

EX LIBRIS

FROM SARANAC TO THE
MARQUESAS AND BEYOND



OLD VIEW OF COLINTON MANSE
(AS IT WAS IN THE CHILDHOOD OF R. L. S.)

“Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam;
Here is the sluice with the race running under,
Marvellous places, though handy to home!”

FROM SARANAC
TO THE MARQUESAS
AND BEYOND

BEING LETTERS WRITTEN BY MRS. M. I.
STEVENSON DURING 1887-88, TO HER
SISTER, JANE WHYTE BALFOUR, WITH
A SHORT INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE W. BALFOUR, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

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'Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folk of old, you come again no more.'

Songs of Travel: R.L.S.

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INTRODUCTION

' The auld manse, the auld manse,
A dear name aince to me,
Fond memory clings to auld lang syne,
When youth was fu' o' glee.
A faither's words are written there,
A mither's counsel true,
An' the music o' a sister's voice
Rests in sad memory now.'

DR. LAWRIE, *Monkton Manse.*

THE idea most usually associated with an 'auld manse' is that of a parsonage; but any house may become a parsonage if you put a parson into it, while no number of parsons would make it into a manse. The manse is built specially for its purpose, as a residence for the minister of the parish; and it remains the residence of the minister and his successors so long as it stands. A Scotch manse never falls to a lower level, though what it does for the parish and the district depends

on the minister and his family. In the days of Mrs. Stevenson's youth, the manse of Colinton, a village four miles from Edinburgh, was the centre of life, energy, and beneficence throughout the whole district, to an extent which may be guessed from the fact that when a child was taken to the doctor, he used to pack it off to Mrs. Balfour with the remark, 'She kens far mair about weans than I dae'; a statement that can the more readily be believed when it is added that he was an old bachelor, while Mrs. Balfour had a family of thirteen, and that children's hospitals were then unknown.

Scotch manses are all pleasantly situated, though each may have its own peculiarities; and in this respect Colinton Manse does not differ from others. If we glance at a photograph of the manse as it used to be when Mrs. Stevenson was young, and as Robert Louis Stevenson knew it before the subsequent alterations, we see it as a square house standing in the middle of a large garden surrounded by a beech hedge lined with holly, always sweet and green alike in summer and winter.

There was no house more convenient for hide-and-seek, or such childish games, nor one into which more children could be packed to play them; while the large garden was a pleasant variety for those who tired, or felt too old for such frolics. And there were many such; for it was no uncommon thing that after the early dinner general in those days, a dozen or more young people should drop in to spend the evening. They were always welcome.

Pleasant as the manse itself was, its surroundings made it a place never to be forgotten by those who lived in and loved it. Stepping out of the front door into the garden at two o'clock on a bright May morning, one stepped at once into such a focus of bird-music as could be heard at no other place and no other time. Every twig of the Colinton wood that rose above the manse had a chorister, and every chorister had his own rich and sweet voice, the whole blending into a fulness of volume to be heard in no such volume elsewhere. Then in autumn and winter, when the bird-music was hushed, the sound of water from the burns

trickling down the banks around so amply supplied its place as to recall Moore's melody as the only fit expression of its beauty:—

‘There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
For the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.’

Not many years ago a dying medical friend expressed a great desire to see one of the old residents of the manse, who rose from a sick-bed with a temperature of 104° to go to him; and when he reached the bedside of his patient told him how, in his fever, those words had constantly run in his thoughts:—

‘By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows:
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.’

The patient quite recognised the refreshing feeling of the quotation, and added: ‘The sights and sounds of our youth are the last to fade from our dying eyes, and you and I will never forget our boyhood beside the Water of Leith.’

Indeed, it would have been difficult to forget the sound of rushing waters that pervaded the old manse, and that has never left the ears of those who were brought up there. The babbling streams that trickled through Colinton woods were as nothing to the pleasant roar with which the Water of Leith swept round the manse and over the Hole Mill dam,—both mill and dam long since vanished ; but the soft rushing of the water is heard still in the ears of those who lived as children within its ken.

Colinton Manse itself was supposed to have been built in 1784 for the Rev. Dr. Walker, minister of the parish, and Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, who has left his mark all around his old home in many semi-naturalised plants in the manse garden and the encompassing woods. Recently, however, in making a third series of repairs, a stone was discovered bearing the date 1636, so that the manse may be much older than was supposed. It is built upon a flat rock in the centre of its garden of three-quarters of an acre Scots, ten feet below the level of the church-

yard ; it could never be utilised for any other purpose than as a manse, being from its situation not well adapted as a residence for any but a minister's family, whose religious surroundings might be relied on to protect them from the 'Spunkies' that to childish eyes danced over the churchyard, or the 'will-o'-the-wisps' that glimmered through the churchyard hedge. The solid rock on which the house is founded also precluded the use of the ground as an addition to the graveyard, while helping to preserve the manse as an admirable and most healthy dwelling-place for succeeding generations, well drained and well ventilated. 'Low-lying and unhealthy, do you call it?' Dr. Balfour used to say. 'Well, I have spent a goodly part of eighty years in the manse and have always enjoyed good health ; and when my children ail, they always come here to recruit !'

Into this commodious but already well-filled house a twelfth child and fourth daughter was ushered on the 11th February 1829. She was named Margaret Isabella, after an aunt, but for

some time was known by the rather uncouth contraction, 'Magga-bella'; this however was ultimately shortened to 'Maggie,' which remained the name by which she was universally known through life. Tall, slender, singularly graceful, brilliantly fair in complexion, she was known throughout the parish as 'the minister's white-headed lassie'; her greatest pleasure was to 'nurse' any baby she could get hold of, and to reach one she would 'kilt her coats' and wade through all the burns in the parish, and many a time through the Water of Leith itself. The sweet and sympathetic temper which made her so welcome and kind a nurse made her also the delightful companion she was to all throughout her life, and enabled her to make a perfect heaven upon earth of a household which contained within itself the elements of discord.

A personage in every way so attractive was not likely to be permitted to remain long in her own quiet home, so it is not to be wondered at that Maggie Balfour was married to Thomas Stevenson at the early age of

nineteen. She was still so young that there had been neither time nor opportunity to leave behind her in the parish any other impression than that she was 'the minister's white-headed lassie, who was daft about weans'; and by now even this characteristic is pretty nearly forgotten. Yet she did not leave the manse altogether behind her. Her only child, Robert Louis Stevenson, was born on November 13, 1850, and being more or less delicate from birth, he and his mother spent a large portion of their time in her old home, while Thomas Stevenson made a great number of his experiments in holophotal lighting in the manse garden. The only drawback to his perfect happiness there, he said, apart from the illness of his wife and child, was that he was roused every morning in what he called 'the middle of the night'; the prayer-bell being rung at 8 A.M. summer and winter, while at one time the clock was kept half an hour fast to cheat those who objected to get up so early.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Stevenson developed

a patch of fibroid pneumonia in her left lung, with slight hæmoptysis. For this she was sent to Mentone ; and at the end of two years she and a German lady, suffering similarly, were the only survivors of the first season's visitors to that celebrated health resort. For some years after this, the health alike of Mrs. Stevenson and her son necessitated wintering abroad every season, as well as great care in selecting a suitable summer residence ; nor was she allowed to rise before lunch, though later in the day she was always able to discharge her many social duties, and her undiminished gaiety and wit still, and always, delighted her wide circle of friends and guests. By and by increasing ill-health on the part of herself, her husband, and her son broke up the domesticity of the once happy home, and then came about the most remarkable part of Mrs. Stevenson's history—a veritable crisis in her life.

After her husband's death in 1887, not only her happiness but her very existence seemed to merge in that of her distinguished son.

She rose from her bed in renewed youth and went off with him to the Adirondacks, not suffering more than himself from the severe cold, and possibly deriving an actual benefit from it. For an equable climate, rather than any special temperature, is what these fibroid pneumonias require; the patients themselves often hanker after a warmer climate, but if pleasanter, it is less suitable for them, since in it they incur greater risk of hæmorrhage. After this winter, however, the Stevensons went to the South Seas, and finally settled in Samoa; where the quondam delicate woman adapted herself to her strange surroundings, went about barefoot, found no heat too great for her, and at an age when her sisters at home were old ladies, learnt to ride!

Shortly after her son Louis' death, Mrs. Stevenson returned to Edinburgh, where she lived till May 1897, when she was seized with pneumonia. The day before her death, the nurse asking if she were prepared for whatever might happen, she replied in the affirmative; and between seven and eight in

the evening, thinking she saw her son at the foot of the bed, she exclaimed, 'There is Louis! I must go . . .' and fell back at once, unconscious, though she did not actually breathe her last till the next day, one of the few survivors left of the happy company of 'children of the manse.' Truly we may be thankful that we still have 'Auntie' with us—'Chief of our Aunts!' as she was truly called; and

'In her dear hands
Are gathered the various strings of memory,
To pluck them at our bidding, one by one.'

GEORGE W. BALFOUR.

[These were almost the last words written by Dr. George W. Balfour before his death.

In his long illness, so bravely and cheerfully borne, his thoughts turned more and more towards the pleasant home in the valley of the Water of Leith, where he spent his childhood; and last but not one of the children of the manse, it was a pleasure to him, and I think a grateful

labour even in his weakness, to write these words so full of memories of the past. As he himself says, the song of birds in Colinton woods, and the rush of water sweeping by Colinton Manse, stayed with him to the end. That end found him in the old parish, that has lost in him one more link with the past, and where he was beloved alike for his father's sake and his own. And the sermon preached on the day of his death, in the church that had been his father's so long ago, closed with these words:—

‘When the end comes, as it came to him, after a long life of usefulness and honour; when it is the sheaf golden and fully ripe that is garnered; even death itself ceases to be grievous, and the old saying comes true:—

“Ease after toil, port after stormy seas,
Peace after war, death after life,
Doe greatly please.”

M. C. B.]

THE
LAW OF
CALIFORNIA



GEORGE W. BALFOUR, M.D., L.L.D., F.R.S.
PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO THE KING FOR SCOTLAND

“That wise youth, my Uncle . . .”

Dedication to Underwoods, R. L. S.

From a photograph by Mr. J. Moffat, Edinburgh

FROM SARANAC TO THE MARQUESAS AND BEYOND

PART I. : SARANAC

IT is not proposed to transcribe in full in the following pages, Mrs. Stevenson's letters written during the months immediately preceding her cruise in the South Seas.

There is, indeed, as can well be understood, a considerable portion of the letters that would be quite unsuitable for such treatment; for in this journey, so new to her, but so often described by others, she naturally comments upon matters that are already quite familiar to many. Moreover, since she wrote to a circle of home readers as yet much smaller than it afterwards became, there is a larger proportion of purely private matter; so that in some of the letters, more especially the earlier ones, there are only isolated passages of general interest. Nevertheless, it has been felt that

some account should be given of this winter in the Adirondacks.

It was the first step in the great journey that Mrs. Stevenson undertook, at an age when most women are glad to renounce such things ; a journey that went further and lasted longer than she foresaw, and that carried her to many strange and lovely places. But to write of these without the stages on the road that lead to them is to tell only half the story, with all its extraordinary contrasts omitted ; it is one side of the picture without the other, the sun without the snow, the tropic heat without the Arctic winter that came before it. It seems, indeed, from these letters, that the Adirondacks did not serve so badly in the matter of health, since we hear of fewer colds and hæmorrhages than are recorded in Tahiti or Hawaii : but it is possible that the bitter cold of Saranac urged the Stevensons to its proper antithesis in the tropics, and it is certain that it added to the intensity with which they enjoyed their life in the South Seas.

To give some impression, therefore, of these months in America, the following plan has been adopted : Extracts have been made from Mrs.

Stevenson's letters and run together so as to form a more or less complete and consecutive, but condensed, narrative. Dates and a few necessary references are given as footnotes, but no attempt has been made to transcribe each, or any, letter in full, or by itself. The South Sea 'journal-letters,' which follow, are of course given in entirety; but the object here has rather been to present, in Mrs. Stevenson's own words, a short introductory account of the winter at Saranac that immediately preceded and led to the cruise of the *Casco*.

*On board the 'Ludgate Hill,' Aug. 25, 1887.**

HERE we are, having made a famous start. Yesterday was very fine and warm, and Louis was even able to be on deck in the evening. The sea is like a mill-pond, and I could even do with a little more motion! . . . When we came on board, however, we were rather disappointed to find a very dirty and untidy vessel, not the least like the one Fanny had seen, and which was said to be a 'sister ship' to this; and after we had started we heard that we were to take in cargo at Hâvres, and presently discovered that said cargo was to consist of two hundred and forty horses! This was slightly discouraging, but we agreed to make the best of things and look upon it as an 'adventure,' which Louis and Lloyd have always been sighing for. The captain declared that horses made capital passengers—'better than some people'—and that once we were in

* The party consisted of Mrs. Stevenson, her son Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife, his stepson Mr. Osbourne, and Valentine Roch, a trusted Swiss maid who had been some time in their service.

the swell of the Atlantic, they were quite quiet. The embarkment at Hâvres was certainly interesting, and it was as good as a circus to watch the process; but the night we spent in dock there was a perfect pandemonium; what with the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle (for we have some of them on board too), the taking in of cargo, and the constant shouting and yelling of French and English sailors. We were rather disturbed by it all, as you may suppose, but got more sleep than sounds possible. The worst of it is the strong stable smell, which is not quite the fine sea air that we expected to blow in at our port-hole. However, Louis assures us it is 'gran' for the health,' so that ought to be a consolation.

Our company on board is not very distinguished, but we have no reason to complain of that. So far every one has been very pleasant; though there is one passenger who has a habit of attaching himself to a victim and talking to him straight on for hours. Louis calls him 'the bore'; which has now developed into '*Orate et Borate.*' . . .

We have had almost continuous bad weather, and two nights were very stormy. I confess I

was rather frightened at first ; but I was comforted to hear that although a cattle-boat may have drawbacks, you may always be sure it is considered *safe* when it is trusted with so valuable a cargo. The wind is still high, and it is almost impossible to move about. The poor horses suffer very much and cry out at night in a dreadfully human way ; they stamp so constantly, poor things, that I feel as if they must end by making a hole through the bottom of the ship ! They are well looked after, however ; the men in charge sit up all night when the weather is stormy. One man is a queer old fellow with a broad red sash round his waist, and a keen eye that Fanny is sure must keep the horses in order ; but I fancy he puts more reliance in a big stick that he always carries about with him. Among his underlings are an Ashantee, an Indian, and a Negro. It is rather strange to look straight out through our port-hole on a row of horses, and still stranger, in the saloon, to see a horse looking *in* at one of the windows. It would be curious to hear what he thinks of it.

. . . This weather makes many blanks at table. Louis, however, is well, and in great

spirits, and seems already ever so much better. He was in our cabin by eight o'clock this morning, looking as young and gay as a schoolboy, and reminding me of days lang syne: he calls himself 'the hardy mariner.' We have our own tea and butter, and you would be amused to see him fishing them out from our 'pantry,' which is under the sofa, and going round with tea and biscuits for the invalids, to try and prepare them for breakfast by and by. I myself have never been better in my life, and have never suffered from the motion. Louis calls me 'Mother Carey's chicken,' a complimentary name for so old a bird! . . .

It is a week to-day since we left Hâvres, and will likely be at least another week before we reach New York. The weather is still cold and stormy, and the wind dead against us, so we get on very slowly. Most of the invalids are getting better, however; and we can't be thankful enough that Louis has kept so well in spite of all the drawbacks of the voyage. He has taken no cold, so far, and was as bright and cheery as possible, going about among the sick people and dosing them with champagne; indeed he enjoyed it so much, that he was half

sorry when they got better! . . . Our sock-knitting has proved a great occupation. I have finished one and am well on with the other; but Fanny is still struggling with her heel, which has been taken down several times and always seems to get worse instead of better. Louis declares that she has had the stewardess and our special steward 'Peter' and all sorts of people helping her, but all to no avail. At least we get great amusement out of it. . . .

The gale has come to an end at last, and we can get on deck and move about freely, which has been impossible hitherto. Every one says it has been an extraordinary passage for the season; not because the wind has been exceptionally high, but it has been so continuous. Now, however, we are off Newfoundland, in the region of fogs: talk of Scottish mists, why, a 'soft day' in Arran is dry compared with this. In a few minutes we are soaking. . . . This morning Louis roused us at 7 A.M. to 'see Cape Race'; we dressed in a fashion and hurried up to find the fog had lifted, but I can't say I saw much land, it might quite as well have been a cloud. However, on this occasion I employed faith to construct a mountain instead of to move

one. Unfortunately, our pleasure in nearing the end of our journey is spoilt by Louis having caught cold—I hope not a bad one, but at the best it is distressing and makes us anxious. He is as cheerful as ever, so far, and declares he is much more astonished at having kept well till now than at having knocked up at last. . . .

The sensation of to-day, the 5th of September, was the arrival of the pilot. First one pilot-boat was seen making all sail and trying to catch us up, and then another appeared ahead of us and much nearer; when No. 1 saw this he gave us up as a bad job, and bore out to sea to look for another vessel. It made me feel very like a fly with two spiders making for me; two very important little spiders and a big stupid fly. . . . I must not forget to tell you that the pilot was greatly delighted when he found out who Louis was; it seems that he himself actually went by the name of 'Mr. Hyde' on board the pilot-boat, and his partner was called Dr. Jekyll, because the one was easy and good-natured, and the other rather hard and inclined to screw the men down to their work. Was it not strange that he, out of so

many, should have been the one to bring us into New York? . . .

We were met, as soon as we got into dock, by a telegram from Mr. F—— to say that he was unable to come himself, but a carriage was waiting to take us to the hotel, where we were to stay as his guests till we felt able to go on to Newport. Was it not a pleasant reception in a new and strange land?

New York, September 10.

WHEN we got to the hotel, interviewers from all the papers began to arrive at once. Louis, who was very tired and far from well, had gone to bed immediately, to have a rest, so they had to be dismissed and told to come back later, when they must take their chance of finding him; but it was hard to persuade them to go away, and they kept sending up their cards even after Louis had finally settled down for the night.

On Wednesday, the day we landed, the heat was very great, and we had all the windows wide open; but in the middle of the night it turned very cold—something like an Edinburgh east wind, and more unexpected. We felt that such

a climate was very unsuitable for Louis, so we sent him off to Newport on Thursday, in the charge of Lloyd and Valentine. . . . When they were gone, Fanny and I decided to look for a more moderate hotel, and found one which is quite comfortable and reasonable : but when we offered to pay our share of the bill at the first place, the clerk declared there was nothing owing, and added, 'It will be well for the ladies if their path to heaven is as clear as it is out of this hotel !'

One of our objects in staying on here has been to see the first performance of *Jekyll and Hyde*, which takes place to-night (Sept. 12). At first we were told that we could only get seats far back, as all the others had been taken ; but later Mr. Sullivan, who dramatised the story, gave up his box to Fanny, saying that the author's box certainly belonged to her. He is a nice young fellow, and very modest about himself : he will not go on the stage even when loudly called for, as at Boston ; he says he would go with Louis, but not alone. . . . *Tuesday morning*.—Just a line to say that the play was most thrilling and a great success. Hyde is the most dreadful creature you can imagine,

and Jekyll so much the reverse, that how he can change from one to the other is past my comprehension—it is marvellous, especially in the latter part. The murder scene was too much for me, I could not look at it. I think the play can never be really popular with ordinary playgoers, but it was enthusiastically received and the house was packed. Lloyd, who came up from Newport to see it, and arrived late, got the *second last* standing-place, and that with a squeeze.

*Newport, September 20, 1887.**

HERE we are in the meantime. It was indeed vexing that Louis got cold just as we arrived: however, there has been no hæmorrhage and he is now feeling better, so he and Fanny went off to New York last night to see the best lung doctor there, and to settle where we are to go for the winter. I shall be very anxious till it is finally decided, and indeed until we reach our destination and see how it suits him. . . . I have been much the better for

* Extracted from letter to 'Cummy' (Miss A. Cunningham), Robert Louis Stevenson's devoted nurse and attendant in earlier days.

the voyage, and you would be surprised to see how much I can do. The other day Lloyd and I went for a walk along the fine cliffs, with the Atlantic on one side of us, and large villas on the other, planted in beautiful emerald lawns without any division or hedge between them; for it appears that it is considered very selfish here to put up any fence which prevents your neighbours from enjoying *your* possessions, so that there is not much privacy. We walked about three miles, and expected to meet at the end a kind of open omnibus to take us back to our boarding-house. I was very tired, and sat down to wait for it; but as time passed and no vehicle appeared, we began to get uneasy and Lloyd went to inquire of a boy, who 'guessed the man wouldn't feel like starting unless he had got a party.' This was cheerful, as I was tired out, and we were three miles from home; but just then a grocer's cart came past, and we begged the driver to give us a lift on our way. He said at once that we might go with him as far as he could take us; so we mounted beside him, and behold us driving through the smartest part of the most fashionable watering-place in the States in a grocer's cart, stopping at the

doors while the man delivered his parcels! He was a nice young fellow and would take nothing in return.

. . . In our New York hotel there was a bed in every room, but they can be made up into a sort of bureau by day, if you wish to use the room as a parlour, while the washing arrangements are all hidden away in little closets lighted with gas. In one there is a fixed-in basin of very small size, with two large taps for hot and cold water hanging over it, so that I was afraid lest I should put my eyes out while washing my face; and in another there is a fixed-in bath. . . . Fanny says that when she first went to England she hated *our* ways, for she could not lift the heavy ewers, and thought we only used them because we were so poverty-stricken that we could not afford to have fixed-in basins! So you see everything depends on the point of view.

. . . I have just heard that we are to go to the Adirondacks, a mountainous district not very far from New York. The climate is said to resemble Davos, and so may be just the thing for Louis: but if after a while it does not seem to suit him, we can then move on to Colorado,

He is so much better now, that we would not be so afraid of the journey.

*Plattsburg, October 2.**

LOUIS, Valentine, and I left New York on Friday, and we have made out our journey very well, so far, and have enjoyed it. We had a delightful little cabin all to ourselves on the river-boat and a most attentive blackie to look after us. Mr. Low, who saw us off, told us that the man had come up to him in a most insinuating way, saying, 'You might tell me who these people in there are ; something royal, ain't they ?' Mr. Low regretted afterwards that he had not thought of saying it was 'Prince Florizel of Bohemia and his suite' ! . . . The river scenery constantly reminded me of Scotland, but of course the autumn foliage is something wholly new to us both. Louis and I had always longed to see it, and at last we are fully satisfied. . . . I went to the Presbyterian Church here this morning, and had a very good sermon : in the course of it the minister, in speaking of yielding to evil, said that by doing so, 'in the end Hyde would conquer

* Letters to Miss Balfour resumed.

Jekyll.' Was it not odd that I should just happen to hear that in this out-of-the-way place? And moreover the last sermon I heard in New York was on the same subject. . . .

On Monday morning Louis, Valentine, and I again started on our way to the Adirondacks. The railway took us as far as Loon Lake, through a country very like what Perthshire may have been some two hundred years ago; some of the forests, however, are partly cut down, and the rivers are full of lumber on its long way to the sea. I am told it takes four years to travel from Saranac to Plattsburg! . . . At Loon Lake we found a nice buggy waiting for us; it had two horses, and had been specially made for invalids, with good springs, which we fully appreciated while driving twenty-five miles over very bad roads. The wind was cold, and when we were about half-way the rain came on, and I was frightened about Louis; however, we found there was a water-proof apron that buttoned right up to the top of the hood, so that we were practically in a close carriage. When we reached Saranac, Fanny met us in a petticoat and jacket, busy cooking our dinner!

The house is built of wooden boards, painted white, with green shutters, and a verandah around it. It belongs to a guide, who takes parties into the woods for shooting and fishing excursions ; he usually has boarders, but he and his wife have agreed to give over to us part of the house, their own portion being entirely shut off by double doors. Into our part you enter by the kitchen ! Through that you pass to the sitting-room, which is large, and has a good open hearth for wood fires ; straight on leads to Louis's and Fanny's room, which has four windows and a stove, and beyond that again is Louis's study. Besides the two doors already mentioned in the sitting-room, there are no less than three others ; one to the verandah, which is the proper ' front entrance ' of the house, but has to be shut up in winter on account of the cold ; one to my room, which has also four windows, and one opening on a steep stair which leads to Lloyd's room and a small spare chamber. Everything is of the plainest and simplest, but sufficiently comfortable. We are about ten minutes' walk distant from the village and beautifully situated above the river, upon which we look down ; the view from our

windows is best described as 'very highland,' but the chief glory just now lies in the autumn colourings, which Louis declares are exactly like the Skelt's theatre scenes, the 'twopence coloured' ones that we used to think so impossible! He is consequently delighted, and declares it reminds him of Leith Street and home. . . . Fortunately he has been none the worse of the journey and the long drive in the rain, and says that he already feels the air of Saranac doing him good, so I trust we have hit on a place that will really suit him.

Yesterday* was a charming day, with Mentone skies and the brightest of sunshine; certainly, if we have a good deal of weather like this we shall think ourselves very well off. And the air is delicious, with a sweetness that again and again reminds me of the Highlands. We now go out for frequent drives; I have begun to drive myself, and enjoy it very much, but at first I was nervous, as the roads are so narrow, and often run along precipitous banks. However the prettiest of all is quite safe, and just now there is little traffic on it, so I began on

* October 23.

that. On Thursday we had a conveyance new to me, a buck board; it is just a long, very elastic board fastened to two pairs of wheels, with a small seat in the centre, holding two with difficulty. There are no springs, but the board is so elastic that it is quite enjoyable when we come to a rough bit of the road; we go up and down as if we were in a swing. The worst part of it is, that the only way to hold on the rug is by wrapping it under our feet and it is always slipping off; also there is no place for parcels except on my lap, and when I have three loaves of bread to carry home, and other sundries, it is decidedly inconvenient.

Yesterday there were some important letters to be posted, so I got up early and started at 9 A.M. on a bitterly cold, snowy morning, to take them to the village. How it reminded me of starting for school in the old Colinton days! But imagine my disgust when I got to the post office to be told that since last week the time had been altered, and the mail now was despatched at eight, instead of at ten o'clock! When I complained that we had not been informed, I was told that it had been in 'all the county papers'; but we had never even heard

of a county paper, far less seen one. Of course, we had to grin and bear it.

October 27.

