fringed with the sugar-cane leaves hanging down three or four feet, are laid on, beginning at the eaves and running up to the ridge pole,

each one overlapping its fellow an inch or so, and made fast one by one with cinnet to the inside rods or rafters. Upwards of a hundred of these reeds of thatch will be required for a single row running from the eaves to the ridge pole; then they do another row, and so on all round the house. Two, three, or four thousand of these fringed reeds may be required for a good-sized house. This thatching, if well done, will last for seven years. To collect the sugar-cane leaves, and "sew," as it is called, the ends on to the reeds, is the work of the women. An active woman will sew fifty reeds in a day, and three men will put up and fasten on to the roof of the house some five hundred in a day. Zinc, felt, and other contrivances are being tried by European residents; but, for coolness and ventilation, nothing beats the thatch. The great drawback is, that in gales it stands up like a field of corn, and then the rain pours into the house. That, however, may be remedied by a network of cinnet, to keep down the thatch, or by the native plan of covering all in with a layer of heavy cocoa-nut leaves on the approach of a gale.

These great circular roofs are so constructed that they can be lifted bodily off the posts, and removed anywhere, either by land, or by a raft of canoes. But in removing a house, they generally divide the roof into four parts, viz., the two sides, and the two ends, where there are particular joints left by the carpenters, which can easily be untied, and again fastened. There is not a single nail in

the whole building; all is made fast with cinnet. As Samoan houses often form presents, fines, doweries, as well as articles of barter, they are frequently removed from place to place. The arrangement of the houses in a village has no regard whatever to order. You rarely see three houses in a line. Every one puts his house on his little plot of ground, just as the shade of the trees, the direction of the wind, the height of the ground, etc., may suit his fancy.

A house, after the usual Samoan fashion, has but *one* apartment. It is the common parlour, dining-room, etc., by day, and the bed-room of the whole family by night. They do not, however, altogether herd indiscriminately. If you peep into a Samoan house at midnight, you will see five or six low oblong *tents* pitched (or rather strung up) here and there throughout the house. They are made of native cloth, five feet high, and close all round down to the mat. They shut out the musquitoes, and inclose a place some eight feet by five; and these said tent-looking places may be called the *bed-rooms* of the family. Four or five mats laid loosely, the one on the top of the other, form the *bed*. The *pillow* is a piece of thick bamboo, three inches in diameter, three to five feet long, and raised three inches from the mat by short wooden feet. The sick are indulged with something softer, but the hard bamboo is the invariable pillow of health. The *bedding* is complete with a single sheet of calico or native cloth.

After private prayer in the morning, the tent is unstrung, mats, pillow, and sheet rolled together, and laid up overhead on a shelf between the posts in the middle of the house. Hence, to "make the bed" in Samoa, is, no doubt, much the same thing which Peter meant when he said to Æneas (Acts ix. 34), "Arise, and make thy bed."

These rolls of mats and bedding, a bundle or two done up in native cloth, on the same shelf in the centre of the house, a basket, a fan or two, and a butcher's knife stuck into the thatch within reach, a fishing-net, a gun strung up along the rafters, a few paddles, a wooden chest in one corner, and a few cocoa-nut shell water-bottles in another, are about all the things in the shape of furniture or property you can see in looking into a Samoan house. The fire-place is about the middle of the house. It is merely a circular hollow, two or three feet in diameter, a few inches deep, and lined with hardened clay. It is not used for cooking, but for the purpose of lighting up the house at night. A *flaming fire*, as we have already remarked (p. 200), was the regular evening offering to the gods, as the family bowed the head, and the fathers prayed for prosperity from the "gods great and small." The women collect, during the day, a supply of dried cocoa-nut leaves, etc., which, with a little management, keep up a continued blaze in the evening, while the assembled family group have their supper and prayer, and sit together chatting for an hour or two afterwards. Many now-a-days burn an oil-lamp instead; and you

see in their houses a table, it may be, a sofa, a form, a chair or two, a few earthenware dishes, and some other conveniences of civilized life.

Oblong houses, divided into two or three apartments, more suited to the devotional and other wants of a well-regulated Christian family, are now seen here and there; and a bedstead, instead of the mats laid on the floor.

But about *house-building*: it is a distinct trade in Samoa; and perhaps, on an average, you may find one among every three hundred men who is a master carpenter. Whenever this person goes to work, he has in his train some ten or twelve, who follow him, some as journeymen, who expect payment from him, and others as apprentices, who are principally anxious to learn the trade. When a young man takes a fancy to the trade, he has only to go and attach himself to the staff of some master carpenter, follow him from place to place for a few years, until he thinks he can take the lead in building a house himself; and whenever he can point to a house which he has built, that sets him up as a professed carpenter, and he will from that time be employed by others.

If a person wishes a house built, he goes with a fine mat, worth in cash value 20s. or 30s. He tells the carpenter what he wants, and presents him with the mat as a pledge that he shall be well paid for his work. If he accept the mat, that also is a pledge that he will undertake the job. Nothing is stipulated as to the cost; that is left entirely to the

honour of the employing party. At an appointed time the carpenter comes with his staff of helpers and learners. Their only tools are a felling-axe, a hatchet, and a small adze; and there they sit, chop, chop, chopping, for three, six, or nine months, it may be, until the house is finished.



Their *adze* reminds one of ancient Egypt. It is formed by the head of a small hatchet, or any other flat piece of iron, lashed on, at an angle of forty-five, to the end of a small piece of wood, eighteen inches long, as its handle. Of old they used stone and shell adzes.

The man whose house is being built provides the carpenters with board and lodging, and is also at hand with his neighbours to help in bringing wood from the bush, scaffolding, and other heavy work. As we have just remarked, a Samoan house-builder makes no definite charge, but leaves the price of his work to the judgment, generosity, and means of the person who employs him. It is a lasting disgrace to any one to have it said that he paid his carpenter shabbily. It brands him as a person of no rank or respectability, and is disreputable, not merely to himself, but to the whole family or *clan* with which he is connected. The entire tribe or clan is his *bank*. Being connected with that par-

ticular tribe, either by birth or marriage, gives him a latent interest in all their property, and entitles him to go freely to any of his friends to ask for help in paying his house-builder. He will get a mat from one, worth twenty shillings; from another he may get one more valuable still; from another, some native cloth, worth five shillings; from another, four or six yards of calico; and thus he may collect, with but little trouble, two or three hundred useful articles, worth, perhaps, forty or fifty pounds; and in this way the carpenter is generally well paid. Now and then there will be a stingy exception; but the carpenter, from certain indications, generally sees ahead, and decamps, with all his party, leaving the house unfinished. It is a standing custom, that after the sides and one end of the house are finished, the principal part of the payment be made; and it is at this time that a carpenter, if he is dissatisfied, will get up and walk off. A house with two sides and but one end, and the carpenters away, is indicative. Nor can the chief to whom the house belongs employ another party to finish it. It is a fixed rule of the trade, and rigidly adhered to, that no one will take up the work which another party has thrown down. The chief, therefore, has no alternative but to go and make up matters with the original carpenter, in order to have his house decently completed. When a house is finished, and all ready for occupation, they have their "house-warming," or, as they call it, its *oven consecration*; and formerly it was the custom to add on to that a heathenish

dance, for the purpose, they said, of "treading down the beetles."

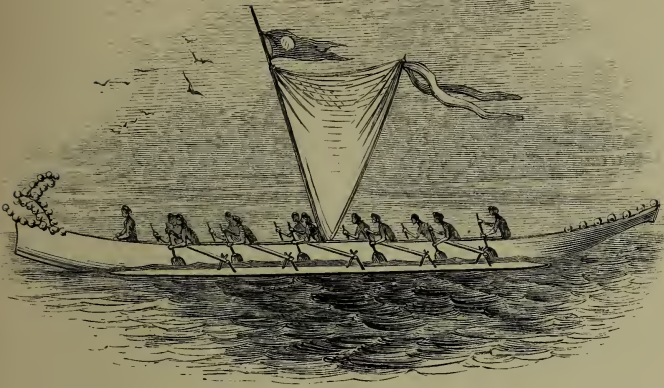
The system of a common interest in each other's property, to which we have referred, is clung to by the Samoans with great tenacity. They feel its advantages when they wish to raise a little. Not only a house, but also a canoe, a boat, a fine, a dowery, and everything else requiring an extra effort, is got up in the same way. They consider themselves at liberty to go and take up their abode anywhere among their friends, and remain without charge, as long as they please. And the same custom entitles them to beg and borrow from each other to any extent. Boats, tools, garments, money, etc., are all freely lent to each other, if connected with the same tribe or clan. A man cannot bear to be called stingy or disobliging. If he has what is asked, he will either give it, or adopt the worse course of telling a lie about it, by saying that he has it not, or that it is promised to some one else. This common property system is a sad hindrance to the industrious, and eats like a canker-worm at the roots of individual or national progress. No matter how hard a young man may be disposed to work, he cannot keep his earnings: all soon passes out of his hands into the common circulating currency. The only thing which reconciles one to bear with it until it gives place to the individual independence of more advanced civilization, is the fact that, with such a state of things, we have no "poor laws." The sick, the aged, the blind, the lame, and even the

vagrant, has always a house and home, and food and raiment, as far as he considers he needs it. A stranger may, at first sight, think a Samoan one of the poorest of the poor, and yet he may live ten years with that Samoan and not be able to make him understand what *poverty* really is, in the European sense of the word. "How is it?" he will always say. "*No food!* Has he no friends? *No house to live in!* Where *did* he grow? Are there no houses belonging to his friends? Have the people there no love for each other?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

CANOES.

NEXT to a well-built house, Samoan ingenuity is seen in their canoes. Any one almost can fell a tree, cut off the branches, and hollow out the log, some fifteen feet long, for a common fishing-canoe, in which one or two men can sit. But the more carefully-built canoe, with a number of separate planks raised from a keel, is the work of a distinct and not very numerous class of professed carpenters. The keel is laid in one piece, twenty-five to fifty feet long, as the size of the canoe may be, and to that they add board after board, not by overlapping and nailing, but by *sewing* each close to its fellow, until they have raised some two, or, it may be, three feet from the ground. These boards are not sawn, squared, and uniform, but are a number of pieces, or *patches*, as they are called, varying in size from eighteen inches to five feet long, as the wood split up from the log with felling axes happens to suit; all, however, are well fastened together, and, with the help of a little gum of the bread-fruit tree for pitch, the whole is perfectly water-tight. In dressing each board, they leave a ledge, or rim, all round the edge, which is to be inside, making it double the thickness at the edge to what it is in the middle of



A SAMOAN CANOE.

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A SAMOAN FISHING-CANOE.

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A SAMOAN BOAT.

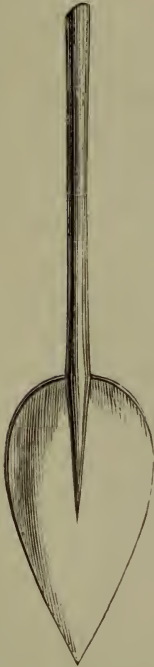
Page 268.

the board. It is through this ledge or rim they bore the holes, and with a few turns of cinnet, sew tight one board to the other. The sewing only appears on the inside. Outside all is smooth and neat; and it is only on close inspection you can see that there is a join at all. They have timbers, thwarts, and gunwale, to keep all tight; and over a few feet at the bow and the stern they have a deck, under which they can stow away anything. The decked part at the bow is the seat of honour, and there you generally see the chief of the travelling party sitting cross-legged, at his ease, while the others are paddling.

The width of a canoe varies from eighteen to thirty inches; the length, from fifteen to fifty feet. But for an outrigger, it would be impossible to keep such a long, narrow thing steady in the water. The outrigger may be described, in any boat, by laying oars across at equal distances, say one right above a thwart. Make fast the handle of each oar to the gunwale on the starboard side of the boat, and let the oars project on the larboard side. To the end of each projecting oar make fast four small sticks running down towards the water, and let their ends also be fastened to a long thick piece of wood, sharp at the one end to cut through the water, and floating on the surface parallel to the boat. This being done will give any one an exact idea of a Polynesian outrigger, by means of which long narrow canoes are kept steady in the water.

Some people who sketch and engrave from ima-

gination, err in representing the natives of Samoa as *pulling* their short paddles, as the European boatman pulls his long oars. The paddle is about four feet long, something like a sharp-pointed shovel; and when the natives paddle, they sit with their faces in the direction in which the canoe is going, "*dig*" in their paddles, send the water flying behind them, and forward the canoe shoots at the rate of seven miles an hour. They have always a sail for their canoe, as well as paddles, to take advantage of a fair wind. The sail is triangular, and made of matting. When set, the base is up, and the apex down, quite the reverse of what we see in some other islands. The *mat* sails, however, are giving place to cloth ones, made in the form of European boat-sails.



Some two or three generations back the Samoans built large double canoes like the Feejeeans. Latterly they seldom built anything larger than a single canoe, with an outrigger, which might carry from fifteen to twenty people. Within the last few years the native carpenters have been trying their hand at boat-building, and it is astonishing to see how well they are succeeding in copying the model of an English or American whaleboat, sharp at both ends, or having "two bows," as they call it.

Some of them are fifty feet long, and carry well on to one hundred people. From stem to stern there is not a nail; everything is fastened in their ancient style, with cinnet plaited from the fibre of the coconut husk. Cinnet is likely long to prevail in *native* canoe and boat-building. Although it looks clumsy, it has the advantage of not rotting the wood like an iron nail. It is durable also. With care, and the sewing once or twice renewed, a Samoan canoe will last twenty years.

They do not paint their canoes, but decorate them with rows of white shells (*Cypræa ovula*) running along the middle of the deck at the bow and stern, and also along the upper part of the outrigger. Now and then you see a figure-head with some rude device of a human figure, a dog, a bird, or something else, which has from time immemorial been the "coat-of-arms" of the particular village or district to which the canoe belongs. A chief of importance must also have one, or perhaps two, large shells in his canoe, to answer the purpose of trumpets, to blow now and then as the canoe passes along. It attracts the attention of the villagers, and calls them out to look and inquire, "Who is that?" The ambition to see and to be seen is as common in Polynesia as anywhere else. As the canoe approaches any principal settlement, or when it reaches its destination, there is a special too-too-too, or flourish of their shell trumpets, to herald its approach. The paddlers at the same time strike up some lively chant, and, as the canoe

touches the beach, all is wound up with a united shout, having more of the *yell* in it, but the same in meaning as a "hip, hip, hurrah!"

The French navigator Bougainville, seeing the Samoans so often moving about in their canoes, named the group "The Navigators." A stranger in the distance, judging from the name, may suppose that the Samoans are noted among the Polynesians as enterprising navigators. This is not the case. They are quite a domestic people, and rarely venture out of sight of land. The group, however, is extensive, and gives them some scope for travel. It numbers ten inhabited islands, and stretches east and west about 200 miles. Within these bounds they have kept up an intercourse from the earliest times in their history, which is fully proved, not only by tradition, but by the uniformity of customs and language which prevails from the one end of the group to the other.

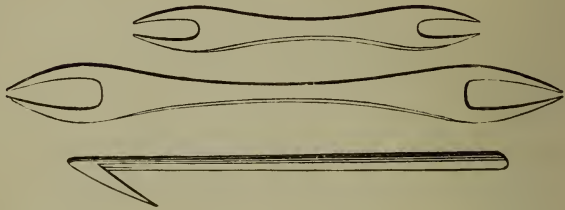
CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARTICLES OF MANUFACTURE.

Fishing-nets of various kinds are in use, and are all manufactured on the islands. Several of the Polynesian tribes excel in this branch of industry. A captain of a ship of war, who was buying curiosities lately at Savage Island, actually refused their fine small fishing-nets, thinking that they must be articles of *European* manufacture. In Samoa, net-making is the work of the women, and confined principally to the *inland* villages. One would have thought that it would be the reverse, and that the *coast* districts would have made it their principal business. The trade being confined to the interior, is probably occasioned by its proximity to the raw material which abounds in the bush, viz., the bark of the hibiscus, already referred to in describing "fine mats."

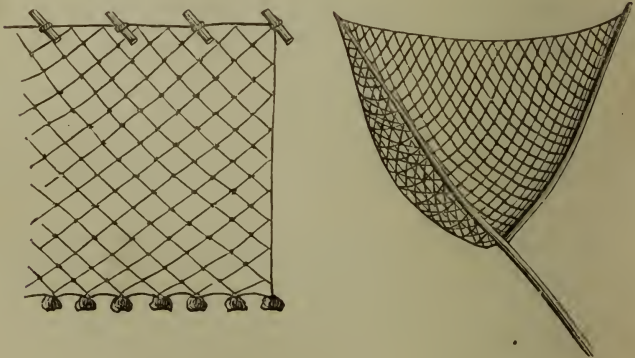
After the rough outer surface of the bark has been scraped off with a shell on a board, the remaining fibres are twisted with the mere palm of the hand across the bare thigh into a strong whip-cord, or finer twine, according to the size of the meshes of the net. As the good lady's cord lengthens, she fills her netting-needle, and when that is full, works

it into her net. Their wooden netting-needles are exactly the same in form as those in common use in Europe. One evening, in taking a walk, Mrs. Tur-



ner and I stood for a few minutes and looked at a woman working a net. Mrs. Turner begged to be allowed to do a bit, took the needle, and did a few loops, to the no small amazement of the woman, who wondered how a European lady could know how to handle a *Samoa*n netting-needle, and do *Samoa*n work.

They make nets of all sizes, from the small one



of eighteen inches square to the seine of a hundred feet long. A net forty feet long and twelve feet deep can be had for native mats, or white calico, to the

value of twenty shillings. A hundred men may be able to master some twenty nets. These they unite together, and, in the lagoon off their settlement, take large quantities of mullet and other fish.

The *pearl-shell fish-hook* is another article, in the manufacture of which the Samoans show some ingenuity. They cut a strip off the shell, from two to three inches long, and rub it smooth on a stone, so as to resemble a small fish. On the under side, or what may be called the belly, of this little mock fish, they fasten a hook made of tortoise-shell, or, it may be, an English steel one. Alongside of the hook, concealing its point, and in imitation of the fins of a little fish, they fasten two small white feathers. Without any bait, this pearl-shell contrivance is cast adrift at the stern of a canoe, with a line of twenty feet, and from its striking resemblance to a little fish it is soon caught at, and in this way the Samoans secure a large quantity of their favourite food. No European fish-hook has yet superseded this purely native invention. They bait and use the steel fish-hook, however, and in some cases use it on their pearl-shells, as we have just remarked, instead of the tortoise-shell fish-hook.



A *curious native drill* is seen in connection with the manufacture of these little shell fish-hooks. Fine holes are drilled through the shell for the purpose of

making fast the hook as well as the line, and the instrument to which we refer answers the purpose admirably. For the sake of comparison with other

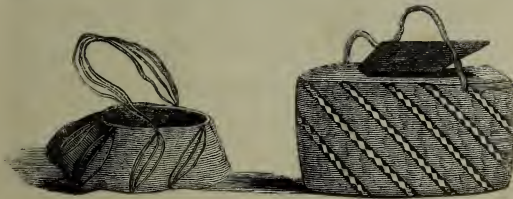
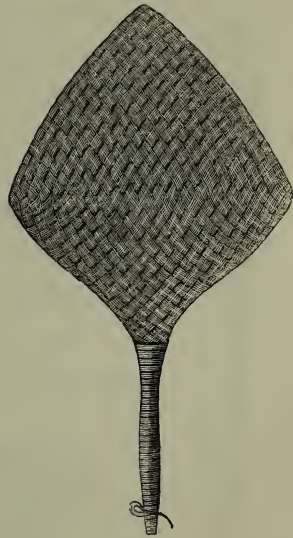


parts of the world, this simple contrivance is worth a few lines of description. Take a piece of wood, eighteen inches long, twice the thickness of a cedar pencil. Fasten with a strong thread a fine-pointed nail, or a sail-needle, to the end of this sort of spindle. Get a thick piece of wood, about the size of what is called in England a "hot cross bun," and in Scotland a "cookie," bore a hole in the centre of it, run the spindle through it, and wedge it fast about the middle of the spindle. At the top of the spindle fasten two strings, each nine inches

long, to the ends of these strings attach the ends of a common cedar pencil, forming a triangle with a wooden base and string sides. Stand up the machine with your left hand, place the iron point where you wish to bore a hole, and steady the spindle with your left hand. Take hold of the pencil handle of the upper triangle, twirl round the spindle with your left hand, which will coil on the strings at the top to the spindle, pull down the pencil handle quickly, and then the machine will spin round. Work the handle in this way up and down, like a pump, the cord will alternately run off and on to the spindle, and the machine will continue to whirl round, first one way

and then the other, until the pearl-shell, or whatever it may be, is perforated.

There is hardly anything else in the department of manufacture requiring particular notice. When speaking of garments, we referred to *native cloth* and *mats*. Large quantities of *cinnet* is plaited by the old men principally. They sit at their ease in their houses, and twist away very rapidly. At political meetings also, where there are hours of formal palaver and speechifying, the old men take their work with them, and improve the time at the cleanly, useful occupation of twisting cinnet. It is a substitute for twine, and useful for many a purpose, and is sold at about a shilling per pound. *Baskets* and *fans* are made of the



cocoa-nut leaflet, *floor mats* and a finer kind of baskets from the pandanus leaf. Twenty or thirty pieces of the rib of the cocoa-nut leaflet, fastened

close together with a thread of cinnet, form a *comb*. Oval *tubs* are made by hollowing out a block of wood. *Clubs*, three feet long, from the iron-wood, or something else that is heavy. *Spears*, eight feet long, are made from the cocoa-nut tree, and barbed with the sting of the ray-fish; a wicked contrivance, for it is meant to break off from the spear in the body of the unhappy victim. In nine cases out of ten, there is no way of cutting it out, and the poor creature dies in agony.

The Samoans are an agricultural rather than a manufacturing people. In



addition to their own individual wants, their hospitable custom in supplying, without money and without stint, the wants of visitors from all parts

of the group, is a great drain on their plantations. The fact that a party of natives can travel from one end of the group to the other without a penny of expense for food and lodging, is an encouragement to pleasure excursions, friendly visits, and all sorts of travelling. Hardly a day passes without there being some strangers in the "guest house" of the village, to be provided for by a contribution from every family in the place. After meeting fully, however, all home wants, large quantities of yams, taro, and bananas, with pigs and poultry, are still to spare, and are sold to the ships which call for water and supplies.

Arrow-root might be made to any extent for exportation, but the demand for it is small and uncertain. The Samoans, however, are favoured above many of the Polynesian groups in having, all ready to their hand, *a valuable export in cocoa-nut oil*. The manufacture of this is now common in every settlement, and there are trading agents located all over the group to buy it up. The mode of preparing it is simple. They split the nuts in two by a rap on a stone, grate out the kernel by rubbing it on the teeth of a bit of an old saw, or a piece of serrated hoop-iron. This scraped or grated kernel is then heaped into an old canoe, exposed to the sun, and, in a day or two, becomes a liquid oily mass. Separating it from the refuse, they fill in the pure oil to bamboos, and take it to the merchant who pays them for it in cash, or calico, at the rate of a shilling per gallon. There is at present upwards of 500 tons of

cocoa-nut oil made annually by the Samoans, and taken by the traders to the Sydney and Valparaiso markets. This will probably continue to be the principal Samoan export, as long as Samoa is under native rule. Should these islands, however, in course of time, become the "West Indies" of Australia, or be colonized by any enterprising foreign power, sugar, cotton, spices, and other intertropical productions will no doubt be extensively raised. In 1858, the imports amounted to upwards of £34,000; that is to say, about a pound (20s.) to each of the population. The exports, for the same year, principally in cocoa-nut oil, were upwards of £20,000. Last year the imports were £30,105, and the exports £25,441.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GOVERNMENT AND LAWS.

A HURRIED glance, from a European stand-point, causes many passing visitors to conclude that the Samoans have nothing whatever in the shape of government or laws. In sailing along the coast of any island of the group, you can hardly discern anything but one uninterrupted mass of bush and vegetation, from the beach to the top of the mountains; but, on landing, and minutely inspecting place after place, you find villages, plantations, roads, and boundary walls, in all directions along the coast. It is the same with their political aspect. It is not until you have landed, lived among the people, and for years closely inspected their movements, that you can form a correct opinion of the exact state of affairs. To any one acquainted with the aborigines of various parts of the world, and especially those of the Papuan groups in Western Polynesia, the simple fact that the Samoans have but one dialect, and free intercourse with each other all over the group, is proof positive that there must have existed there, even in heathenism, *some* system of government.

In the days of heathenism, a good deal of order

was maintained by the union of two things, viz., *civil power*, and *superstitious fear*.

I. As to the first of these, their government had, and still has, more of the patriarchal and democratic in it, than of the monarchical. Take a village, containing a population, say, of three to five hundred, and there will probably be found there, from ten to twenty titled heads of families, and one of the higher rank, called chiefs. The titles of the heads of families are not hereditary. The son may succeed to the title which his father had, but it may be given to an uncle, or a cousin, and sometimes the son is passed over, and the title given, by common consent, to a perfect stranger, merely for the sake of drawing him in, to increase the numerical strength of the family. What I now call a family is a combined group of sons, daughters, uncles, cousins, nephews, nieces, etc., and may number fifty individuals. They have one large house, as a common rendezvous, and for the reception of visitors, and four or five other houses, all near each other.

The chiefs, on the other hand, are a more select class, whose pedigree is traced most carefully to the ancient head of some particular clan. One is chosen to bear the title, but there may be twenty other individuals, who trace their origin to the same stock, call themselves chiefs too, and any of whom may succeed to the title on the death of the one who bears it. A chief, before he dies, may name some one to succeed him, but the final decision rests with the heads of families, as to which of the members of

the chief family shall have the title, and be regarded as the village chief. In some cases, the greater part of a village is composed of parties who rank as chiefs, but, as a general rule, it consists of certain families of the more common order, which we have just mentioned, and some titled chief, to whom the village looks up as their political head and protector. It is usual, in the courtesies of common conversation, for all to call each other chiefs. If you listen to the talk of little boys even, you will hear them addressing each other as *chief* this, that, and the other thing. Hence, I have heard a stranger remark, that the difficulty in Samoa is, not to find who is a chief, but to find out who is a common man.

As the chief can call to his aid, in any emergency, other chiefs connected with the same ancient stock from which he has sprung, and as he looks upon the entire village as his children, and feels bound to avenge their wrongs, it is thought essential to have some such character in every settlement. If anything in the clubbing way is to be done, no one but the chief, or his brother, or his son, dare do it. With few exceptions, he moves about, and shares in every-day employments, just like a common man. He goes out with the fishing party, works in his plantation, helps at house-building, and lends a hand at the native oven. There are still, however, although not at first sight to a European eye, well-defined marks of his chieftainship. If you listen to the conversation of the people, or attend a meeting

of the heads of families for any village business, you hear that he is addressed with such formalities as might be translated into our English Earl, Duke, Prince, or King So-and-so; and, instead of the plebeian *you*, it is, your Highness, your Grace, your Lordship, or your Majesty. When the 'ava-bowl is filled, and the cup of friendship sent round, the first cup is handed to him. The turtle, too, the best joint, and anything choice, is sure to be laid before the chief. Then, again, if he wishes to marry, the heads of families vie with each other in supplying him with all that is necessary to provide for the feasting, and other things connected with the ceremonies. He, on the other hand, has to give them ample compensation for all this, by distributing among them the fine mats which he gets as the dowery by his bride. A chief is careful to marry only in the family of a chief, and hence he has, by his wife, a portion worthy of the rank of a chief's daughter. To some extent, these heads of families are the *bankers* of the chief. His fine mats, almost all go to them, and other property, too. They, again, are ready with a supply whenever he wishes to draw upon them, whether for fine mats, food, or other property.

No lover of money was ever fonder of gold than a Samoan is of his fine mats. Hence, in the days of heathenism, the more wives the chief wished to have, the better the heads of families liked it, as every marriage was a fresh source of fine mat gain. To such an extent was this carried on, that one

match was hardly over before another was in contemplation. If it did not originate with the chief, the heads of families would be concocting something, and marking out the daughter of some one as the object of the next fine mat speculation. The chief would yield to them, have the usual round of ceremonies, but without the remotest idea of living with that person as his wife. In this way a chief, in the course of his lifetime, might be married well on to fifty times; he would not, however, probably have more than two living with him at the same time. As the heads of families were on the look-out to have the *sons* and *daughters* of the chief married as often as they could also, it can be imagined that the main connecting links between the heads of families and their chief, and that which marked him out most prominently as a superior, was this marriage, or rather polygamy business.

At the very outset of missionary work, this was one of the things which occasioned great practical difficulty. If a chief became a true follower of Christ, he had constant annoyance from the dissatisfied heads of families, who could not, as formerly, make a tool of him to get property. Or, if the head of a family wished to act consistently with the Word of God, and oppose the adulterous schemes of an ungodly chief, he, too, was subjected to all sorts of ridicule and petty annoyance. It served, however, as a test of character; and we have had many noble instances in which a person has thrown up his title, from a desire to be eminent

in conformity to the law of God, rather than in the reckless violation of God's will.

The land in Samoa is owned alike by the chiefs and these heads of families. The land belonging to each family is well known, and the person who, for the time being, holds the title of the family head, has the right to dispose of it. It is the same with the chiefs. There are certain tracts of land which belong to them. The uncultivated bush is claimed by those who own the land on its borders. The lagoon also, as far as the reef, is considered the property of those off whose village it is situated. Although the power of selling land, and doing other things of importance affecting all the members of the family, is vested in the titled head of the family, yet the said responsible party dare not do anything without formally consulting all concerned. Were he to persist in attempting to do otherwise, they would take his title from him, and give it to another. The members of a family can thus take the title from their head, and heads of families can unite and take the title from their chief, and give it to his brother, or uncle, or some other member of the chief family, who, they think, will act more in accordance with their wishes.

The chief of the village and the heads of families formed, and still form, the legislative body of the place, and the common court of appeal in all cases of difficulty. One of these heads of families is the sort of Prime Minister of the chief. It is his special business to call a meeting, and it is also his pro-

vince to send notice to the other heads of families, on the arrival of a party of strangers, and to say what each is to provide towards entertaining hospitably the village guests. Having no written language, of course they had no written laws; still, as far back as we can trace, they had well understood laws for the prevention of theft, adultery, assault, and murder, together with many other minor things, such as disrespectful language to a chief; calling him a pig, for instance, rude behaviour to strangers, pulling down a fence, or maliciously cutting a fruit-tree. Nor had they only the mere laws; the further back we go in their history, we find that their penalties were all the more severe. Death was the usual punishment for murder and adultery; and, as the injured party was at liberty to seek revenge on the brother, son, or any member of the family to which the guilty party belonged, these crimes were all the more dreaded and rare. In a case of murder, the culprit, and all belonging to him, fled to some other village of the district, or perhaps to another district; in either case, it was a city of refuge. While they remained away, it was seldom any one dared to pursue them, and risk hostilities with the village which protected them. They might hear, however, that their houses had been burned, their plantations and land taken from them, and they themselves prohibited, by the united voice of the chief and heads of families, from ever again returning to the place. Fines of large quantities of food, which provided a feast for the

entire village, were common; but there were frequently cases in which it was considered right to make the punishment fall exclusively on the culprit himself. For adultery, the eyes were sometimes taken out, or the nose and ears *bitten* off. For other crimes they had some such punishments as tying the hands of the culprit behind his back, and marching him along naked, something like the ancient French law of "amende honorable;" or, tying him hand to hand and foot to foot, and then carrying him suspended from a prickly pole, run through between the tied hands and feet, and laying him down before the family or village against whom he had transgressed, as if he were a *pig* to be killed and cooked; compelling the culprit to sit naked for hours in the broiling sun; to be hung up by the heels; or to beat the head with stones till the face was covered with blood; or to play at hand-ball with the prickly sea-urchin; or to take five bites of a pungent root, which was like filling the mouth five times with cayenne pepper. It was considered cowardly to shrink from the punishment on which the village court might decide, and so the young man would go boldly forward, sit down before the chiefs, bite the root five times, get up and walk away with his mouth on fire. But these barbarous penalties are done away with, and fines now are generally levied in food and property. In cases of murder and adultery, however, the old law of indiscriminate revenge is still at times carried out.

Should two families in a village quarrel, and wish



A SAMOAN FONDO, OR PARLIAMENT, WITH A PARTY CARRYING IN FOOD.

to fight, the other heads of families and the chief step in and forbid; and it is at the peril of either party to carry on the strife, contrary to the decided voice of public opinion.

These village communities, of from two to five hundred people, consider themselves perfectly distinct from each other, quite independent, and at liberty to act as they please on their own ground, and in their own affairs.

Then, again, these villages, in numbers of eight or ten, unite by common consent, and form a district, or state, for mutual protection. Some particular village is known as the capital of the district; and it was common of old to have a higher chief than any of the rest, as the head of that village, and who bore the title of King. Just as in the individual villages, the chief and heads of families unite in suppressing strife when two parties quarrel; so it is in the event of a disturbance between any two villages of the district, the combined chiefs and heads of families of all the other villages unite in forbidding strife. When war is threatened by another district, no single village can act alone; the whole district, or state, assemble at their capital, and have a special parliament to deliberate as to what should be done.

These meetings are held out of doors. The heads of families are the orators and members of parliament. The kings and chiefs rarely speak. The representatives of each village have their known places, where they sit, under the shade of bread-

fruit trees, and form groups all round the margin of an open space, called the malæ (or forum), a thousand feet in circumference. Strangers from all parts may attend; and on some occasions there may be two thousand people and upwards at these parliamentary gatherings. The speaker stands up when he addresses the assembly, lays over his shoulder his fly-flapper, or badge of office similar



to what is seen on some ancient Egyptian standards. He holds before him a staff six feet long, and leans forward on it as he goes on with his speech.* It is the province of the head village to have the opening

* A Samoan orator does not let his voice fall, but rather gradually raises it, so that the last word in a sentence is the loudest.

or king's speech, and to keep order in the meeting; and it is the particular province of another to reply to it, and so they go on. To a stranger the etiquette and delay connected with such meetings is tiresome in the extreme. When the first speaker rises, other heads of families belonging to his village, to the number of ten or twenty, rise up, too, as if they all wished to speak. This is to show to the assembly that the heads of families are all at their post, and who they are. They talk among themselves for awhile, and it ends in one after another sitting down, after having passed on his right to speak to another. It is quite well known, in most cases, who is to speak, but they must have this preliminary formality about it. At last, after an hour, or more, all have sat down but the one who is to speak; and, laden by them with the responsibility of speaking, he commences. He is not contented with a mere *word* of salutation, such as, "Gentlemen," but he must, with great minuteness, go over the names and titles, and a host of ancestral references, of which they are proud. Another half hour is spent with this. Up to this time conversation goes on freely all round the meeting; but whenever he comes to the point of his address, viz., the object of the meeting and an opinion on it, all is attention. After the first speech, it is probably mid-day, and then food is brought in. The young men and women of the family, decked off in their best, come in a string of ten or twenty to their chief, each carrying something, and, naming him,

say it is food for him. He tells them to take it to so-and-so, and then they march off to that chief, and say that it is food from such a one. This person will return the compliment by and by, and in this way there is, for hours, a delightful flow of friendship all over the place. On such occasions, parties who have been living at variance, have a fine opportunity of showing kindness to each other. Amid all this feasting, the speechifying goes on. As the debate advances, the interest increases. They generally break up at sundown; but if it is something of unusual interest and urgency, they go on speechifying in the dark, or in the moonlight, and may not adjourn till long after midnight. Unless all are pretty much agreed, nothing is done. They are afraid to thwart even a small minority.

Throughout the Samoan group, there are, in all, *ten* of these separate districts such as I have described. In war some of the districts remain neutral, and of those engaged in the strife there may be two against one, or three against five, or, as in the late prolonged war, five against two. Of old, the district which was conquered, was exposed to the taunts and overbearing of their conquerors. But a subdued district seldom remained many years with the brand of "conquered." They were up and at it, as soon as they had a favourable opportunity, and were probably themselves in turn the conquerors. That memorable 1848 was the very year when a district on Upolu, long called *conquered*, rose and leagued with another district to regain independence. This

led to a general war which lasted nine years, and the issue was the present state of affairs, viz., independence and equality among the states all over the group. Some of these districts or states have their king; others cannot agree on the choice of one; and such is the isolated, independent state of these districts, that there is no such thing as a king, or even a district, whose power extends all over the group. The flag of any foreign power hoisted in any one district would no more be the taking possession of the islands, according to the Samoan view of the rights of the case, than would the hoisting of a flag on the coast of Spain be considered the right to rule over all the states of Europe.

Consuls, captains of ships of war, merchants, and missionaries have done all they could to get these separate states of Samoa induced to form a union, with a house of representatives, having the higher chiefs in turn as president, or something of that kind, but, hitherto, all efforts have been in vain. Many wish a change, many more prefer remaining as they are, and it is impossible to say how long the Samoans will remain in their present political position, viz., each little community, of two to five hundred, having its own laws and form of government—uniting in districts of eight or ten villages for mutual protection—and these districts, again, combining in twos or threes, as occasion may require, in the event of insult, aggression, or other causes of war.

But cannot the missionary, whose labours embrace ten or fifteen of these separate villages, get all

united within that given sphere to adopt certain laws in which all will agree, and carry these all over the group? No, he cannot, for the simple reason, that in no given missionary district are all the chiefs and heads of families converted, and willing to abide by the laws of God. If in a village the majority of the heads of families, and the chief as well, are steady and good men, there will be a great deal of order and correct legislation there; but in the very next village it may be quite the reverse. The missionary plods on, however, in the work of Christian instruction, in the hope that, if not in this, in some other generation, the Samoans may see the propriety of adopting some more united form of government, better suited to their social prosperity and their intercourse with civilized nations; if, indeed, they are not ere long *compelled* to give themselves up to be governed by some of the foreign powers, who, of late years, seem anxious to have possessions in the Pacific.

II. But I hasten to notice *the second thing* which I have already remarked was of old an auxiliary towards the maintenance of peace and order in Samoa, viz., *superstitious fear*. If the chief and heads of families, in their court of inquiry into any case of stealing, or other concealed matter, had a difficulty in finding out the culprit, they would make all involved swear that they were innocent. In swearing before the chiefs, the suspected parties laid a handful of grass on the stone, or whatever it was, which was supposed to be the representative of the

village god, and, laying their hand on it, would say, "In the presence of our chiefs now assembled, I lay my hand on the stone. If I stole the thing may I speedily die." This was a common mode of swearing. The meaning of the grass was a silent additional imprecation, that his family might all die, and that *grass* might grow over their habitation. If all swore, and the culprit was still undiscovered, the chiefs then wound up the affair by committing the case to the village god, and solemnly invoking him to mark out for speedy destruction the guilty mischief-maker.

But, instead of appealing to the chiefs, and calling for an oath, many were contented with their own individual schemes and imprecations, to frighten thieves and prevent stealing. When a man went to his plantation and saw that some cocoa-nuts, or a bunch of bananas, had been stolen, he would stand and shout at the top of his voice two or three times, "May fire blast the eyes of the person who has stolen my bananas! May fire burn down his eyes and the eyes of his god too!" This rang throughout the adjacent plantations, and made the thief tremble. They dreaded such uttered imprecations. Others cursed more privately when a thing was stolen, as we may suppose the mother of Micah did (Judges xvii. 2). In common disputes also, affecting the veracity of each other, it was customary for the one to say to the other, "Touch your eyes, if what you say is true." If he touched his eyes, the dispute was settled. It was as if he had said, "May I be cursed with blindness if it is not true what I say." Or the

doubter would say to his opponent, "Who will eat you? Say the name of your god." He whose word was doubted would then name the household god of his family, as much as to say, "May god so-and-so destroy me, if what I have said is not true." Or, the person whose word was doubted might adopt the more expressive course still, of taking a stick and digging a hole in the ground, which was as if he said, "May I be buried immediately if what I say is not true." But there was another, and more extensive class of curses, which were also feared, and formed a powerful check on stealing, especially from plantations and fruit-trees, viz., the silent hieroglyphic taboo, or tapui (tapooe), as they called it. Of this there was a great variety, and the following are a specimen:—

1. *The sea-pike taboo.*—If a man wished that a sea-pike might run into the body of the person who attempted to steal, say, his bread-fruits, he would plait some cocoa-nut leaflets in the form of a sea-pike, and suspend it from one or more of the trees which he wished to protect. Any ordinary thief would be terrified to touch a tree from which this was suspended. He would expect that the next time he went to the sea, a fish, of the said description, would dart up, and mortally wound him.

2. *The white shark taboo* was another object of terror to a thief. This was done by plaiting a cocoa-nut leaf in the form of a shark, adding fins, etc., and this they suspended from the tree. It was tantamount to an expressed imprecation, that the thief

might be devoured by the white shark the next time he went to fish.

3. *The cross-stick taboo.*—This was a piece of any sort of stick suspended horizontally from the tree. It expressed the wish of the owner of the tree, that any thief touching it might have a disease running right across his body, and remaining fixed there till he died.

4. *The ulcer taboo.*—This was made by burying in the ground some pieces of clam-shell, and erecting at the spot three or four reeds, tied together at the top in a bunch like the head of a man. This was to express the wish and prayer of the owner, that any thief might be laid down, like another Job, with ulcerous sores all over his body. If a thief transgressed, and had any subsequent swellings or sores, he confessed, sent a present to the owner of the land, and he, in return, sent back some native herb, as a medicine, and a pledge of forgiveness.

5. *The tic-doloureux taboo.*—This was done by fixing a spear in the ground close by the trees which the owner wished to guard. It was expressive of a wish that the thief might suffer from the face and head agonies of the disease just named.

6. *The death taboo.*—This was made by pouring some oil into a small calabash, and burying it near the tree. The spot was marked by a little hillock of white sand. The sight of one of these places was also effectual in scaring away a thief.

7. *The rat taboo.*—This was a small cocoa-nut leaf basket, filled with ashes from the cooking-house,

and two or three small stones, and suspended from the tree. It signified a wish that rats might eat holes in the fine mats of the thief, and destroy any cloth, or other property which he might value.