THE weather we find very variable: one day it is fine and almost warm, and the next is very cold with a little snow. I feel very well and strong, and can take long walks without being tired; and Louis is wonderfully well for him, though the keen wind prevents him from getting out every day. But every one is enthusiastic about the climate here: I went one day to visit a lady who has been here for four years, and she says she delights in the winter, and is just longing for the frost to set in; the air is delicious then, and you don't feel the cold nearly as much as just now. She told me, also, that a man was once asked to take over the livery stables here, to which he replied, 'What, go to Saranac, where the sick folk ride out in all weathers! I should think not, it's enough to kill any horse!'

You call your house the 'Barracks'; well, ours is the 'Hunters' Home,' and Louis will not allow anything to be done that interferes with that illusion. We have in the living-room

a plain deal table covered with stains ; I wanted to put a nice cloth on it, but he would not hear of it. 'For what,' he cries, 'have hunters to do with table-covers?' There is not a footstool in the house, and the draughts along the floor make my feet very cold ; so as a special favour to me, a log of wood is to be sawn into suitable pieces to serve as stools and still be in keeping with the 'Hunters' Home.' There was neither a teapot nor a coffeepot amongst the furnishings, as we believe that here both of these beverages are usually boiled in a saucepan ; but we did not mind this, as we had utensils of our own bought for use on the voyage. What we did suffer from was the absence of a single egg-cup. I went yesterday to the village to see if I could buy any at the store ; no such thing was to be had, and the man seemed surprised at our wanting them. He at last suggested that he might give us a small jug that would do, and presently produced one that would certainly have held a full pint ! Lloyd gravely asked if he could also supply eggs that would fit it. . . . This morning I bethought myself of my pointed medicine-glass, but alas ! the egg was lost in its depths ; how-

ever, I stuffed the bottom of it with paper, and finally ate my egg in triumph. Nothing gives me more pleasure or a better appetite than an obstacle overcome, and these incidents of backwoods life are quite entertaining.

I must give you some account of how we pass our days here. My stove is lit about 6.30 in the morning, and warms the room very quickly, so that I can soon sit up to read or write. Louis and Lloyd breakfast rather early and work until lunch-time; when Lou writes in the sitting-room, I keep up the fire in my stove and stay in my own room, which is very bright and cheery. If I want to go out without disturbing the two authors, I get out by the window; I wish you could see the performance, for as the aperture is only the size of four small panes of glass, and the frame is held up by a stick, you may fancy it requires careful engineering to get through it. At 12.30 we all meet at lunch, and work is pretty well over for the day; at two the buggy arrives, and two of us go for a drive. Louis always takes his walks quite alone, and hates even to meet any one when he is out; so it is fortunate that we are some way from the village, and that there is a

private pine-wood close behind the house. When he comes in he generally goes to bed till dinner-time, at six o'clock. After dinner we talk and read aloud and play at cards till ten, when we are all ready for bed. You see it is a long day for Louis, who is often up very early; and that he is able for it proves that he is keeping wonderfully well.

November 11.

WE have been driving with a pair of ponies lately, or rather Lloyd has; it is the first time he has tried it, so he practises on me. I think one of the uses I have served in the world is to have experiments tried on me; G—— did it in my youth with ether and chloroform, and now Lloyd does it with horses! We have several times been nearly upset, but mercifully have always escaped; he really drives well, but the roads are so bad here that often we must just 'shut our eyes and trust in Providence,' as G—— used to do in the hands of John Dick going down the hill at Colinton.

This morning we have had the heaviest fall of snow that we have seen yet, and everything is white. Louis at once put on all his furs,

buffalo coat, astrachan cap, and Indian boots, and went out for a walk. He looks very picturesque in these garments, and how delightful it is to see him able to go out in such weather! We have much sunshine, and I cannot find it in my heart to wish for winter to descend finally upon us.

November 19.

THE snow still continues, but it is not yet deep enough for good sleighing, though to-day Fanny, Louis, and Lloyd are off to try it. It is the day we are supposed to receive visitors, and I have just been tidying the room so far as I can; I think I must describe to you the decoration of our mantelpiece. At each end there is a bright red tobacco-box, and as a centre ornament there is a whisky-bottle! It was a neat flat shape, and the only thing tall enough to suit our critical eyes as a centre-piece. . . .

. . . We have had more snow, and very severe frost, with the thermometer down to twenty-five degrees below zero, so you see we were fairly off on one of 'Kane's Arctic Voyages.' Water froze in our rooms with the

stoves kept burning all night: the ink froze on the table beside my bed. Louis woke one night dreaming that a rat was biting his ears, and the cause was a slight frost-bite; and Valentine found her handkerchief, *under her pillow*, frozen into a ball in the morning. How would you like, too, to have your kitchen floor turned into a nice shining sheet of ice the moment you had washed it—with hot water, mind—and a good fire in the room?

Out of doors it was impossible to touch metal without being 'burnt,' and Lloyd only managed to drive by wearing, first, white kid gloves, second, fur-lined ones, and third, on the top of both, a pair of buff leather mittens. I wonder whether the 'mometer' will play any further pranks, and whether I shall have any worse experiences in this line to tell you. I enjoy their novelty; but the sunny south is still my ideal climate, though I must confess we do not feel the cold severely here, so long as it is bright and still. The other night Louis slept with one open window, and in the morning I dressed with two. It is only in wind that the house is cold, in spite of all the windows we have stopped up; and there are few days

when Louis is not able to get out, and to enjoy it besides. He was busy all last Sunday afternoon arranging the words 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour,' etc. to an air of Beethoven's, the theme, I am told, of '*six variations faciles.*' Louis thinks the music 'all that a human being can conceive in the way of consolation,' but, alas! I feel my limitations, for to me it says nothing at all. (You remember T—— always said I could only distinguish 'God Save the Queen' from 'Jennie's Bawbee,' because it was so much slower.) Louis is very anxious to have his setting played in the church here, and as Mr. D—— sees no objection, the organist is to come up to try it over first, and we are looking forward to it with interest. Our life here is made up of small interests, and just now, while Louis and I are left to ourselves, it seems oddly like the old days at Heriot Row. Then, when 'Papa dined out,' Lou and I used to indulge in dishes we were not allowed at other times,—particularly rabbit-pie, I remember—and so we do still. I sometimes almost forget that my baby has grown up!

Saranac has got terribly civilised since the railway was opened, and is fast losing all its

pleasant peculiarities. The sign-boards, for instance : the shoemaker had a boot cut out of thin wood, painted black, with his name on it in yellow, and nailed to the nearest telegraph-post. On another telegraph-post was a square board with the following :—

Warm Meats
Come and see Me
At the old Post Office

I grieve to say this has already been removed, and a great common-place, 'Restaurant' put up instead.

January 14.

I HAVE a wonderful piece of news for you. Louis has got a pair of skates and has actually been out skating twice on the pond at the back of our house, and last Sunday he went for a sleigh-ride on Saranac Lake. He came back delighted, and none the worse of it ; and really he is not only keeping well, but is distinctly a little fatter. We all thought it, but

did not like to trust our eyes till some friends noticed it also.

Yesterday the thermometer never rose above zero even in the sun, and yet Lloyd and I drove ten miles and enjoyed it. I must, however, tell you the garments I wore. I had my sealskin jacket under my fur-lined cloak, my tweed cap, with knitted ear-covers added under the tweed ones, and thick knitted veil, and my long wool wrap twisted round and round over all. Then I had muffatees, silk, and double woollen mittens on top, *and* a muff!! We had each a hot soap-stone for our feet, and if we had only had the small ones which I have ordered (but which have not yet arrived) for our hands, I think we would have been very complete. We felt exactly as if we were travelling in Siberia, all the people we met looked so like pictures one has seen of life there. We begin to think, now, that if the climate is like this, the exiles may have a better time than we used to suppose. For, as I said before, we really do not feel the cold so much as we often do at home, and we all keep well, Louis quite wonderfully so. Indeed he seems to feel the cold less than any of us, and he skates a little

every day and enjoys it, which is a capital sign of his health.

This morning * I found both milk and water frozen quite hard in my bedroom, and the thermometer has been down to forty degrees below zero during the night. Hence some further experiences from 'Kane's Voyages': Louis's buffalo coat was frozen fast to the kitchen door, behind which it hangs, though the fire was kept alight in the stove all through the night. Valentine's floor was a sheet of ice, and the edge of her dress, having got damp, was frozen hard and did not melt all day. When she was making soup for dinner, there was a large lump of ice in the pot, which did not seem to have melted at all, though the water about it was steaming and bubbling as if on the point of boiling; and the cold venison that had been thawed in the oven for a whole hour had still the ice *crunching* in it when it came to table! Neither Louis nor I ventured out, but he put on his furs and 'played Arctic voyages' to the amusement of some of our visitors who declared the weather was delightful. One of them told us a story of a

* January 21.

Yankee called Bayard—a not uncommon name here—who boasted that he was descended from the *Chevalier sans père et sans culottes!*

I am thinking of going to New York for a few days, partly to bring Fanny home, for though better, I do not believe she is well enough to travel alone, and partly for a little change. Louis is so well that he really will not miss me, and is so deep in his writing that he often quite forgets any one's presence.

[In the interval Mrs. Stevenson carried out her intention of going to New York, and paid the city a hurried visit. During her absence, the line to Saranac was snowed up, and the telegraphic connection broken down; as soon as the rail was again clear, she returned in the company of her daughter-in-law.]

February 5.

HERE we are, back again in safety at the Hunter's Home, and glad to find Louis looking well in spite of the great cold. In fact, when we arrived we heard that he had been paying calls, and doing all sorts of wonderful things—even dining out!—without ill effects;

so you can realise what Saranac has done for him. Cold as it is, it cannot be denied that the climate seems to be just what suits him splendidly. Our journey home was most comfortable (considering the weather), and the railway people most attentive. In Albany, where we stayed a night, a gentleman connected with the line took me a drive round the town, showed me the Capitol, the Ice Carnival then in progress, etc. etc., and then brought us a sleigh and pair to take us to the train, gave us complimentary tickets as far as Plattsburg, and telegraphed to the latter place to have the parlour car ready for us to go on to Saranac. All this, remember, not at all for our *beaux yeux*, but for the sake of R. L. Stevenson. We found it embarrassing but pleasant, and were amused to find them very busy when we arrived at Plattsburg, *thawing out* the parlour car for our sole benefit. You can therefore picture us arriving at Saranac in state, in the first parlour car that had ever been seen there. . . . Of course Fanny is feeling the fatigue of the journey, but we hope that will pass off. Unfortunately we had barely got home, when Valentine broke down, and

took to bed ; it is vexing, but Louis is having a fine time at housework, and is busy expounding to us the true scientific method of washing china and crystal. I only wish you could see him, and share our amusement! . . . Since I wrote, things have been less bright with us, and we are all in a more or less broken down condition. Louis has had a touch of fever, and was coughing badly, though this the doctor has been able to relieve ; still we have been rather anxious about him, for he could neither eat nor sleep. The doctor has now put him on koumiss, and it seems to be doing him good already ; indeed in these two days he has improved in a wonderful way. In the midst of this I broke down, and had to go off to bed. I think the truth is we all did too much while Valentine was ill, and we are feeling the effects now. Fortunately Fanny is better, and I am up again, though I have still to keep to the house, so things look less gloomy. We have another girl to help Valentine now, moreover, and we all feel quite cheerful at the thought of being able to go to bed with an easy conscience when we feel so inclined. . . . Very cold again, and the thermometer down to forty-eight degrees below zero ;

eggs frozen hard, and the milk solid. It is rather monotonous having constantly to thaw out everything we use. . .

I have just been reading with interest your accounts of Moody and Sankey, but I cannot bear the way they write about the after-meetings. Dr. Adam Hunter once said to me, 'I highly disapprove of the meddlesome midwifery of the present day'; and in the same way I cannot help thinking there is too much meddling with the second birth, too much interference with spiritual modesty and reticence.

February 26.

I AM off to Boston to-morrow to visit the F——s. I wished to decline, but the doctor insisted that it was the very thing to set me up completely, so I gave in, and I expect I shall enjoy it very much. I shall be glad of a change, too, as the weather here has been very trying; one day like summer, with blue skies and bright sunshine, and the thermometer at fifty-eight degrees, and the next snowing and blowing as hard as ever. Strange to say, it seems to do us little harm, and Louis is very much better again, and beginning to be able for a little work.

He is answerable for a new addition to our circle, by the way, a large black and white puppy, half Newfoundland and half mongrel. Lou would buy it as a present for Fanny, though I tried to dissuade him, and I think Fanny would have been better pleased without it. The creature is a good-natured goose of a thing, that *will* run after horses and bark at them, till the village turns out and pelts him with bricks, and Lloyd won't call him off because he objects to acknowledging any connection with him. But he is Lou's latest fancy, and he declares that there never yet was a Hunter's Home without a dog in it.

Boston, March 3.

I REACHED this pleasant house on Tuesday evening, and have settled down to feel myself very much at home. The whole family is so nice, and it is so long since I lived in the midst of a large family, that I had almost forgotten what a pleasant thing it was. . . . It is certainly a delightful town to visit, and the neighbourhood is very pretty; we get at once into the country quite close to this house, with large residences (not suburbs) scattered about. The sun has melted nearly all the snow, and it

was delightful to see green grass after nothing but snow for more than three months ; I imagine that in later spring the gardens about here must be very lovely.

Mrs. F—— took me to a meeting which she said was typical of Boston society : it was on behalf of the American School at Athens where students are sent to study Greek art. It was held in a private drawing-room, and attended by all the leading people ; Lowell, the poet, was in the chair. When it was over, I was introduced to him and to Mr. B——, said to be the most popular minister in Boston, and to many others, who all said nice things about my boy. In fact they are much too kind to me, on his account, and I tell Mrs. F—— I must just save myself by flight. In the afternoon we drove out to Cambridge, to see the University. The Greek Professor took us over the Library, the Memorial Hall, the Dining Hall, and the Gymnasium, and then took us to his house for tea ; where to our surprise we found quite a number of people collected. I was introduced to Longfellow's daughter, and his brother, who wrote his life ; and to Professor James, who talked much to me of Lou, and told me that he

was planning a letter to his 'beloved Robert Louis Stevenson.' I was much provoked afterwards to find that he was the brother of Henry James, and I had not known it. . . . On Wednesday we went to see Laura Bridgeman, and I was greatly interested. She was fifty-eight last December, when she had a jubilee to celebrate her fiftieth birthday in the Asylum, and had fifty presents given to her; somehow, I expected to find her much older. She is small, and very thin and nervous, quivering all over when moved or excited; she likes visitors, and has a wonderful kind of palmistry of her own, which no one can explain. We were told of three recent instances: the first was a man, who was almost imbecile, but had been so carefully trained, that he could pass in a crowd. He came to see Laura, and when she touched his hand she dropped it as if it had been a frog, and said, 'Is he a *fool*?' The second case was a lady, who edited a magazine. Of her Laura said, 'Her hand is as hot as fire; does she write poetry?' No. 3 was a gentleman whose name was not mentioned; Laura drew back from him and asked, 'Is he kind to his family?' By common knowledge, he *was not*. . . .

So much for Boston, of which I have brought away very pleasant memories, and a huge fatigue after so much dissipation; in fact, I was nearly killed with kindness. To be interviewed from morning to night as the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson is no joke, I assure you, however great an honour it may be!

Saranac, March 11.

I GOT back here on Friday, very much worn out, and much as I had enjoyed my visit, very happy to return home and find Louis really getting *quite fat* on his koumiss, and remarkably well. But when a few hours had elapsed, I had good cause to feel even more thankful to find myself safe at home; for we have just had the worst snowstorm of the season, and our house was nearly buried in lovely snowdrifts. They looked so pure and so exquisite, when seen through the window, that I longed to dive into their downy softness, but refrained; I suspect it was a case in which distance lent enchantment to the view. All the railroad lines were blocked up, telegraphic and telephonic communication stopped, and we were for three days completely shut off from the outer world;

but this is the first time that Saranac has been so entirely isolated, and even this time we really suffered on the whole less than in most parts, and save when the snow was falling there has been a good deal of sunshine and not much severe cold. Imagine how thankful I am, however, to have been snowed *in*, and not *out of*, the 'Hunter's Home'!

At present I am in quarantine, as I have had a threatening of cold ever since my return, and the last two days have developed a slight sore throat. So I am not allowed to be in the same room with Louis: when *he* comes out of his room, *I* vanish into mine, and we are exactly like the little gentleman and lady in the 'weather boxes.' I think I am the bad weather one, as Louis needs sunshine to tempt him out, and a *little* less snow.

After Fanny starts for California, which will be as soon as she is able for it, Louis and Lloyd and I mean to pack up and go off for a change, perhaps to Washington, which is said to be pleasant in April. But we are much exercised in our minds as to what we should do after that: many people tell us that Louis ought to come back here for the summer and

camp out in the woods, a life that is said to be wonderful for the health. Sometimes I feel that after coming so far we ought to stay long enough to get the full benefit, and sometimes I weary to get home. I only trust that in the end we may do what is best.

March 31.

FANNY left us on Monday for California, and after a week full of literary visitors we felt very quiet. The weather, too, has been plunging from winter to summer and back again; Fanny started in midwinter and I was still confined to the house; Tuesday was lovely and quite warm, with the thermometer at seventy degrees in the shade and deliciously *dry* air, though the melting snow was running in rivers everywhere. Louis had two walks and a drive, and looked delightfully well; and I *sat* out in the verandah, reading, for two hours, and my only complaint was that the sun was rather hot! Wednesday was still mild, but duller; and on Thursday the world was as snow-white as in midwinter again! I notice, however, that the snow is much moister than before, and I fancy we have done with sleighing

for the season. We are back to buckboards, but the roads are in a fearful state with great chunks of half-melted ice, so that driving is scarcely a pleasure.

I wonder what you will think of Louis's sermon in the *April Scribner*? I was horribly depressed when he first read it to us, and told him I could not bear to be reduced to the level of a mite in a cheese, . . . neither can I acknowledge that we are such hideous creatures as he describes. Still I think it is a grand idea that the whole creation is striving after the fulfilment of an idea of duty, and not to be deterred by any number of failures. Here is another opinion on the subject: 'R. H. Stoddart asserts that R. L. Stevenson's essay entitled *Pulvis et Umbra* in the current number of *Scribner's* is inhuman, brutal, and devilish. Ho, ho!' We do not know whether the 'ho, ho' is meant for Stoddart or Stevenson! . . . The sensation of the week has been a visit from Bandmann the actor. He is an Austrian and a charming old man, has been thrice round the world, and thinks the Scotch are the finest people on the face of the earth. Moreover that opinion was not invented to please us

(which it did) as you will find it in his book of travels! I declare that he is the most pious visitor we have had yet, as he was the only one who ever said 'Amen' to Louis's grace . . . He has a ranche in the Rocky mountains where he has droves of cattle and fifteen cowboys, and he has invited us all to go and stay with him for a year, and promised us plenty of horses to ride upon. He came upon *Jekyll and Hyde* by accident when he was travelling, and saw at once that there was a good play to be made from it. He scouts the idea that only one man should have the chance of playing it.

. . . It is odd that now, the beginning of April, we feel the cold much more than we did in midwinter. We have had many showers of snow, interspersed with thaws, and there is a generally dirty look everywhere; last night it froze again, the thermometer was down to six degrees above zero, and to-day it has never been higher than twenty degrees; and that is really too much of a good thing on the seventh of April. Louis has been a good deal in bed this week, as much to keep himself warm as for any more serious reason; he cannot write

in this weather, and yet he wants to finish some work before we start on our travels. The doctor is anxious he should return here in July and camp out in the woods; if we do this we may go to some seaside place for May and June, during which months the woods are full of 'black fly,' a worse plague here than the mosquito.

Albany, April 15.

LOUIS and I left Saranac suddenly on Friday. Louis had been wearying for a change, and we had proposed to start on our travels to-morrow; Lloyd was in quarantine with a cold, I was low and out of sorts, and the weather simply detestable, rain and sun by turns and the thermometer rushing about between forty and fifty degrees. When on Friday morning we found that Valentine and the other girl had *both* colds, the fox and goat and cabbage problem became so acute, that there was nothing for it but flight. This was decided at 9.30; and by 12.30 I had finished packing and eaten dinner, and we started. Poor Lou was driven about from room to room all that time, avoiding the *infecteds*. He is looking

wonderfully well, and fatter than he has done for long, so we have much reason to be thankful for what Saranac has done for us.—It certainly is a wonderful place. . . .

New York, April 29.

THE heat has come suddenly and everything is bursting out with a rush. Yesterday I saw a magnolia in full bloom. I think I have never so appreciated spring as after this long and Arctic winter.

. . . Louis was very tired when we came here, and I was anxious about him ; but he has quite got over it and is remarkably well, out twice a day, and walking (he says) sometimes as much as nearly three miles. Dr C—— who attended him at Newport last September, came to see him last night, and was delighted with the improvement in him ; says that if he stays *three years* in such a climate as Saranac, he will be a strong man. That is what G—— said too ; but surely we shall get home next year, at all events. Sometimes I am very homesick for my ‘ain grey toun,’ and don’t feel as if I could stay away much longer. . . . We have kept clear of reporters, so far, and only few people know,

officially, that we are here. But we are kept supplied with lovely flowers by Lou's admirers : Mrs. Van R—— sent roses of all shades and exquisite heliotrope, Miss C—— a basket of white lilac, Mr. B—— roses again and mignonette, and Mr. Mansfield (who plays Jekyll and Hyde) brought a hamper full of violets and lily-of-the-valley and dark roses.

I have tried to refuse invitations so far as I can, but it is difficult, people are so kind. Mr. I—— is coming this morning to take me to church ; he is a bit of a character, and often reminds me of George F—— in the old days, when he used to take a bite out of seven biscuits all at once, to make sure that they should not be taken away from him. The last time I went to church with Mr. I—— we were put into a seat where there were no books. I whispered, 'I have no hymn-book' ; to which he calmly replied, 'Never mind, I've got Emerson's poems in my pocket.' I said to him that I would not go to church with him again unless he behaved better : so he told Louis, 'I must get your mother to go with me once more, if only to put me on a solid basis.' . . . Well, this time the sermon, which was really a lecture on

the poems of Matthew Arnold, wound up with something like this: 'If you think Christ was only a man, go and be a man like Him.' I told Mr. I—— that he might take that for his *solid basis*. . . .

Louis is beginning, however, to find all this rather too much for him, and we hope to go out of town to-morrow. We are bound first for a place on the New Jersey coast called Manasquan; beyond that we have no settled plans whatever. If Fanny can find us a yacht in San Francisco, we *may* go and sail about the Pacific next winter; but it is all a peradventure at present, and our motto at present is 'Sufficient to the day is——' no, I won't say 'the *evil* thereof.' You can finish it as you like.

Manasquan, May 6.

WE came here on Wednesday and were all glad to get into the peace and quiet of the country. The N. J. coast is very like Holland, low and flat, and broken up by creeks into which the sea runs, while a long spit of land lies outside between us and the ocean. I should prefer to be beside the real breaking waves, but the sheltered cliffs are much safer for

boating ; and as Lloyd has hired a boat, and he and Louis are constantly out in it, I am glad of the safety. We are very comfortable and quite primitive here, as it is out of the season and we have the 'hotel' to ourselves : by and by there will be eighty guests in the house, and we should not desire to be among them! . . .

I am interested in the incubator, and weary to hear how the chickens get on. That puts me in mind of a book of (burlesque) fables Mr. I—— lent us, and I must tell you one: '*An Elephant one Day inadvertently put her Foot on a Partridge and killed it. Near by she found the nest with the callow Brood, upon which she said, "Poor Things! I am so sorry for you, being a Mother myself!" and immediately sat down on the top of them. Moral.—Thus we see how sad it is to lose a Mother, and that it is not every one who can run an Orphan Asylum.*' I hope that Chloe may prove a better step-mother than the elephant. . . .

I can still tell you nothing definite about our plans. We have not heard anything from Fanny, save that she is busy making inquiries ; but I suppose we must settle soon where we are at least to spend the summer.

Manasquan, May 12.

THIS great and sudden change in our plans has so far upset me that I can scarcely write at all. G—— will have told you, of course, that we have got a yacht, and are to sail from San Francisco on the 15th June for a seven months' cruise in the South Seas. It seems almost too good to be true; and for Louis's sake I can't but be glad, for his heart has so long been set upon it, and it must surely be good for his health to have such a desire granted, so, just as I went to Saranac in fear and trembling for the winter, I now go to meet the southern summer . . . if it only suits Louis as well as Saranac did, we shall have every reason to be thankful.

I think I may promise to be home next summer at the latest, as I shall want new clothes by then, and I believe I could pay my expenses out of the difference in price *there and here!*

May 25.

THE other day we had a beautiful drive to a place called Allaire, some eight miles away. The woods and orchards on the way

were full of bloom and young foliage ; and I was particularly struck with the numerous shades of pink and crimson among the opening leaves. Some of the trees looked, till we came quite near, as if they were covered with rosy fruit. The place itself was built by an Englishman some sixty years ago as an iron-foundry, and there are all the necessary buildings, many cottages, and a church, scattered over a beautiful meadow with the Manasquan river running through it ; but the foundry did not pay, and all has been allowed to fall into ruin and decay. It is extremely picturesque and much valued in this country of modern things, where ruins of any sort are few and far between ; I believe it is carefully kept up and *cultivated* with an artistic neglect for the benefit of picnic parties and sketches. Next day we made another expedition, and went *crabbing*. A small boy about twelve rowed us to a spot under a bridge, where we cast anchor ; then we each firmly tied a lump of raw meat about the size of a breakfast roll to the end of a piece of stout twine, and let the ball down into the water till it touched the ground, holding the twine tight enough to feel any movement. I never imagined I should



MARGARET ISABELLA BALFOUR, AT THE AGE OF 15
From a painting in the possession of Mrs. F. Craig Balfour

catch anything, but I did : as soon as there is a tug you pull up the line, and crab and meat appear together. It was rather entertaining and we got a great many, but they were all small, unfortunately ; sometimes very large ones fasten on to the meat, and these require a certain amount of skilful management.

This week the weather has turned damp and raw, and Louis has a threatening of cold ; it will be too dreadful if this gets worse now that I have just made all the arrangements for starting for San Francisco on Thursday. We are to have a compartment all to ourselves, and, if possible, we shall travel straight through ; of course it is a trying journey, but it will take us, we hope, into a far better and more equable climate than is to be found anywhere on this side.

New York, June 1.

FORTUNATELY Louis threw off the cold, as he has done ever since we went to Saranac, in a wonderful way : the sore throat and fever disappeared, and there has been no hæmorrhage. The doctor says the way he has picked up from it shows a wonderful

improvement since last autumn, when he attended him just after our arrival; and he is strongly in favour, too, of this Pacific cruise, and laughs at my dread of summer in the tropics, assuring us that it is much less trying than here. So I am much heartened up, and the closeness of the weather in New York makes us all look forward to our start to-morrow morning. One little story before I stop: Wednesday was 'Decoration Day' here, and I had a very good view of the march past of the veterans of the war from the window of the publishing office of a magazine whither Mr. I—— took me. He said he would have to introduce me to the editor, but that once it was found out who I was, there would be no more peace for Louis, so would I object to being introduced as 'Mrs. Macpherson' from Glasgow. I replied that I could not stand *that*; but if he would just say my name without emphasising the 'son' at the end, he would find that I should be accepted as 'Mrs. Stevens'; 'and of course,' I added, '*here* I am nothing without my *son*.' My little plan, I may tell you, worked admirably. . . . Don't talk of difficulties about servants: you should

come out here to learn gratitude for our home comforts. Lem, the waiter at Manasquan, was a treasure in his way ; scrubbed floors, cooked (and very well too), and did the washing and ironing. I did not wonder, when I knew that he did all this, that he had no time to pull his sleeves down, or to do what our maids call 'tidy' himself ; but this is how he addressed Mrs. L—— : 'Just you sit down, my pretty little dear, and don't make a fuss!' People here talk of the pauper labour of the old country, but we often wish we could get some of it, and *don't* we long for a shilling drive in a cab!

San Francisco, June 9.

HERE we are all safe after our long journey. It was very tiring, and we have not yet got over the effects ; but though Louis gave us some frights on the way, and several times we thought we should have to stop, it always ended well. We were very comfortable indeed as far as Chicago, where we had to wait eight hours ; after that it was not quite so luxurious, and the accommodation was very limited. However we consoled ourselves by thinking it excellent preparation for the yacht.

While crossing the Rockies, we rose to an elevation of seven thousand and ten thousand feet, but neither Louis nor I were affected by it. Valentine, however, complained of some difficulty in breathing, and her nose bled. Later on, we were all somewhat upset, and had slight hæmorrhage: it is supposed to be the effect of crossing the Alkali Plains, in the region of Salt Lake, and is rather distressing. Valentine was the worst, and I was the least affected by it; Louis came between in degree, but of course in his case it was a much more serious matter, and gave us some cause for alarm. However, he was promptly sent to bed on our arrival, and will be kept there for some days, so the complete rest may put him right again.

We were met at Sacramento by Fanny, who was looking so pretty in a new hat, that we were grieved to find out afterwards that it belonged to her daughter. Louis at first thought of staying there to escape the reporters; but as there is far greater comfort to be found here, we came straight on, and I am very glad we did so.

We have been very busy ever since our arrival, ordering clothes, etc., for the yacht and

the hot weather. These last consist of chemises with a flounce round the lower edge, and a *holaku* or loose sacque worn over it. I am getting some of black and white lawn, and others of muslin; I think it will be comfortable and cool, but I feel we—at least I—shall be queer-looking customers in them!

As to letters, don't 'take on' so much about not getting them regularly; don't you remember in the old days at Colinton, what excitement there used to be over a 'ship letter' from John. I shall be going on daily with a sort of journal for you, and shall post it as I get a chance; so you may live in a constant state of expectation, which Dr. Macleod says is the proper Christian attitude. . . .

. . . *P.S.* I must add that we have just got very nice letters of introduction to King Kalakaua of Hawaii, where we hope to call in the yacht; and in them, to my amazement, there is special mention of *me*, and my very pedigree given! . . . But our plans are still somewhat uncertain, as Louis has not yet seen Dr. M——, the owner of the *Casco*; and until he does, I can tell you nothing definite. . . .

June 14.

LOUIS is better, and things are so far settled that we hope to get him on board the yacht to-morrow, as the air in the bay is cooler and purer than on land. There is no prospect of our starting, however, for some days yet; we have still to order in our stores for the cruise, and to get coals in, and to try and remember some at least of the many things we shall want during the long voyage. Dr. M—— has just been here to settle the final business arrangements. He had heard that Louis had a mother, and was not at all sure of allowing an old woman to sail on his beloved yacht, so he insisted on seeing me before he left. When I came in I found a very stout man, with a strong and humorous face, who sat still in his chair and took a good look at me. Then he held out his hand, with the remark, ‘You’re a healthy-looking woman!’—so I am to be allowed on board, as he thinks I am good for a seven months’ trip. He built the yacht, he told us, for his health, as he was getting so stout that some means of reduction were necessary; and going to sea has pulled him down

sixty pounds in weight. I said, 'But we don't want it to have that effect on Mr. Stevenson, or there would be nothing left of him!' However, he assured us it would have quite the opposite effect on Louis; and turning to Fanny, he added, 'The yacht is the apple of my eye,—you may think your husband loves *you*, but I can assure you that I love my yacht a great deal better, and I am just afraid that you will run away with her and never bring her back. Remember, if you do, I'll be after you with a revenue cutter, and when I catch you . . . !'

You would like this place, fruit and vegetables are so plentiful and cheap. You can get an immense basket of peaches for a shilling, but though they are very good, I have tasted them with a finer flavour at home. Fanny tells me, however, that these are only the 'valley' peaches, and the finer ones, the 'strawberry' peaches, come a little later.

I have been a good deal about San Francisco, but have not had time to go far afield. One day I visited 'China-town,' and found it very curious and interesting; unfortunately our guide spoke so little English that he could not explain things to us. He took us into two

temples, very dark and quiet, and full of beautiful carvings and embroideries. We were entertained to a real Chinese tea in a room adjoining one of the temples, and they would take no payment for it. We also saw a table set for a large dinner at a Chinese restaurant: it looked exactly as if intended for a dolls' party, with several tiny plates to each guest, one with a spoonful of sauce in it, another with a morsel of ginger, etc. We did not know what most of the things were. Even the fruit was on the same scale, and we could not persuade ourselves that it was intended for human beings, and not for dolls. . . . I quite liked the look of the Chinese that I saw, and they are capital workers. One, 'Yee Lee,' has made our hot weather garments beautifully, though he scarcely took any measurements, and I was sure they would be all wrong. But they have no idea of not crushing things, and my nice muslin *holakus* were brought home rolled into a wisp, with a string wound tightly round them.

We have been on board the *Casco*, and are charmed with her, but I shall wait to describe her till we have started on our journey. Louis could not fix on our route till he had talked it

over with the captain; but he has now given up the Galapagos Islands, as to go thither would keep us too long near the Equator, and we are to go first to the Marquesas, and afterwards to Tahiti—and where else I am not sure. As the *Casco* is an American yacht, we must hoist the Stars and Stripes, but we shall fly the Union Jack as well, and likely a yacht-club burgee also. Louis and Lloyd are both living on board, and we are making all haste to get in the stores and sundries.

June 25.

ONLY a line to tell you we are all running hither and thither, as busy as bees, finding sometimes that too many cooks spoil the broth, but on the whole making progress. It is not so easy to lay in all the innumerable things that may be required by eleven people during seven months away from shops. Still one way or another, we have got through it. On Saturday Valentine and I went to the *Casco* and unpacked the clothing of our whole party, and stored it in the lockers under the sofas and beds; the boxes are to be left here till our return. We go on board ourselves either to-

day or to-morrow. We have all been vaccinated as a preliminary, save Louis ; and we are taking some lymph with us, so that Fanny can operate on him should we come across any smallpox, as the doctor thinks it need only be done in that case. I may write a line from the yacht before we sail, but I look on this as my farewell letter. God grant we may have good news of each other, and a happy meeting in His good time. Take care of yourself for my sake. . . .

PART II
THE CRUISE OF THE 'CASCO'

[The reference figures refer to the notes at end of book]

*Yacht 'Casco,' San Francisco Bay,
June 27, 1888 (7.30 p.m.).*

HERE we all are on the yacht lying off San Francisco at the North Beach, near Telegraph Hill, and ready for an early start to-morrow morning. The tug *Kate* came for us at three this afternoon and towed us from Oakland across the Bay to this anchorage; and another tug is to come at five o'clock to-morrow morning to take us through the Golden Gate.

I write a hurried line to go back by the tug in the morning just to give the latest possible report of us. But I find it difficult to manage, with the preparations for making everything fast for crossing the bar going on around and overhead.

Just as we were starting a train passed close to us and saluted us with three whistles, but to our regret it passed so quickly that there was no time to respond. However, we dipped our flag three times to a government cutter that we met in crossing the Bay, and they answered us at once; and some other yachts and a steamer saluted us, and we had the satisfaction of responding. Belle and Mrs. W—— came down to the wharf to wave a farewell to us, and some newspaper people came off in a boat. The yacht-club, of which Louis has been made a member, wished to have a procession of yachts to escort us through the Gate; but a friend who knows Louis's dislike of fuss put a stop to it. Fanny and I are sorry, for it would have been a pretty and cheerful sight, and as no one would have come on board, Louis would not have been disturbed.

We have lovely flowers in the cabin, the gifts of many friends: one beautiful and very large magnolia is just opening in the centre of the table. The manager of the Occidental Hotel also sent us a basketful of fruit. Here is a list of the contents to give you an idea of the variety. There are apples, pears, three kinds

of plums, figs, grapes, cherries, brambles, strawberries, bananas, huckleberries, oranges, currants, apricots, and tomatoes. That is not bad, is it ?

How strange it will seem to be two months out of reach of letters and papers. I think I am more to be pitied than you, for I may have a chance to *send* a letter, but I cannot possibly *receive* one till we reach Tahiti. And even then, as the mails go so seldom, you had better send none there after receiving this, but address direct to Honolulu, c/o the American Consulate.

Isn't it wonderful that I am going to see all these strange, out-of-the-way places? I cannot yet realise it. I remember so well repeating as a little girl at school :

‘ Full many are the beauteous isles,
Unseen by human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the ocean's smiles,
In sunny silence lie.’

I always longed so much to see them, and I can hardly believe that all those childish longings are to come true. By the by, Louis would like you to keep all the letters I write on the voyage for his benefit, as he may want

to refer to them if ever he brings out a book on the 'Cruise of the *Casco*.' He has still a little cold, and we are all longing for warmer weather. We may get more than we care for of that, before I write again; but the wind has been high and very cold to-day, and some on board begin already to show signs of seasickness. Once more, good-bye! . . .

Yacht 'Casco,' Sunday, July 1.

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I LOOK on this as my first real letter of the cruise, as the other note that went ashore by the pilot-boat was posted at San Francisco and does not count.

This is our fourth day at sea, and all goes well, I am thankful to say. Everybody was at lunch to-day except Fanny: she and Lloyd and Valentine spent most of their time during the first three days in bed, and even the captain did not appear at meals for two days, so that Louis and I had them all by ourselves. I missed only the first breakfast, and that was because I had been on deck for two hours and was not able to face red herrings and mutton

chops after that. I had got up at six o'clock to see the scenery outside the Golden Gate: the coast-line is very beautiful, but the morning light not the best to see it by. I had already admired Tamalpais much more from the inside of the bay, and the view *from* the Cliff House is much finer than the view *of* it.

We were towed out by the *Pelican*. There was a heavy swell outside, and we were amused to watch the little steamer first lifted high above us, and then, as the wave passed, she, and even the mountains of the coast, were shut out entirely. Our vessel seemed very small among those enormous waves, and I felt nervous when I saw how she heeled over; however, I was told it was all right, and I am already getting accustomed to it. The swell, too, is beginning to go down.

I must try to describe the vessel that is to be our home for so long. From the deck you step down into the cockpit, which is our open-air drawing-room. It has seats all round, nicely cushioned, and we sit or lie there most of the day. The compass is there, and the wheel, so the man at the wheel always keeps us company. Here, also, is the companion, and at

the bottom of the stair on the right-hand side is the captain's room. Straight ahead is the main- or after-cabin, a nice bright place with a skylight and four port-holes. There are four sofas that can be turned into beds if need be, and there are lockers under them in which our clothes are stored away. Above and behind each sofa is a berth concealed by white lace curtains on brass rods, and in these berths we three women are laid away as on shelves each night to sleep. There is a table fastened to the floor in the centre of the cabin, covered with crimson Utrecht velvet. The sofas are upholstered to match, and the carpet is crimson Brussels. There is one large, heavy swivel-chair, and opposite the entrance is a mirror let into the wall, with two small shelves under it. On each side of this mirror is a door. The one to the right leads, through a small dressing-room with a fixed basin, to Lloyd's cabin, and beyond that again is the forward cabin, or dining-room. The door to the left opens into another small dressing-room, and beyond this is Louis's sleeping-room. It is very roomy, with both a bed and a sofa in it, so that he will be very comfortable; and at night, when we are all in

bed, all the port-holes and skylights and doors are left open for the sake of air.

The dining-room has a long table and chairs, two mirrors at the end, and between the doors a very ugly picture of fruits and cake. Louis would fain cover it up if we could spare a flag with which to do it. Two doors at the further end lead to the pantry and galley, and beyond these are the men's quarters, which I have not yet explored.

Tuesday, July 3.

SUNDAY was cloudy and squally, but Louis was able to read a short service in the cockpit at 4 P.M., which was the time that suited best for the men. Yesterday was delightful, and very much warmer than it had been yet. We are nearing the tropics, and are beginning to feel it. We saw one whale the day we sailed, and four pilot-birds¹ have followed us all the way. It is delightful to watch their graceful flight; to see them alighting on the waves and walking along for a few steps, leaving little white footprints behind them on the water. Louis says that they follow the vessel for 'grease,' and that they suppose

the yacht is an immense bird, and that we are the fleas upon its back! This morning a flying-fish came on board, in the midst of a shower of spray, the first to visit us; and last night we had our first game at whist, the captain and I against Louis and Lloyd. It was a close fight, but we were beaten at last by a single point on the rubber.

Fanny, Valentine, and I have begun to knit socks for Louis and Lloyd. It is quite the best kind of work for shipboard, easy and inactive. I began mine on Saturday, and am near the heel already. Last night the weather was so delightful that we all stayed on deck till past ten; the water was brilliantly phosphorescent and the air was mild as milk. We only lacked a moon. The sea here is quite as bright a blue as the Mediterranean, but it must have stolen some of its colour from the sky, for that is very much paler than it seemed from the land. It is the colour of turquoise, with that under-tint of green in it. Are we not well off with a carpet of sapphire and a roof of turquoise? Adieu for to-day.

Thursday, July 5.

YESTERDAY we had a new sensation—a calm. The sails flapped idly, and we only made about two knots an hour; the sun was very hot, but we could generally find shade behind one or other of the sails. The sea was beautifully smooth, and we had the rare pleasure of a distant horizon. Usually we seem to be shut in by the waves.

We all had a very active fit. Fanny, Valentine, and I took to making pyjamas and jackets for Louis of thin flannel, to be ready for the hot weather, and the captain, not to be outdone, began some new covers for the boat-cushions. He is a 'palm worker,' which means that he has his thimble, or its substitute, in the palm of his hand, fastened in place by a leather strap. During the day I had a good long walk outside of the cockpit, which was quite a treat. Louis won't let me attempt it unless the sea is very smooth, because the passage is narrow and the bulwarks not very high. He and Fanny think me much too adventurous, and declare I will fall over. Fanny said to the captain one day, 'What would you do if Mrs. Stevenson were to fall

overboard?' and the captain, who loves a joke, solemnly replied, 'Put it in the log!' This morning Valentine tossed Fanny's cushion up the companion stairs and very nearly sent it overboard. Louis asked, 'Would you have put that in the log if it had gone over?' 'Yes, if you thought it worth while to send Valentine after it. . . .'

I must give you the names of the captain and the crew, for the variety of nationalities is amusing. The captain is Albert Otis, American. The crew are: Charles Olsen, Russian; John Lassen, Swede; Fred Schröder, Swede; Charles Wallin, Finn; Antone Cousina (steward and cook), Japanese; and Valentine Borch (cabin-boy), Swiss.

You see we would have needed to have a cabin-boy if Valentine had not taken charge of the cabins, and the captain wanted to put her name on the ship's list and make her sign articles, but Louis did not see the necessity, and would not permit it.

July 15.

I HAVE been long without writing, but at present there is not much to tell. We are sailing onward with varying speed and

comfort ; have accomplished two hundred and six miles in twenty-four hours, and have fallen as low as thirty-five in the same time, when we encountered calms, head-seas, or strong easterly currents. For a day or two we were in the 'doldrums,' which means the calms between the north and south trade-winds ; but now we are fairly in the latter, blowing from the south-east, and are making steady progress. We expected to cross the line before this, and each of us bet a dollar on certain days ; but Lloyd's, Fanny's, and mine are all past, and this is Louis's, so we begin to fear that he will lose also. However, the captain hopes that we may reach the Marquesas some day this week, and then, I trust, I may be able to despatch this letter to you, as I know you will be wearying to get some news of us. I mean to send it off at once, and to send future epistles also in instalments, so that even if you get several letters together (as I think it probable you may), you will be able to despatch them round the family one by one, with a week's interval between them. This will give you a better chance of getting them back promptly, and will not surfeit my readers !

We have had some very hot weather since last I wrote. The thermometer has been up to eighty-nine degrees in the cabin, but is more often about seventy-four degrees, and of course it is hotter on deck. Fanny and Valentine have taken to *mumus and holakus*,² but I am putting off as long as I can. So far I have been content to discard all woollen garments and stiff or fitted bodices, and I often wear boots without stockings. Louis goes about in shirt and trousers, and with bare feet: he and Lloyd got their faces and arms so tanned at the beginning that they must now be surely sun-proof. He is up the first in the morning, and is generally the last to go to bed. What do you think of that?

Our pilot-birds have deserted us, but we now have plenty of 'boatswain-birds,'³ so called from their curious tails, formed of two very long white feathers tipped with scarlet, which are supposed to resemble a boatswain's marline-spike, though I do not see it myself.

I have seen many flying-fish now, and love to watch them. They look so happy flitting about in the water that one longs to join them in their play. As to our occupations, I have

finished a pair of socks for Louis. We are reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and are now in the second volume. Most of it I have read aloud, as reading in the open air was too much for Louis. We cannot stay on deck in the heat of the day, but it is much cooler below; though once or twice I have been glad to take a siesta. Louis has given up his state-room because it was too airless, and now sleeps in the fourth berth in the main cabin; so we have turned his room into a dressing-room, and its size permits us to start our indiarubber bath and to have a salt-water 'tub' every morning.

The sailors all have coffee at 6 A.M., as well as any of us who wish for it. Breakfast is at eight. I am generally up at seven, and sometimes earlier; once I was even out at five to see the sunrise. After breakfast we all go on deck till Valentine has done up the cabin and made it into a drawing-room once more. After that, we 'decline and fall' off, or write and work. At twelve is lunch, and at five dinner. After dinner we go on deck for the sunset, which is the great spectacle of the day. We have had some magnificent ones, but they are about as variable in the tropics as else-

where, and do not always 'come off.' Then we play two rubbers at whist—the captain and I are now eight rubbers ahead; and afterwards we put out the lamps and go on deck to let the cabin cool before going to bed. The evenings are generally delicious, the stars bright, and the air heavenly. We saw the new moon first on Thursday, when it was three days old, but looked very large; though, as Valentine said, when I remarked upon its size, 'perhaps it was born large.' It may be the way in the tropics! On Friday we had our first peep at the Southern Cross, but unfortunately it was just ahead of the vessel, and partly hidden by the sails, so we cannot be said to have seen it properly yet.

Our little vessel sails splendidly. It is wonderful how she picks her way among the heavy seas and ships so few; but we do get a fair sprinkling of spray now and then. Last Sunday Lou got a regular shower-bath in the cockpit, and had to change all his clothes; and I had two lesser ones, one through the skylight in the cabin, and another in the cockpit, one day when it was very stormy. Once, also, when I was sitting in the

captain's chair, I was sent spinning across the cabin, and struck my head upon the sofa. But see the advantage of a hard Scottish head! I was not hurt in the least, though Louis insisted on banishing the chair, lest another time it might be more serious.

Friday, July 20.

IN port at last! We are in anchorage off the island of Nuka-hiva. The voyage has been most comfortable and pleasant, yet I cannot tell you how thrilling it was to hear Louis's call of 'Land!' at five o'clock this morning. We fairly tumbled into our dressing-gowns, and rushed on deck. We could see two islands, Hua-houna, which has no good anchorage, and Nuka-hiva, our destination. It was with trembling interest that we watched the lofty mountains, no more than a grey haze at first, gradually growing distinct as we drew nearer and nearer, till at last the green masses of foliage, the beach, and the curving bay, came fully into sight. 'An unknown land, to us at least; what shall we find there, what shall we meet with?' was, I believe, the

unspoken question in all our minds. Very soon it was to be answered.

Immediately we dropped anchor, a German cotton-grower, whose name is Regler, came on board. He promised to help us in getting fresh food—cocoa-nuts, chickens, and milk—as this was our first and most pressing need after the voyage, and took the captain on shore with him at once for this purpose. We must be content in the meantime to look and wonder. But now this letter must be closed, and I will keep all our new experiences for the next.

*Yacht 'Casco,' Anaho Bay, Nuka-hiva,⁴
Marquesas Islands, July 22.*

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THIS, at last, is my beau-ideal! The climate is simply perfect, much more delightful than I could have believed possible so near the Equator. The sun is certainly hot, but there is always a delightful breeze, and it is never in the least sultry or airless. I fancy we have arrived at a fortunate time, as the rainy season is just over, and everything is looking new-made and beautiful—*how* beautiful

it is hard to make you realise. We all feel as if we wanted to 'draw in our chairs' and stay here a considerable time; even the captain, who was inclined to think the whole expedition quixotic, is charmed. We have an awning over the deck which shades us from the sun, and we spend our whole time when not on shore in the cockpit. At last I have open-air life enough to satisfy even me!

Now I must go back to Friday, when I finished my last letter. It was hardly closed when our new German friend returned with the chief, who was to take our letters to the post-office in the next bay. His name is *Tai-pi-ki-kano*, which, being interpreted, is 'High-water and mean.'⁵ He is a fine-looking young fellow, fully six feet tall, with very good features and beautiful teeth, and such a pleasant smile. He seemed to be delighted with the vessel and everything he saw, but our intercourse had to be limited to laughing and shaking hands. This latter mode of expressing satisfaction appeared to greatly please him, for he solemnly shook hands all round three times before he went away. He was quite nicely dressed in white linen trousers and coat.

While he was still on board, a large canoe with six or seven natives arrived, bringing cocoa-nuts, oranges, and bananas for sale. We went on deck to see them, and it was a strange and, to us, rather alarming sight. They were in every stage of undress: two most respectable-looking old gentlemen wore nothing but small red and yellow loin-cloths and *very* cutty sarks on top. There were even some who wore less! The display of legs was something we were not accustomed to; but as they were all tattooed in most wonderful patterns, it really looked quite as if they were wearing open-work silk tights.⁶ There was a good deal of bargaining about the price of the fruits, and the wag of the party, who did most of the talking, said it was certainly a very fine vessel, but there seemed to be very little money on board!

Louis took them all over the yacht, through the after- and fore-cabins and the galley, and then up by the forecastle companion. They followed him in Indian file, making strange sounds of satisfaction and pleasure all the time. Most of them were distinctly good-looking, but there was one with

a very strange, unpleasant face, and an immense mouth that at once suggested cannibalism to us all.

When the chief went on shore, Captain Otis and Lloyd went with him. He took them into several houses and introduced them to the inmates, who gave them always the kindest of welcomes, and treated them to gallons of fresh cocoa-nut milk. In the meantime, almost as soon as they left us, there arrived two other canoes, and we had presently fourteen natives swarming over the deck. We women were a little frightened, but we made signs that we had no money to buy anything, and they soon went away, quite satisfied and apparently not at all surprised. We are told that their own women hold a very inferior position, and are permitted to share very few of the privileges enjoyed by the men. Only very lately has the last *tabu* been removed that forbade the women to walk on roads which men had made, or to use a bridge which men had built; they were compelled, if they desired to cross over, to do so only by wading a creek. Even now they are not allowed to ride in a saddle belonging to a native, though they may use a

foreigner's ; and as there is only one person in the island—Mr. Regler—who possesses a side-saddle, you may imagine if it is in constant request. In some of the other islands, moreover, a woman is not allowed to eat meat ; the men form themselves into 'clubs' or parties, where all the pork and other meat is consumed. Would you not think that they had taken a hint from civilised society? . . .⁷

Yesterday we had a delightful day. Lloyd, Valentine, and I went ashore at 11 A.M., taking bathing-suits and luncheon with us. We found a grove of palm-trees for a dressing-room, and had a delicious bathe, which reminded me that it was twenty-six years since I had ventured on such a pleasure ; but here the water is delightfully warm, and we can stay in as long as we like without risk of chill. After bathing, we lunched on sardines, biscuits, and beer, and a native brought us some cocoa-nuts and oranges, which are a *green* kind, very juicy and delicious ; by the time they are yellow they are quite dried up. In return we gave him some of our biscuits and beer. The natives are very fond of hard ship's biscuits. They told us that while we were bathing a

canoe filled with fruit went off to the yacht and offered to barter the whole for ten ship's biscuits. But the French, to whom these islands belong, have forbidden this kind of exchange.

We saw many of the women while we were on shore, and some of them are very pretty. They came round us and saluted us, saying 'Ka-ow,'* which means 'how do you do?' 'good-bye,' 'thank you,' and many other things, all implying an expression of courtesy. There was much laughing, and many hand-shakes were exchanged between us. They wore light-coloured *holakus* with long trains, a very pretty garment, in which they looked most graceful; their feet were bare, but tattooed in such beautiful patterns that they had the appearance of wearing open-work silk stockings. They tattoo their legs all over, and Fanny and I feel very naked with our own plain white legs when we are bathing. The girls, we are told, marry exceedingly young. Our German friend, Mr. Regler, for instance, has a native wife whom he married when she was fourteen: she is only eighteen now, and is the mother of two children.

* More correctly written 'Kaoha.'