8. *The thunder taboo.*—If a man wished that lightning might strike any who should steal from his land, he would plait some cocoa-nut leaflets in the form of a small square mat, and suspend it from a tree, with the addition of some white streamers of native cloth flying. A thief believed that if he trespassed, he, or some of his children, might be struck with lightning, or, perhaps his own trees struck and blasted from the same cause. They were not, however, in the habit of talking about the effects of lightning. It was the *thunder* they thought did the mischief; hence they called that to which I have just referred, the *thunder taboo*.

From these few illustrations, it will be observed, that Samoa formed no exception to the remarkably wide-spread system of superstitious taboo; and the extent to which it preserved honesty and order among a heathen people will be readily imagined. At the present day, the belief in the power of these rude hieroglyphics is not yet eradicated. In passing along, you still see something with streamers flying, dangling from a tree in one place; a basket suspended in another, and some reeds erect in a third. The sickness, too, and dying hours of some hardened thief still bring out confessions of his guilt. Facts such as these which have just been enumerated still further show the cruelties of the reign of super-

stitution, and exhibit, in striking contrast, the better spirit and the purer precepts taught by that blessed volume which is now received, read, and practised by many in Samoa. In days of heathenism, there was no good rendered for evil there, and the only prayers for injurers and enemies were curses for their hurt and destruction.

CHAPTER XXX.

WARS.

THE murder of a chief, a disputed title, or a desire, on the part of one, two, or more of the districts, to be considered stronger and of more importance than the rest, were, of old, frequent causes of war in Samoa. Hostilities were often prevented by such acts as giving up the culprit, paying a heavy fine, or by bowing down in abject submission, not with ropes round their necks, but carrying firewood and small stones used in baking a pig, or, perhaps, a few bamboos. The firewood, stones, and leaves, were equivalent to their saying, "Here we are, your pigs, to be cooked if you please; and here are the materials with which to do it." Taking bamboos in the hand was as if they said, "We have come, and here are the knives to cut us up." A piece of split bamboo was, of old, the usual knife in Samoa.

If, however, the chiefs of the district were determined to resist, they prepared accordingly. The boundary which separated one district from another was the usual battle-field; hence the villages next to that spot, on either side, were occupied at once by the troops. The women and children, the sick and the aged, were cleared off to some fortified place in the bush, or removed to some other district which

was either neutral, or could be depended upon as an ally. Moveable property was either buried, or taken off with the women and children. The wives of the chiefs and principal men generally followed their husbands wherever they might be encamped, to be ready to nurse them if sick or wounded. A heroine would even follow close upon the heels of her husband in actual conflict, carrying his club or some other part of his armour.

It was common for chiefs to take with them a present of fine mats, when they went to another district to solicit help in war, but there was no standing army or regularly paid soldiers anywhere. All was primitive. When the chiefs decided on war, every man and boy under their jurisdiction, old enough to handle a club, had to take his place as a soldier, or risk the loss of his lands and property, and banishment from the place.

In each district there was a certain village, or cluster of villages, known as "the advance troops." It was their province to take the lead, and in battle their loss was double the number of that of any other village. Still they boasted of their right to lead, would on no account give it up to others, and talked in the current strain of other parts of the world about the "glory" of dying in battle. In a time of peace, the people of these villages had special marks of respect shown to them, such as the largest share of food at public feasts, flattery, etc.

While war was going on, the chiefs and heads of families united in some central spot, and whatever

they decided on, either for attack or defence, the young men endeavoured implicitly to carry out. Their weapons were, of old, clubs, spears, and slings. Subsequently, as iron was introduced, they got hatchets, and with these they made their most deadly weapon, viz., a sharp tomahawk, with a handle the length of a walking-stick. After that again they had the *civilized* additions of swords, pistols, guns, and bayonets. Around the village where the war party assembled, they threw a rough stockade, formed by any kind of sticks or trees cut into eight feet lengths, and put close to each other, upright, with their ends buried two feet in the ground. The hostile parties might be each fortified in this way not more than a mile from each other, and, now and then, venture out to fight in the intervening space, or to take each other by surprise at weak or unguarded points. In their war canoes, they had some distinguishing badge of their district hoisted on a pole, a bird it might be, or a dog, or a bunch of leaves. And, for the bush-ranging land forces, they had certain marks on the body by which they knew their own party, and which served as a temporary watchword. One day the distinguishing mark might be blackened cheeks; the next, two strokes on the breast; the next, a white shell suspended from a strip of white cloth round the neck, and so on. Before any formal fight, they had a day of feasting, reviewing, and merriment. In action they never stood up in orderly ranks to shoot at each other. According to their notions that would be the height

of folly. Their favourite tactics were rather of the surprise and bush-skirmishing order. In their fights, during the late war, I have known of from two to fifty killed on each side in a battle, never more. Prisoners, if men, were generally killed; if women, distributed among the conquerors. In the battle which was fought in 1830, to avenge the death of Tamafaingā (see p. 99), a fire was kindled and prisoners, to the extent of four hundred some say, were burned, but probably it did not reach the half of that number.

Their heroes were the swift of foot, like Achilles or Asahel; men who could dash forward towards a crowd, hurl a spear with deadly precision, and stand for awhile, tilting off with his club other spears as they approached him within an inch of running him through. They were ambitious also to signalize themselves by the number of *heads* they could lay before the chiefs. No hero at the Grecian games rejoiced more over his chaplet, than did the Samoan glory in the distinction of having cut off a man's head. As he went along with it, through the villages, on the way to the place where the chiefs were assembled, waiting the hourly news of the battle, he danced, and capered, and shouted, calling out every now and then the name of the village, and adding, "I am so-and-so, I have got the head of such a one." When he reached the spot where the chiefs were met, he went through a few more evolutions, and then laid down the head before them. This, together with the formal thanks of the chiefs before

the multitude for his bravery and successful fighting, was the very height of a young man's ambition. He made some giddy, frolicsome turns on his heel, and was off again to try and get another victim. These heads were piled up in a heap in the malae or public assembly, just as of old "at the entering in of the gate" of Jezreel (2 Kings x. 7, 8). The head of the most important chief was put on the top, and, as the tale of the battle was told, they would say, "There were so many heads, surmounted by the head of so-and-so," giving the number and the name. After remaining for some hours piled up, they were either claimed by their relatives, or buried on the spot. A rare illustration of this ambition to get heads occurred about ten years ago. In an unexpected attack upon a village one morning, a young man fell stunned by a blow. Presently he recovered consciousness, felt the weight of some one sitting on his shoulders and covering his neck, and the first sounds he heard was a dispute going on between two as to which of them had the right to cut off his head! He made a desperate effort, jostled the fellow off his back, sprang to his feet, and, with his head all safe in his own possession, soon settled the matter by leaving them both far behind him.

The headless bodies of the slain, scattered about in the bush after a battle, if known, were buried, if unknown, left to the dogs. In some cases the whole body was pulled along in savage triumph and laid before the chiefs. One day, when some of us were in a war-fort endeavouring to mediate for peace, a dead body of one of the enemy was dragged in, preceded

by a fellow making all sorts of fiendish gestures, with one of the legs in his teeth cut off by the knee.

Connected with Samoan warfare several Scripture coincidences may be noted, such as consulting the gods, taking a priest to battle to pray for his people and curse the enemy, filling up wells, destroying fruit-trees, going to battle decked off in their most valuable clothing and trinkets, haranguing each other previous to a fight, the very counterpart of Abijah the king of Judah, and even word for word, with the filthy-tongued Rabshakeh.

If the war became general, and involving several districts, they formed themselves into a threefold division of highway, bush, and sea-fighters. The fleet might consist of three hundred men, in thirty or forty canoes. The bush-rangers and the fleet were principally dreaded, as there was no calculating where they were, or when they might pounce unawares upon some unguarded settlement. The fleet met apart from the land forces, and concocted their own schemes. They would have it all arranged, for instance, and a dead secret, to be off after dark to attack a particular village belonging to the enemy. At midnight they land at an uninhabited place some miles from the settlement they intend to attack. They take a circuitous course in the bush, surround the village from behind, having previously arranged to let the canoes slip on quietly, and take up their position in the water in front of the village. By break of day, they rush into the houses of the unsuspecting people before they have well waked up, chop off as

many heads as they can, rush with them to their canoes, and decamp before the young men of the place have had time to muster or arm. Often they are scared by the people, who, during war, keep a watch, night and day, at all the principal openings in the reef; but, now and then, the plot succeeds, and there is fearful slaughter. It was in one of these early morning attacks from the fleet, that the young man to whom I have referred had such a narrow escape. That morning many were wounded, and the heads of thirteen carried off. One of them was that of a poor old man, who was on his knees at his morning devotions, when off went his head at a blow. In another house that same morning there was a noble instance of maternal heroism, in a woman who allowed herself to be hacked from head to foot, bending over her son to save his life. It is considered cowardly to kill a woman, or they would have despatched her at once. It was the head of her little boy they wanted, but they did not get it. The poor woman was in a dreadful state, but, to the surprise of all, recovered.

The late prolonged war, to which I have repeatedly referred, originated in a quarrel between two of the districts or provinces. Slumbering enmity on both sides was roused, and a general war was the consequence, in which there were five districts, or states, leagued against two. The five wished supremacy, and the two held for equal rights. After a good deal of bloodshed, and a nine years' struggle, the five states gave up the contest,

and agreed that there should be liberty and equality all over the group.

Throughout the struggle we observed as much neutrality as we conscientiously could. We did not disguise from the five that they were wrong in wishing to have a despotic government. This, however, did not make us their enemies. They always appeared friendly. They would say to each other, "These missionaries are from a foreign country; they do not understand our Samoan politics. They are good men, nevertheless, and are not living here for their own personal gain. They wish to teach us the Word of God; let us be respectful to them, and hear all they have to say." The two states who were standing out against the five, knowing that we were for the liberty and balance of power which they sought, were all the better pleased with us; and thus we were regarded as the friends of both parties, and had free access to them all from first to last. We often went among them endeavouring to mediate, but they would take their own way. We gave medicine to their sick, dressed their wounds, and were admitted to any part of their forts every Sabbath-day to conduct religious services. Throughout all the nine years, they never fought on a Sabbath, and that is more than can be said of some other countries, who make higher pretensions to Christianity and civilization. Even when the war was at its height, and one of the principal forts closely hemmed in, I have passed with perfect freedom on the Sabbath, from the trenches of the besiegers to

the fort of the besieged, and was received and listened to at both places with the greatest respect.

When the war broke out in 1848 we were not without our fears for the safety of our Institution for Native Teachers. We feared lest some lawless chief, thirsting for blood, on account of a parent, or son, or friend, lost in battle, should, in accordance with the ancient rule of indiscriminate revenge, either openly or stealthily, enter our premises, and take the lives of some of the students related to the enemy. Such an attack would not have surprised us, although it might have led us to the painful conclusion that it would be our duty to break up the seminary until hostilities were ended. Nothing, however, occurred to stop our labours. Predictions were rife, that every young man on the premises would be off to the war; but only two men and a boy proved faithless, and at the close of the war our number, instead of being diminished, was more than doubled. We allowed no one on the premises to have fire-arms, or to be seen with any other war weapon. The young men bore the appearance of the strictest neutrality; and their being entirely occupied with other duties, together with a kind demeanour to any of the war parties who appeared in our neighbourhood, were, under God, the means of gaining much respect and freedom from annoyance.

The day after one of the battles a rude rush was made upon our premises, and some of the houses unceremoniously searched by a party, from a fleet

of fifteen canoes, in pursuit of their enemies. It was supposed that a number of the wounded had taken refuge in the institution, and that half a dozen or more of their heads might be easily obtained. They had, it is true, been with us, but as soon as we dressed their wounds and gave them some medicine, they were off across the channel to another island. As soon as the pursuing party landed, I ran down to the place where they were, shook hands with a number of them I knew, and implored them to be quiet, and keep up the muzzles of their guns, as one might go off, and accidentally shoot a person. I assured them that not one of the enemy was on the premises, to my knowledge. They begged pardon for their rudeness, and, at the order of their leader, were all in their canoes again in a few minutes. They pushed off a yard or two from the beach, held on for a little, and then one of them stood up in the bow of a canoe, and addressed us as follows:—"Just one word to you, the missionary, and to you, the teachers, assembled in that sacred seminary. Bear with us in this rude conduct. Before we leave, tell us if you have missed anything. Teachers! be steadfast. Yours is the right course. Our hearts are not in this wicked work. Keep close to the cause of God. That is where our hearts are, and we hope ere long to be there ourselves. Health and prosperity to you all!" It affected some of us to tears to hear such a speech from such a quarter. We replied that we did not know of anything having been stolen, and hoped they would do all

they could to bring their unhappy strife to a speedy end, and soon return to the better employments of the service of God.

Hungry hordes of foraging parties were frequently in our neighbourhood, scouring the bush in search for bread-fruits, or anything edible, and, no doubt, were often tempted to put forth their hand on the unguarded plantations of the institution. Samoan troops have no commissariat department to depend upon. Every one must forage for himself, either on his own grounds, or on the lands of other tribes. All is common property while the war lasts. It was seldom, however, that either of the war parties touched an article belonging to us. All the nine years there was only one foraging party which deliberately, and to any extent, stole from our grounds. It was on a Saturday, and so great was their subsequent alarm about it, that on the very next day, although it was Sabbath, and even although they and all in the fort were in a state bordering on starvation, they returned and brought back the stolen bread-fruits.

Seeing a fleet of canoes returning one day, after having chased some canoes of the enemy, and hearing that they had caught a woman and a girl, I went out as they passed, and spoke to them. They gave up the girl. I begged them to give up the woman, too, but they would not, assuring me, at the same time, that her life was quite safe. The poor girl seemed demented with fear; and it was not until she had sat for some time on our verandah, that we

could get a coherent sentence from her. As I had occasion to travel in that direction, I took her home in my boat to her parents, on an adjacent island, a few days afterwards.

Unlike the wars of old heathen times, hardly a single village in this late struggle was united. There was an anti-war party of church members and other steady people, belonging to almost every settlement, who, for various reasons, stood aloof from the contention, and took up their abode in the neighbourhood of their nearest missionary. As the war continued, one and another broke off and joined the peace party. In some cases they were pursued, and punished by the chiefs as deserters. They quietly bore the plundering and house-burning. It neither changed their minds, nor deterred others. Every week the peace party was steadily on the increase; and the fact that the chiefs were losing all their soldiers was a principal reason in urging them to wind up the fruitless strife, and proclaim peace. The forts were immediately broken up, the deserted villages were soon cleared and reoccupied; and long may Samoa be preserved from the scourge of civil war!

CHAPTER XXXI.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

IN the course of inquiry into Polynesian manners, customs, and modes of thought, I have often been struck with the illustrations which they furnish of Bible narratives. As everything is valuable which throws a ray of light on the sacred records, I have noted some of the more prominent of these Scripture coincidences, and, for the convenience of reference, will now give them in alphabetical order. The subject is worthy of study, as it is pregnant with facts, alike interesting to the Scripture student and the ethnologist.

Unless otherwise named, the following notes are gathered from Samoa. That, however, may be taken as the centre of a wide circle, throughout which many of the very same, or kindred, illustrations may be found.

1. "*Adulterer* . . . shall surely be put to death," Lev. xx. 10. This was also Samoan law (see p. 86).

2. *All*.—"All the cattle of Egypt died," Exod. ix. 6. Hyperbolical probably for *many*, as is indicated by ver. 20. This is a very common form of speech in Samoa. If two or three houses fall in a gale, the tale goes that "all are down, not one standing." Or, if a number of the people are suffer-

ing from an epidemic, the report spreads that "the whole land is covered with beds."

3. *Ambush*.—As described in Joshua, chap. viii. This is a well-known branch of Samoan war tactics.

4. *Anointing*.—"Thou anointest my head with oil," Ps. xxiii. 5. Scented oil for the profuse anointing of the head and shoulders is a common mark of kind hospitality in Samoa. In travelling it protects from the burning rays of the sun, and prevents excessive and weakening perspiration. In going to battle, also, they are dripping with oil.

5. *Anointing*.—"Anointing him with oil," James v. 14. This is a common remedy in the Pacific, also, in cases of sickness or bruises. It is applied with and without a superstitious, or supposed, virtue in the hand, or in the prayers of the anointer. Men and women are alike employed as anointing doctors.

6. *Armour*.—"Take thee his armour," 2 Sam. ii. 21. It is common in many parts of Polynesia, as in ancient Scripture and Homeric times, for the hero to glory over the armour of the enemy (see p. 44). A Samoan, however, was more anxious to obtain the *head* of his enemy than his club.

7. "*Arrows . . . the poison whereof,*" etc., Job vi. 4. Arrows, so often referred to in Scripture, are still in use in the South Seas, principally where fire-arms have not been introduced. They are made of a piece of reed, three or four feet long, pointed or barbed, with a bit of hard wood. In the New Hebrides we find them pointed with a piece of

human bone, and sometimes dipped in *poisonous* mixtures from the bush.



8. *Asked*.—"Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba . . . whatsoever she asked," 1 Kings x. 13. Samoan chiefs did not consider it mean or degrading to ask freely from one and another whatever they fancied. They keep up the custom to some extent still, and hence the annoyance which a stranger feels from their begging habits. Their ideas of poverty and begging are utterly different from ours (see p. 264).

9. *Avenged*.—"I pray . . . that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines," Judges xvi. 28. If a man dies a violent death, his last words will probably be, "Avenge my death, avenge my death!"

10. *Baldness*.—"Go up, thou bald-head," 2 Kings ii. 23. Baldness is a reproach in Samoa,

and is frequently named in epithets of abuse and ridicule. In some cases it was supposed to be a mark of displeasure from the gods (see p. 228).

11. *Bearers*.—Of the cluster of the grapes of Eshcol it is said, “They bare it between two on a staff.” This is a common way of carrying a box or other package on a journey. It is slung on to the middle of a long pole, or bamboo, and the two walk along with it, the one following the other, and each with an end of the pole resting on his shoulder.

12. *Bed*.—That referred to in Acts ix. 34, was, probably, as in Samoa, a mat of some description, which could be easily spread down on the floor, rolled up again, and carried anywhere.

13. *Beds*.—“They shall rest in their beds,” alluding to the grave. Isa. lvii. 2; Ezek. xxxii. 25; 2 Chron. xvi. 14. In Samoa the bottom of the grave is spread with mats like a comfortable bed.

14. *Belly*.—“The Lord make thee a curse . . . when the Lord doth make thy thigh to rot, and thy belly to swell,” Num. v. 21. Ulcerous sores, dropsy, and inflammation of the abdomen were considered special judgments of the gods on concealed thieving, adultery, and other crimes; and the effect of the curses invoked by the aggrieved parties.

15. *Bones*.—“They shall bring out the bones . . . out of their graves,” Jer. viii. 1. This was also done in Samoa, when an enraged army got a footing in the settlements of their enemy.

16. “*Bowels* of compassion,” Gen. xliii. 30;

1 John iii. 17. The Samoans speak of the belly as the seat of fear and alarm. "My belly is startled," is a common expression.

17. *Bracelets*, 2 Sam. i. 10. Bracelets and armlets are common throughout the Pacific, and are worn by men and women. Shells strung on to a piece of cord, sections of cocoa-nut shell, and strips of tortoise-shell bent round, are the principal things used. Sometimes they are content with a single one, and sometimes you see half a dozen on an arm (see p. 81).

18. *Branches*.—"Took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna," John xii. 13. The attendants of a great chief, in passing along the road, carry one or two of the *ti* leaves (*Dracæna terminalis*) raised in the right hand, and a herald runs a few paces before, calling out, as he meets any one, the name of the chief who is coming.*

19. *Brothers*.—Nephews, nieces, and cousins are

* I have been reminded in the South Seas of the *olive branches*, also, which ever since the days of Noah have been emblematical of *peace*. One day in 1848, when Captain Morgan, Mr. Nisbet, and I were backing out into deep water, to get clear of some shallow coral patches, and to look for a better passage for our boat, the natives on the shore, thinking we were afraid of them, ran and broke off *branches* from the trees, and waved or held them erect in their raised hands. I afterwards learned that our conjecture at the time was right: it was a sign of peace and friendship. A party, for instance, who had been fighting, and wished to sue for peace, would approach the enemy with green boughs as the signal of their pacific and friendly intentions.

all called brothers and sisters in Samoa, as in primitive times, Gen. xii. 5 ; xiv. 16 ; xxix. 15.

20. *Brought thee forth.*—“Under the apple-tree,” etc., Song of Sol. viii. 5. It may throw some light on this obscure passage, to notice the fact that, in some of the islands of the Pacific, the mother is taken to the bush, “there” to pass the hour of maternal solicitude.

21. *Buried.*—“Buried in the garden of his own house,” 2 Kings xxi. 18. A Samoan is anxious at death to be buried in his own particular land, and among the sepulchres of his own immediate relatives. Numerous efforts have been made to get the people to fix on a place in every village as a public burying-ground, but in most cases they have failed. The people prefer the old custom, that each should be “buried in the garden of his own house.”

22. *Burn.*—“We will burn thine house,” Judges xii. 1. This is a punishment in Samoa for rebels, deserters in war, and other acts of provocation.

23. *Burning.*—“They made a very great burning for him,” 2 Chron. xvi. 14. After the burial of a chief, there were fires kindled at sundown, near his grave, and kept burning all night (see p. 232). At Aneiteum, of the New Hebrides, they also kindled fires, saying that it was that the spirit of the departed might come and warm itself.

24. “*Buttocks uncovered,*” Isa. xx. 4. This was no disgrace in Samoa. It was the regular *dandy* costume of the young men, so as to show off the

tatooning from the waist down to the knee, and to free them from incumbrance in battle.

25. *Cast away*.—"Cast not away therefore your confidence," etc., Heb. x. 35. Thought by some to refer to the act of throwing away the spear or the shield when pursued; of old, a disgrace, and, in some countries, punished with death. At Tanna, in the New Hebrides, it is considered a great disgrace to throw back the club to a pursuer (see p. 44).

26. *Circumcision*.—Common throughout the Pacific (see pp. 87, 177, etc.).

27. *Clothing*.—"Thou hast clothing, be thou our ruler," Isa. iii. 6. Riches in Samoa consisted principally in the possession of, or the ability to collect among friends, a large quantity of the fine mats, which were used as clothing on festive occasions (see p. 203).

28. *Cock-crowing*.—John xiii. 38. The cock-crowing also regulates the time of night in Samoa. They speak of the "*first* cock-crowing," meaning by that a little after midnight. And then, again, they have "*the* cock-crowing," meaning by that the approach of day. A cock which crows about eight or ten o'clock at night they call a foolish crower, and use the expression, in comparison, for a man who talks at random.

29. *Cover*.—"Covered it with a cloth," 1 Sam. xix. 13. It is common in Samoa to cover the face when they lie down to sleep. I have often wondered how they can bear it, but they are accustomed to it from their infancy. The mothers cover their babies

all over with a cloth when they put them to sleep. They do it to keep off flies and other insects.

30. *Crown*.—"I took the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm," 2 Sam. i. 10. A fillet, decorated with neatly-cut oval pieces of the nautilus-shell, and armlets of the same material are among the insignia of royalty in Samoa, and the usual decorations of chiefs when they go to battle.

31. *Crown*.—"Surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me," Job xxxi. 36; Ps. ciii. 4. When a Samoan receives a present he puts it up on the crown of his head, which is the strongest expression of his gratitude. He generally adds to the act a word or two of thanks. An orator also, in a public assembly, in returning thanks for a favour, puts his hand up over his head, and says, "There is your kind decree—there, *there!*"

32. *Cry*.—The death of the first-born caused "a great cry in Egypt," Exod. xii. 30. If one may judge of it from the death-wail in a single family in Samoa (see p. 227), it would indeed be "a great cry," for there was not a house in which there was not one dead.

33. *Cry*.—"She went forth to cry unto the king," etc., 2 Kings viii. 3. In appeals for redress, or help in war, they use the same expression in Samoa, viz., *tangi*, a word equivalent to cry or weep.

34. *Cry*.—"The Chaldeans, whose cry is in the ships," Isa. xliii. 14. A Samoan can hardly put his paddle in the water without striking up some chant

in which all in the canoe, or boat, may unite, and thus they paddle along, singing as they go (see p. 269).

35. "*Curse* ye Meroz, . . . because they came not to the help of the Lord," Judges v. 23. A party of Samoan chiefs would of old sit in solemn conclave, and pray for curses to descend upon those who would not help in war.

36. *Curse*.—"The eleven hundred shekels of silver that were taken from thee, about which thou cursedst," Judges xvii. 2. It was the same in Samoa. The party from whom anything had been stolen, if he knew not the thief, would seek satisfaction in sitting down and deliberately cursing him.

37. *Curse*.—"The Philistine cursed David by his gods," 1 Sam. xvii. 43. The Samoans, both before and during the battle, implored the gods to curse the enemy. In one of their late wars, one party carried their old priest with them, shoulder high, over the mountains to the seat of hostilities, like another Balaam, to curse the enemy. This reminds us, also, of the way in which the Israelites of old carried the ark with them when they went to fight with the Philistines. It is painfully common also for parents to curse their children with imprecations such as, "Death to you! May the gods eat you! May your abdomen swell! May you go to the *hades* of the common people! May you sink into the sea, and the sun crush you down!" They thought the sun sank in the sea when it went down. "May you have my bad eyes when I die! May my putrefaction run

down upon you!" the meaning of which is, may the child die *first*, and afterwards the parent, and be laid on the top of it. These and a host of other revolting imprecations were, and, alas! still are, too common.

38. *Cut*.—"Their clothes rent, and having cut themselves," Jer. xli. 5. Cuttings in the flesh, especially on the face and scalp, were common in Samoa, on occasions of wailing over the dead (see p. 227). Among some curiosities from Manahiki, I have seen things which they call "beaters," resembling a small drum-stick, and having a shark's tooth inserted, and projecting, for the very purpose of beating the forehead, and causing the blood to flow, on occasions of grief.

39. *Cut*.—"Cut off their garments in the middle," 2 Sam. x. 4. To *cut* anything belonging to a Samoan is one of the greatest insults that can be offered to him. If he sees the marks of a knife or a hatchet on his canoe, or bread-fruit tree, or even on a few taro plants, he considers that it is like cutting himself, and rages like a bear to find out who has done it. A whole settlement will rise and carry war into another place, to avenge the insult occasioned by malicious cuttings. If it is a *blunt* injury, from a stick, or stone, they do not mind it so much, but, to them, there is a terrible meaning in the marks of any sharp instrument.

40. "*Cut off thine hair*, . . . and take up a lamentation," Jer. vii. 29. Cutting off the hair is a sign of mourning at Tanna and other parts of the Pacific.

41. *Damsel*.—"To every man a damsel or two," Judges v. 30. So in Samoa, in dividing the spoil of a conquered people, the women were not killed, but taken as wives.

42. *Dancing*.—David leaped and danced before the ark, when it was being conveyed from the house of Obedom to the city of David, 2 Sam. vi. 16. So does a Samoan chief sometimes head a joyous procession, and express his delight by leaping, dancing, joking, and all sorts of antics. In going to the first station where I laboured in Samoa, I was accompanied by a party of the people. All on a sudden, soon after we started, the chief of the party came flying in before me, gave two turns on his heel, darted forward two or three hundred yards, and there he leaped, and danced, and capered about, like one demented, until I came up, and off he went a-head again, to go through the same ceremony. He got tired of it, however, and all the sooner as he saw that I did not much enjoy his pranks. On another occasion, I saw a party of natives removing a great house, which they carried bodily on their shoulders. They went singing along, with their chief leaping and dancing a little a-head of them. He had two or three black streaks on his face, his body oiled, and decked off with a garland and necklace of sweet-smelling flowers. In things such as these I have often been reminded of David dancing before the ark.

43. *Dancing*.—"He saw the calf, and the dancing," Exod. xxxii. 19. In Samoa the annual assem-

blies for the worship of the gods were generally accompanied by dancing and other festivities.

44. *Daughter*.—Given in marriage at the will of the father, Josh. xv. 16. It was common also in Samoa for the daughter to be at the absolute disposal of her father, or elder brother. She dreaded the curses of her father, if she refused to consent to his wishes.

45. *Dead*.—"Nor given ought thereof for the dead," Deut. xxvi. 14. Referring, probably, to idolatrous offerings of meat and drink to the dead. Such passages are easily understood by our Polynesian converts, as they were themselves in the habit of presenting meat and drink offerings to the deified spirits of their ancestors.

46. *Dead dog*.—The language, in some cases, of humility; in others, of abuse and scorn, 2 Sam. ix. 8; xvi. 9. The Samoans speak precisely in the same way; only they mention the *pig* oftener than the dog, in the humbling or abusive comparison, and instead of *dead*, prefer the more coarse and unsightly adjective of *stinking*.

47. *Deluge*.—(See p. 249).

48. *Depart*.—"Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord," Luke v. 8. I recollect a sick man I went to visit using these words to me, as the language of humility. I thought it strange at first, until it was explained what he meant.

49. *Departure*.—"The time of my departure is at hand," 2 Tim. iv. 6. The Samoans use a word

similar to departure, to express death. They also take up the figure of the ship, and say of a chief who has died, "He has sailed."

50. "*Disfigure* their faces," Matt. vi. 16; 1 Kings xx. 38. In mourning for the dead at Tanna, they blacken the face with oil and charcoal. In Samoa they disfigure themselves with cuttings and blood.

51. *Divers colours*.—"She had a garment of divers colours," 2 Sam. xiii. 18. The native cloth in Samoa, particularly that which is worn by young women of rank, is coloured after a fashion in spots, stripes, circles, triangles, and other figures, laid on with the *thumb* or some other rude substitute for a brush. Red, black, brown, white, and yellow are the prevailing colours.

52. *Dowery*.—David objected to the proposal of being Saul's son-in-law, on the ground of poverty, 1 Sam. xviii. 23. A Samoan would raise the same objection in the case of inequality in rank, owing to the difficulty he might have in getting up a dowery equal to that of the woman. The husband has to provide a dowery, as well as the wife, and the dowery of each must be pretty nearly of equal value (see p. 186).

53. *Down to the sea*, Ps. cvii. 23. In speaking of the sea, the Samoans use the same strictly correct expression of going *down* to it.

54. *Dragons*, Ps. lxxiv. 13. Referring, probably, to the Egyptian troops. Particular lands in Samoa, and especially their troops in war, are designated by

names of animals. One is called the dog, another the Tongan hog, and so on.

55. *Dunghill*.—"Let his house be made a dunghill," Ezra vi. 11. The Samoan word expressive of the laying waste, and desolation, occasioned by war, is *faatafuna*, which means also a dunghill.

56. *Dust*.—"Threw dust into the air," Acts xxii. 23. I once saw a woman in a terrible rage, sitting cross-legged in front of a house, yelling at the top of her voice, clawing the ground on either side, and sending the small stones and dust flying into the air behind her.

57. *Dust*.—"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground," Gen. ii. 7. The people at Fakaafu, of the Tokelau group, say that the first woman was made of the loose earth or dust of the ground. The story runs thus: The first man, who had previously been a stone, thought one day he would make a woman. He collected the light earth on the surface of the ground, in the form of a human body, with head, arms, and legs. He then plucked out one of his left ribs, and thrust it into the breast of his earth model. Instantly the earth became alive, and up starts a woman. He called her *Ivi* (according to English orthography it would be *Eevee*), which is their word for *rib*. How like to our Eve!

58. *Dwell*.—"I dwell among mine own people," said the Shunamite, expressive of the comfortable independence of her circumstances. As long as a Samoan is with his own people, by the father or the

mother's side, he has no feeling of poverty, or dependence; but, if living away in another district, or among another people, he feels poor and a stranger.

59. *Ears*.—"They shall take away thy nose and thine ears," Ezek. xxiii. 25 (see pp. 286, 336). It is common in marking the *pigs*, so as to distinguish those of one family from another, to cut off a bit of the ear. If the life of a captive taken in war was spared, some such mark of indignity would probably be put upon him, as cutting off a piece of his ear, which would brand him for life, not as a *man*, but as a *pig*, belonging to the chief who saved him.

60. *Earth*.—In the mythological cosmogony of various parts of the Pacific there are accounts of parties who put in order the rough mass of materials, separating the land from the water, giving the former variety in hill and dale, causing the trees to grow, etc., which compare with the first chapter of Genesis. At Savage Island, for example, tradition says their island was raised from the surface of the deep, and put in order by two men, who swam from Tonga. The sandy beach and more inviting part of one side of the island is traced to the greater industry and superior skill of the man who undertook to put that side in order; whereas the rugged, iron-bound coast on the other side is all laid down to the sluggish carelessness of the other man, to whom, in the division of labour, that side was committed.

61. "*Eat in the morning*," Eccl. x. 16. It is

considered unmanly in Samoa to eat early in the morning. It is even the language of abuse to hint that a person does so. It is like comparing him to a *pig*, which is fed the first thing in the morning.

62. *Eat bread*.—"Constrained him to eat bread," 2 Kings iv. 8. In passing through a village, if recognized, a person may be called at four or five different houses to step in and have some food; or, with the passing salutation, an apology may be made that they have not a morsel of *good* food ready.

63. *Eateth bread*.—"He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me," John xiii. 18. It is easy to show to a Samoan how this made the crime of Judas all the more aggravated. To eat bread with one, in Samoa, is the usual sign and mutual pledge of peace and friendship, 1 Kings xiii. 8. In illustration also of the offerings referred to in Deut. xiv. 26, and of eating "before the Lord," see Chap. XXIV. p. 241.

64. *Embalming*.—"The physicians embalmed Israel," Gen. 1. 2. Embalming has been practised in one family of chiefs in Samoa (see p. 231).

65. "*Every man* a beam," 2 Kings vi. 1, 2. This is exactly as house-building is done in Samoa; all the members of the family help; every man, according to previous arrangement, goes after his stick or beam, for posts or rafters.

66. *Eyes*.—"Thrust out all your right eyes, and lay it for a reproach upon all Israel," 1 Sam. xi. 2; Judges xvi. 21. This was of old a punishment for adultery and other crimes in Samoa. It was also

done as a mark of indignity after killing a person. To be called the son, or remote descendant even, of one "whose eyes were scooped out," is one of the severest terms of reproach.

67. *Fasting*.—"So do God to me . . . if I taste bread . . . till the sun be down," 2 Sam. iii. 35. In Samoan fastings, on occasion of mourning, the parties did not eat anything until after sundown (see p. 228).

68. *Feast*.—"Samson made there a feast; for so used the young men to do," Judges xiv. 10. Marriage feasts in Samoa are provided by the bridegroom and his friends. It is the province of the bride and her friends to provide a dowery of fine mats and native cloth.

69. "*Fell* every good tree, and stop all wells of water," 2 Kings iii. 19. These are just the works of destruction common in Samoan warfare.

70. *Fire*.—"The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out," Lev. vi. 13. It was one of the distinguishing marks of the chieftainship of one of the Samoan nobility, that his fire never went out. His attendants had a particular name from their special business of keeping his fire blazing all night long, while he was asleep.

71. *Fire-sign*.—"Set up a sign of fire in Beth-hacerem," Jer. vi. 1. Fire-signs are used as a telegraph in some parts of the South Seas. A native at Tanna, in giving me the news one morning, said, "There will be a party over from the island of Aneiteum to day or to-morrow." "How do you

know?" "Because we saw a great bonfire rising there last night."

The natives of heathen islands are also in the habit of kindling fires, as a *smoke* signal, to attract the notice of a vessel which may be off their shore. Sometimes, when we are wondering whether there are any natives among the dense bush which we see from the ship, up goes a column of smoke, and removes all doubt.

72. *First-fruits*.—"The first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God," Exod. xxiii. 19. The first-fruits are presented to the gods at Tanna (see p. 88), and also in other parts of the Pacific. It was more common in Samoa to honour the village chief with them. Curses and calamities of various kinds were supposed to be the consequence to the family of any one who failed in observing the custom.

73. *Fish spears*, Job xli. 7. Quite common in the Pacific; two, three, and many-pronged, barbed and unbarbed, and chiefly made of wood.

74. *Flame*.—"The angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar," Judges xiii. 20. This reminds us of the story of Tafaliu, to which we have already referred, as having gone up to the moon in a column of smoke from a great fire which he kindled (see p. 247).

75. *Flesh*.—"Flesh with the life thereof . . . shall ye not eat," Gen. ix. 4. The Samoans like their meat underdone, and often eat their fish raw and quivering with life. I was once roused at mid-

night by a poor fellow with a fish in his throat, which he could neither get down nor up. He had been out fishing, and was quietly putting a little one into his mouth, as if it had been a bit of bread. It leaped beyond the reach of his teeth, and stuck fast. I tried the *bougie*, but without effect. I then sent him outside to take ten grains of "blue-stone." He had the fish before him in a minute or two, and was all right again.

76. *Foot*.—"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God," Eccl. v. 1. It is considered rude and disrespectful in Samoa to stretch out the foot in any formal assembly. All sit cross-legged.

77. *Friends*.—Job's friends visited him in his affliction "to mourn with him, and to comfort him," Job ii. 11. Visits on such occasions are very common in Samoa, and the visiting party seem as if they could not go to the sick without taking a present.

78. *Gate*.—"This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it," Ezek. xliii. 4; xlv. 2. So of old, in some parts of the Pacific, the door through which the king or queen passed in opening a temple was shut up, and ever after made sacred.

79. *Genealogies*.—"Endless genealogies," 1 Tim. i. 4. The Jewish anxiety to preserve their genealogies could hardly have been greater than that of the Samoans. Calling in question a young man's pedigree, or speaking ill of his progenitors, is a fruitful source of quarrels. He will send far and near, and

collect old people to prove the rank of his origin, and scold his calumniators.

80. *Gift*.—"A man's gift maketh room for him," Prov. xviii. 16. An inferior never approaches a superior, particularly to ask a favour, without a gift. Friends, also, rarely pay a visit without taking a present. The favoured party generally makes some return compensation.

81. *Grave*.—Articles placed in the grave with the dead. (See p. 230, and compare it with Ezek. xxxii. 27.)

82. *Green withs* that were never dried," Judges xvi. 7. Tough tendrils from the bush, and long strips of bark without any twisting, are used in Samoa for scaffolding and other temporary fastenings, and occasionally for tying up a culprit. While they are green, and for a week or two afterwards, they are strong for any purpose, but they soon become dry and useless.

83. *Groves*.—"Break their images, and cut down their groves," Exod. xxxiv. 13. As of old in Canaan, sacred *groves* for heathen worship, with and without temples, were quite common in the islands of the Pacific.

84. *Hair*.—Absalom's long hair, as referred to in 2 Sam. xiv. 26, was probably the same as may be seen among some gay young men of Samoa (see p. 205). A tuft of human hair dyed light brown is added to the top of their fancy head-dresses, or helmets, on gala days, and when reviewing the troops the day before battle. At Savage Island the young men let their hair grow long for utility more than

ornament. They let it grow until it was twelve or eighteen inches long, and then cut it to make hair cord for fancy belts, and also for decorating their clubs and spears.

85. *The hands and feet* of a culprit are bound, and in that state he is carried to parties seeking revenge on account of a crime which he has committed, that they may kill him, or do what they please with him. This is done in Samoa. Compare it with David's lament over the death of Abner, 2 Sam. iii. 34.

86. *Handmaid*, Gen. xxix. 24, 29. The wife of a chief was attended by a younger sister or other female relative, who occupied the place of a secondary wife or concubine.

87. "*Hanged himself.*"—So did the mortified Ahithophel, 2 Sam. xvii. 23; and so did Judas. The same custom is practised in the New Caledonia group. At Savage Island the suicide jumps over the rocks into the sea, and at Samoa he climbs a sixty-foot cocoa-nut tree, and throws himself down.

88. *Heads.*—"Lay ye them in two heaps at the entering in of the gate," 2 Kings x. 8. The heads of the enemy slain in battle in Samoa were taken and laid in heaps before the chiefs, in the place of public assembly of the settlement or fort, wherever they might be collected (see p. 302).

89. *Heads.*—"Reconcile himself unto his master . . . with the heads of these men," 1 Sam. xxix. 4. While at Tanna, it was reported to us by our people, after one of their battles, that an old ally, who had

been fighting against them, had that day turned upon the enemy on whose side he was fighting, killed one of them, and then rushed to the side of our people. While war was going on in Samoa, also, I recollect hearing a young man, in a fit of passion, saying to one of his own party, that he was just watching his chance to take his *head* to the camp of the enemy.

90. *Hew*.—"Hew ye down trees, and cast a mount against Jerusalem," Jer. vi. 6. So do the besieged and besiegers in Samoa. Contrary to Deut. xx. 19, they make sad havoc among the fruit-trees in a time of war. When they are tired cutting down the bread-fruit trees in a settlement which has fallen into their hands, they go about and notch the rest, destroying the bark in a circle all round the tree, which of course kills it.

91. *Hosanna*.—"The multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna," etc., Matt. xxi. 9. This is exactly as a party of Samoans on a journey, accompanying an important chief, would strike up some chant as they approached a settlement, and proceed singing over and over again the same words, as they went along.

92. *Hospitality*.—"Given to hospitality," 1 Tim. iii. 2 ; Gen. xviii. 1—8, and several other places, are all illustrated in the usual Samoan rites of hospitality (see p. 198). Animal food is seldom used by the people, except in entertainments for strangers.

93. *Kings* and principal chiefs in Samoa, as of old (Gen. xiv.), had the sole control in war. They

raised them, carried them on, and stopped them at their pleasure.

94. "*The king's wrath* is as the roaring of a lion," Prov. xix. 12. So it is in Samoa. It was, and still is, to some extent, above all law, and the common people are afraid to whisper a word in opposition.

95. *Kneeled*.—"There came one running, and kneeled to him," Mark x. 17. It is rude to *stand* before a chief in Samoa. In delivering a message, or in receiving orders, the party either sits or bends the body, leaning the palm of the hand on the knee. In passing through a room where a chief is sitting, it is disrespectful to walk erect; the person must pass along with his body bent downwards.

96. *Lamp*.—Spoken of David's son and successor, 1 Kings xv. 4. In Samoa the son and successor of a chief is called his *torch*.