I AM continuing this letter on Tuesday, as on Sunday I was interrupted, and could get no further. The French gendarmes—I think I have already reminded you that these islands belong to France—came on board for a visit of inspection, and to arrange about shooting licences. Both the captain and steward have rifles, and we are told that there are wild chickens⁸ on the island that are particularly good eating. At present all the fresh meat we get is pork, which is delicious when roasted, as it has a peculiarly fine flavour. The pigs are fed on cocoa-nuts, and are quite tame—in fact, they are household pets, running about with the dogs, and even going with them to the houses for supper.⁹

This morning we had a visit from a much more important chief than ours—I mean, than Taipi-ki-kino of Anaho, of whom I have already spoken. This other was Kooamua, chief of Hatiheu, in the next bay. He is very intelligent, and went all round the yacht, looking at things with a really critical appreciation: everything was carefully and thoughtfully examined. He was greatly pleased with the

captain's rifle,—did not care much for Lloyd's fiddle; but the thing that charmed him most was the typewriter. He went off at last, very happy, with a *Casco* ribbon for his hat, a piece of plug tobacco in his pocket, and his name and that of every member of his family printed by himself with the typewriter. He looked such a mild and benevolent old gentleman, that it is difficult to believe he was till quite recently a cannibal. He is now a wealthy and important man, with a large European house, in which he entertains the governor; and the French do nothing that concerns the natives without consulting him.¹⁰

The typewritten 'family tree' proved to be so popular that the very same evening our own chief sent us a list of *his* family to be written out in the same way. Kooamua, however, remained the only one to try the machine for himself. What children they are, happy and contented, with no wants that nature cannot supply. I wonder if we are wise or kind to rouse them to all the cares and anxieties of civilised life. My dear husband used always to say that dogs had much happier lives than ours, and these Kanakas

seem as free from every conscious care and responsibility as ever a dog could be. Their conduct to each other and to strangers, so far as kindness and courtesy are concerned, is much more Christ-like than that of many professing Christians ; but I am told that although the Roman Catholic missionaries have been teaching them for a number of years, they have produced very little real effect, save that the islanders have ceased to worship idols. Fanny has secured the last that remained in this bay, a very uncouth attempt at a human figure carved in wood, and in rather a decayed state.¹¹

July 28.

THIS is mail-day, and I must finish quickly, as we are all going on shore early to spend the whole day on land. We are going to bathe, and will take our lunch with us.

Yesterday a native dance was got up for our benefit. None of the dancing-women appeared, but five men, nicely dressed in shirts and trousers, danced together with great spirit and grace. The music was pro-

vided by a drum, made out of an old tin box. Many of the steps reminded me of a Highland reel, but were curiously mixed up with calisthenic, and even gymnastic, exercises: the hands in particular were used very gracefully, and they often took off their hats and waved them to and fro. But they also climbed on each other's shoulders, and did other strange things.¹² After dancing for some time, they sang songs to us in a curious, low, weird kind of crooning. Altogether it was a strange sort of afternoon party!

When we came away, we were closely followed by canoes containing the dancers who had just been entertaining us, and who now proposed to perform again for the benefit of the two sailors who had been left in charge of the *Casco* while we were on shore. So we had a second dance and song on our own deck. We were also accompanied by some of the women, who had expressed a wish to visit the yacht; the chief's wife, a tall, dignified person, and five others, who stayed on board with us about an hour. The mirrors were the things that delighted them most; and this little trait of sex greatly delighted

Louis, as none of the men had taken any notice of them at all. One of the ladies had her feet and legs tattooed in really the most wonderful patterns; she was quite pleased when we admired them, and gave us a *most liberal* view of them! At the same time, I must in justice add that they were all perfectly well-behaved and lady-like, though some of the books of travel say that their manners are such that it is impossible for a lady even to land on the island.¹³

I have been wearying sorely to hear what you all are about. . . . Before we reached this place I got so home-sick for news of you, that I brought out my last budget of letters and read them over again. It was 'piper's news,'¹⁴ no doubt, but was better than none; and I made believe it was mail-day, and tried to be content. Once a month we send our letters to the post-office in the next bay, but how long they stay there before going further we cannot find out. I quite expect you will receive three or four at once. . . .

P.S.—Our sailors prove to be nice, good-natured fellows, very fond of talking and being talked to, even when at the wheel.

Fanny was apt to transgress in this respect, so whenever it was at all stormy, the captain used to remark, 'Please don't talk to the man at the wheel; *to-day* I want him to steer.' Fred, one of the Swedes, was delighted when he heard we would be going to Honolulu, as he has a brother there whom he has not seen for eleven years.

Anaho Bay, Nuka-hiva, August 2.

MY DEAR CUMMY,—Here we are in a little bay surrounded by green mountains, on which sheep are grazing, and there are birds very like our own 'blackies' singing in the trees. If it were not for the groves of cocoa-nut palms, we might almost fancy ourselves in our own dear land. But the climate here is simply perfect. Of course it is hot, but there are always fresh breezes, and yesterday I climbed a hill as high as Kirk Yetton,* and was not in the least over-tired. I doubt whether I could do that at home.

* Kirk Yetton, or, as some write it, Caer Ketton, is the second highest point of the Pentlands, just above Swanston Cottage, where the Stevensons had for many years spent the summer. The scars which distinguish the hill are called the 'Seven Sisters,' or 'the Scidders.'

We have our principal meal at twelve o'clock, and spend the after-part of the day on shore—bathing, gathering shells, knitting, or reading. Our Japanese cook and steward just sets out the table with cold meats, fruit, and cake, so that we can take our other meal at any hour in the evening that suits us.

Fanny and I are dressed like the natives, in two garments, one being a sort of long chemise with a flounce round the edge, and an upper garment something like a child's pinafore, made with a yoke, but fastening in front. As we have to wade to and from the boat in landing and coming back, we discard stockings, and on the sands we usually go barefoot entirely. Louis wears only a shirt and trousers with the legs and arms rolled up as far as they will go, and he is always barefooted. You will therefore not be surprised to hear that we are all as red as lobsters. It is a strange, irresponsible, half-savage life, and I sometimes wonder if we shall ever be able to return to civilised habits again.

The natives are very simple and kindly people. The Roman Catholic priests have persuaded them to give up their constant wars

and the practice of cannibalism, though only within recent years. They are quite ready to go to church, too, when the priests ask them to do so, but here I think their religious feeling stops. Or rather, perhaps, it never begins! One of the mission priests told us that teaching them religion seems about as effectual as trying to mould water. The expression made me think of 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'

Louis has learnt a good many words of the language, and with the help of signs can contrive to carry on a conversation, but I have stuck fast with two words, '*Ka-oha*,' which means 'how do you do?' 'thank you,' 'good-bye,' and I am not quite sure how much else, and '*Mitai*,' meaning good, nice, pretty, kind. I don't expect to get beyond these, but it is wonderful how much one can express with them.

Louis is looking so well, and has even got a little fatter since we have been staying in this lovely, quiet spot. He sends you his love, and bids me tell you that he is just living over all the books you used to read to him. For instance, this morning, when the juice of a

cocoa-nut effervesced like ginger-beer, he called out delightedly, 'Oh, I remember Cummy telling me of that long ago, and I thought it so wonderful. And only fancy that poor little sick chap she nursed ever seeing it actually and truly for himself!'

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Anaho Bay, Nuka-hiva, July 29.

SINCE* I finished my last letter to you on Friday we have had a most exciting time. You must understand that Fanny and I took the letters to the village, and then went to our usual bathing-place, to hunt for shells, bathe, and amuse ourselves generally. About 4.30 the boat came to take us off. As we were returning to the *Casco*, we remarked with some surprise that she had changed her position; but our thoughts were diverted by Mr. Regler making signs that we were to call at the village before going on. There we found a strange chief, Kapiau, chief of Atuatua, who wanted to pay a visit to the yacht. He was young, very pleasant-looking, and well dressed in white shirt and trousers, black alpaca coat and black tie. He asked us

* Letters to Miss Balfour resumed.

to take him first to the east and opposite end of the bay from our bathing-place, to fetch a present that he had brought for us. We found his wife and three brothers-in-law in charge of the 'present,' which was a live (and lively) pig, and fourteen fine cocoa-nuts; but by the time we had got them all into the boat we were getting very uneasy about the yacht. We could see that she was moving out seawards, and worse than that, seemed to be drifting towards the most rocky and dangerous part of the shore. There appeared to be no one on deck, and nothing was being done. We were in a great fright, and got up sail and hurried after her as fast as we could; and as soon as we were within hearing, one of our men shouted out, 'You're drifting ashore!' We were all quickly bundled on deck, and found the captain, with a very white face, giving orders all round. We took the visitors down to the cabin, and kept them occupied there—and I am not sure that it was not the most agonising task; we could hear the bustle on deck, and could follow all that was being done. Another anchor was dropped, a sail hoisted, and a rope attached to the yacht, and

some of the sailors getting into the boat hauled her out from the cliff. Mr. Regler saw from the shore that something was wrong, and came off in hot haste to help. He was formerly a sailor, so he was of great use in assisting to save the yacht. The chief and his three brothers-in-law and Lloyd were called up to lend a hand at the windlass, to get up the first anchor, which had fouled, and so was the cause of all the trouble. Fortunately the water is deep close up to the cliffs at that point, and their efforts were in time; no damage resulted, and in about two hours, we were comfortably settled in a new and better anchorage, in the centre of the bay, just opposite the mouth of it.

At first it had seemed a terrible encumbrance to have so many visitors at such a time, but we were soon very thankful for their help, and indeed should have been very badly off without them. We gave them each a glass of wine, some hard biscuits, half a dollar, and a piece of tobacco to carry away with them, and they were more than content. It appeared that the captain was at supper below, the two sailors at supper on deck. Louis also was on

deck, and I think this was the strangest thing of all, for he was admiring the view of a peculiar rocky peak among the mountains, and it struck him that he had not seen it since the day that we entered the bay. Yet he never took fright! It was most providential that we happened to come off just at the time, and *in* time to warn them.

The strange chief was greatly taken up with my gloves, which he called 'British tattooing.' He smelt them, and made me put them off and on more than once. He was especially delighted with the buttons, and took it much to heart that one had come off. He also admired my sateen dress, and thinks 'shaped' dresses much prettier than *holakus*.

Yesterday we had more visitors, who brought us a pair of fowls, and a bunch of oranges. We entertained them to ship's-biscuit, jam, and pineapple syrup and water. Yesterday, also, we made acquaintance for the first time with one of the Roman Catholic missionaries, *Père* Simeon Delmas. Louis came on him in the middle of the village, and we wished Lloyd had thought of photographing the meeting, as it must have been

very picturesque. The background was an open-fronted native hut. Louis was dressed in his usual airy style, shirt and trousers, with sleeves and 'legs' turned up as far as he can get them to go, and bare feet; the *Père* in his long, black woollen gown. The two advanced to meet each other, each with his straw hat in his hand. Louis begged him to come on board to supper, and we all enjoyed the conversation. He gave Louis a lot of information about the natives, quite recognised their many good points, and told us that the bishop who ordained him said, 'You are going among a people in some ways more civilised than we are.' He told us, also, what we had heard already, that Bishop Dordillon, who lived to a very great age, and only died here last year, after nearly forty years of missionary work, did an immense amount of good: got the people to give up war and cannibalism¹⁵ and to accept Christianity. But *Père* Simeon added: 'They have no spiritual life, nor any conception of it. You see they have no cares, and that is what leads to the higher life.'

To-day a great misfortune has befallen us: Lloyd's camera has fallen overboard. It had

been left overnight on shore, and was brought out this morning ; and while being handed up from the boat, slipped out of its strap and went straight to the bottom. Lloyd has taken a few pictures, but it is a serious loss coming so early in our trip. . . .

Thursday, July 31.

WE have all been talking much of Edinburgh, and thinking of the exodus that is taking place just now. . . . I only wish you could come *here* for the holidays : what bathing you would have ! And, after all, you would not feel so very strange in these surroundings. Did I tell you that there are sheep on the hills that look like home ? and when we first arrived there were birds that sang delightfully, very like our own beautiful 'blackies' ; but they have now closed their concerts for the season. By moonlight, when we cannot distinguish the foliage, we could fancy ourselves on some Highland loch, and Louis declares we might well expect to find St. Abb's lighthouse somewhere round the corner of the bay.

It has been pretty warm lately, but not too

hot for comfort if one is dressed 'accordingly.' Like the natives, we wear nothing but *mumus* and *holakus*, and on shore we nearly always go barefoot. It is amusing to see Louis in his peculiar attire, wading about in his favourite cove at the east end of the bay shell-hunting. He does it in the full blaze of the sun, and quite enjoys it, and is looking very well. I can't stand quite so much sun, and prefer the west end bathing-place, where there is more level ground and shelter beneath the trees. Also, I have given up shell-hunting, as I never seemed to find any but broken ones. There seems to be little variety—nothing but tiny 'buckies,' just like those at home.

August 1.

JUST a year to-day since I said good-bye to you, and left my dear home. What a wonderful year it has been to me; and how strangely my fears have been disappointed, and my hopes more than realised! It is not often one can say as much. . . .

Yesterday we had an amusing 'dinner-party.' We invited Taipi-Kikino, chief of Anaho, to dinner. He accepted the invitation with great

joy, and as a first step in dressing proceeded to the west beach to take a sea-bath. But before it was accomplished, our boat came to take us back to the yacht ; he could not resist the temptation to come with us, and so joined us as he was, in a pair of old blue cotton trousers, a blue and white shirt with a hole in it, and a towel round his shoulders ! But, like a real chief, he was perfectly self-possessed and unembarrassed, and could not have borne himself with more dignity if he had been dressed like a king. I wondered if he would keep the towel round his neck all the time. But no ; when he sat down to table he used it for a napkin. He held his knife and fork beautifully, and helped himself to salt, and entered into everything with unaffected enjoyment. Louis managed to keep up a surprising amount of conversation with the few words of Kanaka that he knows, interspersed with French and English and a great amount of pantomime. The chief, too, was very quick of comprehension.

We have a photo of our Queen in the fore-cabin, which is always something to talk about. We show it as our ' Vahine Haka-iki Beritano '

which means literally *woman - great - chief - Britain*. Most of the men know about her quite well, we find, and say immediately, 'Victorēea'!

We went ashore with the chief after dinner and he took us to see a real old-fashioned Kanaka house. It stands on a platform of large stones, about three feet in height, called a *pae-pae*,¹⁶ the house itself being forty-five or fifty feet long. On three sides it is shut in with walls made of bamboo canes, that allow the air to pass through freely; the roof is high-pitched, rising to a point, and thatched with cocoa-nut.¹⁷ The front is left wholly open, but the roof projects a little to keep out the rain. Along the whole of the back wall opposite the entrance there were cocoa-nut mats spread over something soft, I do not know what, that served as bed and sofa. The only other piece of furniture was a sewing-machine, with a lamp standing on it. As soon as we arrived, the master of the house, a very intelligent and dignified man (nicknamed 'the Chancellor' by Lloyd) sent at once for a cocoa-nut for each of us. They were very deftly husked and broken open by a young man, and the 'flowing bowl'



JANE WHYTE BALFOUR

*'Chief of our Aunts!—not only I,
But all your dozen of nurslings cry—
What did the other children do,
And what were childhood, wanting you?'*

R. L. S. Child's Garden.

was handed round, a most refreshing juice, of which one grows very fond; we are glad to drink as much as is offered us.¹⁸

August 2.

LOUIS and Fanny hired four natives to row them round to Hatiheu, which is in the next bay. They had a pleasant trip and lunched with the gendarme in residence there. Louis also went with *Père* Simeon to see what remains of the old 'High Place,' where the ceremonial dances and cannibal feasts were formerly held.¹⁹

The afternoon was cloudy, so I ventured on my first long walk up to the top of the mountain which divides our bay from that in which Hatiheu lies. The road passes at first through pleasant groves of cocoa-nut palms and bread-fruit trees. There was also one large and beautiful tree covered with great bunches of scarlet blossom as brilliant as a geranium;²⁰ I tried to get some, but they were all out of my reach. Beyond this the road zig-zagged up the green hillside; and I got a magnificent view of sea and land, with a peep into the next bay. I was pretty tired by the time I returned

to the yacht; and had good right to be, as we calculate that I must have been as high as the top of Kirk Yetton.* Anyway, I am quite sure I did wonders for the first of August in the tropics, and more than I should have been able to do at home.

We often amuse ourselves by proposing to get up a party to settle here, and wonder which of our friends would be content to join us and live this half-civilised life. I say of course *you* would come, and this climate would cure your wheeze, and give you a new lease of life. Then Cummy, of course, would come also. She could do missionary work amongst the natives, though I fear she would come to fisticuffs with the 'pas bons prêtres.' The climate would be delightful for G——, and I am sure the natives would look up to her as to a queen; but then how could she stand the *very* cutty sarks that some of them wear! I think I can see her look of dignified and grieved surprise. For many things we decide that C—— would like to be here; and Lloyd declares that if he only had B—— he could be perfectly happy.

We have just received a visit in state from

* See note on p. 85.

Taipi-Kikino dressed in a beautiful clean white suit, which we suppose is the one that he *intended* to wear at the dinner-party. He brought us a pig, and some cocoa-nuts and oranges; and having come at nine-thirty he stayed until nearly eleven, a rather unfortunate time, as in the morning Louis likes to be busy with his writing.

By the way, the natives have got names for us all. Louis was at first 'the old man,' much to his distress; but now they call him 'Ona,' meaning *owner* of the yacht, a name he greatly prefers to the first. Fanny is *Vahine*, or wife; I am the *old woman*, and Lloyd rejoices in the name of *Maté Karahi*, the young man with glass eyes (spectacles). Perhaps it is a compliment here to call one old, as it is in China; at any rate, one native told Louis that he himself was old, but his mother was not!

August 3.

THE Captain, Fanny, and Lloyd went ashore last night and brought back startling news. The chiefs have all been summoned to a council of war at the governor's in Tai-o-hae, and all the able-bodied men are

called out to join the war that is going on at Raiatea.²¹ We are very sorry about it. It seems hard first to be taught that war is wrong and persuaded to give it up, and then to be called on to fight for the French against people of their own blood. How can they be expected to understand it? . . .

We are expecting to leave Anaho bay one day next week, but the date of departure is still uncertain. The sailors, however, are already busy tightening shrouds and otherwise getting the *Casco* ready for a new start; besides which she has undergone a regular thorough cleaning while lying here. We sail first to Tai-o-hae, the capital of Nuka-hiva, to take in water, etc.; afterwards to another island of the group, called Hiva-oa, or possibly to Fiji instead, as may be decided; and then on to Tahiti, where I look forward with longing to getting some letters. From Tahiti I expect we shall go straight to Hawaii, and the captain says that if we are to avoid the season of storms, we ought to reach Honolulu by the first of November. That is all I can tell you of our plans, so continue to write to Honolulu for the present. I am afraid you will have

been kept very long without letters, as we hear that the mail-boat was very late of arrival from San Francisco. Don't weary for the next, as I fear it will not reach you for some time. Think of me, with *no* news of you all, and don't complain! . . .

Yacht 'Casco,' Anaho Bay, August 7.

WE are nearly ready to sail, and shall probably start on Thursday. We shall all be very sorry to leave Anaho. It is strange how much at home we have learned to feel among palm-groves and half-savage natives!

Louis and Fanny went on shore last night and were asked by Kahova (the 'Chancellor') to have supper with him. It consisted of baked bread-fruit,²² with a sauce of cocoa-nut cream, which is made by beating up the soft pulp of the green nut with the juice, and is delicious. The whole dish is called *kaku*.²³ The whole company ate out of one dish with their fingers, but did it very neatly. Fanny had the dish first, and took one dip; but Louis liked it so much that he helped himself several times. I asked Fanny afterwards what she did with her fingers. She says they brought

her water in a tin dish, which she poured over them; but she thinks Louis took more primitive means with his!

By the way, you must pronounce all vowel-sounds in the Kanaka names and words just as in French. The Kanaks drop out nearly all the consonants, and hearing them speak reminds me of the old Scotch story of the goodwife and the merchant: ' 'Oo'?' 'Ay, 'oo'.' 'A' 'oo'?' 'Ay, a' 'oo'.' 'A' ae 'oo'?' 'Ay, a' ae 'oo'. . . .' I am sure it would be possible to equal this in the native speech here. And talking of words, I wonder if you have ever wanted to know the meaning of the name *Casco*. I did, and to satisfy my curiosity, I asked Dr. M——, the owner, about it before we left. He said it was a word of Indian origin, but he did not know its meaning. A bay in the State of Maine, near his birthplace, was called *Casco Bay*, and after this he had named his beloved yacht.*

* 'Casco' is also the local name of a kind of flat-bottomed river-boat used at Manilla in the Philippines.

August 9.

AFTER all, we do not sail till Saturday, so I must give you another 'screed' to tell you of our amusing experiences yesterday. Fanny was determined to get lessons in the proper making of '*kaku*'; so we went ashore in the afternoon, armed with a bowl and a beater. First of all we went to Mr. Regler's house. He could give us cocoa-nuts, but had no bread-fruit. However, there happened to be a native there who had brought in cotton for sale, and he was despatched at once to beg a bread-fruit from some one, and very soon returned with two. The natives, I must tell you, think it is dastardly and mean beyond words to take *money* for food; but they are always delighted to *give* you more than you want.

Lloyd had been chopping wood for the fire in Mr. Regler's back-yard, where he always keeps a log smouldering. The natives come continually to beg for matches to light their pipes, and as these are *very* expensive here—a French monopoly, I suppose!—he finds it more economical to keep this fire going. So

—this suggesting it to us—we rewarded the man who had got us the bread-fruit with two boxes of matches, which so delighted him, that he immediately constituted himself assistant cook. First, the bread-fruit was put to bake in a *flaming* wood-fire; the cocoa-nuts were grated very fine, and the resulting pulp was mixed with some of the juice and squeezed through a piece of cheese-cloth that we had brought with us. When the bread-fruit was ready, the rind was taken off, and the pulp well mashed, just like potatoes, and over it was poured the cocoa-nut cream.²⁴ Hoka, the ‘beau’ of the bay, and M. Aussel, the gendarme from Hatiheu, arrived during our labours, and looked on with great interest; and when we had finished, we carried the dish into Mr. Regler’s shop, which was filled with bales of cotton and quantities of dried cocoa-nuts ready for shipment. Here we put our bowl on a box in the middle, and squatted round it on the floor; Mr. Regler lent us spoons, and we declared the *kaku* most excellent. By the way, I should have included Mr. Regler amongst our onlookers during the preparation of the dish, for he was busy at his

sewing-machine close by, making a pair of dark-blue cotton trousers for Hoka, whom I have mentioned, and who is the adopted son of a wealthy native called Toma. Hoka is a really good-looking and clever young fellow, the best dancer in the bay, and he can also play most sweetly on a little reed pipe with three notes.²⁵ Louis gave him one of his whistles, and by the next day Hoka and all his musical friends in the village could play it quite well. Moreover, Hoka is a travelled man, having been to Tahiti on a French ship; and he is only here just now because his adopted father is building a new house, and there is to be a great feast on its completion. The house is made of wood—match-boarding—and has two doors and two *glass* windows, and a verandah all round, with an ornamental railing painted green and white. It is considered *very* grand indeed. Hoka has a deep admiration for Louis, and follows him about everywhere when he is on shore. He wanted us to stay here for the feast, and we begin to be sorry that we cannot when we see the great scale on which preparations are being made. We have seen men going up the hill to catch

pigs for the banquet; another time we met five men and two horses laden with bread-fruit; and again, we saw natives coming down from the mountains carrying kids by their horns. Every evening eight or ten boats are out catching fish by torchlight. We should like to have some for breakfast, but their feeling about never selling food makes it difficult to ask for any.

I told you Hoka was an adopted child. This is quite common here: sometimes they are even 'spoken for' before they are born,²⁶ and the foster-parents seem quite as fond of them as their own father and mother could be. No doubt it arises from the very few births here,—we are quite struck by the absence of children.²⁷

Tai-o-hae, Nuka-hiva, Monday, August 13.

WE are once more at moorings in another lovely bay, which reminds me faintly of Rothesay, though without the lovely views outside. This place is the 'capital' of the Marquesas. The governor's house is close to the water's edge, with verandahs all round, and the 'tricolor' floating above it looks very gay

against the background of green foliage. A small French man-o'-war is also in the bay, so the signs of authority abound.

Louis went ashore at 9 A.M. to pay his respects to the governor; and Fanny and I went with him to do some shopping. There is a promenade under the trees, some wooden houses, and two shops not unlike what one finds in the Highlands, where lamps, hams, boots, and dresses all hang or lie side by side. The shopping took us a very long time, as each separate article had to be hunted for. Surely people do not buy much in the Marquesas. When we rejoined Louis, he told us he had found the governor most amiable, and had invited him to come on board this afternoon to look round the yacht.

There is more moisture here than at Anaho, and the valleys are therefore more productive; but the outline of the surrounding mountains is not so beautiful. Yesterday, on our way to this place, we passed by 'Controllers' Bay,' where lies the valley of *Typee*. (You ought to try and get *Typee* and *Omua*, two books about the Pacific, for they are amusing and interesting, and very true, in the main, of life in these

islands. But I am not sure if you will easily come across them.) My next letter will tell you more of Tai-o-whae.

*Yacht 'Casco,' Tai-o-hae,²⁸ Nuka-hiva.
August 17.*

WE are still detained in this 'capital' city, enjoying ourselves very much, though we liked the life at Anaho better. We tell the people here that they are too civilised for our taste, and they are much amused: one pretty Spanish woman, Madame J——, wife of a merchant, even offered to accommodate us by setting the fashion of going barefoot!

There are many kinds of fruit plentifully grown here—limes, guavas, mangoes, custard-apples, and others. Unfortunately this is winter, and the mangoes are nearly over; but the commandant has promised to try and find at least one for me to taste. How well I remember M——'s account of tucking up his shirt-sleeves and eating a basinful of mangoes before breakfast.

I told you of our shopping expedition on Monday morning. In the afternoon the com-

mandant returned Louis's visit, and was very agreeable; and on Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Dunn came to dinner. Mrs. Dunn is only fifteen years old, half-Spanish and half-native, and so shy that we could scarcely induce her to speak a word, though her husband told us that she knows both French and English. The motion of the yacht, even while at anchor, made her feel ill, so they had to leave us immediately after dinner.

On that same afternoon Louis, Fanny, and I went ashore to call on Queen Vaekehu. She is a most dignified old lady, with quantities of beautiful grey hair brushed back from her forehead. Being slightly deaf, we found it difficult to hold much conversation with her. I am told she was the first person converted to Christianity by Bishop Dordillon. She lives in a pretty wooden house of three rooms a little above the bay, and received us seated in the centre of the middle room. The wooden floors were all spotlessly clean, the walls painted a very pretty turquoise blue. For furniture there were two tables with handsome covers, many chairs, and a few very bad pictures. Through the open door in front we

had a lovely view of the bay, and the one to the back looked out upon the mountains. On the back verandah we could watch some young girls at work; they came several times to peep in at us, but were peremptorily dismissed by the queen, who, I should fancy, is quite capable of making herself obeyed. An adopted daughter sat beside Vaekehu, and acted as interpreter, and brought us also several cocoa-nuts to drink.²⁹

After leaving the queen's house, Louis went to the mission to see *Père* Fulgence, the head of the mission, who has been very ill. He also visited the *sœurs* who have charge of the girls' school,³⁰ and was very much taken with them. All the girls from several islands are educated and brought up here, but they were just separating for the holidays, so I shall not have an opportunity of seeing them at work.