97. *Lapped*.—"Lapped, putting their hand to their mouth," Judges vii. 6. A thirsty Samoan, in coming to a stream of water, stoops down, rests the palm of his left hand on his knee, and, with the right hand, throws the water up so quickly as to form a continued jet from the stream to his mouth, and there he *laps* until he is satisfied.

98. "*Lay aside every weight*," etc., Heb. xii. 1. So did a Samoan combatant in public games lay aside every clothing or other incumbrance.

99. *Legs*.—"Ornaments of the legs," Isa. iii. 20. It is very common throughout the Pacific for gay young *men* to wear a string of fancy shells, or other

ornaments, under the knee, which, if they wore stockings, might be called fancy *garters*.

100. *Linen*.—"A linen cloth cast about his naked body," Mark xiv. 51, 52. This is all natural to a Samoan. He sleeps at night covered over with a single sheet of calico or native cloth, and were he to get up and go out to see what any strange noise he heard might mean, he would appear outside with the sheet gathered up, and "cast about his naked body."

101. *Liver*.—"My liver is poured out," Lam. ii. 11. A Samoan, in speaking of one who is weak-hearted or cowardly, says, "He has no liver," which is just our colloquial *pluck*; and compares also with the Scripture reference to the liver.

102. *Make known*.—"If ye will not make known unto me the dream, with the interpretation thereof, ye shall be cut in pieces," etc., Dan. ii. 5. There is a story told in Samoa of a tyrannical chief of old, who tied up the village priests, and condemned them to sit day after day in the sun till they died, because they could not tell him who stole his bread-fruits and bananas. They were saved, as the story goes, by a clever Daniel from the sacred craft of another district, who satisfied the chief that his bread-fruits had been stolen by the *bats*.

103. "*Mammon*," Luke xvi. 13. Supposed by some to have been the name of a heathen god, worshipped at the outset of any trading expedition, that it might prove successful. Among some of the heathen tribes in the South Sea Islands at the pre-

sent day, we find that they have their Mammon, or god of riches. When they see a vessel, for instance, off their shore, before launching their canoes to go out on a trading expedition, they consult the high-priest of the god, and implore that the proposed project may be prosperous, that they may be preserved from treachery and cruelty, and that they may return laden with cloth, knives, fish-hooks, and hatchets.

104. *Manslayer*, cities of refuge for, see Num. xxxv. 6; p. 285. In Samoa the manslayer, or the deliberate murderer, flees to the *house* of the chief of the village, or to the house of the chief of another village to which he is related by the father or the mother's side. In nine cases out of ten he is perfectly safe if he only remain there. In such instances the chief delights in the opportunity of showing his importance (see p. 281). In Samoa a chief's house is literally his fortification, except in times of open rebellion and actual war.

105. *Messages*.—"A wench went and told them," 2 Sam. xvii. 17. During war in Samoa, reported movements and messages of all kinds are conveyed from place to place by *women*. They are allowed to go freely from camp to camp, on real or pretended errands to their friends.

106. *Messes*.—"He took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs," Gen. xliii. 34. In serving up a meal in Samoa it is all laid out on separate trays or messes, and taken by the male or female attendants and laid down, a tray to every two or

three. It is a mark of respect for one who has something good on his tray to send it to another. At public meetings, also, chiefs send to their friends and favourites portions of choice food, which have been first set before themselves (see p. 289).

107. "*Mice* that mar the land," 1 Sam. vi. 5. The Philistines supposed them to have been a judgment from the God of Israel for having taken away the ark. This was one of the judgments for which a Samoan prayed as the punishment of thieving, viz., mice, or small rats, to overrun the house of the thief, and eat his cinnet, fine mats, and cloth (see p. 295).

108. *Mourning*. — "They mourned for Aaron thirty days," Num. xx. 29. On the death of persons of rank, there were weeks of mourning in Samoa (see p. 229). All public business was suspended, the highway through the village was made sacred, nor were any persons on business allowed to pass in their canoes in the lagoon off the settlement. After the ceremonies connected with receiving condoling visits from friends, near and remote, were over, then the roads were open again and "the days of mourning were ended."

109. "*Naked* . . . and were not ashamed," Gen. ii. 25. This is just as we have found the natives in some parts of Polynesia. Nay, covering the body was a reproach, as it was supposed to indicate some defect or ailment, which the party wished to conceal.

110. *Names* are all single in Samoa, such as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and so on. Scripture names

are extensively adopted. One is Adam, another Abel, Noah, etc. They often change their names, too, from fancy or convenience. A man hears a sermon, about Barzillai, for instance, and determines to be called henceforth *Barzillai*. Another goes to live in a family where there is a person of his own name, Peter, it may be; to save confusion, he drops the Peter and takes the name of Paul.

111. *Necks*.—"Put your feet upon the necks of these kings," Josh. x. 24. There is a chief of high rank mentioned in Samoan tradition, as having ordered all his people, after a victory, to put their feet on the *necks* of the conquered.

112. *Necromancer*, Deut. xviii. 11. Certain parties professed to have intercourse with the spirits of the departed; and the diseased and the dying sometimes prayed at the grave of a departed father, that he might send life and health.

113. *Night*.—"He divided himself against them . . . by night, and smote them," Gen. xiv. 15. Night attacks, and other modes of surprise, were common in Samoan warfare (see p. 303). Their wars were more affrays among an unorganized rabble than a regular fight.

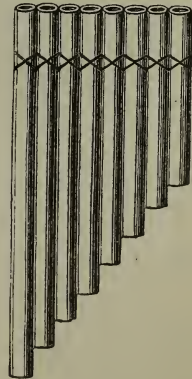
114. *Nose*.—"They shall take away thy nose and thine ears," Ezek. xxiii. 25. These would of old have been the very words of the threat for the punishment of adultery. They *bit*, or cut off, the nose, and lobe of the ear sometimes, in such cases. At the present day, the jealous, or the injured, occasionally keep up the remembrance of the old custom. I was called

into a house one day to doctor the nose of a young dame who had just suffered from the incisors of another woman. I recollect also a case related by a neighbouring missionary, which occurred in his district. The husband and wife made up their minds to end their jealousies by a separation. When all was ready, the woman said to the man, "Well, now, let us just salute noses and part in peace." The simpleton yielded, but instead of the friendly touch and smell, the vixen fastened on to the poor fellow's *gnomon*, and disfigured him for life.

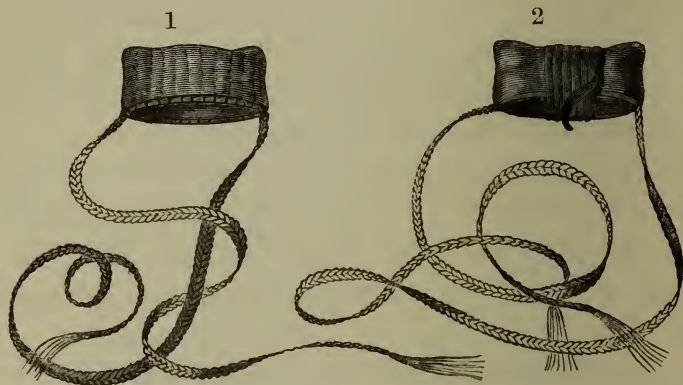
115. *Nose jewels*, Isa. iii. 21. In some parts of the New Hebrides, the natives pierce the septum, and insert a small piece of reed horizontally, but not so as to project much, if at all, beyond the flattened nostril.

116. *Offerings*, Num. vii. In Samoa, offerings of food on any public occasion are carefully counted by the receivers, and then proclaimed to the assembled multitude by a crier, who names the number of articles, and the party who has brought them, and then proceeds to divide them in portions that all may have a share.

117. "*Organ*," Gen. iv. 21. Supposed to have been a mouth-organ, or what is commonly known as the Pandean pipe. This ancient instrument with seven or eight reed pipes, varying in length, is used at Tanna, and other parts of the New Hebrides.



118. *Phylacteries*.—Some of the heathen priests in the New Caledonia group, when they pray to the gods, *tie on to their foreheads*, or to the arm, above the elbow, a small bag, containing hair and fingernail relics of their forefathers, reminding us of the Jewish phylacteries. Such things are also worn by the people as a charm in going to battle. One of



these little bags, No. 2, contains two finger-nails an inch long, some smaller pieces, a leaf, a feather, a bit of coloured cotton rag, and a tuft of hair.

119. *Pillar*.—"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God," Rev. iii. 12. The temple of the great god of the Samoan hades was supposed to be supported by pillars of living men—men who on earth had been chiefs of the highest rank.

120. *Pillows*.—"He took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows," Gen. xxviii. 11. This is just as a travelling party would do in the bush in Samoa. A piece of thick bamboo, or a piece

of *hard* polished wood, is the usual pillow of the healthy in the South Seas (see p. 259).

121. *Plagued*.—"The Lord plagued Pharaoh . . . because of Sarai, Abram's wife," Gen. xii. 17. In Samoa the diseases, of great men particularly, were supposed to be occasioned by some special cause; hence the anxiety and running about among the priests to find out what it was.

122. *Pluck*.—"The standing corn of thy neighbour . . . thou mayest pluck," Deut. xxiii. 25. Travelling parties are allowed to pluck cocoa-nuts anywhere as they go along the inland roads, or other uninhabited places. Parties also who are felling a tree, or doing any other work, are at liberty to help themselves to a fresh cocoa-nut from any tree in the neighbourhood.

123. *Portions*.—"Days of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another," Esth. ix. 22. On festive occasions, it is very common in Samoa to send portions of food from one to another (see p. 289).

124. "*Pour* out drink-offerings," Jer. vii. 18. So did the Samoans to the gods (see p. 239).

125. *Presents*.—"Bread and summer-fruit for the young men to eat," 2 Sam. xvi. 2. The Samoans, in bringing even a large present of food, will not only make an apology that they have so little to offer, but politely add, that it is merely something *for our servants*.

126. *Raiment*.—Presents of, 2 Chron. ix. 24. Garments and cloth of all kinds are common as presents in Samoa.

127. *Rent*.—"Jacob rent his clothes," Gen. xxxvii. 34. Rending the clothes is a common expression of *anger* in Samoa. A man, or a woman, in a passion will not only pull off the upper garment and tear it in shreds, but go up and down the house like a demon, smashing the water-bottles, tearing the native cloth, cutting up the canoe, and then perhaps end the scene by sitting down and having a fit of crying over the folly, wreck, and ruin of the whole affair.

128. *Respect*.—The use of the plural in the Hebrew Scriptures in the names of the Deity, has something analogous in Samoa in the use of the *dual* in addressing chiefs. In respectfully saluting one who has arrived from a distance, for example, they say, "Have *you two* come?" or if going, they will say, "Are *you two* going?" The first time I had this applied to me I was riding, and thought it must mean me and my *horse*, and did not feel at all complimented by the classification. I soon found out, however, that it was the regular dual of respect, and may be compared with the "plural of excellence," of the Hebrews, to which I have referred.

129. *Rib*.—"And he took one of his ribs," etc., Gen. ii. 21. (See note on *Dust*.)

130. *Riddles*.—"I will now put forth a riddle unto you," Judges xiv. 12. This is a common amusement in Samoa (see p. 215), and their non-solution is followed by a forfeit.

131. *Riseth*.—"She riseth also while it is yet night," Prov. xxxi. 15. Early rising is the rule in

Samoa. By the first streak of light, the people are up and about, improving the cool of the morning.

132. *Roasted*.—"Whom the king of Babylon roasted in the fire," Jer. xxix. 22. To speak of roasting a Samoan is the worst language that can be spoken to him. Many of the Anna captives in the war of 1830 were thrown into a great fire kindled for the purpose (see p. 301).

133. *Rod*.—"One rod shall be for the head of the house of their fathers," Num. xvii. 3. A rod or staff six feet long, such as is seen on the Egyptian monuments, is one of the common badges of office for the heads of families in Samoa, who are entitled to speak in a public parliament. Every one who stands up to speak, leans forward on his staff (see p. 288). Frequently, in referring to his speech, he calls it "this staff," and when about to end his address, will say, "I am now about to lay down this staff."

134. *Rods*.—"Strong rods for the sceptres of them that bare rule," Ezek. xix. 11. This also answers the description of the rods noted above. A strong, straight staff, without any ornament. In time of war a spear may be used instead, or the usual staff, with an old bayonet fastened to the end of it.

135. *Salute*.—"Salute no man by the way," Luke x. 4. The usual salutation in Samoa is to say, "My love to you," which is responded to, and then to pass on by saying, "Sleep and life to you." That also is responded to with a similar compliment,

and the addition of "Pass along." But in some cases, salutations are more tedious. If the parties are known to each other, food has to be offered, and the party passing along has to say where he is going, and perhaps to answer two or three questions more. If a piece of work is going on, the stranger cannot pass without staying awhile to lend a hand, especially if he sees a chief present. I was giving directions one morning to some of our young men, who were clearing a piece of bush near the public road, when up came a man, a perfect stranger. After saluting us, he was down immediately tearing away at the weeds with both hands. The young men thanked him for his offer of help, said he might pass on, and so, with a "good-bye" salutation, he went on his journey.

136. *Sat.*—Referring to David's prayer, it is said that he went in and "sat before the Lord," 2 Sam. vii. 18. *Sitting*, with the head bent forward and downwards, is the position of reverence and devotion in Samoa. *Standing* in the presence of a superior is rudeness and disrespect. We have not disturbed the custom, and in public devotions, in the house of God, all sit with the head bent downwards.

137. *See God.*—"We shall surely die, because we have seen God," Judges xiii. 22; Exod. xxxiii. 20. Those who had the title of kings in Samoa were of old considered peculiarly sacred. They lived in a house isolated away from the rest, and kept up great dignity. To approach them was considered

perilous, if unattended by certain purifications, the most common of which was, to sprinkle the person with clean water. The evils dreaded were, swelling of the body, death, etc. It was the opinion that some deadly influence radiated from the person of the king, and that this mysterious current was broken by *sprinkling*. In approaching "his majesty," on any political or other errand, the party, after sitting down, would call a servant to bring some water; dipping his hand into the dish, he would then "*sprinkle with clean water*" his own person, and also the mat in the space between him and the king. This being done he would deliver his message.

138. *Shadow*.—"Their defence" (or shadow) "is departed from them," Num. xiv. 9. A chief is called the shade or defence of his people, comparing him to the grateful shade of an umbrageous tree, under a vertical sun. (See also Ps. xci. 1.)

139. *Shame*.—"Despising the shame," Heb. xii. 2. If any one had an ignominious end, it was brought up, to the shame of the members of his family, for generations afterwards. "You are the son of the man whose eyes were put out," this and similar reproachful expressions were sure to be brought up, whether true or false, in quarrels, when words run high, and are but a step from blows.

140. *Sheets*.—"Thirty sheets and thirty change of garments," Judges xiv. 13. Sheets of native cloth or calico, and garments, are common articles of exchange and currency in Samoa.

141. *Shoulder*.—"The cook took up the shoulder . . . and set it before Saul," 1 Sam. ix. 24; Lev. vii. 32, 33. Rank is indicated in Samoa by the particular fish, or joint, to which a chief is considered to be entitled. There are frequent quarrels over a disputed right to the choice joints of meat.

142. *Shoutings*.—All kinds of work in Samoa, in which a number are united, are carried on with chantings and shoutings, especially if there is any rivalry as to which party will have their portion done first. (Zech. iv. 7.)

143. *Sick*.—The friends of the sick in Samoa took presents, and consulted the heathen priests as to the cause, and probable issue of the sickness, just as of old parties went to Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, 2 Kings i. 2.

144. *Side*.—"Nursed at thy side," Isa. lx. 4. This is illustrated in Samoa and other parts of the Pacific at the present day, by the custom of carrying children on the side, with the arm of the parent round the back (see p. 177).

145. *Sides of the pit*.—"Whose graves are set in the sides of the pit," Ezek. xxxii. 23. In burial at Tanna the grave is dug and the body laid in a shelf hollowed out *in the side of the pit* (see p. 93).

146. *Signs*.—"Be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them," Jer. x. 2. Alluding, probably, to comets and eclipses. In Samoa these events were *bad* omens, and supposed to prognosticate the death of chiefs, war, famine, and pestilence.

147. *Sin*.—"Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" John ix. 2. So in Samoa, calamities are traced to sins of the individual or his parents, or some other near relative.

148. *Singing*.—"The women answered one another as they played, and said,

"Saul hath slain his thousands,
And David his tens of thousands."

This is remarkably like Samoan songs. One division of the party will sing the first line, and the other replies in the second; and thus they go on singing as they walk along the road, or paddle the canoe, or do the piece of work in which they are engaged (see pp. 269, 331). They often also make these songs the vehicle of sarcastic taunts, and in passing the house or village of parties with whom they are displeased, strike up a chant composed for the occasion by some rhymer among them, and embodying something offensive and vexatious. Their bitter, venomous songs lead even to war.

149. *Sister*.—The sons of Jacob avenged the injury done to their sister, Gen. xxxiv. In Samoa *brothers* consider themselves specially bound to protect their sisters and avenge their wrongs.

150. *Slay*.—"We will eat nothing until we have slain Paul," Acts xxiii. 14. In this and other Scripture references to clandestine murder, we are reminded of what we have heard of certain parties in Samoa, whose known business it was to act as *hired assassins*.

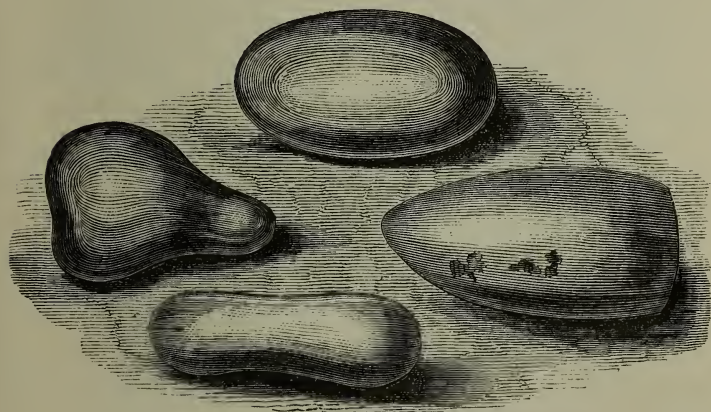
151. *Sleep*.—"She made him sleep upon her knees," Judges xvi. 19. In Samoa it is common for the father or mother, or brother, sitting cross-legged, to receive and pillow the head of the sick, or the dying, on the calf of the leg between the knees.

152. *Slings*, 2 Kings iii. 25. Slings were very common in Polynesian warfare before the introduction of fire-arms, and are still seen in the New Hebrides, where there are many who can "sling stones at an hair-breadth, and not miss," Judges xx. 16.

153. *Smell*.—"Kissed him, and he smelled the smell of his raiment," Gen. xxvii. 27. Near relatives and warmly-attached friends, when they part, or on meeting after a long separation, salute each other by the juxtaposition of noses, accompanied, not by a *rub* but a hearty *smell*. They shake and smell the hands also, especially of a superior. A warm-hearted old man one day was not satisfied with a shake and a smell of my hand, but as soon as I sat down on the mat beside him, he got hold of my foot, and there he held on for awhile snuffing and smelling at my *shoe*, notwithstanding all my entreaties to the contrary!

154. *Smooth stones*.—"Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion," Isa. lvii. 6. It is thought by some that the reference here is to common unchiseled stones used as idols. I have several "smooth stones of the stream" from the New Hebrides, which were used as idols, and have heard of precisely similar stones being used in other parts

of the Pacific. But what do they do with the stones? Very much like what the Earl of Roden says the people of Inniskea, off the coast of Mayo, do, or did, with their sacred *stone*. "A stone carefully wrapped up in flannel is brought out at certain periods to be adored; and when a storm arises, this



god is supplicated to send a wreck on their coast." (See Kitto on the Prophets, p. 221.) Some of the Polynesian stone gods were supposed to cause pigs to multiply; others were prayed to for the removal of storms; and others were supposed to act as rain *makers* and rain *stoppers*. There was one of these rain-controlling stones in a district in Samoa. When there was too much rain, those who kept the stone put it to the fire to dry, and cause the rain to stop. If there was great drought, they took the stone to the water and dipped it, thinking that by wetting the stone, rain would be the consequence.

155. *Sneezing*.—For the sake of those who are

interested in the “antiquities of sneezing,” I may here notice that it was common in Samoa to say to a person after he had sneezed, “Life to you !”

156. *Son*.—“Give, I pray thee . . . unto thy servants, and to thy son David,” 1 Sam. xxv. 8. In asking a favour, a Samoan cannot use more persuasive language than to call himself the *son* of the person addressed. “If you have any compassion,” he will say imploringly, “look on the eyes of your own *son*.”

157. *Speaker*.—“They called Barnabas, Jupiter ; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker,” Acts xiv. 12. The people of Lystra concluded that in Barnabas they had Jupiter, the great god of their city, and that Paul was Mercurius, his orator accompanying him. In Samoa, a chief in travelling is attended by his principal orator ; and if formal speeches are being made anywhere, the chief never speaks first, that is done by his “first cock-crower,” viz., the chief orator.

158. *Spear*.—Saul “having his spear in his hand,” and encamped under a tree, 1 Sam. xxii. 6. An exact picture of a Samoan chief and his party in war. A spear rather than a staff is then the sceptre.

159. *Spirit*.—A Samoan felt terrified, and thought that speedy death would be the consequence, if he saw anything which he supposed to be a spirit, reminding us of Gideon’s fear, which caused the Lord to say to him, “Fear not : thou shalt not die,” Judges vi. 22, 23.

160. *Spirit*.—"A man with an unclean spirit," Mark v. 2. Insanity in Samoa was supposed to be caused by an evil spirit.

161. *Spirit*.—"The Spirit of the Lord spake by me," 2 Sam. xxiii. 2. The way in which the Samoan priests declared that the gods spoke by them, strikingly reminds us of the mode by which God of old made known his will to man by the Hebrew prophets.

162. *Spirits* walking through desert places, Matt. xii. 43. In Samoa, spirits were supposed to roam the bush, and people in going far inland to work, would scatter food here and there as a peace-offering to them, and utter a word or two of prayer for protection.

163. *Spot or Mark*, Deut. xxxii. 5; Rev. xx. 4. The Samoan men were all marked with the tatooing, which we have already described (see p. 181). Some had, in addition, the mark, or coat-of-arms, of the particular district to which they belonged, a dog it might be; and, in the event of his being killed in battle, his body was the more easily identified.

164. *Spread*.—"Spread their garments in the way," Matt. xxi. 8. In honour of the bride at Samoan marriages, they sometimes spread the way with fancy native cloth (see p. 187).

165. *Staff*.—That obscure reference to the staff of Elisha, in 2 Kings iv. 29, has perhaps a ray or two of light from the fact, that in Samoa the son, or representatives of a political head, when sent on any important message to another district, takes with

him his father's *staff* and fly-flapper, to show that his message is with the sanction and authority of the person to whom these belong. But a more marked illustration still, I fell in with lately in a visit to the New Hebrides. Among some stone idols, and other relics of heathenism, which I had handed to me, was an old smooth *staff*, made of iron-wood, a little longer and thicker than an ordinary walking-stick. It had been kept for ages in the family of one of the disease-making craft, was considered as the representative of the god, and was taken regularly by the priest when he was sent for to visit a case of sickness. The eyes of the poor patient brightened up at the sight of the stick. All that the priest did was merely to sit before the sick man, and leaning on this sacred staff, to speechify a little, and tell him there was no further fear, and that he might expect soon to recover.

166. *Stone*.—"Slew . . . threescore and ten persons, upon one stone," Judges ix. 5. This reminds us of what we have heard of the Feejeeans dashing out the brains of their victims *on a particular stone*.

167. "*Stooped* with his face to the earth," 1 Sam. xxiv. 8. (See note on *kneeled*, p. 332.)

168. *Stripped*.—"Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David," 1 Sam. xviii. 4. I have seen the men of a village, after laying down food to a party of visitors, as a further expression of friendship, strip themselves of their newly-made leaf girdles, and hand them to the

strangers, who in return would pass them their old worn-out ones. A woman too, in parting with another, will strip off her upper garment or poncho (*tiputa*), and hand it to her friend, who will probably give her in return an older one.

169. "*Succour* us out of the city," 2 Sam. xviii. 3. Commentators are not agreed as to what it means. A Samoan in like circumstances would persuade an aged chief, or a chief of high rank, not to go with them to the war, but to remain in the village and *help them by his prayers*.

170. "*Sun*, stand thou still," Josh. x. 12. (See p. 248.)

171. *Sun*.—"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," Ps. cxxi. 6. The Samoans do not like travelling in the sun. Many, I believe, die of "a sun-stroke;" but the principal thing which they trace to a sunning, is an attack of elephantiasis. Europeans, who are subject to the complaint, say that an attack is equally brought on by exposure to the sun and the night-air. The Samoans have no idea of any evil effects from moonlight, but they are careful to cover their faces when they sleep out of doors.

172. *Touched*.—"Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him," Matt. viii. 3. It was thought of old, in Samoa, that there was great virtue in the touch, or even in a few passes of the hand, of a native doctor or heathen priest (see p. 107).

173. *Trumpets*.—The trumpeters stood by the king, 2 Kings xi. 14. Shell trumpets are among

the insignia of royalty in Samoa also. The canoe or boat of an important chief has one or two which are blown every now and then as it passes the villages; so that the chief goes along from place to place with "the sound of a trumpet" (see p. 269).

174. *Uncircumcised*.—"Who is this uncircumcised Philistine?" etc., 1 Sam. xvii. 26. This is the very language of reproach and scorn common to a Samoan at the present day, when he quarrels with a European; only, instead of *Philistine*, he says *white fellow*.

175. *Visited*.—"Samson visited his wife with a kid," Judges xv. 1. A young man after a quarrel with, and separation from, his wife, cannot go back to make up matters with her and her friends, without a present of a pig, or some foreign property, or probably both. If the present is received, it is a token for good; if not, he is rejected.

176. "*Voice of the Lord* breaketh the cedars," Ps. xxix. 5. Referring, no doubt, to a *thunder* storm. When trees are split in Samoa by the electric fluid, it is the popular belief that it is done by the *thunder*, and they speak of the *thunder* as doing so-and-so (see p. 296).

177. *Vows*. "Jacob vowed a vow," Gen. xxviii. 20; Lev. xxvii. 2; Judges xi. 30. Vows are very common in Samoa. Horses, canoes, land, etc., were promised to the gods or their high-priests, on condition of recovery from sickness, etc. The same sort of thing is carried on still to a great extent. If a child is sick, his ungodly father may vow

amendment and attention to the Word of God on condition that the son recovers. In some cases the conditional amendment ends in real conversion, but in most instances, perhaps, the party soon returns like "the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire."

178. *Walk naked*, Rev. xvi. 15. It was of old a punishment in Samoa to tie the hands of the culprit behind his back, and march him to his shame through the settlement in a state of nudity.

179. *War*, 2 Chron. xiii. 4, etc. War parties sometimes harangued each other before battle (see p. 303).

180. *Water*.—"Living waters," Jer. ii. 13. The Samoans speak of a brook being *dead* when it ceases to flow.

181. *Water*.—"Poured water on the hands of Elijah," 2 Kings iii. 11. A bowl of water is generally brought in to wash the hands after a meal, but often the attendant *pours* water on the hands from the cocoa-nut shell water-bottles.

182. "*Water of life*," Rev. xxii. 17. Some of the South Sea Islanders have a tradition of a river in their imaginary world of spirits, called the "water of life." It was supposed that if the aged, when they died, went and bathed there, they became young, and returned to earth to live another life over again.

183. *Wife*.—It is a great insult to the friends of a deceased chief for a person to take to wife one who has lived with that chief as a wife or concubine.

He runs the risk of being killed for it. This compares with 2 Sam. iii. 7, and other passages.

184. *Wife*.—"The wife of the dead shall not marry without unto a stranger," Deut. xxv. 5. This was also ancient Samoan law, she was taken to wife by the *brother* of her deceased husband.

185. "*Wool and flax*."—"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands," Prov. xxxi. 13. It is the business of the Samoan woman to raise and prepare the raw material, and work it into native cloth (see p. 203). She has also to plait the mats, to keep the house tidy, and to see that the lawn in front and by the sides of the house is clean and free from weeds. The Samoan women are industrious, and the higher the rank, the more skilled they are in the manufacture of the finer and fancy kind of native cloth and mats. Even the aged and blind are active. If they are not busy with something in-doors, they are out by the sides of the house feeling about for the weeds.

186. *Worm*.—"Man, that is a worm; and the son of man, which is a worm," Job xxv. 6. The Samoans trace the origin of man to *worms* (see p. 245). Unlike our origin, but how like our earthly end!

187. "*Wound* him up, and carried him out, and buried him," Acts v. 6. Dead bodies in Samoa are usually prepared for the grave by winding them up in some folds of native cloth without any coffin. At Eromanga the natives make a few plaited cocoa-nut leaves suffice.

188. “*Young maidens* going out to draw water,” 1 Sam. ix. 11. This may be seen every day in Samoa, especially towards evening. It is the province of the women to see that the water-bottles are kept clean and filled.

189. *Young men*.—“Let the young men now arise and play before us,” 2 Sam. ii. 14. Let the young men meet at the boundary, and have a wrestling match, is a polite way of Samoan chiefs speaking to each other when threatening war or giving a challenge.

I find among my notes a number of other references, but they require further investigation before giving them with confidence. The subject is far from being exhausted. A missionary is always making some new discovery in the language and customs of the people among whom he labours, and hardly a week passed, before I left the islands, without finding something worthy of notice, illustrative of sacred history, and tracing the origin of the people to the ancient lands of the Bible. If spared to return to the South Seas, I hope to add still further to this contribution of Polynesian illustrations, which I have no doubt will be valued by all who are interested in Biblical and ethnological studies.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE IN 1845.

WHEN the gospel has been received by a heathen people, the missionary finds that he has two things to do, viz., consolidation and extension. These two things have been kept steadily in view by the mission with which I have been connected, and it has been my happiness to share with my esteemed brethren in the plodding labours of the one, and in the perils of the other. Some of the preceding chapters have shown what part I have taken in the consolidation of the cause of God in Samoa, and now I proceed to give some account of my missionary voyages for the introduction of the gospel into the regions beyond.

After the brig "Camden," by which much good service was done in visiting old stations, and in exploring new ground, we were favoured with that princely offering of the children of England to the cause of missions, the barque "John Williams." She reached Samoa early in 1845, and on the 2nd of April Mr. Murray and I went on board, and proceeded in her on her first voyage to the heathen islands of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia groups. On our return I wrote an account of the voyage, which appeared in our "Samoa Reporter,"

of which the following is the substance, and given as I noted the various incidents *in my journal at the time* :—

At Sea, on Board the "John Williams," 5th April, 1845.—After a valedictory service, at which we were addressed by our brethren Heath and Mills, we left Apia on the second, having on board fifteen Samoan and Rarotongan teachers, ten of whom are accompanied by their wives. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Turner have also come with us for the benefit of their health. Called at Mr. Pratt's station in Savaii, on the 3rd. All well, and the people so kind as to supply us with three boat-loads of pigs, yams, and cocoa-nuts, and also a large quantity of native cloth, to help in supplies for teachers, and presents to native chiefs among the heathen islands.

Off Rotumah, Monday Evening, 7th April.—Have had a fine run. All well. On Saturday evening had a prayer meeting, and yesterday had our religious services, morning, afternoon, and night. It is delightful to be in such a vessel. Captain, mate, carpenter, and two seamen pious, and all the rest in regular attendance at family worship morning and evening. It is a heaven upon the sea compared with many a ship. We are near Rotumah, and have "laid-to" for the night.

ROTUMAH.

At Sea, Wednesday, 9th.—Anchored yesterday morning at Rotumah, on the north-east side of the

island, at the same place where we were last voyage in the "Camden," in June, 1842. Found our three teachers well, and kindly treated, but not making much progress. Have been of late hindered by war. In January last the rival chiefs Marof and Rimkau fought. Marof and twenty-seven of his men fell; Rimkau lost two of his sons and thirty men. At the close of the fight some New Zealanders who live on the island proposed to cook a few of the bodies of the slain, but the Rotumans stoutly opposed the disgusting project, and said to the New Zealand cannibals, "You may do that at New Zealand—never at Rotumah." Poor Marof! I remember him well. A fine-looking man, in the prime of life, and a warm friend of the teachers. His younger brother Fakrongfon takes his place. He is preparing for another fight. We talked in favour of peace, but he thinks war inevitable. Found it hard to reply to his question, in broken English, "*Somebody come to kill me, what me do?*"

According to arrangements made by our Directors and the Directors of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to prevent unnecessary collision and waste of missionary strength, we have withdrawn our teachers, and passed over all interest and influence at this island to our Wesleyan friends. We first conversed on the subject with the Wesleyan teachers here from Tonga and our own teachers, and then went in a body to a house where we met Fakrongfon and other chiefs and people, and told them what we were about to do. We told them the Tongans would instruct

them in the way of salvation as our teachers had done, begged all to join them, listen to them, and obey the Word of God which they preached. We said also that we were going to the Tonga group, and that we should entreat our brethren there to send a white missionary to Rotumah as soon as possible. We concluded our arrangements with prayer, and all passed off well.

This island is partly prepared for European missionaries. At least half of the people unite in entreating us to send them one or two. The natives have long had intercourse with whaling vessels, have at times had as many as forty or fifty runaway sailors living among them, and know the English language surprisingly well. Hence they are proud, and think themselves above being taught by Tongans or Samoans. Nothing will satisfy them but a white missionary, and a fine field of labour this would be for two devoted men.

Saw a party of some twenty people, men, women, and children, who were picked up lately at sea, all but dead, by a whaling vessel. They had been fishing off their own island, and blown away in a sudden gale. They clung to us, and looked up most imploringly, anxious that we should take them home to their own land. Cannot tell exactly, but suppose, from their physical aspect and dialect, that they belong to some island of the King's Mill group; another illustration of the way in which these islands have been populated:—Had this party reached an uninhabited island, they would probably have settled

down, claimed it as their own, and have given it the name of the island or district they left. Here they will probably amalgamate with the already mixed Rotumans, and hence, too, we see how the dialects get mixed up.

Rotumah is a lovely island, about the size of Rarotonga, and has probably a population of five thousand people. The formation is volcanic, and the productions such as are common to Central Polynesia. Their traditions trace their origin to Samoa. They say that on a fine day the god Raho and his wife Iva came here walking on the sea from Samoa. Raho had a basket of earth, which he commenced scattering about when he reached this, and all at once up sprung the land, and here they remained. Four places are sacred to the worship of the gods, and once every three months all assemble. Their "god is their belly." When they meet they first sing to the praise of the bread-fruit tree, cocoa-nut, yam, taro, banana, and everything eatable; then feast; and then dismiss. All is over in a day. Circumcision practised about the fifth year. When the body dies the spirit is supposed to enter some one of the family or of the village community. Marof, they say, now talks through a man called Valea. Notwithstanding all their intercourse with white men, the Rotumans are deplorably ignorant of God. Put questions to several about God, Jesus Christ, etc., but could get no intelligible reply. One man who spoke English well, and who has been at sea three voyages, after thinking a minute, said: "God—

NEW HEBRIDES &c.



W. Decker Lith. London

- 1 The straight lines divide this Map into Squares of 100 English Miles
- 2 The dotted curved lines shew the direct distances from London.
- 3 The ordinary Degrees of Latitude and Longitude are given in the margin.

God—Yes. I know God; He very good *man*.” Poor fellow! We tried to enlighten his darkness. As we were leaving the beach, overheard our good captain talking in his simple, pointed way to one of the white men living on shore: “No Bible! what a thing that is! Why, that is just like a man at sea without a chart. How do you think you could get along at sea without a chart?”

FUTUNA, NEW HEBRIDES.

15th April.—Sighted Futuna this morning. It rises up out of the sea like a great square table, 3000 feet high, and may contain a population of 800. By nine o'clock were close in off the bold shore, where we expected to find our teachers, Apela and Samuela. Heavy sea and a strong wind. Lay to, lowered the boat, and sent in her Faleese (a Samoan who lived on the island for a time a few years ago) to meet some canoes which were coming off. In one canoe was the chief Kotiama. He recognized Faleese, said the teachers were well, but away in the distance working in their plantation. The boat returned to the ship, and Kotiama said he would go and tell the teachers, and hasten them off to us in a canoe. Waited an hour, and sent in the boat again. No appearance of the teachers. Natives now said that, owing to a fatal epidemic, for which the teachers had been blamed, they were driven off to another settlement, but that messengers had gone for them. Waited another hour, and now four of

our Samoans volunteered to go on shore, and find their way to the place where the teachers were said to be. Manned the boat again, and let them go under the care of Captain Morgan, but with strict charges not to set a foot on shore, unless the captain got a chief or two from the shore to come off with him to the ship. The boat was soon back, but no teachers. The captain got a chief in the boat to come off to the ship, but whenever he understood that the Samoans were going to land to see after Apela and Samuela, he jumped out of the boat, and swam off to the shore. The Samoans, of course, did not land, but hastened out to us with this dismal tale. Our worst fears were now roused. Ran below for my cap and Macintosh, and in five minutes Mr. Murray and I were over the ship's side, into the boat, and off through the heavy sea to the shore, with Faleese as our interpreter, to see how the natives looked, and whether anything more could be done. As we pulled in we saw that every canoe was hauled up, natives armed, and hiding behind the trees and rocks, and no women or children to be seen. All looked bad and hostile. Held on, and shouted, "Why are you afraid of us? Nothing here to hurt you. We want our teachers, Apela and Samuela." Up starts a fellow from behind a block of coral, and replied, "They are far away. Take round your vessel to the other side; they are there." "Where is the chief Kotiama?" we again shouted. "He told us he was going for them." "He is dead," was the reply, twice over, "he is

dead." "Dead! how can that be? He was there only a little ago." But just as we were saying this to each other, we saw a movement among them, rising up, changing positions, etc., and, as we were within reach of their arrows and slings, we backed out. In the hurry, ran on to a rock just below the surface, but the men jumped out, pushed off, and we were clear. Pulled out a bit, and then held on, loath to give it up, but we could do no more. Night was coming on, a strong wind, and the sea running high outside, and so, with heavy hearts, we pulled out again to the vessel. Got safely on board, and as we feel all but certain that our poor teachers have been killed, we are now standing direct for Aneiteum. Hope our teachers there are alive, and that we may soon get relief from our present painful suspense respecting poor Apela and Samuela.

16th April, at Anchor off Aname, north-east side of Aneiteum.—Bad weather, and with difficulty got in to this sheltered little roadstead this afternoon. In the morning we were cheered by the sight of a white plastered cottage, evidently a teacher's house or chapel. What a contrast to everything we saw yesterday! By and by we had a canoe alongside, and there was our teacher Simeone. We were breathless to hear about our Futuna teachers. "All dead, killed by the Futuna people upwards of two years ago." Poor fellows! we were afraid yesterday that this was to be recorded. It seems that an epidemic was cutting off the people; they

blamed the teachers and the new religion for it, and determined to kill them. On the morning of the day fixed for their massacre, a party surrounded Samuela, who was unsuspectingly at work in his plantation. He started up when he saw them, and stood with the hatchet in his hand with which he had been working. Spears flew in upon him from all sides, and he fell speared in both legs and in the chest. Apela and a girl, the daughter of Samuela, were caught on the road, on the way home from the plantation, and also killed. The party then went to the house, where the wife of Samuela was, quite unconscious of the horrid work which had been going on. An offer was made to her to become the wife of the chief who headed the gang; but no, she would die rather. She handed out an axe and some other things, to appease the leader of this savage rabble, and a few pleaded for her life, but the multitude cried out for her death, and with his own hands he beat her brains out. They cooked the bodies of Samuela and his wife, and sank in the sea the bodies of Apela and the girl. After dividing out their property, they wound up the tragic scenes by burning the house. Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do! I was acquainted with Apela. He was a humble, harmless, kind little man. Samuela and his wife were of good report also. It cheered us to hear that, at the last, they died as they lived, inoffensive and peaceful, like Stephen of old, and did not lift a hand to injure their deluded murderers. When some of the Futuna people were

at Aneiteum, a few months ago, they had not repented of their foul deed, but were rather persuading the Aneiteum people to kill the teachers Simeone and Apolo, as the best means of getting rid of disease. Poor people! I fear we shall have to leave them to their heathenism for a time.

ANEITEUM.

There has been a breach in the mission party here by the death of Tavita and his wife. The one died of dropsy, and the other of consumption. Their end was peace. On the death of these two, the natives wished their bodies thrown into the sea, according to custom. Apolo and Simeone would not consent. They had *bought* the plot of ground close by their house, and insisted on the right to bury in, or do what they pleased with their own land. The point was yielded, and since that time the teachers have succeeded in persuading some of the people to bury their dead rather than "cast them away," as Apolo says, "to the savage fish of the sea." Up to this date five have been buried. When they cast a dead body into the sea, if it is the body of a man, they do not wrap it up in anything, but paint the face red, and sink it not far from the shore by tying stones to the feet. If it is the body of a woman, they wrap it up in the leaf girdles worn by the women.

The lives of Simeone and Apolo have been repeatedly in jeopardy. Only two months ago, when

a chief of the place where they reside died, it was proposed to kill them for the "weeping feast," which follows the death of any one. It is the custom on these occasions to slaughter any *strangers* who are living on the premises, or in the neighbourhood. "Go to our plantations, and take anything you like for your feast," said the teachers. This satisfied them. They delight in the custom, for the more they kill, the more taro, yams, and bananas they get. With the body of the poor victim his plantation goes as well to help in the feast.

Simeone and Apolo report that the attendance on Sabbath-days is very irregular. Sometimes twenty or thirty, and at other times two and three. With the exception of one man called Umrā, the people all keep to their heathenism, and are more inclined to go to their plantation on a Sabbath than to listen to a sermon. When the grown-up people found that the children were getting wiser than themselves, they ordered the teachers to give up the day-school. Driven from the day they tried the night, and at present there are eleven true sons of Nicodemus, who go privately to the teachers' house at night for instruction.

17th April.—Hearing that some white men had taken up their abode on a small sandbank on the other side of the island, and also that a chief there has long been wishing to have a teacher, we determined to visit both parties. Taking Simeone with us as our pilot and interpreter, we left the ship this morning at daylight. For a time we kept inside the

reef, and then had to strike out to sea, and along the bold shore. It is a lovely island; fertile, cultivated towards the sea, and well watered. Here and there we saw in the distance a silvery waterfall among the mountain gorges. By nine we were at the little island, quite a sandbank, and, with another one, forming a pretty good harbour between them and the mainland. The position of this harbour is $20^{\circ} 15'$ south latitude, and $169^{\circ} 44'$ east longitude. Here we found a jetty, flag-staff, weather-boarded houses, piles of sandal-wood, a rusty swivel mounted here and there, and every appearance of a foreign settlement. A Mr. Murphy came down as we landed, and conducted us to the *store*, where we sat for a little. He said that Captain Paddon, who was at the head of the concern, was absent; that they came here in January; that they have two vessels collecting sandal-wood; and that they have advertised the place in the colonial papers as a convenient harbour for whaling and other vessels. He says they have bought the island from the natives. Our teachers confirm this, and add that they paid for it an axe, a rug, and a string of beads. It is little more than a mile in circumference, without a cocoa-nut, and hardly a blade of grass. It was considered by the natives a *haunted* spot, and hence they never planted anything on it. They had no objections, however, to sell it to the white men. At present there is only one white man there, in addition to Mr. Murphy, and five Chinese. We saw the Chinamen at work sawing wood. Spoke a word or two to them.

They are from Macao, and are not unlike some of our Eastern Polynesians. From Mr. M. we got some information respecting the adjacent islands, and an account of an attack on their vessel, the "Brigand," by the Maré people, in which a party who had gone on shore were all cut off, with the exception of three, who were saved by our teachers. But I reserve a record of that until we get to Maré. Mr. Murphy offered to receive our teachers for a time in their fort on the little island, in the event of our being unable to locate them safely on the mainland. We thanked him, but said we did not anticipate any difficulty.

Taking our leave of Mr. M. and his romantic little settlement, we got up our sail, and crossed the bay to the mainland. Not a house to be seen; but after landing and going into the bush, we came upon some huts, which were said to be the headquarters of the chief Nohuat. He was not at hand, but a message was sent for him. Not knowing but that the people may have had some recent fight with white men, and be just watching their chance for revenge, as at Dillon's Bay in 1839, we did not venture far inland, but returned to the beach. Sat down under a tree, had a bit of beef and biscuit, and soon were surrounded by a number of boys, glad to share in our luncheon. Presently Nohuat came—a little, middle-aged man, in scanty Tannese costume, hair twisted in a multitude of cords, etc., and a dark Jewish countenance. Simeone was our interpreter at first, but, hearing that Nohuat had lived at Tanna,

I took speech in hand in Tannese. He wondered however I could speak that dialect, shook his arms, and cracked his fingers in amazement, as if I had dropped from the clouds. I had to tell him all about it, and then went on to say that Mr. Murray and I had come to locate, on his division of the island, two teachers, who would instruct him and his people in the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ, the way to heaven. He opened his mind to us all at once, said sad things about the doings of white men on their shores, which led us to assure him that *we* had an entirely different object in view from that of the sandal-wooders. His confidence was complete. He rejoiced in the offer of teachers, acceded to our proposal that he should go with us to the vessel, where we could select his teachers, and commit them to his care, and in a few minutes we were all in our boat, with the addition of Nohuat, outside the reef, and sailing back to our vessel. Chatted with Nohuat the most of the way. Says he is a disease-maker, and the dread of the place where he is chief. Tried to tell him of immortality, heaven and hell, sin and salvation. He listened as if for the first time, expressed his amazement, but soon tried to change the subject, with "What a fine boat this is! How she flies!" Verily, the carnal mind is enmity against God!

Reached the ship by three P.M. Arranged at once for the location of the Samoan teachers, Simeone and Poti, in the district of Nohuat. Gave him a present, begged him to be kind to the teachers, and

listen to their instructions. He replied, promised a number of things, such as a plot of ground, help in house-building, protection against thieves, and a supply of food. Umrā sat listening attentively to Nohuat, and when he had done, got up and said, "Nohuat, all that is very well; but you have forgotten one thing, you *must* attend to the *Word of God*." This well-timed hint from his own countryman pleased us exceedingly. Arranged also to leave another teacher with Apolo, at the station inland of where we are anchored. The chief, Iata, has of late been unkind to the teachers, and jeering them as castaways. We have rendered good for evil, have given him a present, and have had his acknowledgment of shame and regret, and promises of amendment.

18th April.—Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Turner accompanied us on shore to-day—the first European ladies, I suppose, who have ever set a foot on Aneiteum. The teachers' house is wattled and plastered, and its middle room serves at present for the chapel. The burning of the coral-stones, and the wonders of lime, plaster, and whitewash, made the natives declare the teachers to be gods, not men. The island is volcanic, and rises 2700 feet above the level of the sea. It is wooded with pine (*Dammara australis*), and other useful trees. Bread-fruits, cocoa-nuts, yams, taro, bananas, and sugar-cane are the principal things cultivated by the natives. Saw nothing like a decent village. Two or three huts are put up in a plantation, and when the food is

consumed there, another spot is selected, and there they plant and build again; and thus they migrate from place to place within a certain division of the island. Mr. Murray and I were stooping down to step into one of their four-feet-high oblong hovels, when half a dozen voices called out for us to stop. We understood them to say that there was a pig there, being fed for an approaching feast, and that it was death for a stranger to go near his *hogship* under such circumstances.

The Aneiteum people resemble the Tannese, their dialect, however, although of the same Papuan class, is very different. At present, the tribes all over the island are on friendly terms. They seldom fight. In a case of murder, an apology, with a pig, will generally settle the affair. Circumcision is practised about the fifth year. The ceremony is attended with feasting. Polygamy prevails. They worship the spirits of their ancestors, and principally on occasions of sickness. Have sacred groves, where they leave offerings of food to rot. They suppose that the spirit at death leaves the body, goes to the west end of the island, plunges into the sea, and swims away to a place of spirits called Umatmas, where, it is said, there are two divisions, one for the good and another for the bad. Plenty of good food constitutes their heaven, and the contrary their hell, for the abode of the thief, the liar, or the murderer.

The most melancholy thing connected with the heathenism of Aneiteum is the strangling of

the widows.* Our teachers strongly oppose the sad custom, and risk their lives sometimes in endeavouring to prevent it. Lately they went to a scene where all was ready for strangling. They remonstrated. The woman became afraid, and ran to the teachers for protection; but they were overpowered by the enraged people, and obliged to flee for their lives. The woman, however, was saved.

Monday, 21st April, still at Anchor off Aneiteum.
—It blew half a gale on Saturday. Could not get out; but I am not sorry that we have been able to spend a Sabbath here, and see for ourselves how the people observe the Lord's Day. Yesterday, all day not a canoe came near the ship. I preached at nine A.M. to our Samoan party on board. At half-past ten Mr. Murray preached in English. At one we all went on shore for an afternoon service with the natives. Found about forty assembled. They all behaved well. No whispering or smiling all the time. Someone prayed, and acted as interpreter to Mr. Murray and myself. Our hearts were filled with joy to see even such a day of small things on this heathen island. After going on board, had service with five Tanna men we have picked up here, and intend giving them a passage across to their home. I preached in the evening to the crew.

* On the death of a beloved child, too, the mother, or, it may be, the aunt, or the grandmother, is strangled to accompany it to the world of spirits.

TANNA.

Tuesday, 22nd April, at Anchor, Port Resolution, Tanna.—Left Aneiteum this morning, and arrived here this afternoon. The Tanna lads on board shouted to the shore as we entered the heads, and before the anchor was well down, our old friend Kuanuan, and several of the chiefs, were out to the ship to welcome us. Glad to find that there is a reaction in our favour all round the bay, and even among the very people who were our greatest enemies. Kuanuan says that, after we left in 1843, dysentery raged more fatally than ever among our enemies. They still fought, however, with our people for a month, and then gave it up. For a long time they have been on friendly terms again, and say that they are now prepared to receive teachers. As a further proof of this, we find our Samoan teachers, Iona and Atamu, here, from the neighbouring island of Niua. They were blamed for causing disease, their lives were threatened, and they fled hither in a vessel which happened to touch there just at the time.

Kuanuan was faithful to our injunctions. He counted the days, kept up the remembrance of the Sabbath, and when our teachers came from Niua, they found that he had still got the day exactly, and met for prayer and religious conversation with some twenty others. One of my first questions to him was, “Kuanuan, when is the Sab-

bath?" He up with his left hand finger-almanack, counted, and told me correctly. He said that they had taken care of our house, but that a white man called *Sātan* had come and taken up his abode in it whether they would or not. Kuanuan looked very serious as he told us his *name*, and added that he was lying sick. They tried to frighten him away by saying that we should drive him out of the house if we came and found him there, but he only laughed and said, "No, no; I know missionary." We were curious to know who this "Sātan" was, and also to shake hands with our old friends; and so off Captain Morgan, Mr. Murray, and I went to the shore.

A crowd of natives met us on the beach. Shame, surprise, and delight seemed depicted in their countenances, and they followed us as we walked up to our house. Found all much as when we were driven two years ago. In passing from room to room we came to the "little pantry," and there we found the poor fellow of whose *name* Kuanuan seemed so suspicious. He reclined on a sort of bedstead made of some sticks lashed together, and raised a little off the ground. A mat and a blanket formed his scanty bedding. A loaded gun lay at his right side, another stood up in the corner at his left. He had an old number of the *Times* newspaper in his hand, and a little fire smouldered in a hole in the earth at the foot of the bed. There he lay, with a long black beard, pale, pensive, and emaciated. As we appeared at the door of the little place, he raised himself, bowed, and spoke most politely: "Have I the honour

of addressing either Mr. Nisbet or Mr. Turner?" "Yes," said Mr. Murray, "this is Mr. Turner." He said the natives spoke of us with great respect, and he hoped we might be able soon again to return, etc. But our hearts yearned over the poor fellow now before us. We wished to know about himself. He says his name is S—t—n; that he is thirty-two years of age, and belongs to Essex. Was some time in New Zealand; prospects failed; came off sandal-wooding. Says he should have been killed at Maré but for our teachers. Was subsequently on Anei-teum, and now is laid up here. He came to try the hot springs. Says he has had sores all over his body, and now suffers principally from one on his "tendo Achillis, and from tertian ague." In every word we could trace a respectable origin and education. If I mistake not, he is nearly related to one of the most respectable families in England. His initials are R. M. S. He has no wish to leave at present. Says he has a desire to see all the islands, and then go home. Does not know what he should do but for our teachers. They never cook a meal without sharing it with him. The natives steal from him at all hands, day and night. As he was dropping off to sleep in the dark last night, he felt his last blanket beginning to move away. He pulled the trigger, and fired his gun through the roof of the house, when off the thieves fled. In the adjacent room we saw two decent-looking trunks. His principal request is for arrow-root, medicine, and salves. We have promised him a supply, and have also invited

him to come on board, and make himself at home with us while we are here.

After a stroll among the villages, sending messages to the chiefs in the distance to come and meet with us in the morning in our old house, we returned on board, and rejoiced to think that the way is perfectly clear for again taking up the mission.

Wednesday, 23rd April.—Went on shore this morning. Found two or three hundred people waiting to receive us: all painted, armed, and to the eye of a stranger a fearful-looking crowd. But the women and children were there, and we who knew the people saw at a glance that all was peace and friendship, and threw ourselves among them with perfect confidence. Mrs. Turner's old school-girls came wading into the water, vieing with each other for the first shake of her hand; and when we got into the house, they took up their places around her and our little girl Martha. Our invalid friend "Sātan" was up, had shaved to a smart moustache, and dressed as well as his scanty wardrobe admitted; but notwithstanding his humble habiliments, he had still the air and bearing of the gentleman. He doffed his red nightcap, received us at the door with a respectful bow, and seemed quite cheered by our presence and friendship. We had the principal chiefs and people assembled in a large room, and the rest crowded about the doors and windows. I addressed them for Mr. Murray and myself, reminded them of the way in which we were driven in 1843, renewed our assurances of forgiveness and

love, and told them that they had this day the fulfilment of our promise to them when we left, that we should again visit them. All seemed grateful, said that they wished teachers, and promised to behave better to them for the future. After a few words of exhortation and prayer, we separated, with the understanding that the chiefs meet us on board to-morrow morning, to receive their teachers. Walked again up the hill, through the villages, and then returned to the ship. We have now three Rarotongan and four Samoan teachers, all ready for their location (D.V.) on the coming day.

24th April.—Have had twelve of the chiefs on board to-day, and have committed to their care the teachers. We gave each of the chiefs the present of a hatchet, a knife, a fathom of calico, and a piece or two of Samoan native cloth. Begged them to be kind to their new teachers, and attend to their instructions. Went on shore with the three who have gone to Kasurumene, and found a party waiting to receive them. They soon picked up the teachers' things, and off they went accompanied by the old chief Ietika. Captain Morgan, Mr. Murray, and I went along the road a bit with them, and then said good-bye, counselling the teachers to be faithful, and entreating the people to regard them as their best friends. To me it was especially affecting to see the very men, who, three years ago, were thirsting for our blood, now surrounding us with every expression of affection, and receiving so cordially these messengers of mercy. We deputed

two of our Samoans to go all the way to Kasurumene, and return to-morrow with a report. Went on shore also with the teachers to be located in the mountain of Enekahi. Found that the people had cleared a piece of ground, and were preparing to erect a house for the teachers. Left there also other two, who are to spend the night, and bring us a report in the morning.

25th April.—Our Samoans, who accompanied the teachers yesterday, returned this morning. Reports all that we could wish. At Kasurumene, their approach was hailed by the people with a shout. Ietika assembled the village. They all stood in a circle. He told them of our love to them, that he has received teachers, and that they are all pledged to attend to the Word of God. All assented, expressed their delight, went off, killed a pig, blew up the oven, and received their new friends with a sumptuous repast. Accounts from those who went with the teachers to Enekahi, equally favourable. Have been trying to get a messenger sent to Naum, chief of Pesu, but there is so much fighting going on in that direction we cannot get one to venture. We have been hoping to get some one here to go with us to Eromanga as an interpreter, but I am afraid we shall not succeed. Talked till after sundown with a man at one of the villages who has been there, but he will not consent. They dread going near Eromanga. The chief Lahi, however, and another young man, have decided on going with us to Samoa, to see what the gospel has done there.

Their wives and two children will also go. They are now on board, and we are ready for sea.

Saturday Evening, 26th April, Port Resolution.— Could not get out this morning. Wind right ahead and a heavy sea setting in. Mr. Murray and some others on board being desirous to see the volcano, and as we also wished to see for ourselves whether the tribes in that neighbourhood were now really friendly with this people, we went on shore to consult with old Kuanuan. He shrugged his shoulders, said he was afraid, and thought we had better take a gun with us. “No, no, Kuanuan; you know we don’t carry guns. No fear; come along.” He ran in for his club, took the lead, and off we went, twelve of us, including some of our Samoans. All went on well. Was glad to see Raumia and other villages, which were burned at the time we were driven, built up and inhabited again. Had a look once more down the crater, saw two or three eruptions, and then returned. As we were leaving the mountain, we saw a party of forty armed men coming out of the bush. Kuanuan sprung up six inches higher than his usual gait, but there was no danger. They passed a little to our right, and returned warmly our friendly salutation and “good night.” Rested and had some coconuts near the village of Maro. A lovely spot, looking down upon the harbour. Gave some beads to the children who crowded about us, and brought us coconuts and bananas. Only a month ago the Maro people killed, on that very spot, a poor fellow

who had ventured from an inland tribe, to come and have a peep at a vessel at anchor. They cooked his body, and sent a leg to Fatarapa in the bay, but neither Viavia nor Kuanuan would taste. Their people, however, thought it was too good to throw away. The inland tribe were soon in arms in search for their man, or some one in his place, and killed a woman near Maro.

Sabbath Evening, 27th April.—Have had the pleasure of once more spending a Sabbath at Tanna. Had a good turn-out of the natives on shore, and at nine A.M. I preached to them from, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Mr. Murray preached to us on board in English at eleven. Had another service with the natives in the afternoon. Our invalid friend, whom Kuanuan calls "Sātan," dined with us again to-day. Told us some more of his history. Hopes to go home in a year and a-half. He seems much better within the last day or two. Poor fellow! he has friends in Sydney and in England who would grieve to see him in his present circumstances.*

* While among these islands again in 1848, I was sorry to learn that this poor wanderer was killed at New Caledonia. Could not ascertain precisely what led to his death, but it must have occurred about two years after we parted with him at Tanna.

Another illustration of the way in which the missionary is a blessing to poor wanderers far from home and in distress, may be gathered from the following extract of a letter which was addressed to me from the United States of America some years ago:—

"I beg to tender you the heartfelt gratitude of an afflicted

Monday, 28th April, at Sea off Eromanga.—Fine fair wind this morning. Got out from Port Resolution by six o'clock, and stood for

NIUA.

Niua (Neeooah) is the native name. Captain Cook named these islands according to the names given him at *Tanna*. Hence the difference between the names on the chart, and the real name of the island. Niua is called Immer on the charts. It is a coral island, 200 feet above the level of the sea, and has a population of probably 600 natives. By nine o'clock we were close in. Lowered the boat, and went off with Mr. Murray and Captain Morgan.

family and large circle of friends. Your afflicting but much valued epistle, which reached us a few weeks since, contained the first intelligence we received of my much beloved brother. . . . The manifest interest which you took in my brother during his sickness, and the great kindness you extended to us after his death, is a cause of much consolation to us all; but in a peculiar manner to my dear mother. That he should have had those with him who could administer to his spiritual wants, is to her a great comfort, and indeed the only thing which seems to reconcile her to this sad bereavement. My dear brother left home about three years since, and the first intelligence we received from him was contained in your and the accompanying letters. . . . My dear sir, I cannot express to you the consolations we derive from the perusal of these three epistles which are now before us. Oh, sir, that they were on parchment! for already do they show the effects of being handed from friend to friend and passed from State to State. My dear sir, I feel that I am inadequate to address you on this sad occasion, but trusting that your own heart will tell you more of our feelings than words can express, I bid you farewell."

The entrance through the reef is narrow, and the sea was breaking. But we did not wish to land all at once, and so lay on our oars behind the reef, and waved to the natives to come out to us. They, too, were shy. Hearing that we were calling some of them by name, two of them dashed through the surf and swam out. They were the very men we wanted, viz., our old friends Naurita and Fangota, who had spent months with us at Tanna. We got them into the boat, pulled off to the ship, and the result was, our taking up the mission again by locating two fresh teachers from Samoa. We have confidence in Fangota. He told us the Sabbath correctly, and assures us that he and some others still meet on that day and pray to God, as they were taught by the teachers and ourselves.

By mid-day we had finished at Niua, and were heading for Eromanga. Mr. Murray and I paced the quarter-deck, hardly knowing where to go. "Now, where next?" says Captain Morgan. "Dillon's Bay or Traitor's Head? You decide. Fair wind for either." We had intended to go to Traitor's Head, and also to look in upon Takākum, where our teachers lived for a time, the year after Mr. Williams was killed. But, hearing at Tanna of the recent massacre of a party of Niua people at Takākum, and that the sandal-wooders have of late been fighting with the natives at both places, we thought it was a choice of difficulties, and determined to try once more at Dillon's Bay. We are now standing off for the night, and hope to anchor in the morn-

ing where everything will remind us of him who fell in the very first attempt to extend the gospel to these regions of darkness.

EROMANGA.

Tuesday, 29th April, Dillon's Bay, Eromanga.—Anchored here this morning, close in-shore, and near the spot where our lamented Williams fell. Not a canoe or house or plantation to be seen. By and by some natives made their appearance on the beach, and four of them swam off to us. We threw them a rope and soon they were in our midst on the quarter-deck. They shook from head to foot, seemed terribly frightened, but when we gave them some yams and bananas to eat, they sat down, looked cheerful, and as if they thought all was right. We gazed with indescribable interest upon these poor creatures, who were, no doubt, part and parcel of the murderers of Williams and Harris, on that fatal morning in November, 1839. They resemble the Tannese, only they wear their hair short, and paint their faces black. Tried the Tannese and Niuan dialects, but could not get them to understand. We gave them each some beads, fish-hooks, bits of hoop-iron for adzes, and a plane-iron. They recognized the names of some of their chiefs, which we had obtained at Tanna. Tried to make them understand that we wanted these chiefs to come to us, then lowered the boat and took them on shore. As we pulled in, Captain Morgan pointed out the very

spot where Mr. Williams rushed into the sea in his last struggle. At the beach a number of natives came running towards us. They were unarmed, but we could see no women or children among them. The bush close behind is like a thickset hedge; could not see what was beyond. Might be full of armed men, as in November, 1839, for anything we could see. The four men we took on shore ran off immediately into the bush. We wondered what they were after; thought they might be going for the chiefs, but back they came in a few minutes carrying something, and one pulling a log after him. It was a *present* of sandal-wood in return for our kindness! This was delightful. In the savage of Eromanga we have still the man, the human heart, the finest feelings. We smiled gratitude to the poor fellows, gently beckoned with the palm of the hand that they might keep it, and that we did not care about sandal-wood. They seemed surprised, but this was just such an opportunity as we wished of teaching them lesson the first, viz., that we are quite a different class of men from the sandal-wooders, and do not visit them for our own gain. Mr. Murray and I stood in the bow of the boat, gave some bits of cloth, beads, and fish-hooks, to those who crowded around us, and, having succeeded so far, in showing friendship and kindness, we returned to the ship.

After dinner our four friends of the morning swam off again, bringing five others. None of them seemed to be a chief, and Lahi thought they said the chiefs could not come on account of fight-

ing going on inland. We took them below, and showed them all over the ship. When we came to the portrait of Mr. Williams, Lahi pointed to it, thumped his head, threw himself back, showed the white of his eyes, let his tongue fall out, and then pointed to the shore by way of showing them that it was that man they killed. Lahi's gestures were unmistakeable, but they, warily, took little notice of them. We wrote down their names, and sent them again on shore, in the hope of their bringing off a chief. Towards sunset, we discovered, through the glass, a venerable-looking man sitting on a pile of stones on the beach, on the north side of the stream. "That is a chief," said Lahi. Manned the boat again, and took Lahi with us. Lahi's wife cried, and would hardly let him over the ship's side, but he promised not to land. As we neared the beach several swam out to meet us. We sent by them a present to the old man, but he turned his back to us, and would not look round. We shouted and beckoned for him to come, but he waved with his hand for us to be off. We tried to get some about us to come into the boat. They passed on the word to the shore for the old chief's consent, but he forbade, and, we suppose, ordered all out of the sea on to the beach, for they all left us. It was night, and we pulled back to the ship. Poor people! The door seems quite shut. They will mark us, however, as "the vessel which shows kindness and does not take sandal-wood;" and for that let us be thankful.

We have at anchor alongside of us here a schooner from Sydney after sandal-wood.* The captain has been on board. Says he has been here for a week. Has not landed, nor have the natives brought off any provisions for sale. Now and then they swim off with a bit of sandal-wood, which he buys for beads, hoop-iron, and fish-hooks. Spends the most of his day in his long boat armed to the teeth. Wherever he sees some natives collected, with wood, he pulls in, buys from them from the rocks, with the pistol in the one hand, and his beads or fish-hooks in the other. What will man not do for money?

This captain tells us, further, that he was lately among the islands to the north, as far as Espirito Santo. Found all quiet, and no white man to be seen anywhere. Says that at Sandwich Island he fell in with a *Samoan* called "Swallow," who was drifted down here with some Tongans and Samoans many years ago. He had him on board for some time, and found that he was known and influential at several islands of the group. He told him about the missionary vessel which carried about native teachers, and "Swallow's" last charges to the captain were, that if he fell in with the missionary-ship, to implore the missionaries on board to take Samoan

* The most of my readers are probably aware, that this is a fragrant wood, used as incense in the temples of Confucius, and in demand also in India and China, for the manufacture of fancy articles. It is sold by weight, and fetches some £15 or £20 per ton. Hence the number of vessels out from Sydney and elsewhere in the trade.

teachers to Vaté, the native name of Sandwich Island.

We are now full of interest in this tale about the wanderer "Swallow." It seems something like the finger of God. If we can only get hold of that man, we have an interpreter at once to all with whom he is acquainted. Our greatest difficulty to-day has been the want of some one through whom we could speak to the people. The captain of the schooner has given us the bearings of the place, and also a young New Zealander, who says he lived some time with "Swallow," and we are bound for the place the first thing in the morning.

Our Samoans are all wondering whoever this "Swallow" will turn out to be. My servant recollects a tale he heard at home about some one belonging to their family called Sualo (or Swallow), who left once in a Tongan canoe, and was never more heard of. To-morrow will, I trust, put an end to all conjectures. When we left Niua the turning of a straw apparently would have taken us to Traitor's Head. We feel thankful to God for having so guided our deliberations, as to bring us to Dillon's Bay, where we have fallen in with this schooner, and heard of this Samoan for whom we are about to search.

VATÉ, OR SANDWICH ISLAND.

Wednesday, 30th April, at Sea off Sandwich Island.—Left Dillon's Bay this morning. Took a

long look at the beach, but could not see a single native. Had a fine wind, and sighted this island about two o'clock. At sunset were off the place on the south-west side, where we expect to find "Swallow," but it was too late to communicate with the shore, and so we have stood off for the night.

Thursday, 1st May, at Anchor, Sandwich Island.—Stood in this morning, and are now at anchor in a spacious bay under the lee of a little island. As we neared the south-west point, we lowered the boat and sent on shore the New Zealander, and two of our Samoan teachers, to run inland and fetch "Swallow." The natives are remarkably shy.* Have seen numbers of them in the distance, but not one will come near. It is night. We have burned a blue light and set a lantern aloft, and hope we may yet have the arrival of "Swallow" to-night.

Friday, 2nd May.—"Swallow" did not come in the night. This morning the natives were seen mustering on shore. They launched their canoes, and paddled about surveying us on all sides in the distance. At length a bold, good-natured looking

* No wonder they were shy. It turned out that this was the very place where the captain and part of the crew of the "Cape Packet" were massacred, and the ship plundered, burned to the water's edge and then sunk. We did not know this till the following year, but we accounted for their shyness by what we knew of the doings of a three-ship sandal-wood expedition, who fought here three years before, carried off yams and pigs, killed numbers of the natives, and suffocated others in caves, whither they had fled for refuge.

fellow mustered courage and drew near. We gave him some strips of cloth for the yams he handed up. Got him on deck. Showed him about the ship. Gave him some trifling presents, and now he was frantic with joy. He took a fancy to Captain Morgan's checked neckerchief, and, with the most winning gestures, commenced gently to untie it. "Don't let him do that," some of us said, but our kind-hearted captain could not say No. "Poor fellow, he may as well have it!" He spread it out in admiration. Captain Morgan made signs for him to keep it, and as he went below for another one, the fellow jumped up, stood on the bulwarks, and shouted out to his comrades, who were eagerly waiting in their canoes in the distance. We could not catch his dialect, but no doubt, he praised us to the skies, as he spread out and waved his presents, one by one, neckerchief and all. Instantly every paddle was in the water, and on they came, splash, splash, splashing and racing to be first. Their confidence was won, and as they were unarmed, we did not fear treachery. They are a fine race, a shade or two lighter than the Tannese; they are taller and stouter also. Several of their words we recognize as Eastern Polynesian.

But it was now nine o'clock, and still no appearance of the party we landed yesterday. So off we set in the boat, Mr. Murray, Captain Morgan, and I, with a good crew, in search of them. Presently we met a fleet of canoes. They shied off towards the shore, as if afraid of us. We lowered our sail,

and beckoned them to come near. I pulled out of my pocket a piece of print, shook it out and held it up as a flag of peace. On this, one canoe ventured out to us. We tore the print in strips, a piece for each man, handed it to them, and made signs for them to go to the ship with some yams they had. All right again. The word was passed to the other canoes, and off they all set towards the vessel. A mile further on, we met another party in five canoes, and to our joy saw our teachers among them all safe. They had found the man "Swallow," and there he was, sitting with them. We took them into the boat. The teachers first gave us their tale. They had a narrow escape yesterday. At the first village they reached, all were friendly, and a native joined them. As they approached the next village, down sat the New Zealander, and declared he would go no further. He said that he and "Swallow" had fought there not long ago, and that the people would kill him. "Why did you not tell us that when we were in the ship?" said our teachers. "No, we cannot go back now. Come along. Live or die, we must go through with our errand, now that we have undertaken it." On they went. The New Zealander was recognized at the next village, and all were instantly on their feet to embrace the chance and kill him. The native who had just joined them, pleaded for the strangers, offered his own life for them, and so they were allowed to pass. After a time they reached Erakor, the village where "Swallow" was said to

live. Some of the long-lost Samoans and Tongan women recognized the Samoan faces of our teachers, rushed out of the houses in amazement, and burst into a fit of crying, as if wailing over the dead. The settlement was all in commotion, and, by and by, the teachers found themselves in "Swallow's" house, surrounded by a company listening with breathless interest to all they said. They explained to them the good news of salvation and happiness in heaven, through Christ the Son of God; told them what changes the Word of God had brought about in Samoa; told them also that God's servants were still carrying on the good work, and that we had actually come, in a large vessel, out of love to them, to begin this good work among themselves: and now, said our teachers, "decide at once who among you will now cast off heathenism, and begin the service of the true God?" Twelve of them, including "Swallow" and the chief of the village, at once decided to embrace the new religion, and, for the first time, bowed their heads and united in prayer to the one living and true God. The teachers were delighted with the result of their expedition, and so were we.

By the time the teachers finished their tale to us in the boat, we had reached the vessel. Found it crowded with natives, and all perfectly friendly. As soon as we got on board, we sat down with our interesting wanderer "Swallow." He calls himself Sualo (Sooallow); belongs to Savaii; left Samoa some time after the Atua war—twenty years ago

probably—in company with about fifty others, principally Tongans. They were in a double canoe, and bound for Tonga. Missed their island, and were blown away in this direction. They made the island of Tongoa, or the “Three Hills,” to the north of this island. There they landed, club in hand, fought, conquered, and took possession of two settlements. They lived there a couple of years, and then started afresh, to try and find Tonga. Failed again. Made the very bay where we are now at anchor, and again settled down. Ague cut off numbers of them. They then went in search of a more healthy locality, and have ever since lived at Erakor. Death continued to thin their number, and now they are reduced to *nine*, six here and three on Tongoa. Sualo is quite a heathen, has three wives, has been a great warrior, and is one of the most daring fighters on the island. Chiefs are in the habit of hiring him, for a pig or two, to join them in their battles. He takes the lead, dashes among the enemy with his long-handled tomahawk, lays low his victims, and decides the contest. He has with him now his instrument of death, concealed as well as he can with the head of it next to the palm of his hand, and the handle running up under his arm. He promises to begin a new life, and will, we trust, be of great service to us. He seems to know all the natives from the shore here, and they are as pleased as we are to have him through whom to speak to us.

In addition to his own history, Sualo has given us some information respecting this lovely island

and its population. It is probably 100 miles in circumference. No black lava to be seen anywhere; all an uplifted coral formation. There are numbers of deep bays, with anchorage and fresh water, all round, and on the north-west side there is a large land-locked harbour. Population, 12,000 perhaps. No king whose rule extends over all the island, but numbers of petty chiefs here and there. The people are decently covered compared with the Eromangans and Tannese. They are girded round the waist with half a dozen turns of fancy matting belts, eight inches deep. Another strip is passed down in front and up behind. Hair woolly and short. Trinkets round the neck. Armlets are also worn. No tatooing; paint the face only in war. They live in regular villages. Houses long, 100 feet sometimes, but low and narrow. Plenty of the usual Polynesian fruits and vegetables; pigs and domestic fowls also. Diversity of dialect, but not so much as at Tanna. Have intercourse, and intermarry, to some extent, all over the island. Not so much given to war as some other islands. Have no fire-arms; fight with clubs, spears, and poisoned arrows. The conquering party will give up the dead body of one of the enemy for a pig or some other present; failing that, they cook it. If it is one who spoke ill of the chief, his *jaws* are hung up in the chief's house as a trophy. All kinds of other bones are also hung up about the posts and rafters of the house. It is a strange mark of rank among them. The greater the chief, the greater the display of *bones*.

Infanticide is sadly prevalent. As the burden of plantation and other work devolves on the woman, she thinks she cannot attend to more than two or three children, and that the rest must be buried as soon as they are born. There are exceptions to this want of maternal affection. At times the husband urges the thing, contrary to the wishes of his wife. If he thinks the infant will interfere with her work, he forcibly takes the little innocent, and buries it, and she, poor woman, cries for months after her child.

There are no idols to be seen here. The people worship the spirits of their ancestors. They pray to them, over the kava-bowl, for health and prosperity; reminding us, again, of the origin of "healths," "toasts," etc. Not much sickness, and many old people. Sualo says, "the men live till the beards of their sons are gray." Disease traced to human causes. If one man is angry with another, he goes at night and buries certain leaves close by his house, that the person, in coming out in the morning, may *step over* them, and be taken ill. If a person feels poorly, he thinks he must have stepped over some of those leaves buried by an enemy. He sends for native doctors, who administer juices from the bush, and search for the mischievous leaves. They get pigs for their fees. If the patient dies, it is supposed that the leaves have not been found out. Great wailing at death. Scratch their faces till they are streaming with blood. Bodies of the dead buried. The spirits of the departed supposed

to go westward. At the entrance to their hades, one called *Salatau* sits with a hatchet in his hand. Every one that comes gets a blow on the head, and is sent below.

Canoes inferior ; still they venture a long way in them, and have intercourse with some of the islands to the north. Sualo has given us the names of *fifteen* of these islands to the north, including *Espirito Santo*, and says he has been at the most of them. What a field ! When, oh when, will it be occupied ! He was at the large harbour to the north-west some time ago, where the sandal-wood expedition, three years ago, under Captains S——, D——, and H——, anchored and committed the most outrageous acts of wickedness. He says it is quite true that many were killed, and many more suffocated in a cave. They pulled down some houses, dragged them to the mouth of the cave, and there set fire to them, until the cries of those inside the cave were hushed in death. Two women were taken on board, and kept there while the vessels were at anchor. Plantations were plundered, and the yams, together with hundreds of pigs, taken away. Such is Sualo's account. Hope, on a subsequent voyage, to go to the large harbour, and hear more particularly all about it. The name here for white men is "*sailing profligates*." What a name ! Given by *heathens*, too.

Saturday, 3rd May.—Ready for sea again. Have located four Samoan teachers ; Setefano and Mose in the settlement where Sualo lives, and Taavili and Sipi at Pango, in the bay here. Might have located

forty if we had them. We had no idea when we left Samoa of more than a reconnoitre here this voyage, but having been driven from Futuna, still shut out from Eromanga, and having had the door opened to us here in such a remarkable manner, the course was plain, and now we have fairly entered. With hearts thankful to God for this fresh advance on the territory of Satan, and encouraged for the future, we are now ready for sea, and bound for the Loyalty Islands and New Caledonia.

Monday, 5th May, at Sea.—This morning a brig hove in sight, on our lee quarter, standing for Tanna. He hoisted his colours; could not make them out. He then fired two guns. We hoisted our “number.” He then put about and made towards us, with his ensign half-mast high. Supposing him to be in distress, we headed round. Met at twelve o’clock. It turned out to be the “N——,” Captain C——, D—— L—— B—— owner, ten months from China, and after sandal-wood and beech-le-mer; a large crew in distress for provisions, and imploring help. Captain Morgan asked him to come on board, and arranged to let him have two months’ provisions in exchange for saws, hatchets, etc. Captain C—— is suspicious of the Lifu people. Thinks they are watching their chance to take a vessel. He brought on board with him a young Englishman he picked up there. Thinks he is likely to put mischief into the heads of the natives, and intends keeping him in the ship while he is about the group. We took this poor fellow aside and talked

with him. Quite young; twenty, perhaps. Of respectable origin apparently; fair hair, and light complexion. Decently clothed; but he has allowed his hair to grow long, and we can imagine what he is when he is on shore among the natives. He calls himself Charles George B——, of Bristol. Left the “Munford” four years ago, and has been knocking about at Lifu ever since. “Nobody cares for me, and what need I care for them?” was one of his speeches, as Mr. Murray and I advised the poor prodigal to go back to his father’s house. Spoke also to a young chief of Uea, called Iokui, who came on board with Captain C——. Uea is the name of a group, to the north-west of this, and well reported of. This young man speaks broken English, and, with an earnestness which I shall never forget, implored us to take teachers to them. Told him we had none this voyage, but hope to reach his group of islands next cruise.

Wednesday, 7th May, at Sea, off Lifu.—Yesterday and to-day, beating to windward to the bay where we hope to find two teachers. As we tacked in this afternoon, a canoe came off with five natives. Not unlike the Feejeeans in colour and figure. Two came on deck. We bought their cocoa-nuts, and gave them something extra. Could not catch a word they said. They covered their faces with their hands, bowed their heads, pointed to the skies, and said, “Iehovah.” Thinking we might not understand this, the two on deck called over to the three in the canoe alongside. Immediately they all untied and pulled

off some long strips of native cloth which they had wound round their long hair, bowed the head, and one in the canoe commenced talking at the top of his voice, with his eyes shut. Whatever is it? We listened. . . . "Iehovah." . . . "Iesu." . . . "Atua." . . . "Iehovah." . . . They are praying. Listen! All was quiet and solemn; and by and by they come to the unmistakable "*Amen.*" Their heads were up again; and as they readjusted their hair, the leer of the eye was as much as to say, "You see how well we can do it. You *must now* know that we are friendly, and pray to the true God!" They echoed the names of our teachers, pointed to the land, and we commissioned them, as well as we could by signs, to go on shore and send out our teachers. The New Hebrides natives are low enough, but these poor fellows are lower still. Not a rag of clothing; not a leaf even. Only the broad bandage, or open cap, for the *hair of the head*.

Thursday, 8th May, at Sea, off Lifu.—We are now off Mu, on the south-east side of the island, where our teachers are. No anchorage; and on standing in, are in danger of being drifted on shore. Towards evening, got our two teachers, Paoo and Sakaria, on board, with the blind chief Bula (Boola), and his chief speaker, and some young men the descendants of Tongans who were drifted here many years ago. This is the *first missionary visit to Lifu*. Paoo and Sakaria were left at Maré three years ago, with instructions to come on to Lifu as soon as possible. They came in October, 1842. Have been kindly

treated by the natives ever since. But Sakaria has turned out bad ; he has been living like a heathen. Paoo, however, has been faithful, and a number are gathered together on the side of a nominal Christianity. They still fight, however, have night dances, pray to their ancestors, and add to all the worship of God. A change has of late come over the chief Bula ; he has given up cannibalism. Formerly he has had sixteen cooked bodies laid before him at a meal, now he will not touch human flesh, and threatens death to any of his family who ever again tastes of it. This was confirmed by the young Englishman, B——, we saw yesterday. If a cooked body is sent to him as a present, he gives orders to bury it. The Lifu people have had no hand in the late massacres at Maré and the Isle of Pines. They have occasional intercourse, however, and traffic with these islands. There is a party here now from the Isle of Pines, and they are trying to persuade the Lifu people to take a vessel also, as a good speculation—a royal road to wealth.

Off Lifu, Friday, 9th May.—Through Paoo, as interpreter, have had a long talk this morning with Bula and his party. Were minute in describing the miseries they will bring upon themselves if they attempt to take vessels. Exhorted them to take a firm stand on the side of Christianity, and let it still be the glory of their land that it is unstained by the blood of a stranger. This touched the right cord. Bula's speaker was on his feet directly, and holding on by the rail of the saloon settee, addressed us

with great earnestness as follows: "In all past generations Lifu has had a good name. Lifu has always been kind to strangers. You see these Tongans sitting here? Go on shore, and you will see the graves of their fathers who were drifted hither, and lived and died among us. Go on shore, and you will see the children of Tanna men. The fathers are all dead and buried, but the children live. We have always been kind to white men too. Do not be suspicious. We are not going to take a bad name for a good one. Now, too, that we have received the Word of God, we are all the more determined to be kind and good to all." They left the ship, assuring us that they would drive off these bad fellows from the Isle of Pines, and reject their wicked project.

Lifu is probably eighty miles in circumference; an uplifted coral formation, and covered with pines in some places. The highest land on the island may be 300 feet above the level of the sea. Population probably 8,000 or 10,000. Two political divisions of the island. Kuint is at the head of the one, and Bula at the head of the other. Both at present are hostile. Fought some time ago. Forty killed on the side of Bula, and seventy on the side of Kuint. At present they kidnap from each other, and dress for the oven a body when they get one. They are inveterate cannibals, but this has received a deathblow from Christianity. Great feasting at their principal times for spirit worship. They preserve relics of their dead, such as finger-nails, teeth,

tufts of hair, and these are, in fact, their idols. Polygamy prevails. Bula has forty wives. Common men three or four. The dead are buried, if not cooked. The spirit is supposed to go westward at death, to a place called Loeha. People in general healthy. In sickness send for native doctors, whose remedies are herbs and salt water. No cure, no pay! Lauilaati is the name of their creator. Said to have made a stone, out of which came the first man and woman. The people are industrious, and build round houses fifty feet in diameter. Only one dialect in the island, pure Papuan. A sandal-wooder lately shot fourteen men on the north-west side of the island, and the people there had a plot laid to take a ship, but it did not succeed.

Iona and his wife, who were at Tanna, and intending to return to Samoa, have volunteered to join Pao here, and help him for a year or two. May God bless their labours! There is much to be done on these cannibal shores.

We have left Lifu, and have shortened sail for the night, as we are surrounded by islands. Counted seven of them at sunset, including New Caledonia.

Saturday, 10th May, at Sea off Maré.—Knowing that between thirty and forty of our countrymen have been massacred on the island, within the last two years, we approached it to-day with no small concern for the safety of our teachers. We saw numbers of the natives in the distance, but they were afraid of us. Canoes all hauled up. Captain Morgan proposed to go in first and reconnoitre.