On Wednesday, as it was a *fête*-day, there was an early service in the church, at which I heard by chance the girls from the school would be present. I was anxious to see them, so I rose at six, had breakfast by myself, and went ashore and was at the church by seven, Valentine going with me. The church is quite

small, whitewashed inside, and has the usual display of gilding, paper flowers, and wax candles. There were nearly a hundred of the girls, all nicely dressed in white *holakus* and broad-brimmed straw hats trimmed with black ribbon. They looked very neat, and were very well-behaved, acting as the choir, and singing the service in the crooning, humming native fashion. I can compare the sound to nothing but a gigantic lime-tree full of bees, and I found it so soporific that I very nearly went to sleep. After the first part of the service, *Père Pierre* preached a long sermon in Kanaka, in which, by the way, nearly all the service was conducted; and at the close of the Mass about a dozen people took Communion, the queen among them. We were seated beside her majesty, and I spoke to her when the service was at an end. She wore a very pretty white *holaku* with three embroidered flounces, a 'cardinal's cape' of black grenadine trimmed with lace, and a leghorn hat trimmed with black ribbon. Apart from the girls, there were not many people at church—at the most perhaps two dozen women and a dozen men.

This same day Louis spent at the Residence with the commandant, returning on board only about four in the afternoon. He had enjoyed himself very much, for M. Delaruelle is a most agreeable man. Once he asked us to guess his age. It was not easy, for though his hair is perfectly white, his face is young; but it chanced that I made a lucky shot and guessed exactly right—thirty-six years. He then told us that in Madagascar, where he had a bad attack of fever, his hair turned grey in a single night; and he was so utterly miserable and ill that he tried to get a mad dog to bite him that he might be sent home to Paris to Dr. Pasteur! M. Delaruelle cannot speak English, but is anxious to learn, and is trying to teach himself. He had bought some English books for this purpose in San Francisco, and showed them with pride to Louis. They were mostly utter rubbish; but, strangely enough, the first book Louis took up was *Treasure Island*. The commandant is now hard at work on this. The day after Louis's visit to him, he was in a shop when M. Delaruelle passed. He looked in and said: '*Voyez-vous, je viens de faire la connaissance de Modestine,*' and walked

away. Louis was fairly puzzled, but found out later that the commandant had found some extracts of reviews of some of his books, *Through the Cevennes* among them, at the end of *Treasure Island*.

Louis got home just in time for an afternoon party, to which we had invited some of the residents, who, we knew, wished to see the yacht. We had ten guests: Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Jorss, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their son Alan, Mrs. Goltz (a pleasant old English lady, wife of a German sea-captain), Mrs. Dickson, and Mr. Cuthill, a Scotsman, who has a mill for ginning cotton. We gave them champagne, biscuits, and gingerbread.

On Thursday Dr. Beynard, the government medical man, lunched with us. He looks extremely delicate. Unfortunately he could speak no English, but he and Louis got on very well in French, and he was full of information. In the afternoon Louis, Fanny, and I called on Stanislas, who is the son of the late king, and step- and adopted son of Queen Vaekehu. He lives in a wooden house, smaller than her majesty's, and it is by no means so

nicely kept, neither so spotlessly clean nor so orderly. He is about forty years old, and handsome, in spite of being heavily pock-marked, having had small-pox when it decimated the islands some twenty years ago. His father was one of the many who were carried off by it. Stanislas has been well educated and speaks excellent French, and is evidently both intelligent and sensible.³¹ His wife is pretty, but hopelessly untidy. I fancy that our visit had been expected, for no sooner had we arrived than presents were brought out : a piece of *tapa*³² for each of us, and an old man's beard³³ for Louis. These beards are very highly thought of here, and are difficult to obtain. They are worn by men as ornaments, and are fastened on the forehead by a wreath made of porpoise teeth. We were given also green cocoa-nuts to drink, which we always enjoy.

Louis and Fanny finished the day by dining with the Dunns. Mr. Dunn was anxious that Louis should stay ashore for a grand entertainment he was giving, a feast and a dance by natives, at which the entire population of the town would be present ; but Louis did not feel

able for it after so long and busy a day. (By the way, is it not wonderful what Louis can do here? He says he has not felt so well since '79, and it is such a relief to him to find he can keep well in so enjoyable a climate, as he feared he might be condemned to places like Davos or Saranac.) The party was therefore rearranged, and the entertainment is to take place to-night (Friday) instead. I have declined, and so has Fanny, but the captain and Lloyd will go.

To-day (Friday) was another busy day. M. Delaruelle came to lunch, and stayed for a long time afterwards, talking with Louis. At five we expected Stanislas with his wife and little grand-daughter, but as his wife was ill and could not come, he brought Queen Vaekehu in her place. This was a great compliment to us, for she had previously told us that she could not manage it, as the rheumatism in her knees made it difficult for her to climb into the yacht; and indeed we could see it was painful to her. She is a delightful old lady, with gentle, caressing manners, very dignified and serene. She wore a thinner white *holaku* than she had worn at church, a

white china crape shawl, and a leghorn hat. She was very kind and courteous to us all, and we liked her very much. The little girl had a male attendant to take care of her. They all conducted themselves perfectly at table, and Stanislas talked in a most interesting way, and showed us a charming old-time French gallantry—declaring, for instance, that I did not look more than forty! The queen's hands are covered with the finest tattooing I have yet seen, all over the back, like exquisite lace mittens; but I noticed that only the first finger was done, the others being untouched. I asked her son the reason of this, and he shrugged his shoulders and said, 'It is too painful.' When we went on deck, Stanislas said, 'The Kanaka ladies smoke.'³⁴ Louis went to get a pipe for her majesty, but it occurred to Fanny she might like a cigarette in the Mexican fashion, so she showed her how to roll one. The queen seemed to be delighted with the idea, and copied every movement most deftly. Fanny took a cigarette also to keep her company, and we all sat and smiled and patted each other, in the absence of any mutual language. Meanwhile,

Stanislas was going the round of the yacht with Louis, and was greatly pleased and interested in everything. I forgot to say that the queen brought us presents: a piece of *tapa* for each of us, a finely-carved cocoa-nut cup, and another old man's beard.

Mr. Dunn's large party went off very well, and was kept up till very late. As Lloyd and the captain had been to several other smaller entertainments already, they thought it was their turn to play the hosts; so they found an empty house, engaged some natives to prepare a feast, and invited all their friends for the following evening. In the afternoon I went and peeped in. The house was prettily decorated with palm-branches, flowers, and flags; a long table was set in the centre of the room, and the fire that was to roast the pig was already lighted, and the lamps filled and ready. I hear it was most successful, and only broke up at 11 P.M.

Monday, August 20.

WHEN Stanislas was with us on Friday he invited us to go an excursion to-day up one of the valleys to see a rocking-

stone. He was to provide horses and refreshments; but you may imagine how terribly disappointed we were when the morning turned out hopelessly wet. Saturday also was a rather bad day, the worst since our arrival; but this promised to be much worse. We were at a loss what to do, but our kind Stanislas came on board before the hour fixed for the start to propose that we should delay until the afternoon, and go then if it cleared up.

We intended to leave Tai-o-hae to-morrow, but we may be detained a day or two longer, for our Japanese cook went ashore without leave on Saturday evening, got drunk, and stayed away all night. Yesterday morning, it appears, he was taken up and put in the *calaboose* (police-office) till this morning, when he was brought on board, and was most insolent to the captain. He may have to be turned off, and it is possible the four sailors may elect to go with him; but we find that we can get others without difficulty, and at lower wages. We have already engaged a mate, for we found we were 'short-handed' in a storm. He is a M. Henri Goltz, and has been a skipper, but

is at present out of work. He speaks Kanaka, and will be invaluable to Louis as an interpreter; and if the new sailors are Kanakas, Lou will be delighted, as he will be able to get so much information out of them.

Tuesday, August 21.

YESTERDAY the weather never improved, so our excursion had finally to be given up; it was a great disappointment to us all. Louis likes Stanislas so much that he is continually regretting that he did not call on him sooner, but it cannot be helped now. Did I tell you that his full name is Stanislas Moanatini?

The new cook has come on board. He is half Chinese. As we have heard nothing more of the sailors leaving us, we expect to sail to-night, so I must come to a sudden stop, there being no more than time to go ashore and pay bills and make farewell visits. I wonder when we shall reach Tahiti and get news of you.

*Yacht 'Casco,' Taahauku, Hiva-oo,³⁵
August 25.*

HERE we are once more at anchor off another of these Isles of Paradise; but I must go back and tell you of our departure from Nuka-hiva. After closing your letter on Tuesday, I went ashore to pay farewell visits alone, as Fanny had a headache and could not accompany me. I went first to the Residence, where M. Delaruelle took me all over the house, and showed me what improvements he meant to make. It is a charming house; but only fancy, he has but two hundred and forty pounds a year on which to keep up the dignity of the French Government. It seems miserably little for such a post. I then called on all our other friends, including Queen Vaekehu and 'Prince and Princess' Stanislas. (The natives always call them by these titles, though the French only treat them to *Monsieur* and *Madame*.) I went last of all to the mission, where I had a very pleasant talk with the *sœurs*. They showed me over the class-rooms, which are kept in beautiful order by the girls; and they

told me that besides ordinary lessons, the girls are taught house-work, and to sew and cook. Only four are there at present during the holidays; two of these, I was informed with great pride, had a vocation for *la vie religieuse*. As they were only fourteen, I suggested it might be wiser to wait before coming to such a decision; to which the *sœurs* assented, though with a hesitation that showed they were well aware of the risk of losing these poor girls altogether. I fear that once away from the school, its teaching is too apt to be forgotten. The girls we saw were working at sewing-machines, and looked thoroughly well and happy.

In the evening Louis and Fanny went ashore to present their photographs to the queen and Stanislas, and to say good-bye. At parting Louis kissed the queen's hand, which evidently delighted her. Madame Stanislas gave Fanny a very finely carved *poi-poi*³⁶ bowl of *mio* wood. Stanislas walked with Louis and Fanny down to the little landing-place, accompanied also by *Frère* Michel, a very cheery old soul of a lay-brother, who enjoys life himself and wants every one else

to do so too. He had asked us to give him a passage to Hiva-oa, which Louis was delighted to do, as he likes the kind old man. Fanny declares that on the way to the landing the two men quarrelled as to which was to have the honour of walking with Louis, which was not very complimentary to her!

We intended to start at 8 P.M., when the land-breeze usually rises, but that night there was such a storm at sea, that there was no land-breeze, and we had to wait till morning. *Frère* Michel brought on board with him a carved cocoa-nut kava-cup for Fanny; a plain one, a large piece of sandal-wood, and some vanilla beans for me. He also brought a sackful of splendid oranges from the mission gardens. He was certainly the least troublesome passenger it is possible to imagine, for he not only brought his own blanket, but also a 'serviette,' so that he need not even ask us for a towel! All he wanted was a place to lie in, and we gave him the sofa in Louis's unused cabin. Poor man, he suffered a good deal from sea-sickness, and scarcely touched anything while with us but some of his own oranges.

We sailed at 8 A.M. on Wednesday morning, and reached our anchorage here at 3 P.M. on Thursday. We had a head-wind, and a very high sea ; and, as usual, every one was more or less sick except myself. The captain was very bad indeed, and so was Louis ; and our new cook, Ah Fou, being also ill, we had to take what food we could get. We passed the island of U-apu during the night, and on Thursday morning were in sight of this island, Hiva-oa, which, I am told, means ' Yonder far.' We also saw another island, Tauata, and had to pass through a very narrow strait between the two, called the ' canal.' This was difficult to do with a head-sea and a high wind, and I found it very interesting to watch the captain giving orders for the different movements.

While we were going through the canal, *Frère* Michel pointed out to us two nice large houses that he said belonged to him ; but it turned out that they really belonged to a ' chieftess,' as they say here, who had adopted him. I asked : ' Does everything that she possesses belong to you ? ' ' Yes,' said he, ' so long as I do not steal them.' Fanny and I then said that above everything we should like

to be adopted by a chief ; and he declared that nothing was easier, and that when he landed he would arrange for us to be adopted at once.

These islands are much like the others that we have seen, with high mountains sloping up from the beach, curiously serrated in outline, and rising here and there to fine abrupt peaks. There are numbers of wooded valleys, and most of the bays have curious detached rocks guarding the entrance, which are called 'sentinels.' There is an enormous one at the entrance to this bay ; it is shaped like a huge hay-stack, and forms a natural breakwater. The bay itself is so long and narrow that it looks like a river-mouth.

As soon as we cast anchor the ubiquitous gendarme appeared on the rocks and made signs to us to send a boat for him ; he was, however, at once satisfied with our bill of health. Our next visitors were two boys in a canoe, the son and young brother-in-law of Mr. Keane, an Englishman, who is settled here. He was formerly a cavalry officer in India, and when his regiment was ordered home, he could not afford to continue in it, and

was obliged to sell out. He is now married and keeps a store here. It is indeed a strange change of life.

The *Capitā*, as the natives call the captain, and Lloyd went on shore in the evening, and visited the Keanes, who begged us to make their house our headquarters while we remain here.

On Friday morning Louis got up with a bad headache, and looked so wretched that he said he must rest all day. However, he went ashore with us to see if he felt the better of being on land. Fanny, Lloyd, and I intended to go to the village, which is at some little distance, to hunt for eggs. The landing here is very bad; we have either to spring fairly out of the boat on to the rocks, or to run on to the beach, through a heavy surf, according to the state of the tide. We went first to the Keanes, who were most kind and hospitable, and lent us a horse for Fanny. Their house and its dependencies are the only buildings of any sort in this bay. It is a pretty wooden house with a broad verandah and open doors and windows, and they have an enclosed English-looking garden, with lovely flowers,

and a swing in it for the children. Mr. Keane is cheery and jolly, a regular John Bull, who tries hard to forget that he is not living at home, and who has never tasted *ka-ku* or *poi-poi*, or anything of native cookery. His wife is a gentle, sweet-looking woman, half-Danish and half-Hawaiian. We got one piece of good news here : young Keane has a camera, and has used up all his plates, so was quite willing to sell it to Lloyd, who thinks he can cut his plates to fit it.

Fanny got on the horse, and Lloyd and I walked beside her to the village of Atuona, two miles away, in the next bay. The road is good, and it winds through cocoa-nut groves and round the cliffs overhanging the sea ; the views are most beautiful. When we got near the village, we met *Frère* Michel coming to tell us that the chief was eager to adopt us into his family, and that the preparations were begun, and a pig was already roasting for the feast of initiation. The whole village, it appeared, was *en fête*, and charmed with the honour that we were doing to them.

Atuona is beautifully situated at the foot of a high and steep mountain, and has more

houses gathered together than we have yet seen in any native village. *Our* house (I mean the one belonging to our new parents) is quite magnificent, with no less than three doors and six glazed windows. It is built on a high *pae-pae*, as they call the large stone platforms that support the houses, with a verandah all round, and the windows and doors, as usual, standing wide open. The house is entirely lined with twisted reeds, and the floor covered with matting, and everything was exquisitely clean and fresh. Our new 'papa' was ready to receive us, dressed in a blue coat and white trousers; his name is *Pa-a-a-e-u-a*, and he is a very good-looking man, but more depressed than is general with natives. His wife is quiet and very pleasant, but not good-looking. They have a little adopted child, who was at once introduced to us; he is the son of an Austrian sailor who escaped from a burning ship some fourteen years ago, and who refused ever to go to sea again. He settled down here and married the chief's sister, and this is his son.

While the feast was being made ready, we went to see the pretty little church, where a

kind old *père* showed us everything with great pride, and then we visited the *misson* and the *sœurs*. After this we returned to *our* house, where we found the table-cloth spread on the floor. It was made of three large banana-leaves, each about four feet long and one and a half wide. On the thick green leaves were laid two dishes of *ka-ku*, a roast chicken, small green onions, water in beer bottles, salt on a small leaf, baked bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut bowls as finger-glasses. Fanny, Lloyd, and I sat on the floor, and covered our feet with a corner of the mat, as we had been taught to do at Anaho. Our new father and mother and 'little brother Joseph' seated themselves near us. The roast pig was on the floor behind, and near by, on a round table, was fruit, beer, and cocoa-nuts. An elegantly-dressed native stood behind to wait on us, the old *père* beamed most benignantly on us from his chair, and *Frère Michel*, as master of ceremonies, stood beside him. Windows and doors were blocked by interested natives, eagerly watching all the proceedings; and when we could get a peep between them, we caught sight of gaily-dressed women and girls

sitting on the spreading roots of a large bread-fruit tree. And the bright sunshine made everything resplendent.

We were offered spoons, but declined, as we wished to show we could be true Kanakas; and, plunging our two fore-fingers into the bowl, we eat greedily of the *ka-ku*. I asked *Frère* Michel why he did not join us, but he said, 'No, that would not be *convenable*, as I do not belong to your family.' It was, you see, a sort of ceremonial feast, a rite of adoption. . . . However, we did not *all* eat out of one bowl; we three shared the one and our new family the other. It was extremely good, and so was the chicken. Pig and *poi-poi* were served as a second course, and after that we had pine-apples and oranges; and we pledged each other convivially in cocoa-nut juice, clinking the shells in proper fashion. When we had finished, the *frère* went round and poured water over our hands, exactly as we read of it being done at a Bible feast.³⁷ I asked him, 'Have we now a right to live in this house as long as we like? May we stay, for instance, for a year?' 'Certainly,' he assured us. 'Or you may

demand to have a new house built for yourself, and it will be done.'

The adoption was now complete, as to Pa-a-a-e-u-a's part in it; and all that remained to do was for us to give presents to our new relatives. This perplexed us at first, as we had of course come unprepared; but Lloyd took the *Casco* ribbon off his hat, and I gave it to our new 'papa,' and Fanny made our 'mamma' happy with a pen-knife. As long as we live we have now a right to come here and share all things with our new family, so you people at home must make yourselves very agreeable if you want to keep us with you! Lloyd thinks we ought to put the thing into the hands of B—— to keep our new father from adopting all and sundry, and so lessening our share of the succession. You might suggest it to B——, and hear what he thinks of it!³⁸

Frère Michel told us that he was very sorry we could not understand the language and hear the remarks made by the natives. He said they were so gratified by our keeping to the native customs that our popularity was increasing every minute; and the strange thing was that, although we were the observed of all

observers, we all confessed to not having felt in the least awkward or embarrassed. Among the gazers, by the by, was the Austrian sailor of whom I told you. When the feast was over, we took leave of our family inside the house, and of the merry groups of men, women, and children outside, and came back to the yacht, very full of all we had seen and done. Poor Lou was terribly disappointed, however. He said that if we had sent back the horse for him he would have come to the feast even at the risk of having to suffer for it ; but this had never occurred to us, as we thought he was feeling too ill to think of such a thing.

August 27.

ON Saturday our new relatives came to visit us, and we had great discussions as to what presents we should give them. *Frère* Michel told us that they would like a black coat better than anything else in the world, and Lloyd thought he had one that he could spare ; but it turned out, unfortunately, that it had been left behind at San Francisco. The captain good-naturedly came to the rescue, and offered us a grey one, with tails.

He rather crowed over us, when he saw our difficulties, and declared he was glad that he had not happened to accompany us, and so had no *Kanaka* parents. After much discussion, however, we ended by giving the 'mamma' a whole piece of pink printed calico, (forty yards), and a bottle of perfume ; and to 'papa' a very nice clasp-knife with a spring to it that Lloyd had bought in San Francisco, a whole box of cigars, and another bottle of scent. Also to 'little brother Joseph' a silk handkerchief, which had been one of Mrs. Fairchild's presents to Lloyd. Fanny afterwards added a photograph of herself, and a fan, for the 'mamma.' They all seemed greatly pleased with their presents, which was satisfactory. Little Joseph brought us some curious dancing ornaments made of human hair, and a fine carved bowl, which he carried himself all the way, clasped in his arms.

Yesterday afternoon I climbed to the top of a steep hill higher than Arthur's Seat, and had a magnificent view over many lovely valleys, and the sea lying beyond. This island is more beautiful than Nuka-hiva ; but on account of the greater moisture, the climate is perceptibly

more trying. We often have regular Scottish mists about the mountains here, and there is such a heavy dew at night that we cannot stay late on deck. Anaho has certainly the most perfect climate of all the places we have yet visited, but here we have few mosquitoes, and no *no-nos*.³⁹ The legend has it that the people of Hiva-oa served one of the gods better than the inhabitants of Nuka-hiva; and as a reward the deity packed up all the mosquitoes and *no-nos* in a cocoa-nut shell, and sent it over to Nuka-hiva.⁴⁰ Isn't that rather like St. Patrick and the Irish frogs and toads?

It turns out that Mr. Keane has accepted at least one of the native customs, as all his children are adopted. One boy and girl are the children of his brother, and the other boy and girl were son and daughter of a friend. The brother, it appears, had lost his wife, and the friend his money. Mr. Keane said, 'There is always plenty of bread-fruit here; send the children to me.'

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*Yacht 'Casco,'
Taahanku, Hiva-oo, August 29, 1888.*

WHAT a strange 28th of August⁴¹ I passed yesterday. It was a lovely day, and Fanny, the captain, Lloyd and his 'Co' (Mr. Keane's godson), and I started early to take photographs at Atuona. I walked on ahead, alone, that I might have a few minutes to myself, leaving the others to follow with the horse and the precious camera. Colinton manse and the dear old times were very present to me; but had any one told me forty years ago where I should spend the 28th of August 1888, how impossible it would have seemed that such a thing could come true!

When we reached the village we found *Pa-a-a-e-u-a* (I hope you understand that you are to sound each letter separately), in rather soiled white garments; but after greeting us he immediately disappeared, and presently he rejoined us in dark-blue coat and clean white trousers, which is evidently correct *high-chief* attire. We have a great deal of joking about our 'Pa.' I hope you observe how well his

name as well as his relationship lends itself to this contraction !

Lloyd has got the use of a small dark room at the mission for developing his pictures ; he succeeded in taking a good many, which we sincerely hope will turn out well. He did both the outside and the inside of the church, *Frère Michel* and *Père Orenz*, a large group of ourselves surrounded by the natives, and a smaller one of ourselves with our new family. He wanted to get one of a native in war-costume, and after a good deal of persuasion, one of them, called *Moïpu*,⁴² consented to dress up and stand for his portrait, on condition that he was to get a copy for himself. He is a cruel-looking man of about thirty-five, and was formerly chief or king of this island, and a notorious cannibal. On account of his very bad conduct the French degraded him, and appointed our 'Pa' to be chief in his stead. The two seem to live together on fairly good terms ; but there was one thing that amused us very much. When *Moïpu* was dressed and ready to be photographed, 'Pa' quickly stepped forward and placed himself at his side, as if to say, 'You may take him, if you

wish, but you must take the *real* chief along with him!' It is interesting and curious to see the past and present in such close juxtaposition.

We stayed at Atuona till the afternoon, taking our lunch at a little 'eating-house' kept by a Chinaman. He gave us ham and eggs, sardines, baked bread-fruit, preserved apples, and the inevitable cocoa-nut juice: it was all very good and clean. When we came away his wife gave Fanny a piece of sandal-wood, and *Frère* Michel delighted us with an enormous bag of cocoa-nut pith to make salad of.⁴³ Cocoa-nut salad, you must know, is considered a great delicacy. At the Hôtel de Londres, in Paris, a dish of it costs six hundred francs! You take the soft pith and cut it into very small thin chips, and dress it with oil and vinegar; we all think it delicious, as I fancy most people do. 'Pa' also presented us with a bunch of ripe bananas, a pineapple, and some oranges.

On Monday Louis went on an excursion up into the mountains with *Frère* Michel: he rode on horseback, and enjoyed it very, very much, but I grieve to say that

he got over-heated and then chilled, and he has not been well since. It is such a pity.

We have had a strange old Kanak on board for three and a half days, and his occupation was as strange as himself. He had come to arrange Fanny's 'old men's beards' into a proper headdress; for I think I told you that human hair was so worn. He is a remarkable-looking old man, with a striking resemblance to our brother John: his name is Matiao, and he has a splendid long grey beard of his own, but he keeps it tied up in a knot under his chin—for greater safety, as we suppose. We were told that he could sell it any day for a hundred dollars. He has been a rather troublesome guest, as he requires constant watching, lest he carry some of our beards away; for I grieve to say that neither the Seventh nor the Eighth Commandment is written by nature on the heart of these Kanakas, and it seems difficult, not to say impossible, to instil either into their minds. I really think it is because they are accustomed to have everything in common.⁴⁴ But to return to our old man: he is very fond of talking, and as most of it, when addressed to

us, has to be done by signs, his work in consequence is often brought to a standstill. He is also very fond of his food, and manages to waste a great deal of time over that; besides which, he expects to be waited on hand and foot, and won't even fetch a drink of water for himself. Once, however, we had a good laugh at his expense. He had a tin bowl of water served to him at his meals, and when he was ready to begin he washed his hands in it, and signed to Valentine to throw the used water away. She, however, thought he might do it for himself, and took no notice. Fanny, seeing something was wanted, and misunderstanding his gesture, took up his plate of food—which he was not at all ready to part with—and emptied it overboard. He looked taken aback for a moment, but ultimately joined in the general laugh against himself. It was much funnier than it sounds, after the lordly way he had waved to Valentine. We wonder whether his work is not perhaps considered religious or sacred in character, and that it would be *infra dig.* for him to wait upon himself while he is engaged on it. It is a great pity that we cannot under-

stand more of what he says, for he is the wag of the village, and keeps all the people laughing.

August 30.

YESTERDAY Lloyd went back to Atuona to take some more photographs, and Moipu met him and begged him to do one of his brother. He gave Lloyd a piece of sandalwood, and some *tapa*, and promised him a pair of fowls. Lloyd also agreed to exchange names with him, as they do here when they become brothers, and then you may ask for anything you like. Lloyd declared it was well to be connected with the old dynasty as well as the new, as there might be a change of ministry!