We sent a Samoan with him to shout to the natives on the rocks in Samoan, thinking that would be sure to bring the teachers, if alive. We followed the captain closely with our glasses. He kept well off, hoisted a white flag, and lay on his oars. Then up went a white flag on a long stick from a crowd of natives on shore. Among them and close to the flag, we saw a straw hat and a white shirt. "That's our teacher," we all said. The captain still kept off. Then down went the man with the straw hat into a canoe with three others, and pushed off. Pulled slowly away in another direction, evidently afraid of the boat. Soon however they head round, both parties are pulling towards each other, presently the man with the straw hat is into the boat, and the captain is heading out to the ship.

It turned out to be our Samoan teacher Tataio. It was like life from the dead to see him among us, and with no small interest we listened to his tale. He has been well himself, and, to our astonishment, has been kindly treated by the natives. Eight months ago his fellow-teacher, Taniela, of Tutuila, died of consumption. His greatest grief at the last was the thought of leaving Tataio all alone. The natives wept and wailed, as if it had been one of themselves. Their next fear was, lest anything should happen to Tataio. Were more careful than ever to supply him with food. Would not allow him to work. Forbad his going off to ships. "If," said they, "you die or get killed, the missionary ship will come, and think that

we have killed both you and Taniela. Numbers joined the new religion at the outset in 1841. But, after a time, there was a falling off, owing to a severe influenza epidemic. "We thought," said they, "that if we prayed to God we were to be free from sickness, but here it is as bad as ever." Then up came a message from Mantungu, the chief of the Isle of Pines, saying that they had killed their teachers, thought that they had been better in health since, and advised the old chief Ieui to kill Tataio and Taniela. "What," said Ieui, "kill my children! No, I can never do that. And as to disease, why you die and we die, and all are to die some day. Who lives for ever?" But this kind-hearted old man still holds on to heathenism; and as the people do what the chief does, Tataio has no marked cases of conversion to report. He plods on, however, every Sabbath at religious services. Four or five attend regularly, and some others occasionally. We thought Tataio would wish to leave; but no, he wishes to remain. Has hopes of ultimate success, and so we have decided to let him hold on. We have appointed another to help him; have given them their supplies, and the boat has gone on shore with them, but Tataio returns to spend the night with us, and give us what particulars he knows of the massacres which have taken place here.

Saturday Night, 10th May, at Sea off Maré.—Tataio returned this afternoon, bringing with him Naisilini, the son of old Ieui, and we have been listening for an hour or two to their sad tales. The

first massacre of which Tataio knows, was that of a boat's crew, six in number, who we suppose belonged to the "Martha," of Sydney, towards the end of 1841. They pulled in to a place on the north-west side of the island, called Sereuamiet, to look for sandal-wood. They landed, looked about, and were all in the boat about to return to the ship. The chief wished to join them, and have a look at the vessel. They refused, he persisted, and when the men commenced pulling, one of the oars accidentally struck his head. The beach was crowded with natives, who on seeing their chief wounded, and some supposing that it had been done intentionally, rushed forward, killed the whole party, and smashed the boat to pieces. The bodies were cooked.

Then followed the attack on the "Brigand," in November, 1843. She anchored at a place called Bula, six or eight miles from where the teachers resided. Tataio and Taniela went off to see what she was, told the captain that the natives were savages, and that he ought not to land. A Mr. Sutton and another proposed to take a run on shore under the wing of Taniela, and off they went to the village where the teachers live. Tataio, at the request of the captain, remained on board. That morning ten of the crew went on shore after women, and remained all night. Early in the morning, a number of the natives came to the vessel, and begged Tataio to go on shore. At first he refused, then yielded; he suspected from their urgency that something was wrong, and, as he left, told the captain

to look well after his ship. When he got on shore, he and Naisilini, who was with him, were called into a house to have a bit of food. As they were eating, they were startled by the sudden roars and yells of a fight close by them, and, at the same moment, bang, bang went a number of guns out at the vessel. They threw down their food, darted out, and were just in time to receive into their arms one of the white men who had cleared the crowd, and rushed to them. He would have been speared in a moment by those at his heels, but out of respect to Tataio and the chieftain rank of Naisilini, no one dared to touch him. The other nine, however, were all dead in a few seconds. The natives had enticed them out of the house singly into the bush, on pretence of taking them to women, and when they had thus separated them, each wheeled round and struck his man. An attack was made at the same time on board the vessel. There the plot was that four natives rush upon each man, to fasten his hands behind his back, while another clubbed him. The captain made a desperate effort, extricated himself, sprang below, got to his fire-arms, took his aim, shot one man dead, and when he fell on the deck, all the rest jumped overboard, and made off to the shore, leaving two of their own party and one of the white men dead.

Tataio and Naisilini hastened off along the coast home with the white man they had saved. A report of the massacre had preceded them, and Taniela had sent off in safety to the ship the two who were with

him. The captain got up anchor, and ran out to sea. He stood in again on the following day, and gave the teachers an opportunity of sending off to the vessel the man they had saved. The bodies of the unhappy sufferers were all cooked. So far as we can judge, the great object which the natives had in view by this massacre was the acquisition of property, such as was obtained by the Isle of Pines people when they took the brig "Star" the year before.

The next affray at Maré was the murder of the entire crew of the "Sisters," a small vessel from Sydney, like the rest, also in search of sandal-wood. She anchored at Uēlo, on the north-west side, ten or twelve miles from where our teachers were. The natives took off yams for sale. Bartering went on well for a time, and then the captain quarrelled with the chief over a perfect trifle. The chief had *two* yams, and wanted *two* bits of hoop iron for them. The captain gave him *one* piece, and insisted on having the *two* yams. The chief refused, and, on this, the captain seized a rope's end, and gave him a beating. The chief ordered all his people on shore, and at once they laid the plot to take the vessel. Next morning they went on board. The crew were below at breakfast, quite off their guard. The natives divided themselves into groups. Presently the crew came on deck, the signal was given, and, in a minute or two, all on board, consisting of eleven individuals, were overpowered and fell. Seven of the bodies were thrown into the sea, and four were taken on shore to cook. They then stripped the vessel of

everything they wanted, and set fire to her, as they heard the Isle of Pines natives had done with the "Star." While turning over their treasures on shore, and opening everything, they came upon some kegs of powder. They had an idea of what it was, and began amusing themselves by the blazes from small quantities thrown into the fire in the middle of the house. Some sparks reached the open kegs, and then there was a fearful explosion. The great house was blown to pieces, four were killed, and many wounded. Among the killed was a chief who was greatly lamented, and this set them all in a rage, and vowing vengeance on the first white men they could get hold of. Our teachers, Tataio and Taniela, were at their own station when this happened. The natives for a while concealed it from them, said it was a vessel which had been cast ashore, and all the crew dead; but after a time the account of the affair came out which Tataio has just told us.

Two boats and many other things belonging to the "Sisters" were taken to Lifu. Our teachers there, hearing whence they had come, offered things in exchange, and succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant, boat, and log-book. These they intended to keep until the missionary vessel came, and then deliver them up. Captain L——, of the barque "Magnet," touched there, and forced the teachers to give them up to him. They parted with them reluctantly, and asked Captain L—— to give them what they gave for the articles, since he must have them.

That even was refused ; and, subsequently, the most unfounded reports were spread abroad respecting these teachers, which, had Captain L—— been able to speak to them, or had he even communicated through an honest interpreter, would never have been circulated. When at Lifu, a few days ago, we received from our teachers a writing-desk and some other articles, which Captain Morgan will take to Sydney, and hand to the friends of the unhappy sufferers.

Tataio has yet another massacre of which to tell us. The murderers of the crew of the “Sisters,” who were thirsting for the blood of a white man to avenge the death of their chief, who was blown up with the gunpowder, had not long to wait. A large boat, with seven men in her, put in not long after, near the same place. This was a party of runaway convicts from Norfolk Island. Five of them were killed, and the boat broken to pieces. The other two had gone off to forage in the bush, and, happily, met with old Ieui and his sons, who were travelling there that very day about some war affairs. The murderers of the five were in search of the other two ; found them with Ieui and his sons, and proposed to kill them. Ieui refused, and took them home with him. They lived for two months under the wing of the old chief and our teachers, and were kindly treated.

But the fellows were out and out Norfolk Islanders. One night they got up and robbed old Ieui of four muskets, ten hatchets, four felling axes, and a saw. Then they went to the teachers’ house,

took four shirts, two knives, and an axe, and off they set in the teachers' canoe, to join some white men reported to be at Lifu. At daylight the things were missed, and the place in an uproar. Suspicion fell on the teachers. "Their canoe is away; they must have helped the fellows to lift it into the water," etc. "No," said Tataio, "how can that be? We are robbed, too, and our canoe gone, to boot! But, I'll tell you: they cannot be far away; let us be off after them. I go, for one. Who will join me?" A party was made up in a twinkling, and off they went; hard drive at their paddles, out to sea, in the direction of Lifu. Soon they sighted something rising now and then on the top of the waves. Two men in it; just the fellows. A little further, and they were in sight of each other. The thieves loaded their muskets, and fired two or three shots. No one was hurt. Their pursuers paddle steadily on, and are determined to be at them. Then they threw the stolen property into the sea towards them, but who could pick up sinking axes? All were lost. The two scoundrels knew what they deserved; thought it was a choice of deaths, and jumped into the sea to drown themselves. "Poor fellows," said Tataio, "they think we are going to kill them. Let us save them if we can." He got his hand into the mouth of one of them when he had all but sunk, and pulled him up. The other was also secured, and laid flat in the bottom of the canoe, half dead. The sea was running high, the outrigger broke, and all had to jump out, except the two vagabonds, who

were lying senseless in the bottom of the canoe. But it was hard work to swim and drag the disabled canoe through a heavy sea. "What are we doing?" said the natives to each other. "By and by we shall be all dead. Why should we be drowned in trying to save these fellows? It is their own doing. Let us tilt the canoe over, pitch them out, and save ourselves. "No," said Tataio; "see the current is drifting us fast to that little island. Let us try it a little longer."

They reached the little island, landed, rested, and scolded the two scoundrels, as they recovered and were able to listen to what was going on. Some natives on the island, when they heard the tale, would have them killed, but the votes with Tataio carried it for their lives. "Well, then, spare their lives; but we *must* punish them." They stripped them naked, besmeared them from head to foot with a mixture of mud and ashes, and then said, "Now you must go about so." Native-like, however, they repented next day, washed the fellows clean, and gave them back their clothes. After resting a day or two, the party returned to Maré.

The Maré people were delighted to see the party return; but, when they heard the story, and knew that all the property was thrown away, they could hardly keep their clubs off the vagabonds. But old Ieui united with the teachers, and forbade. "What good," said he, "will it do to kill them? It won't bring back my property." Here, again, they were allowed to live, and were fed, too, by the people as

if nothing had happened, until they had an opportunity of leaving in a vessel which touched at the place some time after. Call the natives of Maré savage or treacherous, or whatever we may, there are still some good sort of folks among them. Here is an example of humane forbearance in this old Ieui which many a civilized people would find hard to imitate.

Tataio says that the Maré people are now sorry they have killed so many white men, and are determined to stop it. This constant dread of white men and guns, when a vessel heaves in sight, is unbearable. Maré is a smaller island than Lifu. It, too, is a mass of uplifted coral. There are marks of two distinct upheavings. The highest parts may be 300 feet above the level of the sea. Nengone is the native name of the island. The name Maré, which is so prevalent, is said to be the name given to the island on the Isle of Pines. There is a twofold division of the island, in which the people are at enmity with each other. Polygamy prevails. Ieui has twenty wives. The dead are buried. Bodies of the enemy who are kidnapped or fall in battle, are cooked. Disease-makers similar to those at Tanna. Have finger-nail, tooth, and hair relics, as at Lifu, and deify the spirits of the departed.

Sabbath Evening, 11th May, at Sea off New Caledonia.—Captain Morgan went in early this morning at Maré, and put Tataio and Naisilini on shore for their Sabbath services. Wind light and fair, and so we stood off for New Caledonia. Sighted it this

afternoon, and now we are waiting for the return of day to communicate with the shore.

12th May, off New Caledonia. What a noble island! Upwards of 200 miles long and 50 broad. Well known since the days of Cook, and yet how little has been done for its heathen population! We were close in off the south-east corner of the island by eleven A.M. Whenever the boat made her appearance, our teachers Noa and Taunga were all ready to come off to the vessel. Glad to see them alive and well, poor fellows; but they too had sorrowful tales to tell us. They first told us of the death of their fellow-teacher Teura, a Rarotongan, last July. He died of consumption. His end was peace and joy, full of the hope of heaven.

MASSACRE AT THE ISLE OF PINES.

Then followed an account of the massacre of the teachers who were at the Isle of Pines. There were three of them. They were blamed for causing sickness. Mantungu, the chief, ordered them away, and as Captain Ebrill of the brig "Star" was there at the time, and offered to take them to Samoa, they left in his vessel. Captain Ebrill first went to Sydney, came back, was on his way to Samoa with the teachers, but touched at the Isle of Pines, to procure some more sandal-wood. He anchored at Uāo, some little distance from the residence of the chief. The natives went off to the vessel. "Where are Mantungu and his sons?" said a person on

board. "Dead," replied the natives in a joke. "Dead, dead! that is good," said the same person. "Let such chiefs be dead, and let the common people live, and help us to cut sandal-wood." For some reason which we cannot ascertain, Captain Ebrill and his crew were angry with the old chief, and, as a further proof of it, when he sent a present of food to the teachers, who he heard were in the vessel, it was not allowed to be received on board. Those who took it had pieces of wood thrown at them, and two musket-shots fired at them. None were killed, but one man was wounded in the knee. "What can they mean," said Mantungu, "wishing me and my sons dead in our own land, and why commit such outrages upon my people who went with a present?" Whether he had any intentions previously to take a vessel, we know not; but any one who knows the old despot can imagine how such treatment would make his savage heart flame with revenge.

Next morning thirty select men were off, determined to kill all on board. They took some sandal-wood with them to sell; and, as a further trick, did not arm themselves with clubs or axes, but with the adzes, which they use in dressing off the bark and sap from the wood. They reached the vessel. The sandal-wood pleased all on board, was immediately bought, and the natives were allowed to go up on deck to grind their adzes, on pretence that they were going off for more wood. One of the crew was turning the handle of the grindstone, a native

grinding an adze, and the captain close by. Seizing a favourable moment, the native swung his adze, and hit the captain in the face between the eyes. This was instant death to Captain Ebrill, and the signal for attack all over the vessel. In a few minutes seventeen of the crew were killed, viz., ten white men, including the captain, two Marquesans, two Mangaian, one Aitutakian, one New Zealander, and a Rarotongan teacher. The cook fought desperately for a while with an axe, and killed one man, but was at length overpowered and fell. This occurred on the afternoon of 1st of November, 1842. A young man named Henry, two Samoan teachers, and a native of the New Hebrides, made their escape below. Henry loaded muskets and fired up the companion, but without effect. It only exasperated the natives on deck, who threw down upon him lumps of sandal-wood. The teachers then collected their property, six red shirts, eight axes, etc., called up and offered all for their lives, but there was no mercy. Night came on. The natives divided. A party went on shore in the boat, and the rest remained on deck to guard those below.

In the morning the natives called down to Henry and the Samoans to come up, take the vessel further in, and then go on shore, as Mantungu had come and declared they were to live. The poor fellows felt they were entirely in the hands of the natives, came up, ran the vessel close in shore, and again dropped anchor. They were then taken to the shore. A son of Mantungu, with a tomahawk

in his right hand, met Henry as he stepped out of the boat, held out his left hand, with a feigned grin of friendship, to shake hands, but the moment he got hold of Henry's right hand, the villain up with his axe, and laid the poor fellow dead at his feet. Others were up and at the remaining three. Lengolo, the New Hebrides native, and the Samoan, Taniela, were killed at once. Mantungu and a party of natives were sitting under the shade of the coconuts, looking on. Lasalo, the other Samoan teacher, escaped, streaming with blood, threw himself at the feet of the old chief, and begged for life. Mantungu was silent for a minute or two, but soon gave the wink to a Lifu man. Lasalo was now dragged away to be killed, but he sprang from the fellow as he lifted his axe, and darted off to the sea. The savages were at his heels; he was hit repeatedly, but escaped to the deep water, struck out, and swam off to a little island. Four men jumped into a canoe, and after him. He climbed a pine-tree, talked for a while with them. They assured him Mantungu had determined to spare him, and at last he came down. It was treachery again. They sprang upon him like tigers; but again he extricated himself, rushed to the canoe; there, however, at length the poor fellow was overpowered and fell.

After the massacre the bodies were divided. There were people there from New Caledonia, Maré, and Lifu, and each had a share. Then followed the plundering of the vessel. Deck, cabins, and fore-castle were stripped of everything. They cut down

the masts to get at the sails and rigging, and then set fire to her, without opening the hold. As the fire reached the powder, there was a terrific explosion, but no lives lost. She burned to the water's edge, and then sank.

The accounts lately published in the Sydney papers of the attempt to take the "Caroline," of Sydney, at the Isle of Pines, is substantially correct. While the body of the crew were on shore, an attack was made on the vessel. In the affray, the powder magazine blew up, and sent the deck flying, which so alarmed the natives, that they all jumped overboard, except three who were killed. The crew on shore escaped to the vessel, got the fire under, weighed anchor, and fled. Had the plot to kill the crew on shore been carried out, this vessel would have gone to the bottom also, like the "Star." So far as we can ascertain, a desire for plunder was the main cause of this attack on the "Caroline."

NEW CALEDONIA.

Passing from these disasters on the Isle of Pines, Noa and Taunga proceeded to give us an account of their own difficulties at New Caledonia. The people were friendly for awhile; helped to build a chapel and dwelling-house for the teachers. The chief, however, seemed inclined to claim the latter as his own. From sixty to seventy gave up working on the Sabbath, and attended the services. Schools, too, were commenced for the children and adults,

and all going on as well as could be expected, when over came a message from Mantungu, of the Isle of Pines, saying that they must kill the teachers, and give up the worship of God, as he had done. With the command, the old man sent an axe, said it had done the deed in killing their teachers, and was to be used in cutting off Noa and Taunga. The people had a meeting, and wept over it. They could not kill their teachers; but as they are a conquered tribe, and under the feet of the old tyrant, they felt sadly afraid of the consequences of a refusal. To please him a number gave up attending to the services. But when he heard that his words were not carried out to the very letter, his next was a threat to "make food" of the whole district.

The teachers had now to be on their guard. Taunga went, on a Sabbath-day, to preach at a neighbouring village. Two sons of the chief accompanied him. On the way, the one proposed to the other to kill Taunga. He refused; said he was afraid of his father. The other insisted on it; said he would do it. "You go home," said he; "leave it with me to lead on Taunga a bit further. I can manage it." They conversed in a dialect which they thought Taunga did not understand; but he caught it, saw what was in the wind, and as the two separated, he refused to go any further. The murderer up with his club; Taunga darted at him, twisted it out of his hands, and ordered both the fellows to be off home in the road before him. He followed at their heels with the club in his hand.

On two or three other occasions the lives of these good men were in jeopardy, and the accounts which they give of their self-possession on these trying occasions is heart-stirring and apostolic. "Come on," said Taunga one day when they were surrounded, and all ready for the slaughter. "Come on, kill us; we are not afraid. Close our lips in death, if you please, but remember you will not thereby silence the Word of God."

But their most narrow escape was only a few days ago. On the 5th instant, a large party in five canoes arrived from the Isle of Pines to kill Noa and Taunga. On the following day an armed party, headed by Uaise, son of Mantungu's brother, went to the teachers' house to do the deed. They found Noa outside near some graves, and commenced jeering and wrangling with him about the resurrection.

"Do you mean to say that the bodies of these people will rise?" said Uaise.

"Yes; and that they will," replied Noa. "Christ will appear in the heavens, a trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised."

"Nonsense. All a parcel of lies."

"No lies about it. Wait till the time comes, and you will see that it is all true."

"Lies. Rotten flesh and bones live again! Who would believe such a thing? What liars you Samoans and Rarotongans are!"

"No lies. True words of God. And let me tell you more: it will be a glorious day that for

all good people; but those who are wicked when they die, will rise in great misery, weeping and wailing, and calling upon the mountains to fall down and cover them up again."

"Stop, stop! Don't want to hear any more of your tales."

Taunga was in the house; overheard what was going on; thought he would try and carry on the conversation with the rough-looking fellows, and so he called them all to step in and have some conversation with him about the Word of God. A number went in. Taunga commenced on the resurrection, respectfully addressing the chief, Uaise; but before he got out half-a-dozen of words, in rushed four furious fellows, hatchet in hand, all excited, and prepared for instant bloodshed. One seized Noa's arm with his left hand, and raised his axe with his right. Another did the same to Taunga. Taunga was speechless, bowed his head in silent prayer, and waited the deadly blow. Noa bowed his head, too, but raised his voice in prayer: "Father, if it be thy will that we this day fall at the hands of the heathen, receive our souls, through Jesus Christ our Saviour." The assassins must first have the nod of their leader; they looked and looked. "Sha'n't we strike?" Uaise shook his head. They held on for a minute or two, but it was still a shake, and "No," and off the four fellows darted out of the house again. The hand which moves the world had touched with fear or pity the savage heart of Uaise. Taunga and Noa looked up. Hope of life returned.

“Sit still,” said they to Uaise; “our oven, which was covered in an hour ago will now be ready; have a bit of food.” In three minutes a tray of smoking hot yams was brought in. This was the finishing touch. Their hard hearts were melted; they partook of the teachers’ hospitality, rose, shook hands, went back to their quarters, and next morning left the islands.

We feel thankful to God that we have arrived here just at this time. A great feast is to be held towards the end of the month, at which Mantungu and his people are to be present, and as the old man still breathes out threatenings and slaughter against the teachers, he no doubt looks forward to it as the time for another attempt. Our arrival, therefore, seems quite providential for the rescue of these good men, who have so long hazarded their lives in the cause of Christ among these people. The chief here is an inactive simpleton, affords no protection, and has treated the teachers more as if they were his servants than otherwise. Nor do we at present know of any other place on the island where they are likely to be free from the rage of Mantungu; it is said that he is dreaded all over the island. Noa is quite decided; he wishes to be removed. Taunga is willing to do whatever we please; either to let him hold on, or try some other island. Says he wishes to live and die in the service of Christ among the heathen. On our proposing to remove him to Maré, he said he might as well be killed on New Caledonia as Maré. But when he heard how kind the Maré

people had been to our teachers amid all their slaughter of white men, he was willing to go. Happily the chief Uathotha was on board. We called him at once, and told him we were going to remove the teachers. "Very well; just as you think best." We were surprised to see how coolly he and the others with him took it. We gave him a present, promised him another visit, and parted good friends. We proposed to take two young men with us to Samoa for instruction, and Uathotha has given up a young man called Keamu, one of his relatives, and another called Navie, a captive taken in war, who has lived at Tuaulu for some time. We have left New Caledonia, sorry to give it up even for a time, but we have no alternative. We are now standing towards Maré.

At Sea off Maré, Tuesday, 13th May.—Early this morning had Maré full in view, but were becalmed. After breakfast, Mr. Murray, Captain Morgan, and I left the ship in the whale-boat. Had a pull of some four miles before we got to the beach. Felt a strange sensation as I stepped on to the island where so many of our countrymen have of late been massacred. But all, at a glance, was perfect friendship. The women and children were there, and the men, though armed, were evidently full of joyous excitement to see us land among them without gun or sword, either in the boat or in our hands. They had *heard* of "servants of God," "men of *peace*," etc., and now that we were actually among them, they looked as if it were a treat. All were orderly

at the word of old Ieui, cleared a path for us through the crowd, and we all walked up to the "great house," a round, bee-hive looking building, sixty feet in diameter, something like our large Samoan houses. All were silent. Mr. Murray and I addressed the chiefs and people. Ieui and all were delighted with our proposal to leave Taunga. We closed our interview with prayer, walked about the settlement a little, and then returned to our boat. The natives crowded about like bees; a yam in one hand, holding on by the boat with the other, and clamorous for fish-hooks. We satisfied the most of them. Old Ieui gave the word of command, and every man let go. We pushed off, but the old man insisted on accompanying us out a bit, and to *swim* back. He seemed to think as little of that as we should of walking. But we did not like to take the old man far. Held on after pulling a few strokes; gave him some more fish-hooks. He saw we did not wish to take him further, stowed them away in his mouth, shook hands, tumbled overboard, and, with the greatest good-humour, waddled away to the shore.

As we pulled out to the vessel, sang a verse or two of

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,"

and felt grateful to God for having enabled us to complete so far the work which we had marked out for ourselves in our cruise. A fair wind had sprung up, and, as soon as we got on board, headed round and shaped our course for Samoa. Have just had a

special thanksgiving service for God's goodness in preserving our lives, and for having to such an extent given us favour in the eyes of the heathen, and blessed the object of our voyage.

NOTES RELATIVE TO NEW CALEDONIA, FROM NOA AND
TAUNGA.

At Sea, Wednesday, 14th May.—Have not found a native name for the entire island; it is all broken up into districts, each having a name. Tuaulu is the name of the district where they lived on the S.S.E. side of the island. Numea is a district two days' journey to the north of that. Kraji is the name of a place four days' journey beyond that again, where there is a lighter race, speaking an Eastern Polynesian dialect.

At the birth of a child the doorway is the place set apart for the occasion, and the friends assemble in a circle outside. If a girl she is betrothed forthwith to some one present, and, when seven or eight years of age, goes to his house, and is taken special care of by the family until she is older. If it is a boy, there are great shouts and rejoicings. A priest cuts the umbilicus on a particular stone from Lifu, that the youth may be *stone*-hearted in battle. The priest, too, at the moment of the operation, must have a vessel of water before him, dyed black as ink, that the boy, when he grows up, may be courageous to go anywhere to battle on a pitch-

dark night, and thus, from his very birth, the little fellow is consecrated to war.

Girls work in plantations. Boys learn to fight. Boys fight with boys. The people generally are trained to a keen sense of hearing. They listen on the ground, and can discern the tread of a party coming to battle, when they are yet a long way off. Circumcision is practised "when the youth's whiskers reach the hair of his head." No whiskers is considered a sign of wickedness, a curse from the gods, and the mark of an outcast. Chiefs have ten, twenty, and thirty wives. The more wives the better plantations, and the more food. Common men have one or two. No laws of consanguinity are observed in their marriages, the *nearest* relatives unite. If a wife misbehaves, the chief does not divorce her, but makes her work all the harder.

Taro, yams, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, fish, pigeons, bats, rats, and human flesh are the prevailing articles of food. No pigs; few bread-fruits. They cook in earthenware pots, manufactured by the women. No intoxicating kava, but they drink enormous quantities of salt-water. They work in the morning till eleven A.M. Then rest; drink cup after cup of salt-water until it operates; cook, and have their daily meal. Only one meal a-day.

They have no clothing. Married women only wear a short fringe. Disease-makers burn rubbish as at Tanna (see p. 89). They think white men are the spirits of the dead, and bring sickness; and give this as a reason why they wish to kill white men. If a

man among themselves is suspected of witchcraft, and supposed to have caused the death of several persons, he is formally condemned. A great festival is held. He is dressed up with a garland of red flowers, arms and legs covered with flowers and shells, and his face and body painted black. He then comes dashing forward, rushes through among them, jumps over the rocks into the sea, and is seen no more.

At death they dress the body with a belt and shell armlets. Raise and cut off the finger and toe nails whole to preserve as relics. They spread the grave with a mat, and bury all the body but the head. After ten days, the friends twist off the head, extract the teeth as further relics, and preserve the skull also. In cases of sickness, and other calamities, they present offerings of food to the skulls of the departed. The bodies of the common people, as well as those of the chiefs, are treated thus. The teeth of old women are taken to the yam plantation as a charm for a good crop, and their skulls are also erected there on poles for the same purpose. They set up spears at the head of a chief when they bury him, fasten a spear-thrower on to his forefinger, and lay a club on the top of his grave.

Their villages are not permanent. They migrate within certain bounds, as they plant. There are fifty or sixty round houses in some villages. They had only *stone* edge-tools until recently. They felled their trees by a slow fire close to the ground; took four days to it. Burned off the branches also, and,

if for a canoe or house-post, the length of log required. If for a canoe, they cut a hole in the surface of the log, kindled a small fire, and burned down and along, carefully drop, drop, dropping water all around, to confine the fire to a given spot; and in this way they hollowed out their logs for the largest canoes.

The chiefs have absolute power of life and death. Priests do not interfere in political affairs. At death the chief nominates his successor, if possible, in a son or a brother. The law of private revenge allows the murder of the thief and the adulterer. In the district of Kraji, the guilty parties of adultery are tried, dressed up, fed before the multitude, and then publicly strangled. A man of the friends of the woman takes one end of the cord, and a man of the friends of the man takes the other.

The population is principally along the coast. The people think they are more numerous now than formerly. They account for it by there being less war now than formerly. Still, it is war, war, war, incessant war! They say that formerly they did not stop a fight until one party was killed right out to the verge of extinction, but that now they are more merciful. They fight with clubs, spears, and slings. They pick out the good bodies of the slain for the oven, and throw the bad away; they tie up a captive to a tree, dig a hole, and kindle a hot stone-oven for his body before his very eyes. The women go to battle. They keep in the rear, and attend to the *commissariat*! Whenever they see one of the enemy fall, it is their

business to rush forward, pull the body behind, and dress it for the oven. The hands are the choice bits, sacred to the priests. The priests go to battle, but sit in the distance, *fasting* and praying for victory. They fast for days if they get no *hands*. If the body of a chief is cooked, every one must partake, down to the little child, and before a gourmandizer proceeds to *polish* the bones, he calls out, "Have all tasted?" If it is the body of a woman, they eat only the arms and legs. On Maré they devour all. Sometimes they cook in joints, and sometimes the whole body is doubled up in a sitting posture, with the knees to the chin, put into the oven, and served up so, as they squat around for their meal. Their appetite for human flesh is never satisfied. "Do you mean to say that you will forbid us the *fish of the sea*? Why, these are our *fish*!" This is how they talk when you speak against cannibalism.

Their gods are their ancestors, whose relics they keep up and idolize. At Kraji they have wooden idols before the chiefs' houses. The office of the priest is hereditary. Almost every family has its priest. To make sure of favours and prosperity, they pray not only to their own gods, but also, in a general way, to the gods of other lands. Fishing, planting, house-building, and everything of importance is preceded by prayers to their guardian spirits for success. This is especially the case before going to battle. They pray to one for the eye, that they may see the spear as it flies towards them. To another for the ear, that they may hear the approach

of the enemy. Thus too they pray for the feet, that they may be swift in pursuing the enemy; for the heart, that they may be courageous; for the body, that it may not be speared; for the head, that it may not be clubbed; and for sleep, that it may be undisturbed by an attack of the enemy. Prayers over, arms ready, and equipped with their relic charms, they go off to battle. The *summum bonum* of a New Caledonian is to be praised as a great warrior. A coward has neither food nor respect.

There is a rain-making class of priests. They blacken themselves all over, exhume a dead body, take the bones to a cave, joint them, and suspend the skeleton over some taro leaves. Water is poured on the skeleton to run down on the leaves. They suppose that the soul of the departed takes up the water, makes rain of it, and showers it down again. They have to fast and remain in the cavern until it rains, and sometimes die in the experiment. They generally choose, however, the showery months of March and April for their rain-making. If there is too much rain, and they want fair weather, they go through a similar process, only they kindle a fire under the skeleton and burn it up.

The spirits of the departed are supposed to go to the bush. Every fifth month they have a "spirit night," or "grand concert of spirits." Heaps of food are prepared for the occasion. The people assemble in the afternoon, round a certain cave. At sundown they have a feast, and that over, one gets up and addresses the spirits inside the cave: "You

spirits within, may it please you to sing a song, that all the ladies and gentlemen out here may listen to your sweet voices." Then out bursts a strange unearthly concert of voices, in which the nasal squeak of old men and women is uppermost. Those outside listen a while with delight, and praise the "sweet voices," and then get up and dance to the music. The singing increases with the dance, and then follow the other orgies of a night of unbridled liberty, which, drinking excepted, would compare with some of the worst of the ancient bacchanalia. The "spirits" are the old men and women of the place, who slip in unobserved during the day, and carry on the hoax upon the children and young people, who firmly believe that the spirits of the dead really assemble that night in the cave, and patronize the sports of the living.

At Sea, 20th May, long. 178° E., lat. 23° S.—Light but fair winds for the last week. All well on board. Have classes with the Tannese and New Caledonians to teach them Samoan. Mr. Murray is writing our united journal of the voyage for the Directors, and I am drawing out a paper for our *Reporter*, and a special account of the massacres for the *Sydney Herald*. The friends of the sufferers will read with melancholy interest all that we have to record, as it will probably be the first and the only reliable account which they will have of the sad transaction.

Vavau, Friendly Islands, 29th May.—Have just

dropped anchor here. Have called to inform our Wesleyan brethren that we have removed our teachers from Rotumah, and now commit the island entirely to their care. We also form a special deputation from the Samoan mission relative to some Tongans now in Samoa, who profess to be religious teachers, and are a great hindrance to the cause of Christ.

Vavau, Friday, 30th May.—We are now on shore, and enjoying the kind hospitality of our missionary friends here, Messrs. Turner, Wilson, and Kevern. Have had a conference with them relative to the objects of our visit. They assure us they will do their best for Rotumah, and also do all in their power to put an end to the evil of which we complain in Samoa, as carried on by Tonga men calling themselves Wesleyans.

4th June.—Under weigh again, and now leaving Vavau. Have spent a few happy days with our brethren here. We are now off with a fair wind for Samoa.

Apia, Upolu, Saturday, 7th June.—Anchored here this morning. Goodness and mercy have followed us since we set out, and to the God of missions be all the praise! A meeting of our brother missionaries is summoned to hear an account of the voyage, and to deliberate on future movements. “God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE IN 1848.

AFTER an interval of three years, I was again called to buckle on, and take a voyage among the heathen islands of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia groups. In addition to the location of native teachers, there was, on this occasion, the doubly responsible work of selecting a field for the infant mission of the United Secession Church of Nova Scotia, whose agents, the Rev. John Geddie and Mr. I. Archibald, a lay assistant, had come out with instructions to commence a mission, if practicable, on New Caledonia; but to be guided principally by us, in their final decision as to a sphere of labour.

At a general meeting of our Samoan mission committee, on the return of the "John Williams," on her second voyage from England, it was arranged that the Rev. T. Powell form a third, with the Nova Scotia brethren, in founding the new mission; that, owing to the unsettled state of New Caledonia, the mission be commenced in the New Hebrides, and, if possible, on the island of Vaté; that the Rev. H. Nisbet accompany the party, and help them for twelve months; and also that I should aid in the selection of the new field, and other preliminaries; go the round of the islands to be visited in the voyage,

and return (D.V.) with a report of the whole. A full account of this voyage would fill a volume, but I proceed as before, to give some condensed jottings from my journal, leaving it with the reader to draw his own inferences, and make his own reflections.

On Board the "John Williams," Apia, Upolu, Monday, 3rd July, 1848.—Once more on board the barque for a missionary cruise. Parted early this morning with my dear wife and children. Feel concerned for their safety, owing to the late fighting and the continued hostile state of Samoan affairs. But the call of duty is urgent to go on with the voyage, and God will, I doubt not, take care of all I leave behind. Have just had a farewell meeting with the friends on shore, and we are about to weigh anchor.

Matautu Savaii, Tuesday, 4th July.—Have called here, as usual, before leaving the group. Mr. Pratt has two teachers to add to our party, a couple of servants for Mr. and Mrs. Geddie, and his people are ready with a present of six pigs and three hundred yams for the vessel. Our company is complete, and now we take our final departure. We have on board Mr. and Mrs. Geddie and child; Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and child; Mr. and Mrs. Powell and two children; three Rarotongans; seven Samoans; six native women, the wives of the teachers; and seven native children. We have also with us the native Keamu, of New Caledonia, Umra, of Aneiteum, and Ioane, a Savage Islander, all of whom we have

had with us in Samoa for a time, and who, we trust, will be of much use to us, first as interpreters, and subsequently when they land among their own people. The parting of the natives with their friends a little ago brought the tears into my eyes. Some of the aged parents waded into the sea up to the waist, sobbing and crying, as our boat moved away, and there they still stood in the deep water, catching the last glance of those they love. We leave immediately, sixty of us in all, including the ship's company.

At Sea, 12th July.—Have had fine weather, and a good run since leaving Samoa. We are close upon the New Hebrides. Hope to anchor at Aneiteum to-morrow, and have just had a special prayer-meeting to implore God's help and blessing in the commencement of our work on the coming day.

Aneiteum, New Hebrides, Friday, 14th July.—Reached this island yesterday, and have come to anchor in the large harbour, which we first visited in the boat in 1845. Glad to see our teachers, Simeone and Pita, on board soon after the anchor was down. Soon saw the chief Nohuat, also, but he is still a heathen. He let the teachers have a piece of land on which to build their house, but gave no help; they persevered, however, and have finished their little plastered cottage of three rooms. He gave them land, also, on which to plant, but their taro disappeared as soon as it was ripe. A few attend the Sabbath services, but the mass of the people still adhere to their heathenism, and are obstinate in

strangling the widows. A commencement was made some years ago to bury the dead, instead of throwing them into the sea; but the teachers found out that a notion was spreading that all who were buried went to heaven, and all who were cast into the sea went to hell, and therefore gave up saying much about it, that the people may understand it is a matter of no moment, as regards his eternal interests, where the body of a man is disposed of after death. A man died lately who regularly attended the services, and of whom the teachers have some hope. After his death they succeeded in saving his widow from being strangled. They had all but a fight over it, as her brother insisted on carrying out the old custom. I saw this woman in the teachers' house this afternoon. War broke out some months ago; seven were killed. They are at peace again, but there is still bad feeling between this and the other side of the island, and the station there has been broken up. The number of white men is increasing. Several Roman Catholic priests have also come, and appear to be making this a principal station. They have erected a large iron house on the opposite side of the bay from where the teachers are. There are eight priests and eight lay brethren, we are told.

In the event of our not finding things at Vaté as we could wish, this seems to be the place for commencing the Nova Scotia mission. Called on Nohuat this afternoon, to return his visit and say good-bye. He promises to behave better to the teachers

for the future, and asked me to bring him some tobacco next time. "I never carry tobacco," was my reply. "I believe it to be a bad thing, and could not think of bringing you what I believe would do you harm." He was pleased to hear that we intend trying to locate the teachers among the unfriendly tribes on the other side of the island.

Having decided to reoccupy the old station on the other side, we have sent on Simeone and other two Samoans, together with the Aneiteum native Umrā, to go overland to consult with the chief, and, if all is favourable, to hoist a white flag on the beach in the morning, as a signal for us, in passing in the ship, to lower the boat and take on shore the teachers; if things look unfavourable, they are to come off in a canoe to the vessel, and let us know.

At Sea off Aneiteum, Saturday Evening, 15th July.

—Weighed anchor by daylight, and ran out with a strong wind. Wet, squally morning, but it cleared off in an hour or two. About ten o'clock the wind got more ahead. To expedite our business, we lowered the boat, and Captain Morgan, Mr. Nisbet, and I left the ship with the teachers, to pull ahead round to Aname. After pulling half an hour we met two natives fishing. Recognized in one of them an old face we had seen at Tanna. He was delighted to see us. We said a few words, gave him some fish-hooks, and passed on. After a time, got round to the place, saw something white in the distance. Looked through the glass. "A long pole and a white shirt flying! All right; that is our

flag." Pulled on, and soon had Simeone alongside of our boat. Report all favourable. He said the friends of Umrā were delighted to see him back. His accounts of Samoa, the missionaries, religious worship, the love of Christ in coming to die for sinners, the glories of heaven, and the miseries of hell, all greatly astonished them. They killed two pigs to receive him and our messengers, said they were glad at the prospect of getting teachers again, and were all ready to give us a cordial reception.

We went on shore, and left the men in charge of the boat. It was proposed that we should meet the chiefs and people at their headquarters, about a mile inland. As the women and children were all about, and every appearance of friendship, we did not hesitate, but went on. We met with some sixty natives altogether. Through Simeone, as our interpreter, we told them of our object in coming on shore; that although we were now met on the ground of the chief Ieta, that the teachers we were about to leave were for all that side of the island, and implored them to attend to the Word of God and the way of salvation. The chief Ieta replied:—"Come," said he, "let us all have something to say in this affair. Let us cast off heathenism, and attend to this true religion, lest we all go to that fire Umrā was telling us about last night." All spoke favourably. We then named some minor matters, a house for the teachers, etc. "A house! We shall send off directly to cut wood for a house," said Ieta, "and for the present my house is theirs."

They said "Yes" to everything, and really seemed sincere about it. We added a few words on the great object of our mission, viz., that they may know God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent to save our souls from hell, and concluded our deliberations with prayer.

As we were about to leave, three or four men came trotting out of the bush, streaming with perspiration, and laden with a heavy stick or two on their shoulders. They threw them down close by us with a shout, and looked up as pleased as if they had done *us* some favour. "What are these for?" I inquired. "Wood for the teachers' house!" I thought the *directly* of Ieta meant Monday or Tuesday, but, with the word, he had given the wink for some of his people to be off with their axes *forthwith*. This was all gratifying. We went back to the boat, had the teachers' boxes put on shore, and have left the young men with every prospect of success. Their names are Opetaiā and Palepo, and are from the Hervey Islands. We have brought with us a smart youth of the name of Kaipul, to take to Samoa for instruction. He is related to Umrā. As we reached the boat we found that another native had seated himself, all ready to go with us to Samoa also. His only covering was an old satin waistcoat, which he appeared to think fully entitled him to a place among good company. We did not fancy the looks of the fellow, and declined, but he was quite stubborn about it. After a little coaxing, however, we got him quietly walked over the side. We pushed

off amid the farewells and waving of hands of all on the beach. Up sail, with a fair wind, and were soon outside the reef, and off to meet the ship. Got safely on board. All were delighted to hear our tale, and united with us in thanking God for his goodness to us throughout the day. We are now standing for Tanna.

TANNA.

Port Resolution, Tanna, Monday Evening, 17th July.—Anchored here yesterday. Poor Tanna! Clouds and sunshine—sunshine and clouds. Our fair prospects in 1845 were blasted in 1846 by the murder of one of the teachers, and the burning of the mission premises, all owing to the belief that the teachers and the new religion cause disease. There has been war again among all the tribes round the bay, and, for three months, the teachers on the one side have not felt it safe to visit the people on the other. Our old friend Lahi got an arrow wound in a battle fought close by where our house stood. It proved fatal. He died, like too many in more favoured lands, mourning over his sins, and that he had not lived as we had often taught him. The chief, Viavia, and some others wished to fight with the chief who burned our house. Kuanuan forbad. “Never mind,” said he; “although the house is gone, we have still the religion in our hearts, and can still pray to the true God.” We have left another Rarotongan teacher with the two on the

mountain of Enekahi, on the west side of the bay, and they will embrace the first opportunity of reoccupying some part on the east side. A large boat from the sandal-wood settlement at Aneiteum was lately taken, and her crew of three white men killed at Nakosmene, a few miles to the west of the harbour where we are now at anchor. Cannot find out the real cause. Soon after a vessel followed, to avenge the death of the white men. The natives foolishly mustered on the beach to fight with the vessel. She opened fire on them. Six were shot dead, and the rest ran off into the bush.

Tried to get out this afternoon. Wind failed, and had again to "let go" the anchor. Just at this time a schooner came in. They did not show colours, but we saw a large crew of white men, besides natives; five swivels mounted; smelt sandal-wood, and concluded what she was. After tea, we were on the eve of going on board to see what information we could pick up, when the mate of the schooner came to visit us. They have been sandal-wooding at Eromanga. Lost a man off the jibboom in June last, named Henry Johnson, of Londonderry. Had a boat taken by the Eromangans, fifteen miles to the south of Dillon's Bay. They were out in deep water, but the natives upset the boat. One of the crew clung to the keel, and was killed directly: his name was William Thorington, of Chatham. The rest swam out to sea towards the vessel. They had a current in their favour, and, as the natives were busy picking up the contents of the boat, they

escaped. One of them was four hours in the water, and has been insensible ever since. Another, who had a blow on the head from a tomahawk, is also out of his mind. The mate of this schooner tells sad tales of his brethren in the sandal-wood trade. He names a vessel now in the group, and says they fire upon every tribe that will not let them have the wood. He says they take natives from one place to another, and sell them for wood. Over and over again he assured us that he and his party never do any such tricks; but at the same moment his own boat's crew were telling our men on deck tales, which, if true, made them out to be as bad as any in the trade. They say they get a chief on board, and keep him until they get boat-loads of wood for his rescue. After getting the wood they take away the poor man still, and sell him for more wood at another place, there to be a slave, or, more likely, a roast for the next meal. At this place they will pick up some other person, and off with him again. If they take some Tanna men in this way to Eromanga, they will return to Tanna and say, "Oh, they were killed at Eromanga." And at Eromanga they will say the same of any Eromangans who have been left here. Dogs and cats, also, it appears, are in great demand at Eromanga. A dishonest trader will show a cat; a boat-load of sandal-wood is brought for it; he tells them to bring more, they bring more; and, after all, he keeps the cat, and sails off laughing with the wood. In retaliation for injuries, if accounts are true, some of these white

men are as barbarous as the natives. It is reported that this very party now at anchor took a chief of Cook's Bay lately, first mangled his body on board, then threw him into the sea, and shot at him as at a target. This is a horrid trade. Every year discloses more and more of its atrocities. And yet how marked the judgments of God on those who prosecute it? Dating from a sandal-wood expedition which was at Eromanga not long before Mr. Williams was killed, up to the present time, I can reckon no fewer than *three hundred and twenty-two* souls who have perished in the traffic.

Port Resolution, Tanna, Tuesday Evening, 18th July.—Wind this morning right in. Blew so hard in the night, that the captain let go another anchor. Had a visit from the chief Viavia after breakfast. He wished me to let him have some medicines to lay by for himself and family. I gave him some. He begged also that plenty should be left with the teachers. Their faith in medicine is rising, and as that rises, down goes the craft of the disease-makers. Just as Viavia was leaving the ship, I heard a native say something to him about "killing," and presently it came out that an Eromangan from the sandal-wooder alongside of us was killed on shore to-day. The mate has just been on board of us again. We asked him about it. He expressed surprise, denied that the man went on shore in the ship's boat. Says he ran off without their leave in a canoe. So many of the Tannese have been killed at Eromanga, that an Eromangan cannot

expect to live five minutes after landing anywhere on this beach. This mate himself admits this, says he has seen them with his own eyes massacred on shore directly after landing. The wonder then is, how that poor man was taken on shore to-day. We can hardly imagine his going of his own accord. We hear that the party on board this schooner have bought upwards of twenty cats and a dog on the beach to-day, and cannot divest our minds of the dark suspicion that that poor fellow went as part payment. That the Tannese are capable of such a thing, we have no doubt, and *but for the tales of these sandal-wooders themselves*, the thought would never have entered into our heads, that white men could be suspected, even, of such inhuman barbarities.*

* I have been at a loss sometimes to know how sensible-looking men can reason, who are guilty of such atrocities as those which we have had occasion too frequently to report; but the secret came out one day when I was in conversation with one of them about his sad doings at Eromanga and Vaté. "Mr. Turner, seriously, you do not mean to say that these Eromangans are *men*?" "Not men! and what do you suppose they are? Nonsense! Don't you know that our own forefathers were just such naked, painted savages as these? Did you ever see a pig that could build a house, or cultivate and fence such lovely plantations as you saw there?" "Well, well, we paid them out at Eromanga, at any rate, for killing Mr. Williams, and that we did."

We had occasion, some years ago, to expose the doings of this man, in company with other two, which led him to bluster about Sydney streets, threatening prosecution. At the time referred to, we recorded the following sentence: "They who commanded the expedition, and are responsible for such barbarous wickedness, may attempt to conceal or deny these crimes, with a

NIUA.

At Sea, Wednesday Evening, 19th July.—Had a fine southerly wind this morning, and were glad to part company with the schooner alongside of us. Stood across to the little island of Niua, and were soon close in upon it. Lowered the boat, and Captain Morgan, Mr. Nisbet, Mr. Powell, and I left for the shore. A heavy surf on, but we got the natives to come out to us. Glad to see our old friend Fangota again. He grieves over the war which caused the teachers to leave, who were placed there three years ago. Poor fellow! he has forgotten the Sabbath. Asked when it was. Says, however, that he prays to God, and tries to remember what we told him about Jesus. We are sorry that we have no teachers for them this voyage; but are glad to see that the door is still open, and that we have some warm friends on shore. Fangota's special request is, that we send back the teacher Iona, and one or two others with him.

EROMANGA.

We are now off Eromanga. The wind does not admit of our running through the straits, so we are standing off to go east of the island. We were told

view to escape the withering frown of the wise and the good, but the still more withering blast of the Divine displeasure will at length overtake them." It did not need a prophet to say that. The one soon after died at sea, the other died a drunkard. And the last accounts I heard of the third was, that he was a prisoner for life in the United States.

at Aneiteum, and also at Tanna, that the "Elizabeth," a sandal-wooding barque, went on shore in a gale in February last, in Dillon's Bay. It is supposed that all were drowned except two. They reached the shore, but were killed directly. The Eromangans are constantly fighting with the sandal-wooders. They have now a daring scheme of getting under the boat and upsetting it. They go off swimming with one arm, a tomahawk under the other, and a log of sandal-wood as a bait. While the log is being hauled into the boat, they dive under the keel, tip it over, and then attack the white men with their tomahawks. The guns of the ship are then loaded, some natives shot, and thus goes on the perpetual war. What can be done to check the evil? It is increasing every year, and hindering our missionary labours beyond description.* If we are beating in the morning, and can run into Dillon's Bay without much delay, we intend to do so. As we have so many on board, we are anxious, with as little delay as possible, to proceed to Vaté, to make the necessary arrangements there,

* We exposed to the world the doings of these sandal-wooders for several years. Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, followed and did the same. Captain Erskine and other naval officers took up the case with great energy, and subsequently all the colonial traders to these islands were led to understand that they should have to answer for every criminal information filed against them in their intercourse with the South Sea Islanders. Then followed the trial at Sydney of Captain Lewis, for shooting three natives of Maré; and again of Captain Ross, for the murder of a Lifu native. The consequence is, that for several years back, we rarely hear of any of the atrocities which characterized the trade ten and fifteen years ago.

if possible, for the commencement of the new mission. We have just had a special prayer-meeting, in anticipation of our approach to Vaté, and may we have the divine presence which we have sought in all our deliberations connected with this the main object of the present voyage! Mr. Geddie conducted the meeting.

VATÉ.

At Sea, S.W. Side of Vaté, 20th July.—Strong wind all night, and this morning found ourselves far on towards Vaté. Were up to the principal station late in the afternoon. The teachers recognized us, started in their canoes, and we had them all on board before sunset. It was too late to get to anchor, and we are now standing off for the night. The brethren Gill and Nisbet, on their visit here two years ago, were much cheered, and increased the number of teachers to nine. But now the sky is clouded, and we shall have to record reverses. Death, in various forms, has thinned the number to five. Two of the women are also dead. I must defer, however, a minute entry until we get to anchor, as the teachers, fresh from the shore, are sea-sick, and laid down.

At Anchor, off Pango, Vaté, 21st July.—Anchored here this morning. Arranged to have no natives on board, but a few of the chiefs, and proceeded to hear the reports of the teachers. The two stations, Pango and Erakor, are still occupied, and with fluctuating success. No marked case of true conversion to God. The chiefs at these places are

friendly, but their influence does not prevent serious annoyance occasionally. Taavili, the teacher at Pango, for example, had his house set on fire lately, because his wife would not yield to the wicked proposals of a neighbouring chief. The wife of Setefano died of dropsy; the teacher Lealamanua caught cold, and was injured by a falling tree in a gale in February last, from which he never recovered. He died entreating the chiefs and people around him to receive Christ into their hearts, and exhorting his fellow-teachers to love one another, and be faithful unto death. The teacher Taili, who was stationed at Mele, died of ague last year. The chief of the place claimed his property, and his wife, too. Poor woman! this was more than she could bear. Preferring death to degradation, she rushed into the sea and was drowned, before the other teachers had time to unite in an effort to get her removed from the station. Sipi and Ratai were stationed at Fila. Ratai took ill, and died suddenly in May last year. This was followed by the illness of Sipi. It is a long story, but the substance of it is, that poor Sipi was killed by the people of Fila, with a view to get his property, we think, as the people of Mele got that of Taili. The only modifying clause in the affecting tale is, that Sipi, in his illness, was occasionally delirious, and it is the custom here to put the patient to death when delirium appears, lest it should spread to the other members of the family.

But the abandonment of another of the stations

on the south-west side of the island, viz., Eratap, is associated with events more calamitous still. Mose and Sepania, teachers from Samoa, were stationed here. One Friday afternoon, towards the end of April, 1847, a boat reached a bay close by where the teachers were. Two white men were in it, and starving for want of food. The natives resolved on killing them, desirous of getting their bodies, their clothes, and their boat. Mose was the means of saving one of them, a man named John Jones. The other, a stout man, was taken by a person, saying he would save him; but he was killed and cooked next morning. This was a boat belonging to the "British Sovereign," a sandal-wooding barque, which had gone ashore some nights before on the east side of the island, and became a wreck. The captain and the rest of the crew, having escaped from the wreck, arrived at the same place on the following Sabbath, on their way to the large harbour on the south-west side of the island. Whenever the natives saw them they determined to kill them. Some treated them with cocoa-nuts and sugar-cane, while others went off to muster the district for their massacre. Our teachers saw the people arming and running off; they said they were going to fight with a neighbouring tribe; but the plot came out, and then our teacher and the man Jones were all anxiety to be off to the spot to save life. The chief stood up, and would not allow them; and it was only a conviction that it would be their death to go, that kept them back. The tribes at hand were assem-

bled, all was arranged, and the natives, in company with the foreigners, got up to advance along the road. They walked single file, a native between every white man, and a few on either side. The chief took the lead, and gave the signal, when every one wheeled round and struck his man. A few Tanna men escaped to the sea, but were pursued and killed, with the exception of one, who fled to the bush. This native and a little boy, together with the man Jones, were all who escaped the massacre, and are now off in a vessel. Ten bodies of the unhappy sufferers were cooked on the spot; the teachers mention adjacent villages among which other ten were distributed; they are not sure what became of the rest, nor the exact number massacred. In most cases the white men are the aggressors. In this most cold-blooded affair, however, we cannot learn any object on the part of the natives, but a desire to obtain human flesh and the clothes of these unfortunate men.

A few days after, another boat touched at the same place, which we suppose was the long-boat either of the "Elizabeth" or the "British Sovereign," in search of survivors. All on shore were in arms again, bent upon killing the four or five white men who were in this boat; and when they went off towards it, the men fired upon them. The chiefs were enraged at the firing, and determined to be avenged on the teachers and Jones, who was still a refugee with them. A woman, hearing of the plot, ran and informed the teachers. Jones

and they had scarcely reached the bush, fleeing for their lives, when the party arrived at their house to kill them. They were pursued to another station whither they fled; but, after remonstrance, and in consideration of getting all the property of the teachers, there was no further bloodshed. Before leaving the island, Jones left the following document with the teacher Mose, through whose exertions, under God, he was saved. These self-denying teachers are too often calumniated by our countrymen, whose projects their work and duty call them to oppose; but, after all, they are often forced to change their tone, and give vent to their feelings in such grateful terms as the following, the original of which I have now in my possession:—

“Sch. Iland, May 16th, 1847.

“This is to certify that Mose and his partner left the tap (Eratap) on the 16th of May we had to run for our life to get clear of them left everything behind when the British Soverien his long boat came and fire at them J Jones was the only one that was saved out of the crew they killed them all through Mose I was saved and I beg of you to give him something he is a good man he venture more than any man would think and after all had run I hope the Lord will pay him for his trouble with me

(Signed) “JOHN JONES.”

But there is a bright side of the picture. The teachers keep up Sabbath services, have several preaching stations, schools during the week, and

are able to visit distant parts of the island. They have, in several instances, prevented infanticide. In one case the child was actually buried, and the fire kindled over the grave to smother the little fellow, but his parents dug him up again at the remonstrance of the teachers, and he is still alive. The custom, also, of burying alive the aged was prevented in three instances, and the poor old women allowed to die a natural death. It is considered a disgrace to the family of an aged chief if he is not buried alive. When an old man feels sick and infirm, and thinks he is dying, he deliberately tells his children and friends to get all ready, and bury him. They yield to his wishes, dig a round deep pit, wind a number of fine mats round his body, and lower down the poor old heathen into his grave in a sitting posture. Live pigs are then brought, and tied, each with a separate cord, the one end of the cord to the pig, and the other end to the arm of the old man. The cords are cut in the middle, leaving the one half hanging at the arm of the old man, and off the pigs are taken to be killed and baked for the burial feast; the old man, however, is supposed still to take the pigs with him to the world of spirits. The greater the chief the more numerous the pigs, and the more numerous the pigs the better the reception in their hades of heathenism. The poor old man thus wound up, furnished with his pig strings, and covered over with some more mats, is all ready. His grave is then filled up, and his dying groans are drowned amid the weeping and the wailing of the living.

This revolting custom of burying alive is, as I have already noted, not confined to infants and the aged. If a person in sickness shows signs of delirium, his grave is dug, and he is buried forthwith, to prevent the disease spreading to other members of the family. A young man in the prime of life was thus buried lately. He burst up the grave and escaped. He was caught, and forced into the grave again. A second time he struggled to the surface; and then they led him to the bush, lashed him fast to a tree, and left him there to die. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

After hearing the reports of the teachers, we proceeded to deliberate on the course to pursue. Sensible of the great importance of the subject, we first bowed the knee and united in special prayer for God's guidance, and I trust we have had it in the following conclusions, on which we are about to act:—

1. To occupy still, with native teachers, the two stations of Pango and Erakor.
2. Proceed to the large harbour of Sema, and endeavour to locate three teachers there, with a view to the occupation of that place by missionaries next voyage, should all go on well in the interim; and, if possible, then occupy simultaneously some parts of the large harbour, and either Pango or Erakor.
3. That the brethren, Geddie, Powell, and Archibald, return, for a time at least, to Aneiteum, and

take up their position there. That island is important, not only in itself, but relatively to the other parts of the group, as forming a good post of observation, and affording facilities for extending a superintending care over the native agents. There, too, the wives of missionaries and their property could be left, when commencing operations at places such as this, where, for a time at least, it would not be prudent to take either.

At Sea, off Vaté, Saturday Evening, 22nd July.—Arranged for two teachers to be at each of the stations, and to take Mose with us as interpreter, and to aid in the formation of a new station at the large harbour. Gave them their supplies, and by mid-day were all ready for sea again. We were detained for an hour or two, waiting for the return of one of the boats, which went to fetch the widow and child of one of the teachers who died, to take them with us to Samoa. Just at this time we observed that the natives were coming off in unusual numbers—counted upwards of two hundred men alongside—all armed with their clubs, spears, poisoned arrows, and long-handled axes, and more coming off in their canoes. We kept a sharp look-out, only let the chiefs on board, and Captain Morgan gave orders to make all haste to loose the sails and weigh anchor. We had a breeze; soon left the suspected natives and their canoes astern of us, and sailed out and in until we had finished our business. We assembled the chiefs of Pango and Erakor on the quarter-deck, committed the teachers afresh to their

care, and implored them to abandon heathenism and embrace the gospel. We alluded to the late massacres; told them what they might expect from foreign vessels for such conduct, and, moreover, of the judgments of the Almighty. We expressed regret for the way in which the teachers had been treated at Mele, Eratap, and Fila, and said we hoped there would be no more of it. Spoke particularly to the Pango chief about the burning of Taavili's house, and the ill-treatment of his wife. They acknowledged the justness of all we said, expressed sorrow for the past, and assured us all would be different for the future. We gave them a small present, and parted.

I was astonished to find one of the chiefs of Fila among them. I took him aside, and talked to him privately about the murder of Sipi. He denied it flat! Said he died of disease, and begged for another teacher. I told him what we thought of their conduct, and said that, for the present, they must be content with an occasional visit from the Pango teachers. I said that we have great regard for them, notwithstanding all they have done, and may give them a teacher some other day, if they are kind and attentive for the future to the teachers who visit them. By way of rendering good for evil, we gave him a small present too, expressive of our regard for him and his brother chiefs.

Fila is a place of considerable political importance. After bidding all farewell, and seeing them safe in their canoes, we bore away for the

north-west harbour. We are now standing off for the night. We have our old friend "Swallow" (Sualo) with us to help us in interpreting at the place to which we are going. He is greatly altered for the better in his appearance since I first met with him three years ago. He has lost his excited, savage looks, is well reported of by the teachers, and will, we trust, go on to improve, give evidence of true conversion, and be as active in the service of Christ as he formerly was in the service of Satan.

Off Sema, Monday, 23rd July.—Stood in yesterday morning, but as we had to beat up to this place we did not reach it till the afternoon. For extent, safety, and beauty of scenery, this is the finest harbour I have seen or heard of in the Pacific. We were surprised to find all perfectly still after we cast anchor, not a native or canoe to be seen. By and by a canoe came from another part of the bay, from which we learned that war is now going on between Sema and Utaone; that the former is now driven, part of their settlement burned, and that it is undecided which party has the upper hand. To-day we have succeeded in getting some of the chiefs, and have arranged for the location of Mose and another Samoan at Utaone. We are now under weigh again, and intend locating other two teachers down at the entrance to the harbour.

At Sea, off Vaté, Tuesday Evening, 24th July.—Last night we were in great danger. Just as we cleared the heads the wind died away. It came on dark, and there we were; no soundings, no wind,

and the current drifting us on to the rocks. Everything was ready, and the captain was about to order all hands to the boats, with the tow-line, when up sprang a gentle breath of air. It was only a *breath*, but it filled our sails, she obeyed her helm, and we were again, thank God, out of danger. We stood off for the night. Ran in again this morning; and, about ten o'clock, Mr. Nisbet, Captain Morgan, and I left the ship in the boat, to try and get the chief who wished teachers, and at whose settlement we intended to locate the two. It was low water at the landing-place, and no possibility of getting near, but there were a number of canoes outside the reef, and in one of them we found the brother of the very man we wanted. He said his brother was away at their plantations; but, as we were assured that it was much the same which of the brothers we got, we pulled off to the ship with this one. He entered joyfully into our proposal, and we arranged at once for locating here the two teachers. Sualo will remain with them for a time, help them with the language, and then return to Erakor. Mr. Powell and Mr. Geddie went in the boat which took the chief and teachers ashore, and all were well received. May the Lord smile on this fresh advance on the territories of Satan, and make this lovely harbour a chosen spot in the vineyard of Christ Jesus! We are now off for Maré of the Loyalty Islands.

At Sea, Wednesday, 25th July.—Foul wind, close hauled, pitching sadly, sea-sick, and making the best of our way to Maré.

At Sea, Thursday, 26th.—Wind still ahead. Better to-day.

Friday, 27th.—About two A.M. the wind shifted a few points, and was in favour of our fetching Aneiteum sooner than Maré. We therefore decided to alter the course, and are now making for Aneiteum.

At Anchor, Aneiteum, 28th July.—Anchored here to-day. Went on shore, saw the teachers, the chief Nohuat, and several of the people. All were delighted to see us back, and to learn that some of our number were about to take up their abode on shore. Arranged for services to-morrow in English, Samoan, and Aneiteumese, and have just closed the day, and the week, with our Saturday evening prayer-meeting.

Aneiteum, Monday, 30th July.—We had six religious services in the course of the day yesterday, in three languages. Had some fifty of the natives at the services on shore. The captain of a vessel at anchor, and some other Europeans from the shore, attended our services on board. In conversation with Captain ——, after the morning service, he expressed his displeasure at the way in which we speak of sandal-wooders in our missionary reports. He alluded particularly to a letter written a few years ago, by Mr. Buzacott, I think, in which they were called “white barbarians.” I admitted that, so far as I had heard,* *he* had hitherto carried on the trade

* It came out afterwards that this man was about as bad as any of them. He was subsequently tried at Sydney for shooting some natives at Maré, of the Loyalty Islands.

honestly and peaceably, and that some others did the same; but, at the same time, I defended the accuracy of the reports which we have given of the doings of others in the trade. I told him that we must report such things. We are here for the very purpose of doing all the good we can to these poor natives, and are hindered beyond description, and our lives in constant jeopardy, owing to the misdeeds of our countrymen, and why should we not speak out? On what principle of law, justice, or humanity, are men to be allowed to go about these islands and perpetrate atrocities which would cause them to be imprisoned, tried, and hanged in any civilized part of the world? I instanced the expedition of S——, D——, and H—— at Vaté, a few years ago, and what is now actually being done by two vessels at present in the group. He could not deny it, and wound up all by frankly admitting that it ought to be reported to the world what is now being done by these two vessels, viz., the “D—— W——,” and the “T——.”

Aneiteum, Saturday, 5th August.—Our brethren Geddie, Powell, and Archibald, with their families, are all landed, and pretty comfortably lodged in the little plastered cottage, which the teachers have given up for their temporary use. Have just been on shore, and after prayer, commending each other and the interests of the mission to the divine care and blessing, we bade our friends farewell. As the appointment of Mr. Nisbet was with special reference to the occupation of the large island of Vaté, it is

virtually nullified by commencing the mission at Aneiteum. The three brethren now on shore form a sufficient number for the size and population of the island. Mr. Nisbet will now return to his station in Samoa, and, on the way thither, unite with me in the visitation duties in the Loyalty Islands, at New Caledonia, and at Savage Island. We have a fair wind for Maré, and are about to weigh anchor.

At Sea, Monday Afternoon, 7th August.—A memorable day in our eventful voyage. Death has entered our little company and taken away the New Caledonia native, Keamu. He has been wasting away for the last twelve months, and died suddenly this morning. Mr. Murray and I brought him and Navie from New Caledonia, three years ago. The year before last they were taken back by Messrs. Gill and Nisbet, but war was then raging on shore, the settlement burned, and the people off to the mountains. As there was no hope of safety for the young men if put on shore, they were brought away again. Navie died soon after at Rarotonga, and now we have just committed to the deep the body of Keamu. Mr. Nisbet talked and prayed with him a few minutes before he died. He was quite sensible, and seemed to enjoy it. We did not think he was so near his end. We have some hope that his soul is safe in heaven, as the first-fruits unto God from New Caledonia; and, if so, one great end of his removal from his native land has been accomplished.

At Sea off Maré, Wednesday, 9th August.—

Reached the island this afternoon. Bad weather, but succeeded in having intercourse with the shore, and in getting off the teachers, and now we are out to sea again for the night. Here we have found the four Lifu teachers, and, first of all, we listened to their tale, and heard what led them to come hither.

LIFU.

They left Lifu a year ago owing to war, which scattered the tribes among whom they laboured. Up to the time they left, schools and services on the Sabbath were kept up and attended. They wait at Maré for a favourable issue of the war, when they will return. The blind chief Bula is dead. He died, we fear, a heathen; yet he evinced a pleasing concern on his death-bed for the safety and protection of the teachers after his decease. There are rival claims for the chieftainship; and these have led to, and prolong, the war.

Many of the people, including some of the chiefs of Lifu, were cut off by an epidemic towards the end of 1846. As it broke out soon after the arrival of fresh teachers, they were blamed as having brought it. Many were determined to kill them, but some were raised up to defend them. "Kill them," said their enemies, "and there will be an end to the sickness!" "No," was the reply, "we are dead men if we do; their God will avenge their death." "Then, banish them from the island!" said they. "That will also expose us to the divine judgments," their

friends replied. "Let them alone; they have come among us for good, not for evil!" A chief from the Isle of Pines, who was there at the time, was then consulted. "Spare the teachers!" said he; "we on our island foolishly killed our teachers, thinking it would remove disease, but, after their death, their God punished us, and disease and death raged among us more than ever. Spare them, lest it be the same here!"

While these heathen deliberations were going on, the teachers were assembled, expecting and preparing for their death. They exhorted each other, and felt cheered by the hope of a happy change from earth to heaven, and again and again commended themselves in prayer to Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always." Night came on. They sent for Ngaisoné, the principal adviser of the chief Bula, and begged him to tell them candidly whether they were to be killed. "No," said he; "dismiss your fears. No one can touch you without the consent of Bula and myself." The heathen council decided that the teachers were to live. They were not unanimous, however, and the last words of the dissatisfied were, "Well, let it be so; but if Bula or any other chief dies, then we shall certainly kill them."

A few days after, Bula was taken ill and died, and, on the very same night, a brother chief of his, called Uatengé, was reported to be dead too. Our poor teachers thought it was all up with them now, and had no hope whatever of life. It was at midnight when the death-wail of the friends of Bula burst

upon them. They all got up and prepared again for their death. After conversing and praying for a while, it occurred to them that it might have some effect all to go boldly to the place, condole with the mourners, and show their respect for the dead by offering to assist in laying out the bodies. They took a quantity of Samoan native cloth with them, and off they went in the dark to the dismal scene. The court or inclosure was full of people. Bula was one of the greatest chiefs on the island, and much venerated. The crowd were armed, all on their feet, and talking of immediate revenge on the teachers. The poor teachers shook from head to foot as they approached, but, to their amazement, the crowd were awe-struck, respectfully gave way, opened a passage for them, laid down their arms, and all sat down. The teachers went up to the corpse of Bula. The body of Uatengé was laid side by side with it, and Ngaisoné was sitting among the chief mourners. "We have come," said they; "we have great compassion for you. We feel deeply grieved, and, if you will allow us, we wish to show our respect for our departed friends, by laying out their bodies as we are accustomed to prepare the bodies of chiefs for burial in Samoa." Ngaisoné replied, said he was glad to see them, that their proposal was very grateful to his feelings, and that they were quite at liberty to do as they wished. It is the custom at Lifu, on these occasions, to shorten the length of the body, by tying the head and the knees together, they also gather together the arms and

legs. But the teachers proceeded to lay out the bodies of the two chiefs in full length, in several folds of native cloth, after the fashion of the ancient Egyptians.

While this was going on, the friends of the departed had assembled close by, in earnest debate, as to who were to be killed. It is the custom to impute the death of a chief to human agency, and, on these occasions, the friends, like so many avengers of blood, are up in arms, and rest not until they have spread death and desolation somewhere in the land. Malice is sure to be at work at such times, and certain parties are fixed upon as having caused the death through their incantations or witchcraft. When the teachers had dressed the bodies, they slipped along, and listened to the deadly conference. Many, but especially some people from an inland settlement, blamed the teachers, and wished to kill them at once. Ngaisoné opposed, and said they must kill him first. "Then let us kill him," said a number of voices, but this made the division worse divided, and, after a time, the majority of votes went against another family, and off a party instantly went and killed the whole of them, viz., a family of eight individuals. Ngaisoné is still a heathen, but to him, under God, the teachers owe their lives. We have the old man now on board with us, have given him a present, and have warmly acknowledged his kindness to the teachers in their time of need. He has fled hither also, owing to the war. We have begged him to do all he can for

peace, that he and the teachers, and all the refugees, may soon be able to return to their distracted island.

In a gale in February last, two sandal-wooding schooners from Sydney went on shore at Lifu. The one was got off, and all hands belonging to the two vessels were saved, and went in her to Sydney. The natives assisted to their utmost in saving life and property, for which we are glad to learn the captains of the vessels liberally rewarded them.

MARÉ.

The Maré teachers report that schools have fallen off, but that the services are attended by many of the people on the Sabbath. They have four preaching stations at a distance, which they supply on that day. Some, we trust, are “not far from the kingdom of God;” but the people generally still amalgamate with their Christianity their former rites of heathenism.

An old chief, hearing the teachers tracing diseases to divine and not human agency, sent for a noted priest, and engaged him to exert his power and bring disease upon some of the teachers, to see whether Jehovah or the priests of Maré were true. The priest went to the bush behind the teachers' house, with his basket of relics, viz., the hair, fingernails, bones, etc., of his forefathers; and, striking the air with his club, looked to see whether there was blood on his basket—a sign that vengeance had gone forth on the teachers. He beat the air and

looked at his basket until he was tired. No blood appeared; and chief and priest concluded that "Jehovah, the God of the teachers, must be a true God and a mighty one." The chief is attached to the teachers, and, since that time, the priest has sent for the teachers to preach regularly in his village.

A sandal-wooding schooner was driven on shore here in the gale of February last. The crew took to the boat when the vessel struck. After pulling along the coast a little way, they were overpowered by the gale, thrown among the breakers, washed into a cave among the rocks, and there perished. They were nine in all, viz., seven white men and two natives of the Isle of Pines.

Some of the natives of Maré and Lifu, who have been to Sydney, have returned. They relate what they saw on *Sabbaths*—great houses for the worship of God, crowds attending, schools for the children, etc.; and are thus testifying to their countrymen that what the teachers have told them of Christianity must be true. This is a happy circumstance, as our teachers have suffered from unprincipled men telling the natives that religion was all a hoax, and that the Samoans were a set of impostors. A Maré native one day smartly replied to one of these fellows: "*Samoan* impostors! No; it was not a *Samoan* ship that brought our teachers. It was an *English* ship, and *white* Englishmen like yourselves." And now some of them can add: "Is there no Sabbath in Sydney?"

What about the large churches we saw? Everybody yonder attends to the Word of God.”

Last year, after a long drought, Maré suffered grievously from famine. In such extremities the natives eat the bark and leaves of certain trees, grass, roots of bananas, etc., and are mad after human flesh. This was a trying time for the teachers, but God preserved their lives. They say they felt getting faint-hearted, like the Israelites in the wilderness, and longed for their Samoan Egypt.

Tataio having now been out seven years, we have removed him for a time for further instruction. Three teachers remain, in addition to the three from Lifu. Left Maré just before sunset, and are now heading eastward, and bound next for Savage Island. The death of Keamu has deprived us of the interpreter upon whom we depended for holding intercourse with New Caledonia, and as we have no teachers to spare, we have given up the idea of calling there this voyage.

SAVAGE ISLAND.

At Sea, off Savage Island, 28th August.—Knowing the custom here of killing their countrymen who visit a foreign place, as soon as they return, with a view to prevent disease, we approached the island this afternoon with much concern for the safety of our teacher Peniamina. He is a Savage Islander, was some time in our institution in Samoa, and was placed here, at his own request, last voyage. The

first canoe relieved our minds. They echoed his name, pointed behind, and soon we had our old friend on board shaking hands with us. We have just heard his report, and, as there is no anchorage, have stood off for the night with himself and some others on board. He says he was in great danger when he first landed. The first day crowds assembled, armed, and wishing to kill him. The Samoan canoe given him, together with his chest and property, they wanted sent back to the vessel as soon as they were landed, saying that the foreign wood would cause disease among them. He reasoned with them, told them to examine the wood—it was the very same as grew on their own island. And as to himself, he said, “You know this is my country; I am not a god, I am just like yourselves, and have no control over disease.” Then he told them of the new religion, immortality, heaven, hell, and salvation through Christ. He also prayed with them, and for them. The hearts of many were touched, and they wished him to be spared. Others still insisted on his being put to death. “Let us do it now,” they said; “let us do it now while he is alone, and before disease breaks out; by and by others will join him, and then it will be a hard matter!” Night came on and he had no place to lay his head. The people, fearing pollution, were afraid to let him sleep in their houses. They told him to sleep under a tree for the night. Then they thought of a deserted fortification, and said he had better go there. Thither he went, but rain came on, and, as there was no shelter, he

got up and wandered about. He was asked into one house, and there had a morsel of food ; and in another he at last found a resting-place. Next day, he had to open his chest and show them his property ; some things were stolen, others he gave them at their urgent request, and he was left with all but an empty box.

Finding that his friends daily increased, some priests tried the sorceries of their craft to put him to death secretly, but all was in vain. The Word of God grew and prevailed. The people of the district gave up working on the Sabbath, and commenced attending religious services on that day. Family prayer, too, was begun, and also asking a blessing at their meals ; and this is the state in which we have now found them. We are glad also to learn that they are now willing to receive a Samoan teacher. This they refused to do last voyage. They live on hostile terms with other tribes ; but in one of the other divisions of the island they think teachers would be received. A desire for hatchets and fish-hooks is the principal motive at present ; but time, and an efficient labourer or two, under the divine blessing, will, doubtless, give other results.

An American whaler touched here some time ago, Peniamina went on board and showed his paper of credentials, which we always leave with our teachers. On the faith of it the captain landed with two boats, and cut fire-wood. They were benighted, but slept in a cave among the rocks, near the landing-place. They were afraid, probably, to risk them-

selves among the natives. Peniamina remained with them and all behaved well.

At Sea, off Savage Island, 29th August.—We have just left Savage Island. Numbers of the natives wished to go with us to Samoa, but we have only brought two. Pity but we had been able to leave another teacher; still we must be thankful for the fact, that the door is at last wide open, and that we may take teachers now to the island with safety. Peniamina says the natives are struck with the manifestly disinterested nature of our visits. Some of them, in conversation to-day, were thoughtfully remarking to each other, “These men must have great and true love for us, in visiting us so often without getting anything. We never give anything without getting something for it; not so with this vessel which is coming here time after time.”

While Peniamina was with us at Malua, he gave me some interesting items respecting his island home. It is an uplifted coral island, 300 feet above the level of the sea, about forty miles in circumference; in 19° S. lat., and 170° W. long.; and populated by upwards of 4000 light copper-coloured natives, very like the Samoans. Their dialect is a compound of Samoan and Tongan. Their traditions trace their origin to Huanaki and Fao, two men who swam from Tonga. They found the island just above the surface, and washed by the ocean. They got up on it, stamped with the foot, up it rose, the water ran off, and the dry land appeared. They stamped again, and up sprang the grass, trees, and

other vegetation. Then they caused a man and a woman to grow from the *ti* plant, and from these sprang the race of man! Polygamy prevails. The women are kindly treated. Care is taken of the children, with the exception of the illegitimate, who are a disgrace to the family, and thrown into the sea, or the bush, as soon as born. There is a three-fold division of the island. They have no king. Of old they had kings, but as they were the high-priests as well, and were supposed to cause the food to grow, the people got angry with them in times of scarcity, and killed them; and as one after another was killed, the end of it was that no one wished to be king. In war and other matters, the heads of families form the deliberative assembly, or government for the time being. They are constantly at war with each other. Stones, rounded like a cannon-ball, for throwing with the hand, clubs, and spears, are their weapons. In encouraging each other, on going to battle, they say, "Well, if we die, we shall not have to die over again. It is only the death we should have to die some other day." Suicide is common. In a fit of anger they jump from the rocks into the ocean, and are seen no more. The houses are round low huts. Yams, taro, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and fish are the staff of life. They have no quadrupeds. They are all *teetotallers*, and do not, like the most of their neighbouring islanders, drink the intoxicating kava. Nor are they cannibals. They have a traditional dread of Tongans as "men-eaters." The women have a decent girdle of leaves. The men

wear the *maro*, which is a belt, and strip of native cloth, hardly an advance on nudity. They have wooden flutes as musical instruments, they are single and double, resembling those of the ancient Egyptians, only shorter, and are blown with the *nostrils*.

The Savage Islanders worship the spirits of their ancestors. They say that, a long time ago, they paid religious homage to an image which had legs like a man, but in the time of a great epidemic, and thinking the sickness was caused by the idol, they broke it in pieces, and threw it away. They dispose of the dead by setting them adrift out to sea in a canoe, or by laying the body on a pile of stones in the bush, and covering it over with cocoa-nut leaves. After a time the bones are gathered, and deposited in family caves or vaults. The women singe off the hair of their heads, as a token of mourning, on the death of their husbands. They have a subterranean region, called Maui, for the spirits of the departed, but their favourite place is the land of Sina (Seena) in the skies. They say there is "no night there;" and here again we have a fragment of the long-lost theology.

The two lads taken away by Mr. Williams, eighteen years ago, were sadly afraid on board the "Messenger of Peace" when they saw the crew eating salt meat. They had never seen such a thing before, concluded it was *human* flesh, and supposed that they had been picked up as food for the white men. They were most kindly treated, but could not for weeks get rid of the idea that they were only

being fattened for the knife. They were taken back to Savage Island in good health, and had much to tell about the Tahitian and other islands. But after a time influenza broke out, and the two young men were blamed for bringing it from Tahiti. One of them was killed, and also his father; the other escaped on board a whaler which was cruising off the island at the time, and, in his flight, was accompanied by this very Peniamina, who is now a teacher. Peniamina found his way to Samoa, became a converted character, went back to his countrymen, six years ago, in the "Camden," but had to leave again by the same vessel, as his friends said he was sure to be killed. He returned to Samoa, was a long time under Mr. Drummond's care, and subsequently was admitted to the institution at Malua. He tried to gain a footing once more among his countrymen, and the result I have just recorded. May God still be with him, preserve his life, and keep the door open for other labourers at Savage Island.

At Sea, off Tutuila, Friday, 1st September.—Have been on shore to-day for a few hours with Mr. Murray. Heard of the French Revolution, and of the flight of Louis Philippe to England. Visited with much emotion the grave of our fellow-voyager from England, brother Bullen, and also the grave of George Lundie. We hope to anchor at Apia to-morrow.

Apia, Upolu, 2nd September, 1848.—Once more at anchor here. Glad to find my dear wife and children in the neighbourhood, and all well. Glad also

to hear that all the mission families are well, and that the natives, though still encamped and hostile, have had no fighting since we left. And now we close the voyage on which we set out in July, and do so with heartfelt thanks to God for all the protection and guidance vouchsafed throughout its course, and for all the encouragement he gives us to go forward in our hallowed enterprise for the evangelization of these dark places of the earth.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE IN 1859.

HAVING been again appointed by the members of the Samoan mission to proceed as a deputation to visit the New Hebrides, Loyalty, and other islands, and having arranged and done up the supplies for native teachers and their wives to the number of *seventy*, I embarked in the "John Williams" on Tuesday, the 27th of September, 1859. In addition to the usual crew of seventeen, our number consisted of the following parties:—The Rev. Messrs. Macfarlane and Baker, just out from England as missionaries for the Loyalty Islands, together with Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Baker, and two children; three native teachers with their wives, from the institution at Rarotonga; four native teachers from the institution at Samoa, of whom two were married; a native of Vaté, who had been a year in Samoa, and another from the same island who had been about the same time at Rarotonga; four natives of Lifu, who were lately rescued from slavery on the island of Ascension; some children of the teachers also, who, with myself and servant boy, made up our number to *fifty-three*.

On the 30th we sighted and passed Horne Island. On the 1st of October we crossed the meridian of

Greenwich. On Tuesday, the 4th, we sighted Futuna, of the New Hebrides, and on the following morning anchored in the harbour of Anelicauhat, on the S.W. side of Aneiteum. Found Mr. and Mrs. Geddie and family well, and the affairs of the mission making progress in the right direction. The walls of a new stone church were rising, beautifully figurative of the steady advance of the cause of Christ on this island; and I was struck also with the fact, that the place on the beach where the natives were digging up the sandstone for their church was about the very spot where Mr. Murray and I had our meeting with the chief Nohuat and some of his people, when we first visited that side of the island fifteen years ago. In the afternoon we attended a meeting of about 400 of the people. I spoke a few words to them, expressive of my great joy in seeing what God by the gospel had done for them; reminded them of our struggle with the heathenism of former days, and exhorted them to be thankful to God for having sent his servants to lead them from darkness to light.*

On Thursday, the 6th, met with Messrs. Geddie, Inglis, Matheson, and Copeland, missionaries from Glasgow and Nova Scotia, labouring in this group.

* Our old friend Nohuat died in June last; but the disappointment of not meeting with him was greatly modified by learning that, for four years before his death, he had been a member of the church, and also that his son, who succeeds him in the chieftainship, is a church member too, and foremost in everything that is good.

Messrs. Baker and Macfarlane were also present. We had Captain Williams in the chair, and deliberated on various matters of importance relative to the mission, and the movements of the "John Williams."