Our mate, Mr. Goltz, turns out to be a Pole, not a German. He is a good-looking man, and adds dignity to our following, but is rather too fond of talking, and when once started, his words flow like a river. Louis says he would often like to dam said river. As to the new cook, Ah Fou, he cooks better than the one we had before, but is very little of a steward. However, he is manageable,

which is a great matter: the Jap was master of all he surveyed, feeding the crew on our best tinned soups, and we had no redress. No wonder the men were attached to him!

September 1.

ABOUT twelve-thirty we had a great excitement. A schooner came into the bay beside us. What could she be? Was she the *Dolly*, a coasting boat daily expected? No, for she was painted black, and the *Dolly* was grey. Could she be the *Nu-hiva*, the French Government cutter from Tai-o-hae? No, we very soon saw she was not that either. The mate said she was an English yacht, 'You can see she is a John Bull all over, and if she isn't, I'll hang myself.' We all watched eagerly to see her colours go up, and behold, it was our beloved blue ensign, and the mate's neck was safe. After a time we made out her name to be *Nyanza*. By and by the owner came over to call on us; and we found he was Captain Cumming Dewar of Vogrie in the county of Midlothian! Is it not very strange that two yachts should meet in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world, and that both

proprietors should hail from the same county? More than that, we knew Captain Dewar's father a little, and I was introduced to the captain himself in the Paddington Hotel in November 1873, when we were seeing Louis off to Mentone. The Dewars were off to the same place on account of the health of this very young man who is now here. . . .

They have been thirteen months away, and have done many wonderful things: have come through the Straits of Magellan, lived in Robinson Crusoe's Island, had to live three months on the Falkland Islands till they got a new captain sent out to them, and when they landed on Easter Island a storm came on and they could not get back to the yacht for a week, and had to live in a cave with the natives as best they could! . . .

We went on board the other boat in the evening, but Louis was still very far from well. We hoped that the little excitement of this new arrival might brighten him up, but it was very close in their saloon, and as he would go with us, I fear he caught a fresh chill. At any rate he has been in bed all day.

September 2.

MOIPU came on board yesterday to cement the brotherhood between him and Lloyd. Besides the *tapa* and the sandalwood that he had already given, he brought a live pig, a pair of fowls, a lot of cocoa-nuts, and some eggs. He arrived too late for our own meal, so we gave him cold tongue, asparagus, bread, biscuits, and two kinds of jam, and champagne. He seemed delighted with everything, especially the number of different views of himself in the mirrors, and with the presents we gave him, which were a box of cigars, a silk handkerchief, a tin of salmon, another of lobsters, three pots of marmalade, and a bottle of scent! *Frère* Michel, who came later to visit us with old *Père* Oranz, told us that Moipu was delighted with his reception and his gifts; and that as for old Matiao, he is so conceited about his stay of three days and a half on the *Casco* that he can talk of nothing else.

Captain Chase, an American who lives in the next bay, came to call on Louis as soon as he heard of the *Casco's* arrival. He had read

about him in a San Francisco paper, and had read also about yachts, but had never seen one, and wanted to know what they were like. A few days afterwards some amusing verses were sent to us, written by a Scotsman called M'Callum, who is a sort of partner of Captain Chase.* Isn't it amusing to come on a 'poet laureate' in the Marquesas?

I was interested to discover the other day that pineapples grow here like weeds by the wayside. They are just coming into flower, so I don't know where 'Pa' got the one he sent us.

September 5.

AT sea again, *en route* for Fakarova, one of the Paumotu Islands. Louis had been in bed all Saturday and Sunday, and thought a change would do him good, so we determined to leave on Tuesday morning. After breakfast on Monday morning Fanny, Lloyd, Captain Otis, and I started off to say good-bye to all our friends. As we also wished greatly to see the 'invisible valley,' which was at some little distance, Fanny and I both borrowed horses from Mr. Keane. We

* The verses are given in R. L. Stevenson's volume *In the South Seas*, p. 117.

went first to the Chinaman's, and had lunch ; and when Moipu heard that we were there he sent up a bowl of *ka-ku* to help our repast. Mrs. Chinaman gave Fanny a cocoa-nut wreath⁴⁵ for her hat, and to the rest of us a large bag of oranges. Did you ever hear of such people for giving presents? Our only connection with them was that we had taken a few meals in their eating-house. Mrs. Chinaman also got a horse, and accompanied us up the valley. It is called 'invisible' because the entrance is hidden by a spur of the mountain ; the scenery was most beautiful, Highland mountain-peaks above us, a Highland burn murmuring in our ears, and yet we were surrounded by tropical vegetation. I thought of *Rasselas* and the 'happy valley,' and longed for T—— to repeat the description of it to me.

Only Fanny and I went up the valley, Lloyd and the captain being occupied in taking more photographs. When we returned to the village we said good-bye to our kind friends of the mission, who put the coping-stone on their favours by giving us a live sheep. How are we ever to repay them? 'Pa' and his family



MRS. STEVENSON AND HER SON "LOUIS" IN 1854

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were not at home, but *Frère* Michel took care of some little parting gifts for them, and promised to present our good wishes. Moipu took leave of us almost with tears. He was delighted when we remembered to call him *Maté Karahi*, the young-man-with-spectacles; you know he and Lloyd exchanged names. Mr. Keane sent a hundred cocoa-nuts on board, and sent, also, his large boat with six rowers to row us out of the bay, when we left at 7 A.M.

We have had perfect weather, and little sea-sickness; Louis seems much better too, I am thankful to say, and is up on deck as usual, though still coughing a good deal.

September 9.

THIS is real pleasure-sailing, and the ocean has been truly Pacific. We sit all day on the top of the deck-house sheltered from the sun by the sails, reading, writing, working and talking. We have had splendid sunsets, too, almost as decidedly purple and gold as those we see in Edinburgh which are described as tropical, and which I have been

longing for. We are very thankful for the fine weather, as we are now among the coral islands of the Low Archipelago. They lie close together, as well as very low in the water, and there are very rapid currents between them, all of which makes navigation difficult and dangerous. Captain Otis did not much like coming amongst them; but Louis was so anxious to reach some out-of-the-way place, that at last he agreed. Yesterday morning at 5.15 we sighted Tikei, one of the 'Pernicious Islands.' It was very small, and looked like a row of cocoa-nut trees growing out of the water. At 11.15 we came in sight of Taiàro. It was much larger, and we could see a long white beach and trees of many different kinds and varieties. It reminded me very much of the Lido, close to Venice. Taiàro remained in sight for a long time, and we longed to land, but prudence said 'no.' All day long we had kept a look-out at the mast-head; and at six o'clock, just after sunset, Raraka was spied from that exalted position. The captain and mate passed a very anxious night, but all went well; and this morning, soon after seven, we came on deck to find our-

selves coasting along the island of Kauehi. It is twelve miles long, and thickly wooded; at one point in passing the sky was absolutely darkened by a great cloud of sea-birds. It is now 10.15, and we have just come in sight of Fakarava, so I shall stop till we have reached it.

Fakarava, September 10.

DO you remember ——'s account of the great architect's visit to the High School, as expounded by the janitor? It wound up with, . . . 'An' when he cam to the ha', he jist haddit up his han's, an' said, "Atweel, I think this bates a' that iver I seed."

This fitly expresses our thoughts at the sight of this coral island. The strip of land is so narrow that *in two minutes* we can walk from one side to the other: it is thickly wooded with cocoa-nut palms, for no other useful tree will grow in this hard coral. The lagoon inside is thirty miles long and ten wide; it looks like an inland sea,—indeed in places the shore is entirely lost to sight. It is very strange to walk but a few steps across from the quiet lagoon, smooth as a lake, to where the

great surf is breaking and thundering along a coral strand.

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Our House at Fakarava,
Paumotu Islands, September 12, 1888.

LOUIS found the cabin so close on Sunday night that he thought it would be a good plan to take a house by the week, so that he might sleep on shore; and here we are in a dear little wooden erection of three rooms, with a verandah front and back. It is one of the best houses on the island after the Residency. The sitting-room is quite large and very airy, with two doors opening on the verandahs, two windows to the front, one to the back, and one at the far end; the two bedrooms open off the other end, and all are painted white, with the doors and windows panelled in blue. In the sitting-room there are two rocking-chairs, four round-backed chairs, and a table, and no less than *three* sewing-machines! (what a pity you are not here!) There are also two brackets on the wall, three framed pictures, a small mirror, and a gun. There are wooden bedsteads in

the bedrooms, small wardrobes, basin-stands, and so on, and actually a copy of David Wilkie's 'Village School' framed and hanging up in one. We were rather afraid of the wooden beds, so we brought ashore our mattresses from the *Casco*, keep them in the bedrooms through the day, and at night bring them out and spread them where we please. Usually Louis and Fanny take the front verandah, Lloyd the back, and Valentine and I retire to different corners of the sitting-room, leaving both doors wide open, so that there is plenty of air. The only drawback is mosquitoes, but one can't expect *absolute* perfection in this world. Our house stands beside the little church, but the priest is away just now and there is only a native catechist left in charge. I would fain go to the service, but twenty minutes to six A.M. (when the bell rings) is rather much of a good thing in the way of early rising for me. As it is, the sun wakes us soon after six, and we make breakfast with the help of a paraffin cooking-stove; we have coffee, soup, bread-and-butter, and marmalade. For lunch and dinner we return to the *Casco*.

There is quite a large piece of ground about our house, with a nice white fence in front and a wall of coral on the other sides ; there are a great many cocoa-nut palms in it, but from the gate to the house there is an avenue of bananas, and that is a very fine thing here, as the soil for them has all to be brought from Tahiti.⁴⁶ There are two fig-trees also that are said to bear splendid fruit.

As soon as we cast anchor on Sunday, a M. Donat came on board to welcome us ; he is a very pleasant man, half French and half Tahitian, one of six that were sent to France by the Government for their education. He afterwards taught himself English, 'because the English had been so kind to him, and he liked them so much.' The Governor is away just now at Raiatea, where the war is going on, and has left M. Donat and another man, M. Charles, in charge. We went ashore with M. Donat, who gave us cocoa-nut juice in the court-room, showed us the Residency garden, which was made by bringing more than three hundred sacks of earth from Tahiti, and took us across the island to show us the best place on the ocean-beach for finding shells. (This is the

best place that we have yet seen for shells. There are many varieties, wonderfully perfect and unbroken, and we are making quite a collection.) The Governor, he told us, is obliged to live on this small island of Faka-rava, because it has the only safe anchorage in all the Paumotus; and as all vessels must present their papers for his inspection, he must of course live where it is possible for them to reach him. Most of the people who live here are away just now in another island where they also possess land, and where they have to go for some formality about registering their titles.

When we came ashore on Monday we found all the natives left at home assembled on the beach and waiting for us, with M. Donat to act as interpreter. They wished to say that they had brought us a small present according to their custom, and hoped we would accept it; they also begged that we would allow them to come on board and see the yacht. Of course we gratefully accepted the gifts and fixed the hour of 2.30 on Tuesday—the next day—for their visit to the *Casco*, promising to send a boat to bring them out.

The people here are much darker and smaller and not nearly so handsome as the Marquesans ; but it is only fair to add that they seem to be better behaved. For instance, the Seventh Commandment is really understood and respected amongst them, and few among them will drink rum to excess, even when they have the chance. In the Marquesas the men cared for nothing else, and the gendarme had to warn us that we must never give them more than *one* glass, however much they might beg for it.

Yesterday the twenty-one natives came on board accompanied by M. Donat. They were of all ages, from an old lady of eighty down to a dear little brown baby of about four months old. Louis took them over the yacht, which they greatly admired, and then we gave them biscuits and jam and ginger-snaps, and to the ladies some syrup and water, while the men were given their choice between that and rum. Several at first took rum, but the syrup was so much appreciated that they all changed their minds save one man ; and when the syrup and water made a second round, Louis thought the 'rum' man also might like to taste it and

offered it to him. He refused it, however, enunciating the one word '*t'rum*,' with a decision and a fervour which was received with admiring laughter by the whole party. It appears that the French admiral was lately at Fakarava, and invited all the natives on board his vessel, where they had a band to play to them while they danced. Of course we thought our little entertainment would fall very flat after such a fine one, and you can fancy how much we were amused to find from M. Donat that they thought that ours was much grander, because we gave them plates and spoons to eat their jam. The admiral gave them sardines and other good things, but left them to eat with their fingers in native style. How easily we are pleased with anything that we are not accustomed to! And it was evidently only the honour of the thing that was appreciated, too, for the captain saw most of the boys *take* their jam in the spoon, but deftly convey it to their mouths with their thumbs! Every one was pleased, however, and that was the great point; but it is unfortunate that they all speak Tahitian here, so that the words we have picked up in the

Marquesas are of no use to us. We have learned only one word of salutation in this new language, 'euranna,'⁴⁷ which we sing out to every one we meet.

Yesterday was a lovely day, the sea perfectly smooth, and exquisitely reflecting both the land and sky. The *Casco* was for the first time on our voyage 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean'; and the little, fleecy, white clouds in the sky were exactly mirrored in the water. We could see the white coral reefs at the bottom distinctly, and the sea was a very tender green that was peculiarly beautiful. Then at night there was a superb moon, and Fanny and I sat long on the beach to enjoy it, while Louis walked up and down playing tunes on his pipes.

I wonder if I told you that there is not only a good landing-pier here, but actually a harbour-light, the first that we have seen since we left San Francisco. The village street is entirely shaded by cocoa-nut palms, and makes at all times a delightful promenade; but at night, when there is a slight breeze blowing, the dancing shadows of the leaves in the moonlight are something absolutely

fairy-like. Our house is at the far end, quite twelve minutes' walk from the pier; and of course there are no horses here, indeed no means of conveyance of any kind save boats.

M. Donat has already loaded us with gifts. First he gave us each a pearl,⁴⁸ the captain included; mine is a black one. Then to Fanny and me he gave a small double oyster-shell lined with gold, and a gold pearl attached to one side. He has also given us a whole boxful of pink coral, with one very fine piece attached to a spray of grey, and a boxful of fine shells, some of them of the kind called 'bénitiers' with branches of coral growing out of them. The *bénitier*⁴⁹ shells get their name from being used for holy water in the churches; the same kind, you will remember, that we used to have for Coolin⁵⁰ to drink out of in the dear old days. We were quite distressed at taking so much, but Fanny fortunately had a ring which she asked him to send to his wife, who is at present in Tahiti.

Thursday, September 13.

LOUIS was not feeling very well yesterday, and wished to get a thorough rest, so Lloyd and I returned on board the yacht and left him and Fanny alone in peace and quiet. A trading schooner came into the bay; we were introduced to the captain by M. Donat, and he came on board to see the *Casco*, and presented us with four pairs of very fine pearl shells and a very large and handsome 'buckie,' which Mr. Goltz says is worth ten dollars at Honolulu.

A strange thing happened to Louis and Fanny at night. The catechist (who I told you is at present in charge of the church) rushed into the house, and began trying to open a large chest, which I forgot to include in the furniture of the sitting-room. When he found that it would not open, he produced a knife and forced the lock; and when Louis objected to the proceeding, a man outside in the verandah called out in French that it was all right, and he would explain immediately. This turned out to be M. François, the proprietor of our house, who had been shipwrecked with

his wife and little son, and nearly drowned. They had been coming from the other end of the island in a small cutter, when in some way it upset, and they were all thrown out. They managed to get the boat turned right side up, but it was so full of water that they could not climb into it without upsetting it. M. François, who is a very fine-looking young fellow, half French and half native, was in despair, and said they must just be drowned; but his native wife, who is a splendid swimmer, declared there was no danger, and they could take the boat safely in. So they put the child into the boat, and the father and mother followed behind pushing it by the tiller; and this they did from 8 A.M. till five in the afternoon, when they reached land safe, but worn out with fatigue, and perishing with cold. Was it not a wonderful feat of endurance? I think they must have been horribly annoyed after such a home-coming to find their nice little house in the hands of strangers, but they are much too polite to acknowledge it. They have just been on board to visit the *Casco*, and do not seem at all the worse for their exertions; but the wonder is that they were not

eaten by sharks, for there are several in the bay. Two days ago one was swimming round and round us for some time, an ugly fellow indeed; and last night when Lloyd was out fishing with the captain and M. Donat, he had a very large fish on his hook, and was playing it gently, when a shark came up and carried off fish and hook and line at one fell swoop. I think Lloyd did not much enjoy the fishing after that.

One disadvantage of a yacht is that everything must be kept so spick and span about her that whenever we are at anchor we live in a chronic state of house-cleaning. All the time we were at Anaho it was going on, and here again we are being repainted, and to-day two natives have been sitting on a rope in the water cleaning the copper. Then the deck must be holystoned again, and after that has been done we have to wipe our boots with our pocket-handkerchief before we venture on board! We sometimes threaten to go our next trip in a trading schooner or a canal barge in order to escape such trying tidiness. I don't mean to state that we are actually ordered to wipe our boots, but one cannot help entering into the spirit of the thing!

Monday, September 17.

YESTERDAY we attended service in the native church, and were very much interested. It was at 9 A.M.—there were eight men and seventeen women present, including two babies who never made a sound. The catechist was dressed in a black gown with a small cape trimmed with lace; he looked very ministerial, I thought. The service was entirely in the native language, and the people joined in most of it with great interest: a woman acted as clerk, and led the singing, which was not bad, but had a considerable nasal twang, which reminded me of Gaelic congregations in Arran many years ago. The sermon came last, and was preached with great vigour, and with much graphic and telling gesticulations; the catechist, Taniero,⁵¹ seemed full of his subject, and even we who could not understand a word did not find it wearisome. It reminded me of an Italian sermon that I once heard and enjoyed at Genoa; the gestures were less polished and elegant, but had just the same convincing fervour. It was touching to see the people

about us, well-dressed, attentive, and reverent, and to remember how lately they had been redeemed from heathenism. Louis and I were both greatly and deeply moved. The sermon was read from manuscript, and M. Donat has promised to get at least a part of it translated, and copied out for us, which will be very interesting.

In the afternoon I walked on past our house to see how far the cocoa-nut *boulevard* extended. I followed it for about a mile further, and then it quite suddenly came to an end; so I thought I would cross the island and return by the ocean beach. However, I made the discovery that some parts of the island are broader than others, for after forcing my way with some difficulty through the trees I seemed no nearer the other side than when I started, and came at last to such very thick underbrush that I could get no further, and was obliged ignominiously to retrace my steps and return by the road. The sun heat is much greater here than it has been in any other place, and we are warned that it is not safe to be out in it from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M. That cuts the day very short, seeing that the sun sets at six

o'clock, but we can walk about under the trees at any time, and we almost never feel the need of a siesta. I am always awake soon after six o'clock, and dressed before seven, so I expect to be as active as you by the time I get home again !

Tuesday morning.

A SCHOONER has just come into the bay, and will take letters, so I shall finish this and send it off.

Louis was better yesterday, and would have come on board again, but Valentine has a bad cold, and he is afraid of infection ; so Lloyd will stay on shore as man-of-all-work to look after the household. Louis is trying to hire a small cutter which belongs to a trader here, to go and see two of the neighbouring islands that have not good enough anchorage for the *Casco* ; unfortunately Captain Smith, the owner, is ill, and can't go himself, and he has not yet made up his mind as to whether he can trust his cutter to any other person. If we do not arrange this, we shall start very soon for Tahiti, where God grant I may get good news of you all. I do long so much for letters after these three months of silence !

*Yacht 'Casco,' Fakarava, Paumotus Islands,
September 23, 1888.*

LAST Monday, for the first time in my life, I attended a funeral. The father of one of the men who had been cleaning the bottom of the *Casco* on Saturday died suddenly on Monday morning, and we heard that the funeral was to take place at 4 P.M. Louis was anxious to see it, and I went with him. The man was said to have been a Mormon,⁵² but on inquiry this seems to mean something very like a Baptist, with this new and peculiar difference that when a man commits sin he goes and confesses, and is then baptized over again!⁵³

The coffin was made of plain deal, and was covered with a white cloth. It was carried by four men by means of thick poles resting on their shoulders, from which the coffin was suspended by ropes. Most of the inhabitants of the village followed in their ordinary attire. Last of all, I was touched to see the poor old widow, carrying the mat on which her husband had died, and which was now to cover his grave. The proper minister was away, but a layman read the service very nicely

so far as we were able to judge. He read the fourteenth chapter of Job, gave a short address, and two short prayers, all very quietly and with reverence. It is the custom here for the nearest relatives to pass the first fortnight *on* the grave, but on this occasion it was rendered impossible by the downpour of rain. Everything was conducted with proper solemnity, and one could not feel that there was anything strange or unusual about it. I went to see the grave afterwards, and found it carefully covered with the mat, which was held down by large stones placed at each corner.

I think I forgot in my last letter to tell you that the catechist's name is *Taniera Mahinui*; Taniera being the native rendering of Daniel. He is in and out of our house continually, and often shares our meals; and to-day I went twice to church to hear him, and quite enjoyed it. I was delighted to find that the Bible is so much used, and one printed in London, moreover; and then, of course, as Taniera is only a catechist he cannot celebrate Mass, so I never feel that I am in a Roman Catholic Church, but rather in a Gaelic one in our own Highlands.

September 26. At sea, on our way to Tahiti.

ON Monday we said good-bye to all our good friends at Fakarava, and gave them a few farewell gifts. One of these was a bag of flour, that was immediately baked into small loaves, tied up with strips of cocoanut leaf,⁵⁴ and distributed among all the inhabitants equally. When the captain and I went ashore, we found Taniera sitting with Louis in his working clothes—he is a boat-builder by trade,—which consist of blue cotton trousers, and an apron with a bib, leaving an ample stretch of brown satin skin exposed to view. What wonderful skins they all have, by the way! Lloyd introduced him to the captain, saying, ‘This is the clergyman of the district; you must shake hands with him’; and I must say the designation and the attire *did* make a very ludicrous combination. When we took leave of Taniera, Lloyd wanted to give him a good present, and the only thing left that we could reasonably do without was a little carriage-clock that I had bought in New York; it had a leather case, and kept excellent time, and was really a

wonder for its price. It had originally been intended for giving away; but as all our watches have learnt Kanaka habits and have refused to work in the tropics, we have found the little clock too useful to us to be parted with. However, after an internal struggle which I own was severe, my respect for the church carried the day, and Taniera became its happy possessor.

M. Donat, kind man that he is, has continued to load us with gifts during the whole time that we have been here; almost every day he sent cocoa-nuts both to our house and to the *Casco*, and we have so many pearl-shells that we begin to think we shall have to pay duty on them. '*T'rum*' was the messenger generally sent to deliver the gifts, and he was very fond of coming, as he got a taste of his favourite beverage to make up for his trouble. We always called him '*T'rum*'—indeed I do not remember ever hearing his real name—and he always appeared to be freshly delighted each time that we did so. He evidently looked upon it as a very humorous and pleasing compliment. Yesterday morning, at 7 A.M., he accompanied M. Donat on board to say good-

bye, and we could see them standing side by side on the pier till we were almost out of sight; it was strange to feel that both, in their degree, had grown to be good friends to us. There was much saluting with flags and waving of hats and handkerchiefs as we stood out from the shore, and the Sunday flag was even hauled up to do us especial honours.

We had a good wind that suited us very well, and got out of the lagoon very quickly; we then passed *Toau* and *Mau*, two more of the Paumotus group, and that, I suppose, is the last that any of us will see of any of them. To come to a place so shut into the midst of waters, to live in it, grow wonderfully at home in it, and then to leave it so utterly behind, is almost painfully dreamlike. I wonder if in my sleep I shall walk in the shade of the cocoa-palms, and hear once more the surf breaking on the ocean beaches. . . .

We expected to reach Papeete to-day, but the wind fell, and now I believe we cannot hope to arrive before to-morrow; and that will be thirteen weeks to a day since we left San Francisco. I am sorry to say that Louis has never been quite well since his unfortunate

excursion with *Frère* Michel in Hiva-oa; and on Monday when he returned on board he got a fresh chill and had a threatening of congestion similar to what he had at Nice. He was pretty bad all yesterday, but I am glad to say that to-day he seems a good deal better and is on the sofa, where he looks much more restful and comfortable than in the low and narrow berth. We are thankful to be going to a place where we can get a doctor if we need one, and also, where we can get fresh food; for we could not beg, borrow, nor steal even such a thing as an egg at Fakarava. By the way, did you ever hear of such a thing as two hens attending on one family of chickens? There was a hen-house in our garden at Fakarava, furnished, when we took possession, with two hens sitting, the one on seven eggs, the other on none. In due time the seven little chickens came out, and we suppose that the mother engaged the other hen as lady-help; for she immediately forsook her own nest and devoted herself to the care of the precious nurslings, but quite evidently in a subordinate position. The two hens and the seven chickens were always to be

seen in a body, and the best understanding seemed to prevail; but we observed on one occasion, when a shower came on, that the nurse was given the larger share of the chickens to protect from the wet.

*Papeete,*⁵⁵ *September 29.*

WE came in sight of Tahiti at daybreak on Thursday, and I was on deck before seven to see all that was to be seen. The mountains are high and undeniably fine in form and outline, but by no means so beautiful nor so richly wooded as the high peaks of Hiva-oa; I am told that the altitude here is greater, but they give a punier impression. There is a fringing reef of coral all round the island, with entrances here and there marked by red and white buoys; but as soon as we drew near a pilot boarded us and brought us into Papeete Bay, where we cast anchor about noon. Lloyd and the captain went off at once to the American consul for letters, which we were all longing to receive; but to my surprise and chagrin there were no more than three for me, and of those only one was from you. It contains good news of you all,

however, and I am thankful to have it; and as another mail is daily expected, and indeed is already overdue, I may get another from you very soon.

Fanny and I went on shore to look for rooms for Louis and her, and found some in the Hôtel de France, where they will be tolerably comfortable. It is rather noisy at night, however, and if this disturbs Louis they will probably move to a small wooden house of five rooms and an outside kitchen which we also discovered. It is unfurnished, so we shall have to hire what is necessary, but mattresses, pans and dishes, etc., can of course be taken from the *Casco*, as we did at Fakarava.

September 30.

THIS morning I set off for church, hoping for an English service; but alas! the minister was ill and the church was closed, which was a great disappointment. It appears that there has been an epidemic of influenza here lately; it was brought from Chile, and was of a very severe type;⁵⁶ and we are inclined to believe that Louis was somehow infected with it at Fakarava. His cough was

so bad yesterday that we sent for the doctor, who prescribed some medicine for him that certainly gave him a quiet and fairly comfortable night. It is terribly vexing to us all, when we remember how well he was before this, but I trust he will soon throw it off.