We were sorry to learn that Mr. Matheson's health had failed, and that he was obliged to retire from his work on Tanna. He was better than he had been some months before, but still *far* from well. Mr. Copeland has also retired from Tanna for a time, but it is to take charge of Mr. Inglis's station, while he proceeds to England with the manuscript of the New Testament in the dialect of Aneiteum, to carry through the press. We were grieved to hear that the Tanna mission has been further weakened by the lamented death of Mrs. Paton. Mr. Paton is the only missionary there at present, and is solitary indeed on that savage shore. We arranged with the Aneiteum brethren for two of their best teachers to take with us to Vaté, as we are anxious to try a Papuan native agency on that island, which has hitherto proved so unhealthy to our Eastern Polynesian teachers.

On Friday, the 7th, I left the ship, in company with Mr. Inglis and Mr. Copeland, and visited the first station we had on the island on the N.E. side, and where Mr. and Mrs. Inglis have laboured for seven years. After the visit of 1845 war broke out, and the station was abandoned. In 1848 Mr. Nisbet and I recommenced the work by locating two teachers, and ever since it has gone on. Instead of the

uncultivated heathen shore, without a house to be seen, there are now at Aname the lovely mission premises, church, class-room, dwelling-houses, and a cheerful group of young men and women living in the neighbourhood, and under regular instruction. There were only seven young lads there who knew their letters in 1845; now there are a thousand people in the district who can read the New Testament.

On the Sabbath-day I attended divine service. About 400 were present, and they listened with marked attention while Mr. Inglis and I addressed them. Some of them, after the service, shook hands, and said they could hardly suppress their tears while I spoke to them of the heathen times of eleven and fourteen years back. I was pleased, also, to see the people pretty well clothed. The women, for instance, had straw bonnets on, with the exception of some three or four, and they had a decent cotton handkerchief on their head as a substitute. There are at this station 130 church members. But one of the most hopeful prospects for future progress which I saw here was, the select class of sixty young men and women, who are under tuition with a view to their being employed as native teachers.

The entire population of Aneiteum is 3513. All, I may say, are professedly Christian. Hardly one can now be found who calls himself a heathen. The church members number 297, and the candidates for admission to the church 110. The island is encircled by fifty-six school-houses, eleven chapels, and sixty native teachers and assistants. I was glad

also to learn that the missionaries of this group had formed an auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society. The sum raised during the last two years amounts to £60, upwards of £20 of which have been collected by Mrs. Captain Edwards from sandal-wooding and other vessels visiting Eromanga.

On Monday, the 10th October, we were all ready for sea again, with the addition to our party of four Aneiteum teachers and their wives and children. We had also on board a quantity of wood which had been prepared at Aneiteum for building a chapel at Tanna. Mr. Inglis, too, now joined us to visit Tanna, and aid in the location of teachers at Futuna and Niua. It was arranged also that the mission schooner "John Knox," commanded by Mr. C. Anderson, of the "John Williams," follow as our tender, to take back Mr. Inglis to Aneiteum after finishing our business at the islands just named.

FUTUNA.

Tuesday, 11th October.—Were off the island of Futuna. At ten o'clock A.M. Mr. Inglis, Captain Williams, and I left the ship in two boats, taking with us a teacher who formerly laboured on the island, and a fresh one. Reached the shore on the N. W. side by eleven o'clock. Found the beach lined with crowds of savages, armed with clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and kawases, much as they were when I was first there with Mr. Murray in 1845, in search of our teachers, who had recently

been killed. We saw women and children about, and also two of the Aneiteum teachers among the crowd, and felt confidence in going on shore among them at once. We went up the hill to the teachers' house, at the village called Ipau, and there met with the teachers and some leading men from their stations. On landing, and all the way up the hill, I recognized the hiding-places among the rocks, and great blocks of coral, behind which the natives concealed themselves when I was here before. Guilt at that time made them dread an attack from us, on account of the massacre of our teachers, and we were shy of them, not seeing our teachers, and fearing that they had been killed.

Since last year, the teacher's house at Ipau has been burned. He was blamed as the cause of disease. A person died, and the friends sought revenge in burning the teacher's house. There was a friend of the teacher, a sick man from Aneiteum, lying in the house at the time, and they wished to burn him with the house, thinking that he was the cause of disease. The poor man, however, was got out in time and saved; and, with the burning of the house, the anger of the people passed off. The teachers soon got up another house.

A few at each of the three stations are nominally Christian, but it is still the "night of toil" on that heathen shore. Not long ago, the brother of the chief Kotiama died. Some parties were blamed as having caused his death by witchcraft, and six of them were forthwith killed, viz., three men and

three women. More would probably have been sacrificed, but they fled to sea, and escaped to Aneiteum. It was this same Kotiama who consented to the massacre of our teachers, a number of years ago. He is friendly again, and it is hoped he will ere long receive a teacher into his settlement.

We arranged to leave another Aneiteum teacher here, and also an Aitutakian teacher, named Ru, and his wife. The chiefs and people expressed their satisfaction, and we had a religious service, in which Mr. Inglis, Ru, and I engaged, and then returned to our boats. We had promised to give four chiefs a passage to Tanna, but when leaving the beach, a number more were clamorous to join us. It was difficult to distinguish one from another, and so we pushed off, and pulled out to the deep water behind the reef, with all who clung to the boats. We then called out their names, and got the four into our boat, to whom at our meeting we promised a passage. We commissioned Mr. Griffin, the second mate, to return to the shore with the remaining six in his boat, and put them safely on the rocks. He got rid of his party, but as he came out we saw him waving his cap, and heard him shouting that we must go back and take off the new teacher Ru, as the natives were going to kill him. We could not imagine whatever had sprung up so suddenly, but back we must go. We put the four chiefs we had in our boat into Mr. Griffin's boat, and got him to keep off with them as hostages, while we went in alone to see what was the matter. As we reached the rocks

close by the beach, two of the Aneiteum teachers stood and shouted, that one of the party who had been refused a passage was a bit of a chief, and a passionate fellow, and that he was now in a rage, and blustering about furiously. We told them to go and tell him that if he was anxious to go, we had no wish to disoblige him, and that he might come. This made all right again. He came, we took him into the boat, pulled off to the ship, got safely on board by four o'clock, and made sail for Tanna.

TANNA.

Wednesday, 12th October.—Anchored at noon in Port Resolution. Found Mr. Paton well, but, since his arrival twelve months ago, he has been deeply afflicted. In March last he lost his wife and infant son. Mrs. Paton died very suddenly, apparently from the rupture of a blood-vessel, on the 5th of March; and on the 21st of the same month her infant followed her to the grave. She was devotedly attached to the cause of Christ, seemed healthy, and bade fair to labour long in the mission. But how short-sighted is man! I visited the good woman's grave in the garden, and planted the seed of a date-palm at the head.

In addition to this heavy affliction, Mr. Paton has had *fourteen* attacks of fever and ague in the twelve months. He is pretty well at present, but we fear he will soon break down, if not speedily aided by some other missionaries, to share with him

in the toils of that very difficult mission. Like other missionaries and teachers who have been there, he is blamed as the cause of disease, and his life has been repeatedly threatened, but, hitherto, men have been raised up in each extremity to stand by him, and oppose all attempts on his life. As the tribes are all hostile in the neighbourhood, and kidnapping each other, he has never been able to venture more than a mile or two from his own door on the south and west sides of the bay. He has walked once, however, twelve miles to the south-east, as far as the station lately occupied by Mr. Matheson, where Aneiteum teachers are now labouring with some encouragement.

Mr. Paton thinks that there are at least two dialects on the island, widely differing from each other, and both Papuan. He is about to erect a house on a hill immediately behind the present mission premises, and we took him from Aneiteum a large quantity of wood, with which to build a chapel close by it. He is fast acquiring the language, and if spared to get the chapel up, hopes to be able to conduct services regularly there every Lord's-day. I only met with some three or four of the people who were there seventeen years ago. Many are dead, and many survive, but they have been driven in war away inland. The district on the east side of the harbour has of late years completely changed hands. It is still the opinion that Tanna is densely populated. Some think there may be 20,000 on the island. It is all guess-work, but, from appearances,

I should expect to hear that there are at least 15,000. We found a Sydney vessel at anchor collecting *sulphur*. The captain said he had procured close upon forty tons in three weeks, but owing to the hostile state of the tribes, between the head of the bay and the volcano, it was difficult to procure it. He got some from the natives on the rocks on the west side of the bay, but had to send his boats for the most of it, round three miles to "Sulphur Bay," as it is called, at the entrance to the volcano valley, and there they bought it for tobacco pipes, etc. The action of the volcano is much the same as it was when I was there, eleven, fourteen, and seventeen years ago, viz., an eruption every five, seven, or ten minutes.

We left Tanna on Thursday the 13th. We tried to persuade Mr. Paton to come on board with us for a three weeks' cruise, to invigorate his weakened system; but he declined, fearing lest his absence should cause any reaction, and occasion the loss of the little hold which he thinks he has obtained. If he is spared to live and labour there, he will yet, I trust, be blessed in effecting great things for that savage people. He is aided by eleven Aneiteum teachers, and occupies nine different points, but at least three other European missionaries are urgently wanted for that important field. May the Lord of the harvest soon send them forth!

NIUA.

Friday, 14th October.—At daylight we were close upon Niua. Lowered the boats at nine A.M., and Mr. Inglis, Captain Williams, and I left for the shore, taking with us an Aitutakian teacher, named Makea, and his wife and daughter. We headed in to a place called Surama, on the west side of the island. The natives on the rocks at the landing-place were armed as usual, but quieter-looking than the Futuna people. We found among them Navallak, the Aneiteum teacher, who was located there last year, but not his fellow-teacher, named Nemeian. Poor fellow! he was killed lately. The particulars of this sad event are as follows: About thirty years ago a party of Niua people left to visit some friends on Aneiteum. Through stress of weather they were driven to a different part of the coast from that to which they wished to go. The natives there, according to a common New Hebrides custom, killed the strangers and cooked their bodies. Two of them, however, escaped, and hid among the rocks. At night they stole a canoe and two paddles from an adjacent village, set up a cocoa-nut leaf for a sail, and got back to their own island. They related all about the massacre to their comrades, and from that day the Niua people determined to be avenged on the first Aneiteum men from that particular district who came within their reach. To perpetuate the memory of the tragic deed, and hand to posterity a

call for revenge, they set up sticks in the ground, and renewed them as they rotted. Unhappily, but quite unknown to the missionaries, one of the two teachers who were taken there last voyage was from the very spot where the Niua people were massacred. Some of the old people scented out the land and pedigree of this man. The teachers felt uneasy when they heard that the old affair was talked about, but did not think that matters would reach such a crisis. The Niua people did not like to strike the blow themselves, but gave the hint to two Tanna desperadoes living on the island at the time, and they did the deed. They waylaid the teachers on a Sabbath-day, when they were returning from another part of the island, where they had gone to preach. Nemeian was hit on the head with a kawas, and fell dead. Navallak was beaten with a club, but escaped wounded. The Niua people met, declared that the death of Nemeian was sufficient to wipe off the stain, plucked up the sticks, and begged the wounded teacher still to remain. He forgave them, consented to stay, and there he now is, still at Surama.

This man, Navallak, has got up a little chapel, twenty-five feet long, near to his own house, and has an attendance of some forty of the people at his Sabbath services. He has presents of food, occasionally, and other proofs that the people respect him. One of the two Tanna natives who attacked Navallak and Nemeian, was shot dead soon after, in battle, at Tanna. There is another Aneiteum teacher

on the island, called Nalmai, and he, too, has some measure of success. We have now located a third teacher, viz., Makea of Aitutaki, with his wife and daughter.

We had a service, and conversed with some forty of the chiefs and people, and were pleased with their quiet and friendly aspect. This island would form a fine station for a missionary, taking under his care Futuna also, as the dialects of these two islands are precisely alike. Niua was a spot where we considered our teachers perfectly safe; but the unhappy circumstance to which I have just referred, makes it the *sixth* island of the New Hebrides stained with the blood of God's martyred servants. But we will not give up the hope that it may, ere long, be a fair and fertile spot in the vineyard of Christ's Church.

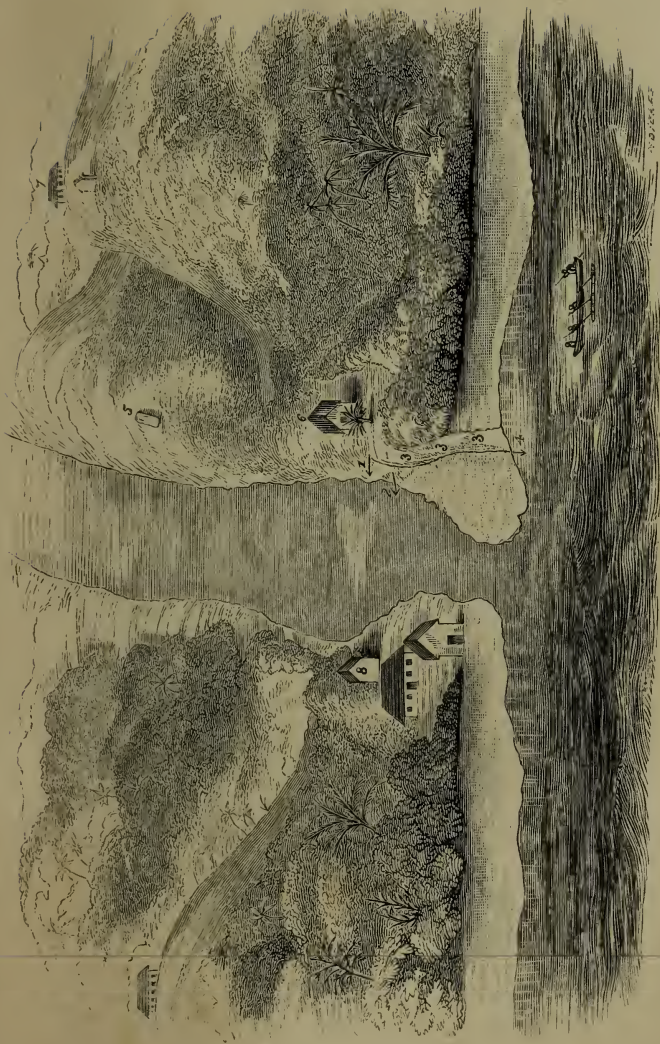
After finishing our work there, Captain Williams and I took Mr. Inglis on board our little mission tender, the "John Knox," which had followed us from Aneiteum. He was soon off with a light wind for that island, and we proceeded to the "John Williams," and stood away towards Eromanga.

EROMANGA.

Anchored at Dillon's Bay on the following morning, viz., Saturday the 15th October. Mr. Gordon was soon on board, and, accompanied by him, some of us went on shore, and up the hill to his residence,

about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and there we found Mrs. Gordon, well. Owing to the unhealthy swamps on the low grounds, Mr. Gordon has built his cottage on the high land. Close by the house he has erected a small chapel, and has a fine bell at the one end, which echoes from hill to hill, and calls the tribes to their little Zion.

Every direction is associated with the tragic scenes of November, 1839. At the foot of the hill on which the chapel stands is the stream in which Mr. Harris fell, and the beach where Mr. Williams ran into the sea. Down the hill, below Mr. Gordon's study window, is the spot where the oven was made in which Mr. Williams's body was cooked. Over in another direction is the place where the body of Mr. Harris was taken. Inland is a grove of cocoa-nuts, underneath one of which the skull of Mr. Williams was buried. The bones taken to Samoa by Captain Croker, in H.B.M.'s ship, "Favourite," in 1840, were *not* the remains of Williams and Harris. He had no proper interpreter. The natives thought he wanted to *buy human bones*, and took off for sale whatever were handy from one of the adjacent caves, where they deposit their dead. One of the skulls was that of the father of a lad we had for some time with us in our institution in Samoa. It is difficult, at present, owing to hostility among the tribes, to get at the precise tree under which the skull of Mr. Williams was buried; but there let the remains of the martyr rest, and still form part and parcel of that palm which waves its foliage in every



SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF WILLIAMS AND HARRIS AT DILLON'S BAY.

1. Spot where Harris was struck. 2. Spot where Harris fell. 3. Road down which Williams ran. 4. Place where Williams was killed. 5. Block of Stone on which are the measurement marks of Williams' extended body. 6. Printing Office and Teachers' Cottage. 7. Mr. Gordon's Cottage and Mission Chapel. 8. Houses and Stores of Sandal-wood Traders.

breeze, emblematic of the Christian hero's triumph !* A piece of red sealing-wax, found in Mr. Williams's pocket, was supposed by the natives to be some portable *god*, and was carefully buried near where the skull was laid. Mr. Gordon lately recovered this, and handed it to me to convey to Mr. Williams's children, as the only relic which he has been able to obtain of their lamented father. At first he thought, from the description of the natives, that this "*god*," would turn out to be Mr. Williams's *watch*; but, when found, it was only red sealing-wax. The clothes, and other things found on the body, after the massacre, were all distributed about, with the exception of this bit of sealing-wax, an inch and a half long.

We had the pleasure of spending a Sabbath at Eromanga, and met with about 150 of the people in their little chapel. All were quiet and orderly. It thrilled our inmost soul to hear them, as led by Mrs. Gordon, strike up the tune of "New Lydia," and also the translation and tune of "There is a happy land." Mr. Macfarlane and I addressed them through Mr. Gordon. They were startled and deeply interested as I told them of former times, when we tried so hard to get intercourse with them, and to show them that we were different from other

* In a letter just received from Mr. Gordon, it appears that after I left Eromanga last year, he got some further light on these sad transactions, and is now led to think that the body of Mr. Harris was cooked in Dillon's Bay, and that the body of Mr. Williams was taken to a place a few miles distant, and divided among three different settlements.

white men who had visited their shores. When I read out the names of seven who swam off to us in 1845, and to whom we showed kindness, and took on shore in the boat, it appeared from the sensation created that one of them was present. He came after the service, shook hands; said some two or three more of them were alive; that our visit that day greatly surprised them, and that they marked our vessel as the one which showed them kindness, and did not take sandal-wood. They thought us quite different from all the white men with whom they had previously come in contact.




Mr. Gordon was glad to see so many at the service, and considered our visit providential and opportune. There had been a reaction. Reports were raised that the Aneiteum people were all dying, and that it was occasioned by the new religion. The chiefs forbade the people attending the Sabbath services, and the consequence was that the chapel, the Sabbath before our visit, was quite deserted; only some five of the people ventured to attend. We hope that the good effects of our visit will not soon pass away. But Mr. Gordon finds it up-hill work. The population is not only widely scattered, but constantly occupied with petty intertribal wars. He thinks the entire population of the island may be set down at 5000. There is one dialect which is known all over the island, and in this Mr. Gordon has printed some small four-page elementary pieces, catechisms, hymns, etc. The Eromangan teacher Mana is stationed on the other side of the island, and has col-

lected a number around him. There is also an Aneiteum teacher assisting Mr. Gordon at Dillon's Bay, and Mr. G. has six young men under instruction, who, he hopes, may yet make useful helpers. But Mr. G. sadly wants another missionary for Portenia Bay, on the opposite side of the island.

On the Saturday I saw and shook hands with the chief Kauiau who killed Mr. Williams, and on the Monday met with him again. I also saw one of his men, called Oviaallo, who killed Mr. Harris. These two men feel ashamed and shy when the "John Williams" comes. Neither of them were at the service on Sabbath. Probably they have had a fear also which they found it difficult to shake off. I hope, however, that Kauiau has *now* perfect confidence in our friendly intentions. On the Monday, he and Oviaallo walked about with us, showed us the place where Mr. Harris was first struck, the place in the stream, a few yards from it, where he fell, and the course along the road, and down to the beach, where Mr. Williams ran right into the sea. Here, too, Oviaallo helped us to pick up some stones to take with us as mementoes, to surviving friends, of the sad event. Mr. Gordon has erected a little printing-office and teachers' residence close to the spot where the first blow was struck at Mr. Harris. I have planted a date-palm seed there, in a line towards the stream with the spot where Mr. Harris was struck, and in a line towards the sea with the place where Mr. Williams fell.

But the most striking and permanent memento of

that sad day is a great flat block of coral on the road up the hill, about a gunshot from the place where Mr. Williams fell. There the natives took the body, laid it down, and cut three marks in the stone to preserve the remembrance of its size. The one mark indicates the length of the head and trunk, and the other the lower extremities, thus :—

	Head and trunk, 37 inches.		Extremities, 25 inches.	
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A native lay down on the spot, and, laying on his right side, with his knees somewhat bent, said that was how it was measured.

When the “Camden” hove in sight on that morning of the 20th November, 1839, the Eroman-gans thought it was a sandal-wooding party returned who had but recently killed a number of their people, and plundered plantations. They were the more confirmed in this impression from the fact that the boat pulled in to the very place where that party had landed before, and erected some huts. That morning they had all ready heaps of yams and taro, for a feast which was to take place close by up the river; could not bear the thought of their being stolen by the white men, and determined to try and prevent their landing, or, if they did land, to attack them if they attempted to go up the river to the place where the yams and taro were. They sent the women and children out of the way, and hid themselves in the bush, but especially off the road

leading up along the western bank of the stream. Whenever Mr. Harris made to go up there, and had reached the spot where I have planted the palm-tree, the shell blew. Kauiau rushed out with his party, and commenced the attack. Five out of the seven who were present at the massacre are dead. The people were not united in the affair; some were for it, and some against it. Hence the remark of Captain Morgan: "They made signals for us to go away." But the principal thing, on that sad day, which melted their hearts with pity, was, they say, "the man in the boat, who stood, and wrung his hands, and wept." And that, I suppose, was good Captain Morgan.

After surveying these scenes, so full of affecting recollections, we went off to the vessel, and took Kauiau with us. We got him down into the cabin; and, as this is the first time he has ventured to go below, it proves that he has now entire confidence in us. We exchanged presents also. We gave him a trifle, and he and his people brought off to the ship forty yams, twenty heads of taro, and three bunches of bananas—the first present which the missionary vessel has ever had from Eromanga, and the murderer of John Williams. On showing Kauiau all over the ship, we stood before Mr. Williams's portrait in the saloon, and told him *that* was the missionary he killed. He gazed with intense interest; said he thought he could recognize the full face and the stout body, and was earnest in leading up to it some others who were with him, and in explaining

what it meant. Kauiaua is still a heathen comparatively; but let us hope that he may soon take a stand on the side of Christ. Mr. Gordon says that Oviaallo is a more hopeful character, and seems to be deeply grieved, as he thinks of his having had a hand in killing "*a man of God.*"

In March last, three white men, and two natives of Vaté, belonging to a sandal-wooding establishment at Dillon's Bay, were killed by the Eromangans. So far as we could learn, the affair originated in a dispute about a native woman. The white men were mainly to blame. "They brought it upon themselves," was the remark of Captain Edwards, in whose employ the unhappy men were, and he, very properly, did not allow any attempt at retaliation. As Mr. Gordon's position is distinctly understood by the natives, this melancholy affair did not involve him. While the white men were fortifying their premises down on the shore, firing off their guns to intimidate, and in constant dread of an attack from the natives, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were safe in their cottage up the hill among the natives, without either fort or fire-arms.

While at Eromanga, our attention was called to a somewhat questionable system of acquiring native labour, which is now extensively practised. The sandal-wooders cannot get the Eromangans to work as they wish, and therefore remove thither natives of the adjacent islands to work for them. We saw upwards of thirty natives of Vaté, and were told that there were as many more in the bush cutting wood.

There were a number of Lifu natives also. In the night eight Vaté men swam off to our vessel, imploring us to take them home; and ten Lifu men also wished us to compassionate them. They say that they are badly provided for, flogged, or beaten with a stick, at the discretion of their overseer; are kept longer from their home than they wish to stay, etc.; and we were informed by Mr. Gordon, that numbers of the poor creatures sink under it, and either die, away from their friends, or are taken home in a dying state. Captain Williams and I went on shore to the sandal-wood establishment, to see what was to be done about the said runaways and others who wished us to take them away. A Captain Mair claimed all the Lifu people as his men, and begged us not to take one of them; and Captain Edwards said that the Vaté men, to the number of about sixty, were under engagement to him for six months, and that he wished to keep them, and take them home honourably, according to his contract with them. He readily gave up two, however, in whom we felt a special interest, as belonging to the Christian settlement at Erakor, to which we were going, and paid them for the four months they had been with him. Captain Mair sent his boat to remove from our vessel any Lifu natives who were there, and to watch, until the anchor was up, that none escaped. We preferred his doing this, that the natives might see it was his doing, not ours, that some of them did not go with us.

Mr. Gordon, if spared to labour at Eromanga,

will be able in a few years to furnish many details respecting the manners, customs, and traditions of that interesting branch of the Papuan tribes. For the present, the following fragments, partly from him and partly from a Samoan teacher who was three years on the island, will not be uninteresting. The population, it has been observed, may be set down at 5000. They are a kindred race to the Tannese. They are scattered, and without any settled, well-ordered village. They are migratory in given localities, as war and planting may require. Their chiefs are numerous, but not powerful. There are two dialects on the island, differing widely from each other, but the one is only partially known on the north-east end of the island, and among a tribe which numbers but a few people. Children are kindly treated in general, but Mr. Gordon thinks there are some instances of infanticide, and that on the death of a mother, her infant child is buried alive with her. There are but few children in a family. Four is considered a large family. One albino has been seen. The population of the island is thought to be less now than formerly. The dysentery which raged in 1842 in other parts of the group, and which led to the breaking up of the Tanna mission, and the massacre of our teachers on Futuna, raged fearfully in Eromanga. They traced it to some *hatchets* taken on shore from a sandal-wooding vessel, and threw them all away. It is supposed that about a third of the population of the island died at that time.

Women carry the children on the side. Circumcision is practised. Connected with marriage there is a formal dowery. Polygamy prevails. A great chief has perhaps ten wives. The wife of a deceased husband is taken by the brother of the departed. Bread-fruit, yams, taro, fish, pork, and human flesh are the prevailing kinds of food of the people. The women cover their persons from the waist to the heels with leaf-girdles. The men prefer nudity, and a thick rope-work of leaves or cloth in front, half a yard long. The women tatoo each other about the mouth, cheeks, and chin, with rude devices of leaves and flowers. The people are fond of such amusements as dancing, racing, dart and stone throwing. The principal articles of manufacture are clubs and bows and arrows.

A number of old people are to be seen. The sick are not well cared for. They have some medicines for cases of poisoning, difficult labour, etc. They believe in witchcraft, and other things as causing disease. There are few hunchbacks. Ulcerous sores are common, and also elephantiasis, and fever and ague. The dead are buried, in some cases, without any covering, and, in others, with a winding-sheet of cocoa-nut leaves. They do not *raise* any mark over the grave. It is known rather by a *depression* in the earth of a few inches, and by two sticks standing up, the one at the head and the other at the feet. Some also are laid in caves, without any earth or covering. They do not eat anything which grows within about 100 yards of a place

where *their own* dead are buried, but strangers from another district will pluck cocoa-nuts, and eat freely of such things as grow there.

The spirits of the dead are supposed to go *eastward*, but they do not know where. Spirits are also thought to roam the bush. *Nobu* is the name which they give to their great god. They say that after creating the human race at Eromanga, he went away to another land. When they first saw white men, they concluded that they were made by the same great spirit, and to this day call foreigners, whether white or black, by the name of *Nobu*. They say that "once upon a time" men walked like pigs, and the pigs walked erect! The birds and some reptiles had a meeting about it. The lizard said he thought the pig should go all fours, and the men walk erect. The "water-wagtail" disputed this. It ended in the lizard going up a cocoa-nut tree, falling on the back of the pig, and making it stoop, and creep as it now does, and ever since pigs creep, and men walk erect! The first of the human race, they say, was a *woman*, then her son, and from them sprung the race of men. They have many tales about the doings of that woman and her son.

Rain they suppose to be caused by the sun, and say that if he is a long time without giving any, some of the stars get angry and stone him until he causes rain to fall. In another curious fragment, we trace the Scripture account of the prophet Jonah. One of their people, they say, fell into the sea, and was immediately swallowed by a *whale*. After a

time the projecting pieces of wood, which he wore horizontally as earrings, pricked the inside of the whale and made it vomit him forth again. He was still alive, but as he walked up from the beach he was thin and weak!

Monday, 17th October.—In the afternoon we parted with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and there, as at Tanna, it made us sad to think of but one solitary missionary on such an island. Another missionary should be sent out at once for Eromanga.

VATÉ, OR EFAT.

Tuesday, 18th October.—Anchored in Erakor Bay, on the S.W. side of Vaté, or Efat, as the Erakor people call it. The Rarotongan teachers, Teaumaru and Toma, with a number of the people, came off immediately. The two families were well; but we were sorry to learn that Teautoa had died since last voyage, and his wife also. Fever and ague seemed to be the principal complaint of the former, but the latter died in child-bed. The whole of the settlement of Erakor is nominally Christian. The population is about 250. All are kind to the teachers, and supply them with food, without stint and without price. Eight natives of the place are employed by the teachers as helpers in the work, and they, with six others, the teachers think, might be admitted to church fellowship, were a church constituted. There has been no war between Erakor and neighbouring tribes for a long time, but

still the way for the teachers' preaching in other settlements is hedged up. The people forbid their going there to *preach*, owing to the superstitious belief that unusual sickness and death follow wherever the *new religion* is received. Still the teachers have done a good deal during the last twelve months. They have acquired some fluency in the difficult dialect, and have superintended the building of a new chapel, twice the size of the old one.

As the teachers had suffered from fever and ague, they expressed a desire that we should occupy this place by Aneiteum teachers, who are more likely to stand the climate. I said that was precisely our own wish, and that we had now brought two of them, with their wives, for the very purpose of making a commencement. They were pleased with the arrangement, agreed to remain for another year, and we proceeded to give them their supplies. After this, Captain Williams and I went on shore with the new teachers and others we had to land at this place, ten individuals in all, viz., the Aneiteum teachers, Thevthev and Vatheva, their wives and one child; the two Vaté natives, who were taken last year on a visit to Samoa and Rarotonga; the two we picked up at Eromanga; and the child of one of the Rarotongan teachers.

After pulling for half an hour up the beautiful lagoon, we reached the landing-place, and there a crowd of natives awaited our arrival, who gave us a warm and hospitable welcome. A table was spread for the captain and myself in the house of the

teacher, and in another house provision was made for the boats' crews and the newly-arrived teachers. After conversation with the teachers, the chief Po-mare, and some of the people, about the new teachers, it was arranged that, for the present, they take up their abode with the Rarotongan teachers. We then had the native drum beaten to call all to service. The new chapel looks clean, light, and commodious. It is forty-five feet by thirty-five, wattled and plastered, thatched with grass, pulpit built with coral stones, and some rough forms throughout as seats. About 150 assembled in ten minutes. One of the teachers gave out a hymn and prayed. I addressed them through a Vaté man who knows Samoan, and he, in conclusion, sang and prayed. All were remarkably attentive and orderly.

Soon after we dismissed, the captain and I were led to two separate heaps of yams, taro, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, covered with a mat or two; the one was a present to him, and the other to me. By and by two lads, who had been at Samoa, came each with a pig as a present to me; and presently an old lady came along with a cooked fowl and some hot yams in a basket, as a present to the captain and myself. This old lady, who was dressed in a straw bonnet and a Turkey red cotton gown, turned out to be the wife of the chief. Meanwhile Mr. Griffin, the second officer, was busy on the beach buying pigs and yams for the ship. We were pleased to see the great change at this place in their demands while bartering. Formerly it was all trinkets and tobacco; now it is

calico and shirts. Calico, calico, calico, was the constant cry. Having filled the two boats, and promising to send in again, in the morning, some more Manchester goods with which to buy the yams and pigs they had still to sell, we said good-bye, and got out to the ship again before dark.

Wednesday, 19th October.—After another day's friendly intercourse with the people of Erakor, we weighed anchor in the afternoon, and sailed for Maré, or Nengone, of the Loyalty Islands. While at Eromanga, we heard that a Captain Fletcher and a boat's crew, from a sandal-wooding vessel, were lately attacked by the natives about "Hat Island," at the entrance to Sema, or "Havannah Harbour." We made inquiry about it while at Erakor, but could not ascertain any account of the affair on which we can rely. It is a fact, however, that the natives attacked the said party, and mangled some of them severely with their tomahawks.

MARÉ, OR NENGONE.

Sabbath, 23rd October.—Anchored at nine A.M. in a roadstead off Waeko, the station of Mr. Jones, on the N.W. side of Maré. Soon after the anchor was down, Mr. Jones came off in a canoe, baling with his *boot!* The canoe had turned out to be leaky, and they could hardly keep her afloat; but he got safe on board, and we were glad to find that he and his fellow-labourers on the island were well. About 4000 people, on the other side of the island, still

cleave obstinately to their heathenism, but all in the districts occupied by the brethren Jones and Creagh are professedly Christian. Their number is about 3000. Of these, 224 are church members, and 220 candidates for admission to church fellowship. There are eight teachers also, and a number of assistant-teachers.

After our English and Samoan services on board, Captain Williams, Mr. Macfarlane, Mr. Baker, and I accompanied Mr. Jones to the shore, and there we had an afternoon service with the natives. About 250 were present. Mr. Macfarlane and I addressed them through Mr. Jones. What a change, as I told them in my address, the gospel has effected at Maré! Instead of seeing them armed savages, as they were when I first saw them fourteen years ago, with their bodies whitewashed from head to foot, and without a rag of clothing, there they were, men, women, and children, clean and clothed, most of them with books in their hands, singing God's praises, following the words read, bowing the head in prayer, and listening with deep interest to every word we said. The contrast, however, between this side of the island and the other is still most affecting. There, a cloud of the darkest heathenism still hangs over the people. There they still worship the gods of their forefathers, fight with each other, eat the bodies of the slain, and delight in all manner of wickedness. Two of the Christian party, who went to preach the gospel to them some time ago, were killed by these heathens. This was not so much a

blow at Christianity, however, as an outburst of political revenge on two men who belonged by birth to the very tribe with whom that heathen party were then at war. They were advised not to go, but in the heat of their zeal and devotedness to the good cause, they, with some others, went. They were recognized, waylaid, and killed, and their bodies dragged off to the oven. The rest of the party were spared. Once a month, select parties of teachers and church members, headed occasionally by the missionary, visit that heathen side of the island. God's hammer will yet break the rock. Light will yet penetrate the darkness.

Monday, 24th October.—Mr. Creagh arrived from his station at Guamha, and immediately after we formed ourselves into committee to deliberate on the affairs of the mission. The most important thing before us was the location of the newly-arrived brethren Macfarlane and Baker. After discussing the subject, we were unanimous in the opinion, that Mr. Macfarlane should be stationed at Wide Bay, on the N.W. side of the island of Lifu, and Mr. Baker at Mu, on the S.E. side. It was also arranged that three of the newly arrived Samoan teachers, and one Rarotongan teacher, should be left with the brethren Baker and Macfarlane, in order to be located by them as soon as they had an opportunity of exploring their respective spheres of labour.

TOKA.

Thursday, 27th October.—Weighed anchor at six o'clock A.M., and taking Mr. Jones with us, and also a Nengone teacher and his wife, we made sail for the little island called Toka. By ten o'clock A.M. we were abreast of the teachers' house, when Captain Williams, Mr. Jones, and I made for the shore in the whale-boat. There was a heavy sea on, and we were in doubt about the opening. A native, seeing our difficulty, swam out, and stood as a finger-post on the edge of the reef close to the narrow entrance, and soon we were inside clear of the breakers. As Mr. Jones pays this place a pastoral visit occasionally in his boat, we had little to do but to give the Nengone teacher there, named Mose, his supplies, and to take off the teacher Solia, who, after thirteen years' service, wished to return to Samoa.

The people on this island number about 100. They were more numerous formerly, owing to the residence there of refugees from Maré and Lifu, who were driven in war, but who have now, in these days of peace, gone home. They are a colony from Maré and speak the Maré dialect. We saw about fifty of them. Nine are church members, twelve are candidates, and all are nominally Christian. They showed some feeling in parting with Solia, and brought a small present for the ship. They have a plastered chapel, twenty feet by forty, and the settlement is further enlivened by the white plastered cottages

of the chiefs, teacher, and some others of the people. The island is a mass of uplifted coral; it is only a few miles in circumference, and some 200 feet high. On the beach we observed a quantity of pumice-stone. It is washed on shore by the sea, and the natives formerly thought it was the dung of the whale! It no doubt comes from the volcano at Tanna.

LIFU.

With the friendly aid of our living finger-post on the edge of the reef, we got safely through the opening again, and by one o'clock were snugly on board out of the spray and plunge of a pull through a heavy cross sea. As the wind was strong and fair, we made all sail for Lifu, and by four P.M., were off Mu, on the S.E. side of the island, where we had arranged to place Mr. and Mrs. Baker and family, and three of the Samoan teachers. There being no anchorage, Captain Williams, Mr. Jones, and I again left the ship in the boats, together with Messrs. Baker and Macfarlane, and the new teachers. A crowd of natives on the beach awaited our arrival, and among them we were glad to find the young chief Bula, his brother, and two of the teachers. The first words, after the first shake of the hand, were, "Have you brought us our missionaries?" Their joy was unbounded when we pointed to the brethren Macfarlane and Baker, and said, "Yes; here they are. Mr. Baker to live here, and Mr. Macfarlane on the other side of the island."

Mr. Jones and I remained on shore for the night, to converse with the teachers, arrange for a meeting with the people, the landing of the goods, etc., while Captain Williams, with Messrs. Baker and Macfarlane, returned to the ship. While conversing with the teachers in the course of the evening, they related, among other things, a remarkable escape which two of our Samoans and the wife and children of a third lately had from a watery grave. While crossing to Maré, their canoe was struck by a sea and went down, leaving them all swimming. A native tub floated from the canoe, and into that one of them, named Isaaka, placed the two children, steadied the tub with the one hand, and swam with the other. Three Lifu men who were with them, soon became exhausted, and sank dead. For hours the two teachers, and the woman struggled on, and at last they were carried by a current to a little island. But it was a bold shore, and they could see no way of getting up. Here they thought they must perish. At last Isaaka said, "Taniela, come here; you steady the tub, and let me throw myself on to the next great roller; if I perish, I perish; but perhaps God will lift me on to that rock up there." He threw himself on the next wave, and was borne aloft in safety upon the rock. But, on looking down, he saw that the tub was upset, and the children in the sea. Again he courageously jumped over, dashed down among them, seized one of the children, clasped it to his left breast, threw himself on to another roller, and was lifted up, child and all,

on to a ridge of rock. He threw the child up higher, and climbed after it. It seemed dead. He shook the little fellow by the heels, sucked his mouth and nostrils, and life returned. He then ran off in search of natives, got ropes, and all were soon safe up with himself, and there they sat down and wept, and thanked God for their marvellous preservation. Isaaka deserves a gold medal.

Friday, 28th October.—Captain Williams stood in again with the ship, manned three boats, and proceeded to land the goods. Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane came on shore with the first boats, and soon we had a meeting in the chapel. The chapel is a stone building, erected some years ago by the teachers and people, 114 feet by 38. About 600 people were present. The brethren Jones, Baker, Macfarlane, and I spoke. In my address, which was interpreted by Isaaka, I referred to the time when the “John Williams” first came to their shores; of our intercourse with their old blind chief Bula; of his promise to be kind to the teachers, and listen to their instructions; of the hope which Mr. Murray and I held out of their getting missionaries at a future time to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly; and then I added, “This day the promise has been fulfilled. You have done your part, we have done ours. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are now your missionaries, and may the Lord bless you all.”

Visitors continued to arrive every hour from various parts of the district, to pay their respects,

and express their joy. By eleven A.M. on Saturday, everything was on shore. Mr. and Mrs. Baker were comfortably lodged in a neat plastered six-roomed cottage, which the teachers gave up for their residence. We bowed the knee, committed our dear friends to God, left them, and pulled out to the ship. Mr. Baker has under his care six Samoan and Rarotongan teachers, a number of Lifu assistant-teachers, and a district containing a population of about 4000 people, the most of whom have abandoned heathenism and become professedly Christian.

WIDE BAY, LIFU.

Sabbath, 30th October.—At noon we anchored at a place called Hepenehe, in the Wide Bay, on the N.W. side of Lifu, where we had arranged to locate Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane. Our arrival was the occasion of great joy there again. We were in good time for the afternoon service, which was held out of doors, in front of the teachers' house. The chapel was blown down in a gale in March last, but they have raised the stone-walls of a new one, and were ready for the roof.

On the following day, the teachers and, I should think, 1000 people assembled from the neighbouring villages, and here, as at Mr. Baker's station, they brought us a present of yams for the ship. In the short speech which accompanied their present, they said: "We are greatly pleased that we have at

length got a missionary. We do not know what may spring up in our hearts some other day, but at present there is nothing there but joy." Mr. Macfarlane's goods were soon landed. The willing crowd picked up the things from the boat as soon as it touched the beach, and trunks, casks, and cases flew up to the teachers' house, in at the door, and were laid down in whichever of the seven rooms Mr. Macfarlane pleased to direct. So rapidly did everything go on, that, by the evening, all was landed, and Mr. Jones and I had a cup of tea from Mrs. Macfarlane in her new abode, at the close of her first day of actual missionary life.

In the division of the island assigned to Mr. Macfarlane, he has under his care six Samoan and Rarotongan teachers, a number of Lifu assistant teachers, and a scattered population of probably 3000 to 4000 souls. War and cannibalism have for many years been laid aside; most of the people are professedly Christian, our teachers and chapels encircle the island, and never, probably, were *first* missionaries located under more favourable circumstances. But, although the people are nominally Christian, they are but a step from heathenism—the merest babes in Christian knowledge; and although our brethren Macfarlane and Baker have had “an abundant entrance,” they have still the great work to do of translating the Bible, of explaining its meaning, and of raising up men qualified to be the future pastors and teachers there and in the regions beyond.