I don't much like Tahiti. It seems to me a sort of halfway house between savage life and civilisation, with the drawbacks of both and the advantages of neither. Also a disagreeable feature of the place is the prevalence of land-crabs.⁵⁷ The ground is literally riddled with the large holes made by them: when you turn a quiet corner you come upon twenty or thirty all looking out of their doors, but as soon as they hear any one coming, they scuttle in at express speed. They are decidedly ugly-looking customers, though I believe even more anxious to avoid us than we are to keep clear of them. This afternoon I watched a big fellow dragging a large withered leaf after him, which with no little difficulty he succeeded in packing into his hole, I suppose to make a bed of. He was very busy, and I watched him with a sort of disgusted fascination. . . . Louis's

illness, of course, depresses us all, and keeps us from seeing much or having any desire to do so. Lloyd has attended to those duties that could not well be put off. He called on King Pomare, but missed him; on the governor, who kindly promised to lend us horses when we need any; and also on the officers of the *Scorpion*, the French man-of-war lying in the bay. Two of them have since returned the call and were very polite, but they were amazed when I assured them that I enjoyed being at sea, and seemed to think it most unnatural: no Frenchwoman had ever been heard of who could endure it!

Louis and Fanny moved to the small house I spoke of on Monday last. We hired a bed, a few chairs and tables, and a lamp, and took over some dishes, etc., from the *Casco*. You would be surprised to see how comfortable they are, under the circumstances. But the cold is still troublesome, and I grieve to say that the last two days there have been slight threatenings of hæmorrhage—nothing to be called serious, but still it is always alarming and distressing. Of course we can make no plans until he is better, and when we may

reach Honolulu and get the letters that must be there awaiting us, who can tell?

Louis's little house is just opposite the English consul's; next to that is the native church; and next that again the old prison, now in ruins, in which Herman Melville and the 'long doctor' were confined, as you will remember, if you have read *Omoo*.⁵⁸ I wonder if you have been able to get it. The consul is a Mr. Talbot, a very nice man, but unfortunately for us he leaves by the steamer that will carry this letter to you. He has told Fanny that she may take anything she likes out of his kitchen when he leaves, and we are going over to-morrow to see what might be useful. It has been arranged also that for the present either Lloyd or Valentine will sleep on shore, so as to be at hand to help in case Louis should be ill through the night.

There are but two roads on the island, it appears: one that goes all the way round the coast, and another that passes up by a valley into the interior. I have had only one drive as yet, for our time seems to be mostly taken up with running backwards and forwards between the house and the yacht; besides

which, Lloyd and I are busy making a type-written copy of Louis's diary, and this fills up the entire mornings. There are some very fine avenues of trees in and round the town. Mangoes abound, some of them very large, fine trees, with beautiful dark-green foliage and heavy-laden with fruit, growing very prettily in huge bunches hanging on amber-coloured threads. Pineapples, too, are beginning to be very plentiful, and are very good in quality.

I found the native church open last Friday and went in for a short time : it was a fast-day service, and the church was filled with a very well-behaved congregation. A native minister was preaching, but he was entirely wanting in the energy and conviction which made the Fakarava catechist so interesting to watch, so, as I heard that the services were very long, I did not venture back again on Sunday.

October 13.

I AM thankful to say that Louis is keeping much better. He has been out for the last three days, and he says he does not feel nearly so weak as he expected after this severe

illness ; he has even been twice to the hotel for dinner, though usually he and Fanny have their meals sent in to them.

Our minds being easier, we are now growing more interested in our surroundings. I have only once had a drive since we arrived, and that was the first since I left San Francisco ; but this week we mean to have a drive every day, to see something of the island. On Friday Captain Otis, Lloyd, and I went in a small tug-steamer to the island of Eimeo.⁵⁹ We took some lunch with us to eat under the trees, and the native who carried our basket brought us four cocoa-nuts, and a roasted crayfish as large as a lobster and very good, to add to the repast. The gendarme in residence wanted us to dine with him, though he was having a party, as it happened, and a very nice native offered us the use of his very nice house—he himself was one of the gendarme's guests,—but we preferred our picnic and stuck to our own plans. The island is very beautiful, with strangely-shaped mountains, that remind me of the Giant's Causeway, but still none of us would allow that it came up to the Marquesas ; we are faithful still, and

I think I always shall be, to our first love in the South Seas. The little steamer that carried us there and back was filthily dirty, and we were all glad to get 'home' to our own clean, bright *Casco* once more, and told the captain we should never again grumble at any amount of wet paint and varnish!

It may be nearly Christmas before this reaches you, and I know that you will not forget to think of me. Do not feel my place empty, for I shall be there in thought, and in my heart I shall see you all, as you will see me. . . .

*Yacht 'Casco,' Papeete Bay, Tahiti,
October 19, 1888.*

I WONDER if you will be able to believe that this is a letter from me? Lloyd and I have finished making the copy of Louis's diary, and it occurred to me it might be a good thing to have another typewriter in the family: so I took my first lesson yesterday, and in order not to waste time I mean to practise upon you. A printed letter, however, does look so public and impersonal that

it seems almost impossible to take it *au sérieux*. I wonder if anybody would venture to make a proposal of marriage by means of a typewriter, and still more do I wonder whether any one would be brave enough to accept it!

I am glad to tell you that Louis keeps much better. He has been to lunch at the hotel several times, and has also called on the governor, and yesterday he even took a short drive. We had thought of taking a drive right round the island; this, however, we gave up, for we did not like to be away four days from Louis, and it would have been out of the question for him. So we decided on some short drives instead, but there is not much variety, as there are only two driving roads.

October 20.

I THINK I did not tell you that when I was in the native church a lady introduced herself to me. Her name is Mrs. Darsie, and she was the daughter of the queen, or 'chieftess,' as the French call her, of the other side of the island, was first married to a Mr. Brander, and then to Mr. Darsie, who hails

from Anstruther, no less! Two of her sons by her first marriage were educated at St. Andrews, and know many of our friends there. We went yesterday to see them at their country house at Point Venus,⁶⁰ about eight miles out of the town: the drive was delightful, through woods and over mountains, from which we had lovely views of sea and land. We first went to see the tamarind-tree planted by Captain Cook; it has been dead for a long time, and has been taken possession of by the proprietors of a sort of public-house near by, called '*à l'arbre de Cook.*' We carried off a little piece of the tree, which is fast going to decay, and which is quite unprotected and exposed. We then visited the lighthouse, the first we have seen since we left San Francisco (saving, of course, the little harbour light at Fakarava, but that is a different matter); it is a fine building of grey coral, mixed with a pretty red stone, which looks very well and effective. We then went to the Darsies' house, which stands in the midst of large grounds, close to the sea, and found there a large and pleasant family party assembled, consisting of Salmons (Mrs. Darsie was a

Miss Salmon), Branders, and Darsies, in what proportion we never entirely found out. Nearly all the men were good-looking, and the women, I think without a single exception, beautiful: even a small strain of Tahitian blood is said, I believe, to ensure this wonderful physical perfection and the grace of manner for which they are always so much admired.

The Darsies' town house is just a little outside of Papeete, at the end of a lovely avenue: it seemed to be a large place, and to have a beautiful garden, but when we called there we found they had gone to Point Venus, and hence our expedition thither. Of course, you know that it is so called because Captain Cook observed from thence the transit of Venus.

October 21.

MRS. DARSIE called to see Louis yesterday, and I am so sorry we did not know her sooner, as she could have given us so much useful information about Tahiti. She told me a great deal about the missionaries. She herself was brought up by one, and has had much to do with them. The people, she says, were fond of the English missionaries,

and felt very much having to part with them; but they get on well with their present minister, who, though he is a Frenchman, follows the same methods. The Protestants keep well together, and very, very few have become Roman Catholics,⁶¹ in spite of many inducements to do so. Fortunately the present Governor is a liberal man, and lets the people please themselves about religious matters; and though many are indifferent and care for nothing but 'show' and amusement, there are also many who are intelligent and sincere. Mrs. Darsie has a sort of Scripture class for the natives every Sunday in her own house: they prepare a text and talk about it, and she tells me that she is often not only touched, but surprised by their remarks. . . .

We hope to get off to-morrow about noon, but Louis and Fanny will not come on board till the morning. On the whole, we are not at all sorry to leave, as we have none of us been greatly attracted by this place. As I have said before, it is neither quite civilised nor wholly savage, but has a sort of half-and-half-ness that is disappointing, and sometimes really displeasing. I think the bay is the best

part of Papeete. The view of the mountains and town from the deck of the *Casco* is lovely, especially in the mornings and evenings; the highest peak is seven thousand feet high, and the land begins to rise steeply very close to the beach. There are always plenty of ships in the bay; most of the time we have lain here there were two men-o'-war, and it amused me to watch their proceedings. The most interesting moments were eight o'clock in the morning and six in the evening, as at these hours the flags are put up and taken down, and the manœuvre is pretty. On Sundays there was an extra display, as every vessel hoisted a flag, and the Consulates as well. Some have specially large and fine flags for Sunday use, and others put up an extra number. We feel ourselves particularly showy with three: the 'Stars and Stripes,' because the *Casco* is an American yacht; the red ensign, because she is chartered by a British subject; and the flag of the yacht club of which Louis was made a member. A gun is fired on board the man-of-war, and the general ambition is to get all the flags hoisted at the same moment and without a hitch; it

is really a pretty sight, and I very seldom missed it.

Another amusement of which I never tired was watching the native boats coming in with fruit for the market; they looked so pretty piled high with green and red bananas,⁶² yellow mangoes, bread-fruit, the ubiquitous nuts, long pieces of green bamboo, which are filled with a preparation of cocoa-nut,⁶³ and many other things nicely wrapped up in green leaves. I once counted fourteen of these large boats all coming in at one time, and their cargo, when carefully spread out on the beach, looked most tempting. There is a certain daintiness in the native fashion of always laying food upon fresh green leaves, and I must say that in spite of the lack of so much that we are accustomed to think necessary, neither the food nor their way of eating it ever struck me as unseemly or unrefined.

I was also very much interested in watching the fishermen, of whom there were always several in their canoes round about the *Casco*, as they thought the fish would be attracted by the grease from the yacht. Sometimes there would be half a dozen boats about us,

waiting for hours with the patience of fishermen the world over, and apparently with very indifferent success. Occasionally Captain Otis gave them presents of some fishing-hooks, which were very gratefully received, though I am told they are very clever at manufacturing them out of some kind of root, or out of old nails.⁶⁴ I have often regretted that Louis missed all these sights, which he would have enjoyed as much as I; but nothing could be seen from the house they occupied, as it stood amongst many trees some way from the beach, and lost the light early.

Sunday, October 28.

MY typed letter was but a slow and uneasy business, so to-day I have gone back to the more familiar and personal pen. . . . We did not get away from Papeete till Wednesday the 24th, and at the last moment Louis made up his mind to visit another part of Tahiti called *Taravao* before going on to Huahine in the Societies. We had a disagreeable voyage, first a dead calm, and then a severe gale, and we took thirty hours to cover sixty miles; but now that

we are here, it is worth it all, for the scenery is beautiful and much more truly tropical than anything we have yet seen. On Friday, Fanny, Captain Otis, Lloyd, Valentine, and I went for a charming drive to a village a few miles from here; we all enjoyed it immensely, for we drove through dense forests nearly all the way. I never saw anything like the wealth of foliage; great trees were draped to the very top with beautiful tangled creepers, some of them covered with fruit as large as a vegetable marrow. This fruit is called 'barbadine,'⁶⁵ and is excellent to eat. We were at no time far from the sea, and sometimes there were exquisite glimpses of blue water between the trunks of the trees; but more often we were shut in by a very riot of vegetation. On our way we had to cross no less than twenty-one streams of varying width; one of them being so deep that, rather to our dismay, the Chinaman who drove us insisted on carrying over Fanny, the captain, and Lloyd, on his back, so as to lighten the weight on the horses. It was a relief to find that Valentine and I were considered light enough to be allowed to remain in the vehicle.

The village of Tautira,⁶⁶ when we reached it, we found to be indeed a lovely spot, with numbers of very fine native houses scattered about a beautiful green lawn close to the sea. There are two churches, a Roman Catholic, and what our driver gravely called a Roman Protestant one. It appeared that we had chosen an interesting day, for the king's sister-in-law had just arrived on a visit to the village, and we saw all the presents that had been prepared for her. They consisted, in the main, of an immense pig roasted whole, and a large number of pillows stuffed with silk cotton,⁶⁷ which grows in pods on a large and fine tree that is very plentiful here. As we walked through the village we saw these things laid out in front of the chief's house, and a catechist was asking a blessing on them. We stopped and assisted, our men taking off their hats. It was a pretty and pleasant sight, but I think it was the very longest 'grace' I ever heard, save Dr. ——'s at the Blind Asylum Christmas dinner, very many years ago.

As we walked about we noticed a nice little house that was to let, which we thought was

worth remembering in case Louis should need to go ashore again; for he is hardly well enough for the yacht yet, I am sorry to say. He can't sleep at all on board. Last night was a particularly bad one, and left him so worn out that Fanny made up her mind to set off at once for Tautira before he should get worse; and now I feel very anxious about him till I hear how he has stood the drive. Lloyd, who has gone with them, will come back to-morrow, and I do trust he will bring me good news. This place where we are is not suitable for Louis; it is very draughty, with a constant but unsteady current of air blowing down between the mountains, which made it impossible for him to be on deck at all. That is the worst thing about good anchorages for sailing vessels; they are generally draughty, as of course if too sheltered there is no wind to take you in or out. This is a fine bay, and the French intend, they say, to make a large dock for warships in it. The entrance is very difficult, first through the reef, and then through a very narrow passage between two points of rock, so that in case of any disturbance it could be very easily

defended. Meantime, however, there are very few houses to be seen, and no church at all.

The captain had to go back to Papeete to look for a new sailor in place of one who is leaving us. We have had a good many changes in the crew lately: first our superior mate had to go, because he could not withstand the temptations of port, and was continually drunk; poor old man, it was grievous to see him; then Wallin and Fred had to be dismissed; and now Charles is ill and must go. They say it is what always happens at Papeete, so that no ship, or rather no captain, likes to put in there. I don't like the changes at all. Our new mate is a Dutchman, called Reuter, and we have one Henry from Honolulu, Atta, a native from Papeete, and Jack, an English boy who went to New Zealand as a stowaway.

October 31.

I AM thankful to say that Lloyd brought back what was on the whole very good news of Louis. He stood the drive wonderfully well and had a comfortable

night after it, which was more than we expected. The house was very clean and neatly furnished, and Louis liked the place much better than this. The chief is a Salmon, a cousin of Mrs. Darsie's; he is an educated man, and will be of great use to Louis.

The captain also has come back from Papeete, and has been fortunate in getting an excellent man, a French-Canadian, who was formerly mate in our friend Mr. ——'s schooner, so he should be worth having. The pilot who brought us here from Papeete, by the way, is still hanging on in the hope of taking us out again; he says now that we can lie quite comfortably and safely at Tautira, where Louis is, and that would save him the journey back. So very probably we may go thither to-morrow or next day. To get there we shall have to sail all round the peninsula,⁶⁸ so we shall see a good deal of Tahiti before we are done with it. The captain tells me that no part of the road between this place and Papeete is nearly so beautiful as the road to Tautira, so I believe we have really had the best of the scenery. Here, at any rate, there is nothing at all interesting, and very few

houses. Lloyd and I went for a walk one day to explore the neighbourhood, and came upon a small village; we went into one house (there is nothing that pleases the natives more than to do so) where a man was lying upon some mats ill. I was very much interested to observe that two chairs were slung up to the roof. They were evidently looked upon as luxuries to be kept safely out of the way upon ordinary occasions. One of the men gave Lloyd some of the food that they were eating: it was a sort of *poi-poi* made of sweet potato, taro, and cocoa-nut, all mixed together. Lloyd tasted it rather cautiously, but declared it was very good, so they wrapped up some more in a large leaf and insisted on his taking it away with him. On our way home a little later, the same man was waiting for us, and presented us with a pair of large pearl shells quite black inside. We are told they are valuable, being very rare.⁶⁹

As we shall be altogether beyond the reach of mails at Tautira, I mean to send this letter from here to Papeete. There is a chance that it will get home sooner than if I wait to post it at Huahine; and besides there is always a

little uncertainty as to when, and whether, we shall get there. All depends, of course, upon Louis. . . .

Tautira, Tahiti,
November 5, 1888.

WE left Taravao on Friday morning; and after a rough and rather unpleasant voyage round the peninsula, where every one on board was more or less ill but myself, we cast anchor inside the reef here at 8 A.M. on Saturday. Lloyd rode over on the Friday, partly to avoid the sail, which we expected would be trying, and partly to have a horse for the pilot to ride back on; he came off in a canoe to meet us as soon as we arrived, and brought us tolerable accounts of Louis. He is delighted with his surroundings here, and that is a great matter. He is in the very midst of the large village, and the life of it goes on all around him; the little girls even play special games of hopscotch—or should I call it hop-Tahiti?—before his window to amuse him. The chief, who lives just opposite, has been most kind, and Princess Moë

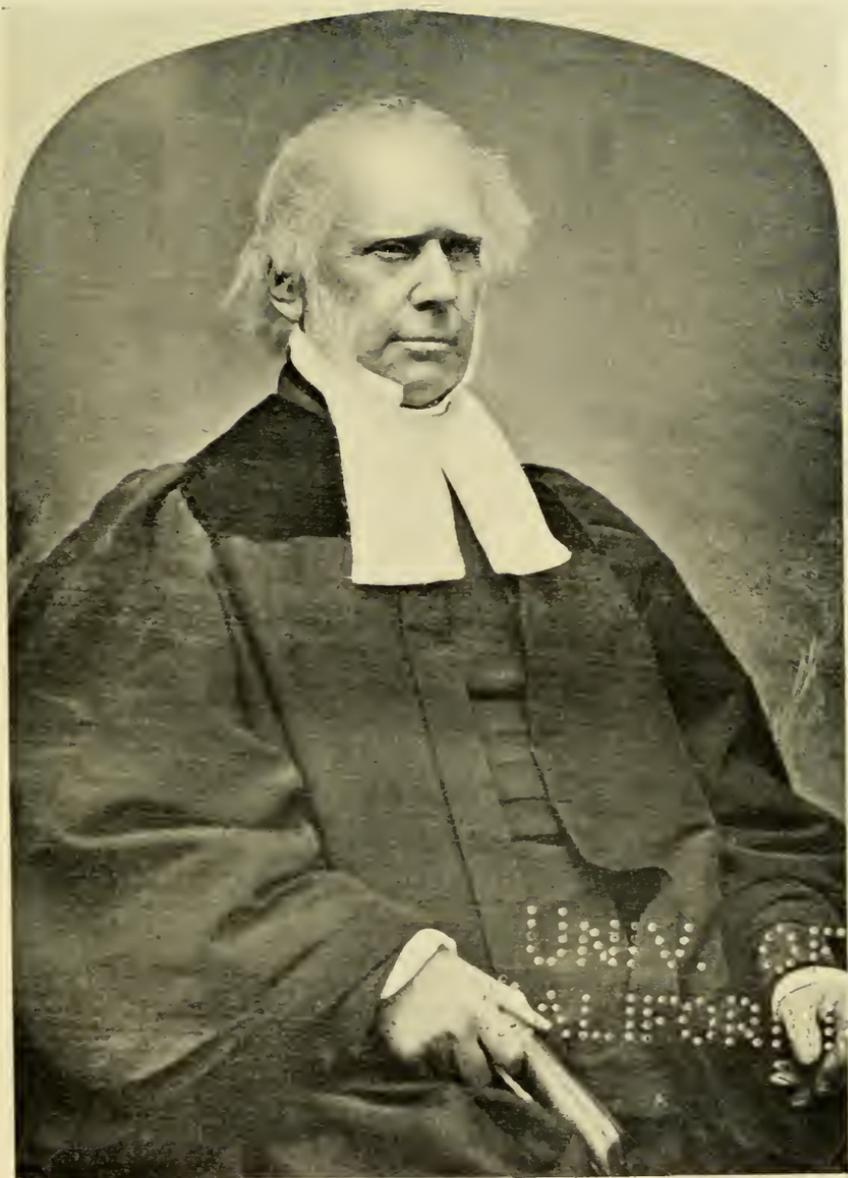
(the king's sister-in-law, who arrived the day we first drove over, and in whose honour the great pig was roasted) has been really devoted in her attentions. She sometimes cooks dishes herself specially for his dinner, and the chief carries them across with an apron on! One night, when Louis was not at all well,⁷⁰ she could not sleep, she was so much distressed about him, and in the morning she insisted upon his moving into her own house, which she has put at his service for as long as he likes. One reason for this move was that she thought the people were charging a great deal too much for the house he was in; and this was certainly true, as the one at Papeete was just half the rent, and *that* was 'in town.' The princess is a delightful creature, and speaks English very well indeed; we believe her to be the same Queen Moë of Raiatea spoken of in a recent book of travel, and after seeing her we think it was rather familiar to speak of her in such terms as we found therein, as she is really a dignified and imposing personage. She has gone back to Papeete this morning, and we shall all miss her very much; she came on board the *Casco*

to sit awhile with me, both on Saturday and yesterday evening.

Yesterday morning I went to service at the native Protestant church. I arrived when they were in the middle of a prayer, and just knelt down by one of the open doors; but as soon as the princess spied me out, she came and took me into her own seat. The church is quite a large one, with many doors and windows, the latter fitted with something like venetian blinds instead of glass, so that there is plenty of air. There are comfortable wooden benches, with backs. The Communion Table yesterday was all set ready, and completely covered over with a white cloth. The native minister stood in front of the table dressed in a blue and white *pareu*, which is a piece of cotton stuff put on like an unplaited kilt, a rather long black coat and white tie, and, of course, bare feet. It was a little difficult to realise that he *was* the minister! I regretted the nice, proper-looking gown of Taniera at Fakarava; but the people here are Independents, and belong to the London Missionary Society. The service was very much like our own at home; the singing was

led by the women of the congregation, and the minister went into the precentor's box for the sermon, but never entered the pulpit at all. I wonder whether the use of that is kept for the English or French missionaries, and it is *tapu* for the natives.

There was a large congregation, and as usual, lots of babies and children of all ages, many of them lying about on the empty floor-space round the Communion Table. They were rather more noisy than native children usually are, and once two naughty boys began a game at ball; this, however, was at once put a stop to by a tall man who rose from a back bench, and the ball was removed by one of the matrons. After the sermon two babies were brought in to be baptized. One of them was dressed in a gorgeous lace robe, with a cap of lace and white satin ribbon, such as I have not seen for many a long year. The baptismal service was exceedingly short and simple: the minister took the baby in his arms, asked its name, and at once baptized it, pouring three good handfuls of water on to its face, one at the name of each Person of the Trinity. I asked the princess afterwards



REV. LEWIS BALFOUR, D.D.
MINISTER OF COLINTON

"A Herd of men"

Memories and Portraits, R. L. S.

1872

1872
1873

why there were neither any questions asked nor promises made; she told me that unfortunately the babies were too often the children of unmarried girls who were not church members, and the missionaries, being driven to despair over this, had at last made it a rule that when any church member brought a child to be baptized, it should be done, and no questions asked. It seems a very doubtful method, but it is supposed to prevent alienating the girls, and to keep the children under church influence, and better results are hoped for with time and training. Certainly the more one sees and hears of what goes on here, the more one can understand the Indian system of early marriages!

When the christenings were over, and the princess rose to leave the church, I asked if there were not to be Communion; she said yes, and inquired if I wished to stay. When I said that I did wish it very much, she at once offered to introduce me to the minister, as she could not herself stay with me that day. When she did this I found myself most warmly and heartily welcomed; and indeed I found it very touching to share that feast

with these brothers and sisters so recently rescued from heathendom. When the cloth was removed from the Communion Table, it disclosed the wine in two black beer-bottles, and the cups were made of very common earthenware, that sort of iridescent coppery gold, that women used to carry about the country in baskets long ago in Scotland. The bread was baked bread-fruit, broken into very small pieces. The service, apart from these things, was all that one could wish, and much the same as our own, except that the bread and wine were handed separately to each communicant, and that there was a separate prayer of consecration for the wine after the bread had been handed to all. This seems to me to follow the original more closely than we do, and it brought to my mind a line of the familiar paraphrase, 'And God *anew* He thanked and praised.'

When the service came to an end, I found, to my intense surprise, that I was to receive the 'right hand of fellowship' from every member of the congregation. First of all, the ministers and deacons came forward and shook hands most warmly with me, and then I was

invited to stand at the door and shake hands and say 'Yuranna' * to every man and woman as they went out. (I am not sure how to spell that word; I mentioned it once before, at Fakarava, where it is also the general greeting; but here it is pronounced a little differently.) I felt that I could sympathise for once with our missionaries at home when they find themselves in something the same sort of position. The enthusiasm and friendliness of the people, however, were both touching and amusing; one nice old lady could hardly be prevented from dragging me off bodily to her house. The next thing that happened was, that they deputed the chief to go and tell Louis that they were collecting things to make a feast for their new member, and that these would be presented to me at nine o'clock on Monday morning at Louis's house. When in turn Louis told this to me, I remarked, 'Well, I have always believed that "*Godliness was great gain,*" but I never before had such immediate proof of its holding good even in this world!'

Well, I went ashore this morning in good time, and by and by we saw people arriving

* See note 47, '*iao ranua,*'

from various directions, with sticks balanced upon their shoulders, and a most varied assortment of articles slung from them. When every one was ready, they walked forward all together and laid down what they had brought on the grass in front of our verandah, taking care to place the things, we noticed, in an orderly semicircle, and arranging each offering to look as tempting and beautiful as possible. Here is an exact list of the *gains of godliness* in Tautira :—

Six hens, one dozen eggs, one lobster, one hundred cocoa-nuts, two large bunches of green bananas, two baskets of ripe bananas, two bunches of wild bananas for cooking,⁷¹ one basket of sweet potatoes,⁷² two bundles of *taro*,⁷³ two bunches of bread-fruit, . . . and three pineapples!

About thirty women came with the things, and brought, of course, the usual accompaniment of children, and we had another great hand-shaking all round. The princess had taught me to say '*Maururu van*,' which means 'I thank you,' or rather 'Thank you from me,' and that pleased them all very much. The chief was present, and acted as interpreter; and in

my name invited them one and all to visit me on board the *Casco* on Wednesday afternoon. I shall have to try and think of something that I can give them in return. It seems to me that nothing could be more suitable than a set of Communion vessels, and at least I could afford something a little better than what they have at present.⁷⁴

November 6.