The four natives of Lifu, to whom I have already referred as being on board our vessel, now rejoiced to find themselves once more on their native shore. There is a tale connected with these four young men which makes us ashamed of our country. They say that they were decoyed from their island by a sandal-wooding vessel from Sydney, upwards of three years ago. They had gone on board to sell some things, were battened down in the hold, and let up on deck next day when their island was all but out of sight. They were nearly a year on Espirito Santo, cutting and cleaning sandal-wood, and were then taken to Ascension, of the Caroline group, and sold for pigs, yams, and firewood. They were rated according to size, age, etc., and fetched from two to five pigs, and a proportionable quantity of yams and firewood for each man. There were ten of them in all. After a time, six managed to run away, and escaped to Hong-Kong, where five of them died. The remaining four might still have been in slavery on Ascension, but for the kind help of the American missionaries there, together with Captain Thompson, of the whaling-ship "China." The captain bought off two of them, and the other two were redeemed, partly by their own earnings, and partly by the missionary. They were then taken to Honolulu. The Rev. C. Damon and others kindly attended to them at that place, until Captain Manchester generously took them to Rarotonga, there to await the arrival of the "John Williams." One of them speaks English pretty well. Mr. Williams, the British consul at

Samoa, has taken down the deposition of the young man, and reported all at the proper quarter. In the course of our voyage we traced the name of the vessel, and also that of her captain and supercargo. The Lifu people had long given up these four young men as dead, and their restoration was no small addition to the joy occasioned by the arrival of the missionaries. Two of them are of high rank in the bay where we anchored, and it was affecting to see how the people clung to them, listening to their tale, and following them wherever they went.

UEA, OR IAI, BRITANNIA ISLANDS.

Tuesday, 1st November.—We parted with Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane at ten A.M., and were immediately off with a fair wind for Uea. About dusk we dropped anchor again in the lagoon off the teachers' house, in the settlement of *King Whenegay*, as he is called, in 166° E. long., and 20° S. lat. This is one of the loveliest coralline groups which I have seen. Hniē is the name of the principal island, a long, curved strip of land, thirty miles in length, three miles wide in some places, and about 150 feet high. Whakaia, about two miles long, is separated from it by a narrow strait, and then there are upwards of twenty islets dotting the surface of the ocean all around, and forming a beautiful oblong lagoon, eighteen miles in length and nine in breadth, with anchorage throughout.

The population may amount to 4000. They are

settled principally on the large island, and divided into two parties, the one in the district called Vekiniē, under a king named Pāsil, and six tribal chiefs; and the other in the division of the island called Fazāue, under King Whenegay, and seven tribal chiefs. Whenegay and his people call the group not Uea, but Iai (Eaye). These two parties have not fought for some time, and are on speaking terms. They keep up two distinct dialects, but understand each other. They are a shade or two lighter than the Lifu people, but in most of their manners and customs are akin to them. They subsist on yams, taro, cocoa-nuts, fish, fowls, and pigs.

Wednesday, 2nd November.—After meeting with the teachers on board, hearing their reports, and giving them their annual supplies, Captain Williams, Mr. Jones, and I proceeded to the shore, and had a meeting, with about 200 of the people, in a large council-house at Whenegay's place, which is at present used as a chapel. The size and general appearance of this house struck me as being one of the best specimens of ancient Polynesian royalty which I have seen. It is 130 feet long, and 30 feet wide. The posts round the sides of the house, close to the eaves, are only five feet high, but they are about *nine feet* in circumference, and from them run up the rafters, which are great beams four feet round. The ridge-pole is supported by a row of central pillars. The roof is thatched with grass. The back, and ends, and two-thirds of the front, are wattled and plastered. The remaining third is open

in front, and decorated on the outside of each post with five carved boards, each having at the top a human face, painted red, and as if grinning at an enemy. An additional figure projects a few feet in front on either side, as the guardian spirits of the place, with a herculean wooden spear over their heads, pointing to the entrance, through the high palisade, a little way in front of the building.

This house was built by Iokuie, whom I met at sea, in company with Captain C——, in 1845. He is dead, but his son is now king. In my address to those assembled in the great house, I reminded them of the earnestness with which Iokuie entreated us to send teachers to their group of islands, and expressed our joy in knowing that many of them had abandoned heathenism, and commenced to worship the true God, and seek salvation through Jesus Christ. Mr. Jones, in his address, told them that he had brought them a new teacher from Maré, and likewise exhorted them to go on in the way to heaven. We have now five teachers at Uea, and five preaching stations, at which an aggregate of 1300 people worship God and listen to his Word every Lord's-day. Fourteen are under special instruction as candidates for church membership, as soon as one of the missionaries from Maré or Lifu can arrange to spend a week or two in the group, to aid in the formation of a Christian Church, and other pastoral duties. This is a fine field for a missionary, and one is greatly needed.

Here, and also at Lifu, Maré, and Aneiteum, I

had presented to me as many as eighty-six of the castaway idol-gods of heathen times: gods of the sea, gods of the land, gods of the plantation, war gods, disease-making gods, storm and rain gods, etc. I have also received twenty-six more, to be taken to some of my brother missionaries, making in all 112 of these unmistakeable trophies of the power of the gospel of Jesus to overturn idolatry of every name, and triumph in every place.

MARÉ, OR NENGONE.

Thursday, 3rd November.—We left Uea early in the morning, bound for Guamha, Mr. Creagh's station, there to land Mr. Jones, and the supplies of Mr. Creagh, and his native teachers. We were close in by nine A.M. on Sabbath, when Mr. Jones, Mr. Turpie, the first officer, and I went on shore in the whale-boat. As we reached the beach, I had a vivid recollection of the naked savage crowd Mr. Murray and I saw there on my first visit fourteen years ago. *Then* some were painted from head to foot, and all were armed with clubs, spears, or tomahawks. Old Ieui gave the word of command, when an avenue was formed for us to walk up through the motley group, to his large round house, where we talked to them of Christ, and his peaceful kingdom, and entreated them to abandon heathenism and embrace the gospel. But how changed the scene now! As Mr. Jones, Mr. Turpie, and I walked up from the boat all was quiet. It was the hour of divine ser-

vice, and the people were assembled in the chapel on the rising ground a little to the left. We walked up to the place, a stone building eighty feet by sixty, looked in at the door, and saw that it was filled with 900 attentive worshippers. Mr. Creagh was in the pulpit, and a black precentor stood leading the whole in one harmonious song of praise. I felt it quite overpowering, as we walked up the aisle, and took our places in the missionary's pew. Mr. Creagh preached, and as it was their day for administering the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, we had the further pleasure of uniting, at the close of the morning service, with the church of ninety-four members, in commemorating the death of Christ.

In the afternoon we met again with the people. Through Mr. Creagh as my interpreter, I addressed them, reminding them of the present days of light and Christian privilege, compared with the state of things which existed when I first saw them, and "exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord." At the close of my address, I baptized Sarah Caroline, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Creagh. Mr. Jones then addressed and baptized sixteen of the natives, and soon after closed the public services of a day which I shall long remember.

A gale in March last blew down the printing-office, but a substantial new one is all but finished, and Mr. Creagh hopes soon to have the press at work again to proceed with the issues of the books of Scripture which he and Mr. Jones are preparing.

In May last, Mr. Creagh and Mr. Jones had their second annual missionary meeting at Guamha, and collected £10 in cash for the London Missionary Society—double what it was last year. From the stations of the brethren Creagh and Jones we had presents for the ship, amounting to upwards of 300 yams.

Tuesday, 8th November.—Left Maré and sailed for Aneiteum. Just before leaving, Mr. Creagh received the report of a deputation from his church members, who had visited one of the heathen districts the day before. They pay them a monthly visit directly after the Communion Sabbath. They were unusually well received on this occasion, had food given to them, and the remark was freely made that Christianity was good, and that if their enemy received a teacher, they would give up fighting too, and have a teacher also. The said “enemy” has at length expressed a willingness to have a teacher, and Mr. Creagh was on the eve of sending them one. This is the party who massacred the crew of the “Brigand.”

ANEITEUM.

Friday, 11th November.—Anchored again at Aneiteum. On that day, Saturday, and Monday, we were busy taking in water, presents of provisions for the ship, and a number of pine spars. Captain Williams, with his usual foresight and economy for the interests of the ship and the society, procured,

while there, seven spars, some of them of large dimensions, such as will serve for a foreyard, top-mast, etc. The natives not only allow Captain Williams to select and cut spars without charge, but muster in parties of two and three hundred, to carry them out of the bush, and take them alongside the vessel. This is no mean contribution. Captain Williams estimates it on this occasion at £40.

On the Sabbath I had the pleasure of meeting with about 1000 of the Aneiteum people at Mr. Geddie's station at the morning service. Many of the people from Mr. Inglis's station were present, who had come over on the day previous, with presents for the ship, and to aid in getting the spars out of the bush. In the afternoon we had a missionary prayer-meeting, at which I gave some account of our voyage, and in the evening Mr. Copeland preached to us on board the "John Williams."

On Monday the 14th we took on board Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, and three of the children of Mr. Geddie, to proceed in the vessel to England. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis revisit their native land, after an absence of fifteen years, spent partly in New Zealand, and partly on Aneiteum. Mr. Inglis takes with him a translation of the New Testament, prepared by Mr. Geddie and himself, to be printed in London by the British and Foreign Bible Society. He takes with him a native also to aid him in the revision of the manuscript. At four P.M. we united in prayer in the cabin. Committing each other and the

interests of our voyage to God, parted with Mr. and Mrs. Geddie, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, and Mr. Copeland, and were immediately off for our next place of call, viz.,

NIUĒ, OR SAVAGE ISLAND.

Monday, 12th December.—Sighted Savage Island at nine A.M. Instead of approaching it as I did eleven years ago, half expecting to hear that the teacher was killed, it was delightful now to look upon it as a Christian land, and to draw near to it anticipating a happy meeting with a Christian people. For a period of *sixteen years*, the powers of darkness resisted every effort to obtain an entrance for Christianity. It is eleven years now since the Savage Islanders at last expressed a willingness to receive a Samoan teacher, and from year to year the good work has gone on and prospered.

By two P.M. we were off the station of our teacher Samuela, on the south side of the island, and Captain Williams, Mr. Inglis, and I proceeded in the boats to the shore. Although the sea ran high, no fewer than seventeen canoes were launched and off to meet us, and, accompanied by this fleet, and its happy band of natives, we pulled to the landing-place. The first glance at the people in their canoes, from the ship's deck, showed a marked change since I was here before. Instead of nudity, and the long dishevelled hair flying in the wind, or fast in a coil between the teeth, all have their hair

cut short, and, at least, a wrapper, or kilt of some sort, from the waist down below the knee.

We found the teacher Samuela and his family well, and living in one of the best teacher's houses I have ever seen—quite a *palace* of a place, eighty feet by thirty, divided into seven apartments, well plastered, finished with doors and Venetians, and furnished with tables, chairs, sofas, and bedsteads. We were delighted also with the size and unusually fine workmanship of the chapel. It is ninety feet by twenty-four, holds 500 people; but it is too small, and they are about to build a larger one. After spending an hour or two here, Captain Williams and Mr. Inglis returned to the ship. I remained on shore, and arranged to meet them on the following day at Alofi, eight miles further on, round to the west.

The teacher Amosa soon arrived from his station on the south side, and with him and Samuela I spent the evening, talking over the affairs of the mission, and arranging for the services of the coming day. Retired to rest on a nice muslin-curtained bedstead, which they kindly spread for me with blanket and sheets, luxuries rarely to be met with in a native teacher's house; but I had too much to think about to get more than a short nap. Soon after midnight the natives were all on the move, church members, candidates, and others going to the meeting, and others catching pigs and fowls to take off for sale to the vessel.

Had family prayer early with the teachers, and

was off by four A.M., in the moonlight, to walk to Alofi. It was heart-stirring at daylight, to hear the voice of prayer and praise proceeding from the cottages of the natives, as we passed along the road. Some had family worship over, and were out, eager to get a shake of the hand as I passed. Some were not content with the hand or arm, but they must seize the *leg* too, and give it a hearty national *snuff* or *smell*! I was thus brought to a hard fast standstill, at times, but after a *smiling* wrestle with the warm-hearted people, I got clear, and on along the road again.

The natives have completed a good six-foot wide road all round the island. It has been partly made, and kept in repair, by fines. For theft, and other crimes, the chiefs sentence offenders to two, five, ten, or even fifty fathoms, of road-making. They fill up the spaces between the uneven coral with small stones, and level all with a layer of earth or sand. They are raising a row of cocoa-nuts on either side of the road for a shade. A missionary will find this road a great facility to his labours, as it will enable him to take a horse all round the island, a distance of forty to fifty miles, perhaps.

The island is well wooded. Of the cultivated places along the road, I was especially struck with some large sugar-cane plantations, and the canes standing erect as high as thirty feet. They support them with long poles, which keep them erect, and separate the clumps from each other. I observed, too, that the cocoa-nuts of the island are unusually

large. Eighteen inches in circumference is the common average of the nut after the husk has been taken off.

About half way I looked in, as I passed, at a school-house, just finished, fifty feet by twenty, and in the finest style of their workmanship. They have five more of these school-houses, at distances, round the island, between the five large chapels.

I was at Alofi by seven A.M. Here I met with some of the natives who had been with us at Samoa, was besieged again by the hand-shakers, but soon got into the teachers' house—a fine building that is, too, even more so than the one I saw the day before. Here I met with the other three teachers, viz., Paulo, Paula, and Sakaio, and commenced the important, but very difficult work of examining candidates for admission to the church. The teachers had evidently been careful in the selection of them, and out of those proposed from the five stations, we decided on receiving thirty-one men and nineteen women. Those who were formed into a church last year have all remained stedfast, and, with the addition of those just named, there is an aggregate of 102 of the Savage Islanders in church fellowship. After baptizing the newly-admitted members, we all united in commemorating the death of Christ.

After the communion I met again with the five teachers, gave them their annual supplies, and talked over a variety of matters. Arranged that Paula, whose wife died some time ago, and who is aged and inefficient, should return to Samoa, and that the

Samoan teacher Elia take his place. Supplied them with copies of the commentary on the Gospel of Matthew in the Samoan dialect, and left four thousand copies of a revised hymn and Scripture lesson book in the Savage Island dialect—the paper for printing which was kindly furnished by the London Religious Tract Society.

The teachers handed me a manuscript of a translation of the Gospel of Mark, in the dialect of Savage Island, with a request to print it at Samoa if approved by us. It was translated by Paulo, who has been ten years on the island, and subsequently all the teachers met in committee, and revised the manuscript. I said they might go on with Matthew next. Of course they translate from the Samoan version. They will exert themselves, I have no doubt, to do it well, and, although a translation of a translation, and by native teachers, the manuscript may be of much service to missionaries, who, I trust, will ere long be sent forth to this island.*

The population may be set down at 4300. All are now Christian, with the exception of some ten, who still stand aloof. The opinion is universal all over the island, that there is now an increase of the population. The women are more numerous than the men, and we were all struck with the number of

* The manuscript of the Gospel of Mark, just referred to, has been committed to my brother missionary, Mr. Pratt, to be revised and prepared for the press by him, together with the aid of one of the Savage Islanders, now in the Mission Seminary at Malua.

children to be seen compared with many other islands. There was a fearful destruction of children in the days of heathenism, principally *before* birth. The climate is remarkably healthy. We have found this universal with the low *coral* formations. It is on the high volcanic islands where our teachers and missionaries have suffered so much from fever and ague.

The teachers said the chiefs wished to know how they could obtain a protectorate from the British Government. I said it was not likely that Britain would grant their request; still it could do no harm to make known their wishes, only they must do it not through the missionaries, but through some of H. B. M.'s official representatives—say, the British consul at Samoa, or the commander of any of H. B. M.'s ships which may touch at the island.

The "John Williams" was off the settlement at Alofi all day, and the boats made five trips to the shore, taking off arrow-root, pigs, fowls, yams, teachers' parcels, etc. The arrow-root amounted to upwards of 2000 lbs., and is the proceeds of the sale of books. 1540 yams, ten pigs, and forty fowls were a present from the people to the "John Williams," and, in addition, Mr. Griffin, the second officer, bought about 50 pigs and 120 fowls for the vessel. I was glad also to find that the demand from Mr. Griffin was not tobacco, but exclusively such useful articles as calico, shirts, knives, hatchets, etc.

In the afternoon we had a public meeting in the

chapel. It is 100 feet long by 35, and is one of the finest native-built chapels I have seen in the South Seas. It was closely packed with a clean, decently-clothed, and attentive audience. Captain Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, the Misses Geddie, and others from the ship, were also present. Including those on the verandahs, on either side of the chapel, there were at least 1100 present. Mr. Inglis and I addressed them through the teachers, as interpreters, and they also conducted the singing and devotional parts of the service. Such a sight, and in such a place, made it a season of joy to all of us which we shall never forget.

We were again on board ship and off for Samoa before dark. I repeatedly wished, in the course of this voyage, that I had another body to dispose of, and give up to labour in the cause of Christ; but I never felt this to such an extent as I did on leaving that shore of Savage Island, covered with a loving, grateful people, all eager for a shake of the hand, and to express, as best they could, their unfeigned regard. And these are the children of the men who rushed out upon our great navigator Cook "like wild boars," and who, for sixty years after his time, kept to the determination that no stranger should ever live on their island. They repeatedly rushed out upon parties of white men as they did upon Captain Cook, and were sometimes fired upon. Natives of other islands, who were drifted there in distress, whether from Tonga, or Samoa, or elsewhere, were invariably killed. Any of their own

people who went away in a ship, and came back, were killed ; and all this was occasioned by a dread of the introduction of disease. For years, too, after they began to venture out to ships, they would not immediately use anything obtained, but hung it up in the bush in quarantine for weeks.

Eleven years ago, the exclusive system, against which we had so long been struggling, gave way, and the wish was formally made known to us that Samoan teachers would be received ; and, *now*, nothing would be more grateful to them than the arrival of white missionaries. Soon may God grant them the desire of their hearts ! Nor is the great change confined to their reception of Christianity as a religious system, but, as is manifest from what I have already said, the whole framework of their political and social life is changed. Their wars, and more clandestine lurking for each other's blood, are ended. Old grievances are laid aside, and free intercourse is the rule all over the island. The pig-sty dwellings are fast giving way to the Samoan model of large houses, well spread with mats. Instead of destroying all the plantations and fruit-trees of a person who dies, that they might go with him, all is now spared, and the consequence is an abundance of food such as they never had in the days of heathenism. Instead of living in single families, and migrating here and there in the bush, the five teachers' stations which encircle the island are fast becoming the nuclei of settled villages, with magistrates and laws ; and the change of the whole state of affairs

is as amazing to the people themselves as it is to a stranger. I have never seen a more inviting field of missionary labour. Happy the men who are sent to cultivate it!

In thus describing the triumphs of the gospel on these once savage shores, I have great pleasure also in giving publicity to the fact, that the young men and women in the Bible-classes connected with the United Presbyterian Church, Campbeltown, Scotland, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Boyd, have contributed towards the support of two teachers on that island for upwards of ten years. They have doubtless often prayed as well for that heathen land, and who can tell to what a large extent the success over which we now rejoice is to be traced to the "effectual fervent" prayers of these friends of missions! May they continue the good work, and may many others imitate their praiseworthy example.

FAKAAFO, TOKELAU.

Owing to the amount of business we had to do in the Westward Islands, together with hindrances from contrary winds, the time allotted for our missionary cruise expired, without our being able to call at Fakaafu, as we had hoped to do when we left Samoa. This little coral island is in 171° W. long. and $9^{\circ} 22'$ S. lat. It is the principal of three, which are inhabited in that group, called Union Group, or by the natives, Tokelau. The entire population of the three islands may not exceed 600.

The natives there say that men had their origin in a small stone on Fakaafo. The stone became changed into a man. After a time he thought of making a woman. This he did by collecting a quantity of earth, and forming an earth model on the ground. He made the head, body, arms, and legs all of earth, then took out a *rib* from his left side and thrust it inside of the earth model, when suddenly the earth became alive, and up started a woman on her feet. He called her Ivi (Eevee), or *rib*, he took her to be his wife, and from them sprang the race of men.*

The government is monarchical, and the king, Tui Tokelau, is high priest as well. There are three families from which the king is selected, and they always select an aged man. They say that a young man is a bad ruler, and that mature age is essential to the office. They are a quiet people, and rarely fight.

Their great god is called Tui Tokelau, or king of Tokelau. He is supposed to be embodied in a stone, which is carefully wrapped up with fine mats, and never seen by any one but the king, and that only once a year, when the decayed mats are stripped off and thrown away. In sickness, offerings of fine mats are taken and rolled round the sacred stone, and thus it gets busked up to a prodigious size;

* This reminds us of Prometheus and his clay models (*εἰκόνια*), but it is more interesting still as a manifest fragment of the Divine doings as recorded in the Mosaic cosmogony.

but as the idol is exposed to the weather out of doors, night and day, the mats soon rot. No one dares to appropriate what has been offered to the god, and hence, the old mats, as they are taken off, are heaped in a place by themselves, and allowed to rot.* Before the idol is its house, or temple, a great thatched shed, which may hold some 400 people. Once a year, viz., about the month of May, a whole month is devoted to the worship of the god. All work is then laid aside. Great quantities of food are prepared. The people assemble from the three islands, pray for life and health and a plentiful supply of fish and cocoa-nuts. They have dancing too, men with men, and women with women, and light up the temple all the night over during the month with what they call "light in honour of the god."

No fire is allowed to be kindled at night in the houses of the people all the year round. It is

* How remarkably this compares with what the Earl of Roden says of a stone idol, in his "Progress of the Reformation in Ireland:" "In the south island, in the house of a man named Monigan, a stone idol, called in the Irish 'Neevougi,' has been from time immemorial religiously preserved and worshipped. This god resembles in appearance a thick roll of home-spun flannel, which arises from the custom of dedicating a dress of that material to it whenever its aid is sought; this is sewn on by an old woman, its priestess, whose peculiar care it is. Of the early history of this idol, no authentic information can be procured, but its power is believed to be immense; they pray to it in time of sickness; it is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some hapless ship upon their coast; and, again, the exercise of its power is solicited in calming the angry waves, to admit of fishing or visiting the mainland."

sacred to the god, and so, after sundown, they sit and chat in the dark. There are only two exceptions to the rule: 1st, fire to cook fish taken in the night, but then it must not be taken to their houses, only to the cooking-house; and, 2nd, a light is allowed at night in a house where there happens to be a confinement.

The origin of fire they trace to Mafuike, but, unlike the Mafuike of the mythology of some other islands, this was an old blind *lady*. Talanga went down to her in her lower regions, and asked her to give him some of her fire. She obstinately refused until he threatened to kill her, and then she yielded. With the fire he made her say what fish were to be cooked with it, and what were still to be eaten raw; and then began the time of cooking food.

Polygamy prevails. Cocoa-nuts and fish form the prevailing food of the people. There are no fowls or pigs there, but swarms of rats. Boys at sport play at catching rats. They who catch the most win the game. Canoes are made from a single log hollowed out. They are now getting iron tools, but formerly they used shell hatchets. They sometimes burned the trunk of a tree to make it fall, but as the fire occasionally ran up the heart of a tree and destroyed it all, they usually cut away at the trunk with their shell hatchets, day after day, until it fell. It took ten, fifteen, and thirty days to fell a tree. Another plan was to dig down and cut the roots. They show some ingenuity in the manufacture of buckets with lids. They are made by hollow-

ing out a solid block of wood. They do it by burning.

When a ship is seen, they consult the king and high priest whether they shall go out to it. He decides for or against. If they go they do so with great fear, praying all the way that they may be preserved alive, and free from harm. When a party goes, the king will probably go with them. When he goes, one sits a little before him, holding up a cocoa-nut leaflet, as a sort of protecting flag, or charm, and the king sits immediately behind, praying all the while, as the rest paddle, that they may be kept from harm. A party of them once went out to visit a ship, and when near the vessel, one of their number was shot dead, all the rest fled to the shore. They supposed that the people in the ship thought they had gone out to fight.

Of old they thought a foreign ship something unearthly, and the white crew sailing gods from some region of spirits. The fire burning in their inside, and sending forth volumes of smoke (tobacco smoke) seemed superhuman, and the guns, belching out fire and smoke and "stones," seemed to be no work of man. If any one died about the time a vessel had been seen, they concluded that the party of sailing gods had come for his spirit, and when they happened to see any on board ship with their hair cut short, they supposed they were some of the spirits but lately received.

Apart from the god Tui Tokelau, there is a particular disease-making god, whose priest receives

offerings from the sick of fine mats. When the friends of a sick man take a present to the priest, he says he will pray to the god for recovery; and then he goes to the sick person and anoints with oil the part affected. He uses no particular oil. When he sits down, he calls some one of the family to hand him some oil, and dipping his hand in the cup, passes it gently over the part two or three times. No medicines are used for the sick. If the body is hot, they go and lie down in cold water; if cold, kindle a fire and warm themselves.

After death, the friends of the deceased are anxious to know the cause of his death. They go, with a present, to the priest, and beg him to get the dead man to speak, and confess the sins which caused his death. The priest may be distant from the dead body, but he pretends to summon the spirit, and to have it within him. He speaks in his usual tone, and tells him to say before them all what he did to cause his death. Then he (the priest) whines out, in a weak, faltering voice, a reply, as if from the spirit of the departed, confessing that he stole coconuts from such a place; or, that he fished at some particular spot forbidden by the king; or, that he ate the fish which was the incarnation of his family god. As the priest whines out something of this sort, he manages to squeeze out some tears, and sob and cry over it! The friends of the departed feel relieved to know the cause, get up, and go home.

At death, one will say to his friends, "I'm going to the moon—think of me as being there." An-

other will say, "I'm going to be a star;" and mentions the particular part of the heavens where they are to look for him. Another will say, "I shan't go away; I shall remain in the grave, and be here with you." Thus they seem to think they have only to choose where their disembodied spirits are to go after death.* They tell of a Tokelau man who went up to the moon, and have their tale, also, of "*the man in the moon*." They say, too, that the moon is the special residence of the kings and priests of Tokelau. The stars they believe to be the spirits of the departed. When the full moon begins to wane, they suppose that it is being eaten by the inhabitants of the region. From the new moon until the full they consider that the food is growing again. An eclipse of the moon is thought to be some sudden calamity, destroying the food of the departed kings, and occasions special concern; and prayers and a meat-offering of grated cocoa-nut are immediately presented to their great god, Tui Tokelau, to avert the evil. As the eclipse passes off, they think it is all owing to their prayers.

Two young men belonging to Fakaafu, who

* They believe, however, that there are certain evil spirits always on the watch for human beings, and that, if any are caught, their souls are dragged up and down the universe for ever, as the slaves of these demons, and never find a resting-place. Hence it is a common saying at Tokelau, "Take care of the soul, it lives for ever; never mind the body, it dies and rots in the grave." And hence, too, a man would rather die than go at night to certain haunted spots, where he thinks it probable he might be seized by one of these evil spirits.

had long been in Samoa, were taken there lately. One of them lived with us at Malua for three years; was a member of the church; knew the Samoan language well, and took with him the entire Bible, and all the books printed in the Samoan dialect. We cherish the hope that, if his life is spared, he may act as a Christian teacher to his countrymen, and prepare the way for other teachers. From this young man, and also from the other, I received some curious mythological and other fragments, of which the above are a specimen.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.

IN summing up our progress in these islands just visited, where twenty years ago we had not a single missionary, or a single convert from heathenism, and at the very entrance to which John Williams then fell, we find that out of a population, in the twelve islands which we now occupy, of about 65,500 souls, we have 19,743 who have renounced heathenism, and are professedly Christian. Of these there are 645 church members, and 689 who are candidates for admission to the church. And there are now labouring among them ten European missionaries, and 231 native teachers and assistants. Three printing-presses, also, are at work, especially devoted to the Papuan vernacular of the respective islands.

While in the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands, I submitted to the missionaries there a plan, which had occurred to us in Samoa, for such a change in the future course of the "John Williams" as shall enable her to visit these Westward Islands twice in the course of the year, instead of once, so as to enable our brethren there to go on extending their labours to the heathen islands to the north. They

warmly entered into the scheme, and united with us in submitting it to the consideration of missionaries in the Eastward Islands, and of the Directors in London, that the facilities for extension which it will furnish may soon be enjoyed. May our brethren be blessed in training up a native agency, and in speedily locating them in the regions beyond, where there is a great harvest of souls yet to be reaped in the name of the Lord Jesus.

But the great want in the South Sea Islands, at the present day, is more European missionaries. Some of the older stations need reinforcement, and wherever native teachers are located in the regions beyond, which are every year being thrown open, it is essential that European missionaries go along with them to translate the Bible, to instruct and counsel, to maintain unity of action, and to aid in a variety of ways those valuable agents in their struggles with their more civilized enemies, and advocates of a corrupted Christianity. For the present wants of Polynesia, the number of our missionaries already there should be doubled. The Church has done much for the last fifty years; but she must do more still, for the conversion of the world. Yes; we maintain that the Church has yet to arise to the full development of the ample resources which she actually has for this great object, and which, if still withheld, will eat as a cankerworm at home prosperity, and retard, from year to year, the cause of Christ in the world. May the Divine Spirit be poured out on the Churches of Christen-

dom, that all may see, and consider, and strive at once to pay the debt of obedience which they owe to the Saviour, and then the men and the means will be forthcoming, not only to carry the gospel to every island in the Pacific, but to publish it to all the world, and to every creature of its heathen population.

On the 17th of December the "John Williams" anchored again at Upolu, Samoa, and after taking on board Mrs. Turner and our four children, Mrs. Stallworthy and eight children, and other five children of the missionaries, we left the Samoan group on the 16th of January. Proceeding eastward, we called at Aitutaki, Rarotonga, Mangaia, Tahiti, Huahine, and Raiatea, and were deeply interested in all we saw at these stations of the Society, about which volumes have been written. At Rarotonga Mr. and Mrs. George Gill and family joined our party. For some weeks, when we were about the Tahitian Islands, we were greatly afflicted with a malignant fever which appeared among us, and carried off three of Mrs. Stallworthy's children. As other two of her children were dangerously ill, she remained at Raiatea for a time, intending to prosecute her voyage to England as soon as practicable, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, of the mission there.

From Raiatea we had a run of 110 days round Cape Horn, and up the Atlantic, and on the 30th of June once more arrived in London, after an absence of nineteen years and eleven months, and

after having sailed upwards of fifty thousand miles in advancing the cause of Christ. To his name be all the praise, and to Him may our lives still be devoted, even unto death.

As to the *future* I need not enlarge. I will only add, that if spared to carry through the press the Samoan Bible, and the commentaries to which I have already referred, my desire is then to return to the South Sea Islands. The sacrifice, or rather the offering, which I laid on the missionary altar twenty-five years ago, is there still, and I have never had the shadow of a wish to take it down. My prayer to God is, that it may remain there until death, and that when the days of my missionary service are ended, my next engagements may be the hallowed employments of God's servants in a better world.

APPENDIX.

FOR several years I have been in the habit of noting daily the readings of the barometer and thermometer, and other meteorological occurrences, and have drawn out the following table, as such information from Central Polynesia may, in some quarters, still be a desideratum.

Let me further add, that the position of the *barometer* is twenty feet above the level of the sea. It is an instrument from the well-known house of "Gardner, Glasgow."

The *thermometer* has been tested by one of Gardner's; it is fixed in a window-sash fronting the south, and is always shaded.

Between the months of December and April, we were always in dread of a *cyclone* if we saw the barometer falling and the wind setting in from the north. Hardly a year passed without our hearing of one of these gales in our neighbourhood. Now and then we got a touch of the outer circle, and occasionally had one tearing everything to pieces in its way through the middle of the group. Their course is generally towards E.S.E. In April, 1850, one swept right over the centre of Upolu; and in April, 1855, another "skinned," as the natives called it, everything along the east end of Upolu. Up to the time I left, there had not been another. During the one of April, 1850, the barometer fell to 27·15.

During the seven years referred to in the table, we had twenty-three *earthquakes*. They were not confined to any particular time of the year, but were principally between the months of February and August. Shocks in general double, and merely a slight tremulous horizontal motion, from E. to W. or from N. to S. Occasionally they gave a sharper jerk, and created alarm for a few seconds; but there is neither fact nor tradition of anything which ever threw down houses or endangered life.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER, AVERAGE FOR SEVEN YEARS, VIZ., 1851—1858.

Mission Seminary, Matua, Upolu, Samoa; Lat. 13° 51' S., Long. 171° 54' W.

MONTHS.	BAROMETER.					FAHR. THERMOMETER.					WINDS.					WEATHER.								
	Average Height.					Maximum.	Minimum.	Mean.	Average Height.			Maximum range.	Minimum range.	Mean range.	Trades.	South.	W. and S.W.	V. and N.W.	Variable.	Fine days.	Rainy days.	Showery days.		
	6 A.M.	10 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.	Mean.				6 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.													
JANUARY . . .	29.59	29.63	29.59	29.62	29.77	29.36	29.61	76	86	78	93	70	79	18	1	10	12	2	6	7	7	14	4	12
FEBRUARY . . .	29.60	29.63	29.59	29.63	29.80	29.40	29.61	76	86	76	92	71	80	20	1	10	11	3	7	7	7	13	4	11
MARCH . . .	29.62	29.66	29.61	29.65	29.80	29.45	29.64	75	86	77	93	71	80	19	0	11	17	1	3	7	6	18	4	10
APRIL . . .	29.64	29.69	29.64	29.67	29.80	29.41	29.66	76	87	77	93	71	79	18	1	11	13	2	4	8	5	18	3	10
MAY . . .	29.68	29.72	29.67	29.70	29.90	29.57	29.69	74	86	76	92	70	79	19	2	11	18	3	4	4	6	21	2	8
JUNE . . .	29.70	29.74	29.69	29.73	29.84	29.58	29.71	74	85	75	91	66	79	19	2	12	18	5	2	3	5	23	2	6
JULY . . .	29.70	29.75	29.70	29.73	29.82	29.57	29.72	73	85	74	91	66	77	23	2	13	22	5	2	2	3	22	2	8
AUGUST . . .	29.71	29.75	29.70	29.73	29.88	29.61	29.72	73	86	75	92	66	78	20	3	12	23	5	4	3	4	23	1	7
SEPTEMBER . . .	29.72	29.76	29.71	29.74	29.85	29.58	29.73	73	86	75	92	65	78	20	3	13	21	5	2	2	6	21	2	7
OCTOBER . . .	29.70	29.74	29.69	29.72	29.82	29.56	29.71	74	86	76	92	71	79	18	1	11	20	3	3	3	5	19	3	10
NOVEMBER . . .	29.64	29.69	29.63	29.67	29.80	29.55	29.66	75	86	78	92	70	79	19	2	10	16	2	4	4	8	17	4	8
DECEMBER . . .	29.60	29.64	29.61	29.63	29.78	29.43	29.62	76	85	78	93	71	79	20	0	9	13	2	5	9	7	15	4	12

DIALECTS OF THE PACIFIC.

While voyaging, and as other opportunities offered, I have collected specimens of the dialects spoken in the Pacific. The following table contains some notes and specimens, from my jottings and vocabularies, which may be of use to many who are now deeply interested in the study of ethnography. (See Table, "*A Comparative View of the Polynesian Dialects.*")

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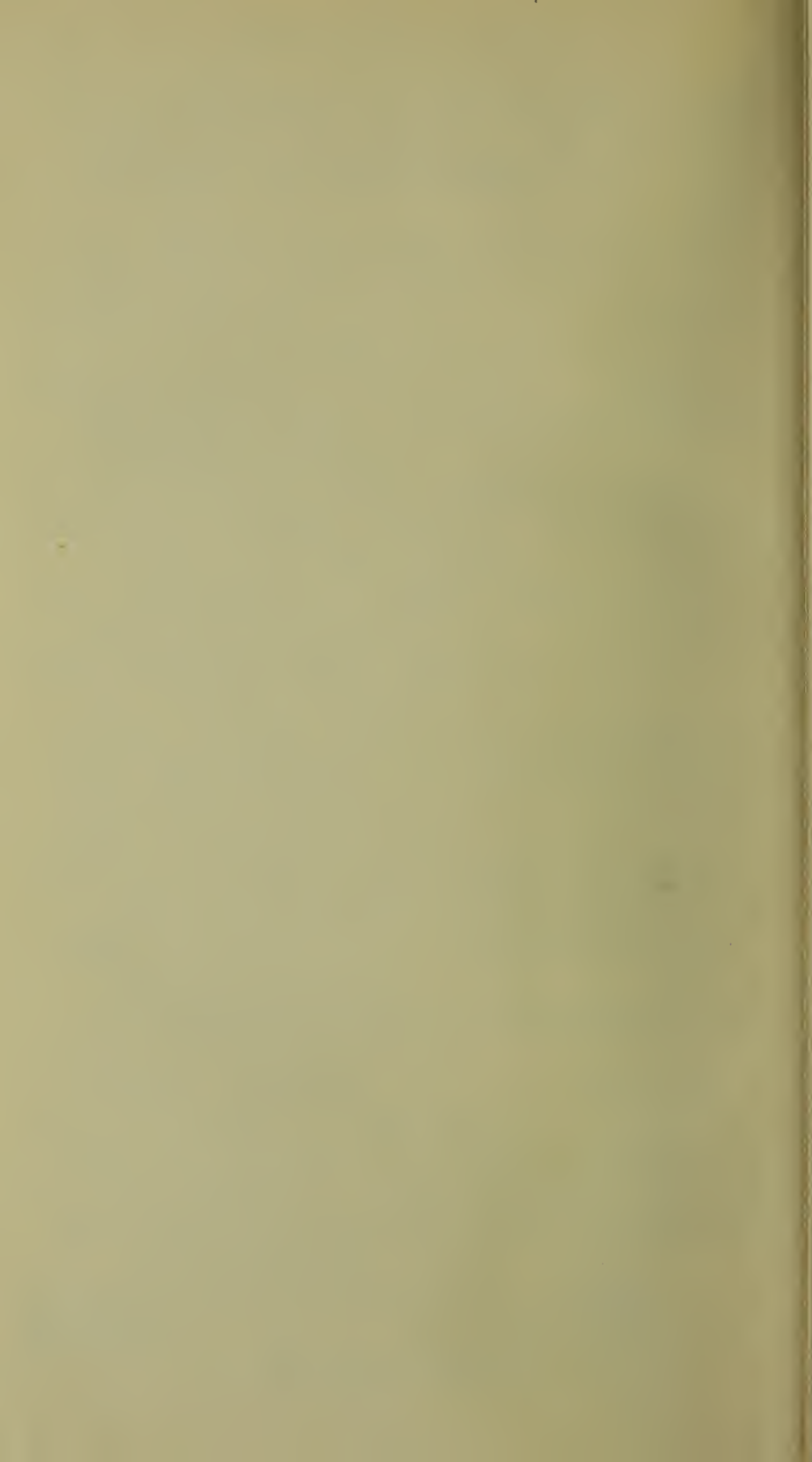
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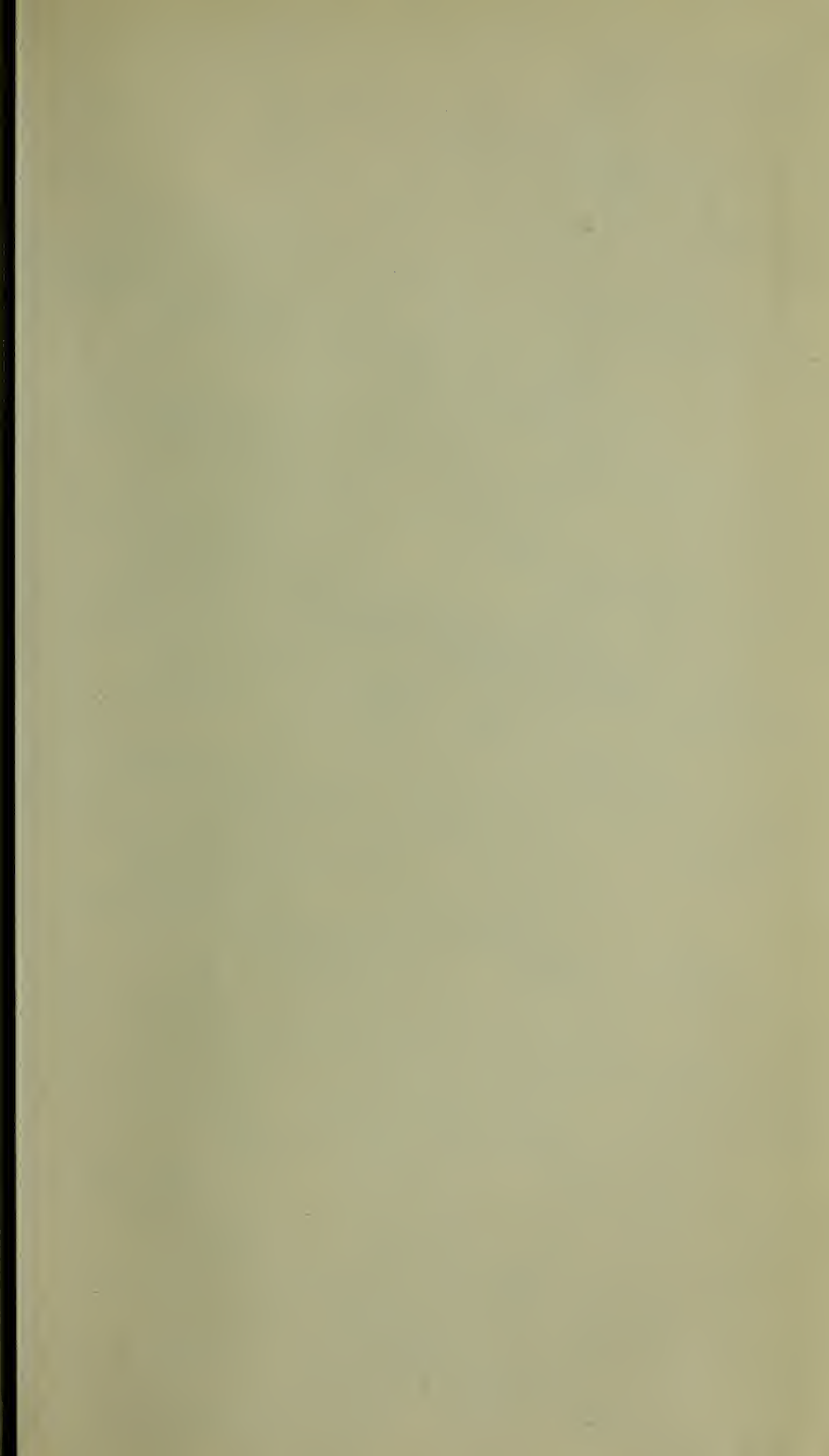
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