WE had a deluge of rain yesterday, which came through the skylight, stopped my writing, and drove me into a corner for shelter. . . . Louis is fairly well again, and is able to go out for a little walk from time to time; but he is terribly thin and white, and has lost all the fine, healthy-looking sunburn that we were so proud of, which disappoints us very much. Still we are very thankful to see him so far better, and we feel that the simple, cheerful life here has helped him very much. We do not feel so much shut off from the people, even in the matter of language; for the chief, whose name is Arieé Teraimano, speaks French very well, though he does not know English. He is a good-looking man,

inclined to stoutness, as so many Tahitians are, and about twenty-eight years old. Two sisters and a niece live with him, but the sisters unfortunately only speak Kanak, and the niece, who does know French, is too bashful to try to speak it. Still we all get on together very well. . . . I think now it is likely that we shall go straight from here to Honolulu, and give up our visit to Huahine in the Society Islands; we have lost so much time in Tahiti, and I am wearying so much for my letters, that I shall not be sorry to get away. You can have no idea how homesick I am for news of you all.

This is a very lovely place. High and beautifully-formed mountains sweep close down to the beach, and they are densely wooded to the very top; from the *Casco's* deck we look up a beautiful, winding valley with a cataract tumbling down it, which I long to visit, but, alas! there are no roads save the one to Taravao. We are quite at the world's end here, in every way; there is not a shop of even the most primitive kind, which seems strange in so large and populous a village. The people get what they need from small

schooners that come into the bay to trade, and about once a week, if he has time, the Chinaman from Taravao drives over with bread and other things for sale.

I think the most beautiful feature of the place, however, is the forest that surrounds it. There are many lovely ferns both here and at Taravao; I found two climbing ones,⁷⁵ the most graceful plants I ever saw; and the bark of many of the trees is covered with innumerable ferns of all kinds, right up to the very top. Some of these, in spite of their position, grow to a great size; I saw harts' tongues, for instance, fully three feet long, and though I have not seen any maidenhair yet, I found one that was very like the maidenhair spleenwort. I was also delighted to find the sensitive plant⁷⁶ growing like a weed by the wayside; I shall send you a bit, but it is very difficult to dry or press, because it shuts up almost if you look at it. The only way I can manage is to hold one card very gently underneath it, and another on the top, and bring them together suddenly, before it has time to find out what I am about. I shall also send you a bit of the 'silk-cotton.' By the way, I hear that one of

my kind fellow-communicants is making a pillow of it for me, so I have not yet come to an end of my 'gains of godliness.'

Wednesday evening.

MY little party is over, and has been, I am glad to say, a great success: thirty women and three children, one of whom was a very small baby, arrived in due time, and each brought me still another present. So you will please add to the foregoing list as follows:—

Twenty-five cocoa-nut bowls, six pillows filled with silk-cotton, one orange, a few fine shells, six fish, and one basket!

They were all very nicely dressed, many of them in white, trimmed with embroidery, and their hats were gay with brilliant ribbons, a bright rose-coloured chenille being much in favour. They quite filled the cockpit and a row of chairs placed outside, and looked like a garden bed full of gay flowers. Many of them, I noticed, had very nice, sensible faces, and they were all quiet and modest in manner, very unlike some of the young girls, more especially at Papeete. I asked them if they would sing me

a *hymené*,⁷⁷ which they did very readily, and then, rather to my surprise, proceeded to make speeches or addresses, and prayers. One of the old ladies was as earnest and as fluent as Mrs. — herself could have been; I could not help being amused at the thought, with so many *other* differences, but I wished I could have understood it all. Our old sailor, Loney, who knows the language, told us that they prayed for a blessing on the vessel and on the captain and every one on board, in return for 'the great kindness *we* had shown *them*'! I had thought it was rather the other way round. . . . I must say the captain was very good: he put up an awning over the deck in their honour, and went ashore to bring them off and back himself. I got Loney to tell them how very grateful I was for all their kindness to me, and what a pleasure it had been to me to join them on Sunday in a real mission congregation, as I had been interested in missions such as theirs nearly all my life.

We then went down to the saloons, and gave them preserves and cake of various kinds, and biscuits, and the much-appreciated syrup-and-water. We had the dining-room

twice filled as full as it could possibly hold ; I helped the preserves and cake, and Valentine poured out the syrup at the other end of the table. Meanwhile Fanny and Lloyd entertained the other half, who were not eating, in the after-cabin. When every scrap had been disposed of we went on deck again, and one young lady played us some tunes on the captain's accordion ; but they were dreadfully disappointed that I could not play to them, and begged me over and over again that ' I would try.' They came about two o'clock, and stayed till past four. Before they went away I gave them two bags of flour and a bag of ship's biscuit (which they like better than anything) to be divided amongst them, and told them I was very sorry to have nothing better to give in return for all their great kindness to me. There was a little more speechifying, and they expressed themselves well pleased with everything, and went off looking very happy and content.

I do not think I ever told you that the people at Fakarava gave the *Casco* the name of *Pahi Muni*, which means the *shining* or the *silver ship* ; we thought it such a pretty name

that we have kept it up, and Lloyd has taught it to the people here. This will explain the enclosed. Louis wrote a few verses to Princess Moë before she left, and I send you a typewritten copy for *private circulation only*; she does not wish it to be published, so it is only to be shown to friends.*

Lloyd has taken to wearing a *pareu*, the native garment, in blue and white cotton, with a white coat, and we think he looks very nice in it. He goes barefoot, of course. Fanny too is quite *une femme Tahitienne* in her *holaku* and bare feet. She lies on a pillow in the chief's smoking-room (which is open all round and has a roof of cocoa-nut bark), and can even take a whiff of a native cigarette and pass it on to the other members of the company in the approved way. They pass much of the day there, the ladies generally engaged in plaiting hats of various kinds; I want to get a lesson in the work, which is pretty and useful, but I have not managed it yet. . . .

There is an unexpected chance to send off this letter to Papeete, and it must be closed at once. I wonder when it will reach you!

* For the reason stated, the verses are not given here.

*On shore at Tautira, Tahiti,
15th November 1888.*

MY dear —, I little thought when I sent off my letter to you last week, that I should write another from this place. But just after it started the captain discovered that there was something wrong with the main mast of the *Casco*, and after minute examination it turned out that there was dry rot in it; that it must have been going on for years, and that it was an actual miracle it did not give way in the gale we encountered between Papeete and Taravao. The captain is very indignant that the yacht should have been allowed to start on such a cruise without thorough overhauling, and blames the last captain, who assured Dr. M—— that the vessel was in perfect order. We feel very thankful that it was found out before anything more serious happened; and I declare that it was in answer to the prayers of my kind old ladies that it was discovered before we went to sea, and indeed on the evening of the very day of my party. The next question was, what was to be done? The *Casco* must return to Papeete either to get a

new mast or to have this one patched up, and should we go too, or remain here? Louis and all of us agreed that we would much rather stay at Tautira, but we did not wish to 'sorn' * on our good hosts; however, when we spoke to the chief, he assured us so heartily of our being welcome here, that we decided to stay where we were. As we needed to draw some more money, however, it was finally settled that I should go to Papeete in the *Casco* on Sunday, spend Monday in seeing to my business and shopping, and come back here on the Tuesday, which I did. It turned out that no mast large enough for the yacht was to be found in Papeete, so the old one is to be patched up. The captain declares that it can be made quite safe by the help of iron rings and bolts. He expects to have everything ready and in order by the end of next week, when he will return here to pick us up, and we shall start at once for Honolulu; but this business will make us at least a fortnight later in getting our longed-for letters. It is fortunate, however, that we are in a place that we like so much, and where the people are so kind to us;

* To live at the expense of any one—Scots.

where, in spite of so much that is strange about us, we still have learnt to feel at home.

I have now sailed all round Tahiti, and driven round half of it. It is certainly a very beautiful island; the scenery is so varied, and near Papeete is quite park-like in character, with large and splendid trees, many of them covered with bloom. The scarlet-flowered acacia⁷⁸ was in full beauty and profusion, and was perhaps the loveliest of all; the French call it the '*flamboyant*,' and Princess Moë tells me that it was introduced to the island by them, so has no native name. Further south the scenery is much wilder, with great stretches of the tropical forest vegetation, and we all admire that far more. I went to see Princess Moë in Papeete, and she was delighted to hear that we were staying on for some time yet. She said she was coming back to Tautira, and would hasten her return so that she might see as much of us as possible. . . . On Tuesday morning, my business being done, I rose at 4 A.M., left the *Casco* at 5.15, and started from Papeete at 5.30 in the stage, which is a sort of spring cart with three benches with backs to them, and an awning stretched on poles to

keep off the sun's heat. The bottom of the cart is packed full of parcels and bundles of all kinds that are to be delivered on the road, and you have to dispose of your feet among them as best you can. A letter-box was hung over the end of one of the benches, and we stopped at the post-office of every little village on our way; when a post-master or mistress appeared with a bunch of keys, unlocked the bag, looked over all the letters it contained, took out those addressed to that district, and added any that were to be sent away. You may fancy that the correspondence is not very large, or it could scarcely be managed after such a fashion. Even this rather primitive and combined mail-coach-and-carrier's-cart, however, does not come further than Taravao, which we reached about 12.30, so that I had to take a private conveyance to come on here, arriving a little after half-past three, and as you may imagine, pretty well tired out. I was very anxious to get home, partly because if I had passed a night in Taravao, I should have been obliged to stay at the Chinaman's house, which, for many reasons, I did not fancy, but principally because it was my dear boy's birth-

day and I could not bear to spend the whole of it away from him and quite alone.

I was very glad and relieved to find him looking wonderfully well, and everything going on happily. It had been decided not to celebrate his birthday till the Wednesday, to make sure of my return, and our hosts were looking forward to the little festival at which they had been invited to assist. I must explain that the proprietor of this house is Ori, sub-chief of the village; he is a very fine and dignified man, over six feet three in height, and broad in proportion.⁷⁹ He is a deacon of the Protestant Church here, and in the minister's absence sometimes preaches himself. He has a very nice wife, whose name is *Haapie*, an adopted son called *Paieria*, and I think another (whose father was, I believe, a white man, in fact a *Beritano*), one daughter and two grandchildren. It now turns out that the princess used her authority to make these worthy people give up their house to us, and not only that, but to wait upon us besides. They have kept for their own use only one room, which has a separate entrance from the verandah, and they have indeed been most

good and kind in every way. They only take their place as our hosts to the extent of frequently coming in and sitting beside us. Ori generally takes a chair, but his wife and children prefer the floor, which is covered with beautiful mats made by Haapie herself out of the leaves of the Pandanus-tree.⁸⁰ It occurs to me, however, that I have never described this house to you. Our sitting-room is 20 feet 7 inches long by 17 feet 9 inches wide; it is entered from the front and back verandahs by two doors, opposite each other, and has four large windows. The four bedrooms open off the sitting-room by a door at each corner: the two front ones are each 12 feet 6 inches by 10 feet 7, and the back ones are larger, as they include the depth of the back verandah, and have each a second door opening directly from it. After many houses that we have seen elsewhere it is quite a mansion, and so exquisitely clean and airy.

On Tuesday evening, when I had had a rest, we went to the chief's house just next to ours, and had a lesson in plaiting hats from *Tehea*, the chief's niece. I wish you could have seen us, all lying on mats spread on the grass before

his house, in moonlight that was literally as bright as day: the air like milk, and full of sweet perfumes and quiet sounds. It was so very pleasant. . . . We learned our lesson, and have both been hard at work ever since; you will be interested to know that I think it is the very same plait that you used long ago for making gipsy hats out of shavings and strips of paper. Fanny is at work on a hat of bamboo shavings, which are white and shiny and rather brittle; I am making mine of pandanus, which is tougher, and does not require such deft fingers.⁸¹ We both wish you were here, for we are sure you would enjoy this hat-making industry; it is the constant occupation of all ladies in Tahiti. Those made of sugarcane are finer than either of ours, and more thought of, but the best of all are made from the stalks of the arrowroot plant,⁸² which unfortunately is not yet in season.

Louis's birthday party was a great success. Two small pigs had been presented to him, and we had them both roasted in a native oven. This way of cooking certainly preserves all the flavour of the meat, and is delicious. Our first course was a fine dish of prawns, or

rather of small crayfish; then followed roast pig at the top, and roast pig at the foot of the table, with an excellent sauce made of grated cocoa-nut, lime juice, and sea water, Irish potatoes, and roast *fei*; after that canned peaches and cake. Everything was excellent and very highly appreciated, and there was but little left in spite of the *two* pigs. We had also two bottles of champagne, which Ori thoroughly enjoyed;⁸³ and after dinner Lou managed to carry on a long conversation with him by means of a dictionary and pen, ink, and paper. It was laborious, but amusing.

November 17.

OUR life here is really delightful; it is almost camping out without its drawbacks, we are so much in the open air. I am just now sitting on the verandah looking on the green lawn in front, with the village street, which is green lawn also, but firmer under foot than the rest and a little worn with traffic, only a few yards off. The street proper is bordered by cocoa-nut palms and pandanus-trees; bread-fruits, mangoes, and bananas are scattered about irregularly in all

directions. Through the trees I see the native birdcage-like⁸⁴ houses on the other side of the street, and beyond that the sea stretches away, and I can hear the surf breaking with a continuous roar upon the reef further out, and can catch glimpses of a line of white foam. At the back of our house is the Roman Catholic church, and through the back door I can see *Père* Bruno walking backwards and forwards in front of his little cottah, or reading his breviary in the verandah.

Our cooking, by the way, is done on a small oil stove on the back verandah, or if we have any dish too large for that, we have an oven arranged outside on the ground. We have a woman called Sophie, half French and half native, to help Valentine with the work. Louis has taken kindly to the native fashion of eating raw fish,⁸⁵ which are said to be very nutritious; he eats them with a sauce made of grated cocoa-nuts and sea water,⁸⁶ similar to that which was so good with the roast pig. He has a very good appetite now, so I live in hope of seeing him soon look a little fatter.

Bathing is very fashionable here; but the people all bathe in the river, and not in the

sea,—I can't make out why.⁸⁷ The boys and girls climb into high trees and throw themselves down into the water like ripe fruit dropping; they swim like very fishes, and the brown creatures look very pretty as they tumble about. Men and women, boys and girls, all bathe together, but they are all decently clothed in *pareus*; indeed, the people here are very modest and particular in such matters, and no one is allowed to bathe without a *pareu* even in the most secluded spot. The other day I went off by myself to find a quiet place where I might bathe without spectators, but I had not gone far when six children joined in my train. When I had found a nice place with a grove of pandanus-trees for a dressing-room, I told the children to go away; they retreated about a couple of yards and then drew themselves up in a line, to watch my every movement. It was rather trying, but I used the trees as a screen as best I could; and when the dip was over, they again assisted at my dressing with the greatest interest, and were especially charmed when I took a button-hook from my pocket and buttoned my boots with it. At present I

have a little crowd of boys round about me watching my writing with the greatest eagerness and interest!

Louis has had so many gifts brought to him of pigs, fowls, fish, fruit, and vegetables, that he has told the chief that in return he wishes to give a village feast. The chief was much pleased with the idea, and will make all the arrangements for us. It is to consist of four large hogs roasted whole, five bags of flour, and all the tobacco we have left of the quantity that we brought to give away as presents. Louis explained that he meant to give these things just as we were leaving; that he would make his speech, and then walk off to the *Casco* and sail away; but the chief said that would never do, and would, in fact, be impossible. The people would never consent to take these things without giving something in return, and if we insisted, they would even prevent us by kindly force from going away till they had had time to collect their gifts. And yet many people say that they only give that they may get more in return! Certainly our experience has been quite the reverse of that.

We have had *very* heavy and sudden showers of rain and a good deal of thunder every night since Tuesday, so there has been no more sitting on the grass by moonlight; but the days have been fine and delightfully fresh. The people here are a most contented and happy set, rejoicing heartily in their magnificent climate. There used to be a drinking-place in the village, but the chief got it put down, and we never hear of any drinking at all among them. They are very fond of their children, and exceedingly kind to them, but the little things are not spoiled; on the contrary they are carefully taught to be quiet and well-behaved. It is quite a picture to see our gigantic host with a very small grandchild perched on his knee or sitting between his feet, and both looking perfectly happy. By the way, when I said that Ori and his family occupied one room in this house, I ought to have explained that they had really withdrawn to a 'birdcage' house on the other side of the street, only one or two of them sleeping over here.

Monday, November 19.

YESTERDAY was my first Sunday entirely spent on shore at Tautira, so I must give you some account of it. The people are certainly a most church-going set. They begin at 7 A.M., when the service lasts about three-quarters of an hour; it was rather early for me, so I cannot tell you anything about it. The next service is at ten o'clock, and to this I went with the chief's sister; it lasted about an hour, and was much like our own at home, with a good many *hymenés*,^{ss} short prayers, and a short sermon. The inevitable babies, by the way, behaved very well. After service all the people adjourned to the public hall, which is a very large 'birdcage' house, with a dais or platform at one end; and at the further end of this platform there is a long table and a bench on which the chief and the councillors sit, as many as are present. The rest of the people sit on the floor, either on the dais or the lower part, as they prefer; children are admitted, and even dogs, though the latter are never allowed to go into the church. When all are seated the official

newspaper is read aloud for the public benefit, and the Government announcements and ordinances are considered and discussed. It is a veritable 'Parliament House' on a small scale, where any one may give an opinion, ask for advice, or make any matter publicly known; and here yesterday the chief announced that Louis intended to give a feast to the inhabitants of the village to show his gratitude for the kindness with which we had been welcomed and always treated. The notice was received, I am glad to say, with evident satisfaction.

At 3 P.M. I returned to church with 'Mrs. Ori.' A nice-looking young deacon conducted the first part of the service and preached a short sermon, standing the while at the Communion Table; he then retired to the body of the church, the native minister went into the precentor's box, and there followed a long discussion, in which a good many of the men took part, and all seemed closely interested. The minister appeared to reserve the right of reply, and occasionally he called upon different people to give their views. I would have given the world to be able to understand it

all. I have been told that they make great use of ridicule here, and I observed that even in church the man who could turn the laugh against his opponent seemed to gain the day; but Princess Moë comes to-morrow, and through her I hope to find out more about it. . . . It appears that the people usually collect once more, at 8 P.M., in 'Parliament House,' this time to sing *hymenés*; but for some reason which I do not know, this was yesterday omitted, so Ori and his wife sang *hymenés* to us, lying on the floor of our 'salon.' They know a great many by heart, and sing them very prettily; there is a curious quality about their voices, difficult to describe. They still use the word *mitonaree* to mean church membership; they said, for instance, that I was *mitonaree*, and they were both *mitonaree*, but the others were not *mitonaree*. . . .

We were amused to find that when the chief announced Louis's feast in the 'Parliament House,' he called him 'the rich man.' It turns out to be fortunate that we had ordered *four* hogs, for we now learn that the village is divided into four sets, or classes, of people; and according to native etiquette, the gifts

must be divided into four portions, and separately presented to each. The first set consists of the Protestant minister and his regular congregation, or church members; the second, of the chief, the councillors, and the inhabitants generally; the third, of the schoolmaster and school-children; and the fourth, of *Père* Bruno and the Roman Catholics, who are very few in number. It seems an extraordinary system, as many of the people belong to more than one class; for instance, Ori, our host, is both a church deacon and a councillor.

Thursday, November 23.

THE Princess Moë arrived on Tuesday. I wanted to give up my room to her, but Ori would not hear of that, and insisted on turning out of the one room he had hitherto kept for their own use; so she is practically living in our house, and we see a great deal of her and like her very much. She has taught us several new plaits for hat-making, and Fanny and she have 'exchanged names' in the native fashion, which is looked on here as a real bond of relationship. She has given

Fanny her mother's name, *Terii-Tauma-Terai*, part of which word means 'heaven,' I believe, and part is connected with some land in this neighbourhood, and gives Fanny the right to claim it if she has a mind to. In return Fanny gave Moë her own mother's name, which is Hester. Louis and Ori have also 'made brothers' and exchanged names; the name 'Louis' is *Rui* in the native pronunciation, so that Ori only alters his name very slightly. He has given Louis his own Christian name of *Teriitera*. In *making brothers*, they have to eat together, but it is not nearly so formal a ceremony here as at Atuona, when we were adopted by the chief, and the feast was only and solely for us and our new family. The princess has also given Lloyd and me complimentary names, but I am not sure of them yet, and will tell you them later.

Yesterday our 'feast' went off splendidly. Louis's four hogs were roasted whole and wrapped in pieces of matting made of the green leaflets of the cocoa-nut, beautifully braided together. They were laid out in front of the steps up to our verandah, along with four large tin boxes of ship's biscuits, which we decided

to give instead of flour, as the natives are so particularly fond of them. Four o'clock had been fixed as the hour of distribution, but long before that time people began to arrive, all very gaily dressed, and carrying their return gifts with them generally slung upon poles: live pigs and live hens were tied by their feet in this way, and protested loudly against such upside-down treatment. It was a pretty sight from first to last, but the prettiest part of it all was the appearance of the school-children, who marched two and two with the school-master at their head. The children had been to the woods to gather bananas and other fruit, and they also carried them slung from poles balanced on their shoulders like their elders, some of them staggering under the weight; while the schoolmaster brought a basket full of the beautiful rose-apples.⁸⁸ Each set, or party, piled their gifts in a separate heap on the lawn in front of our house, and the people and children sat down in groups upon the grass; but when all were gathered together we discovered to our consternation that there were *five* heaps of presents instead of the four we had been told to expect. It turned

out that a very small body of Mormons—I think six in number—whom the chief had never expected to take separate action, had nevertheless done so, and brought quite a large heap of gifts as their own contribution. You can imagine our perplexity and embarrassment, as there were only four hogs, and it was impossible to make a proper division and presentation to each party as native custom demanded. However, they were very considerate; it was arranged after some discussion that there should only be a general presentation, and they should be left to divide the things amongst themselves as best they could.

So, as soon as this had been settled, Louis, Fanny, and I went to the top of the verandah steps, and he made a speech to them in French, thanking them all in the name of each of his party for the great kindness and hospitality they had shown us, and begging them to accept our small gifts as a token of our gratitude and affection. He mentioned the many different countries that we had been in, and said that of all of them, he liked Tautira best; and that often when we would be sitting over the fire in the midst of the frost

and snow of our own land, we would remember with longing their lovely climate. Then the chief translated it to the people, and an elderly gentleman rose and accepted the gifts in their name with many warm thanks, saying how much they had all been pleased to have us amongst them, and that the longer we stayed the better they would like it.

After this began the presentation of their return gifts to us. There was a separate speech made over each heap, describing what it contained, and begging our acceptance of it; and at the end of the speech, the spokesman walked forward and presented a sample of the gifts and shook hands with us all, and we exchanged *iao-ranos*.* (This is the third, but I believe the correct way, to spell it. You see I live and learn!) The wag of the speakers was the leader of the Mormons, and his speech was most amusing. He described the hens as being descendants of the 'cock that frightened Peter,' and he brought us two eggs and told us to take them home and 'make them into chickens,' and they would always sing us a song that would remind us of Tautira. He

* See note 47.

was evidently a very popular orator, as he was asked to speak for some of the other parties also ; so the Mormons, though few, were quite to the front of the proceedings. One of them had brought a basket of eggs, which are not over plentiful here, and another a very interesting fish-hook in the old style, made of pearl shell.⁸⁹ Louis returned thanks to them all at the end, and so it concluded ; but how I wish you could have seen it, for it was really a pretty sight, and I cannot do justice to it.

We found ourselves, when all was over, the proud possessors of such quantities of food, that we scarcely know what to do with it. We have ten little pigs, twenty-three fowls, and countless cocoa-nuts, bananas, bread-fruits, bundles of *taro*, and pineapples, not to speak of silk-cotton pillows. Ori and the chief's retainers had to gather all together and stow them away for us. They tied the bananas up to the nearest trees, three of which are now heavy-laden with the bunches ; the cocoa-nuts are piled in heaps at the foot, so as to be shaded from the sun. Then they took the bamboos on which the gifts had been carried, and very cleverly made a kind of double pen,



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AGED 4

From a crayon drawing

into one end of which the pigs were put, and into the other the chickens ; and now we are left to eat through the larder at our leisure. Fortunately the live-stock feed on cocoa-nuts and bananas, so they are well provided for, and that will help us through.

Louis is very tired to-day with yesterday's excitement, and hopes he will not have such another experience for many a long day ; he enjoyed it heartily, but it fairly wore him out. Ori tells us that he managed the division of the gifts all right. A whole hog was given to the Mormons, but they very equitably returned one-half of it, and then the church members made common cause with the general inhabitants, and had a hog and a half between them. This solved the difficulty, and all seem to have been well satisfied, which is the great point. Old *Père* Bruno told us that he had enough to serve him for three days at least, and that all the people had got more than they expected. We were thankful to hear this, as it did not look very much amongst so many, and yet it cost about seventeen pounds.

November 28.

HERE we are still, and there is always no word of the *Casco*. We are beginning to get a little anxious about her, and our provisions are running low; we have had no butter for some days, and to-day we had no coffee for breakfast, and the wine is very nearly finished, so I do hope the yacht will come very soon.

Last Saturday, Louis and Fanny and Ori all went to Paupera to visit Tati, the chief of that district; he is a Salmon, a brother of Mrs. Darsie's, and not only of high rank, but very well-informed about native customs and literature. Of course, therefore, Louis was very anxious to see him; but it was a drive of five hours, and we were frightened to let him undertake anything so fatiguing. However, I am thankful to say that he came back on Monday, very tired certainly, but not really the worse of the expedition. They were most kindly received, and Lou got a great deal of information of all kinds; the only thing that he objected to was that they gave him European food instead of native. When

Tati heard that he was so fond of *fei* (the wild banana), he said that Louis would be sure to return to Tahiti, as it was a proof that the island had cast a spell on him.

On Tuesday Moë gave us a grand feast in this house; several men cooked it, and a man and woman waited. Before dinner Moë brought wreaths for the whole party to wear, made of the leaves of a plant which turns bright yellow as it withers; I only wish you could have seen us with them on! We were like a party of Bacchantes, and between you and me, I will confess that I felt more than a little ridiculous in mine. Ori looked better than any one else: with his fine grave face he reminded me of one of the Roman emperors. Here is our bill of fare: 1st course, an omelette; 2nd, crayfish; 3rd, fried chicken; 4th, a native curry of chicken, seasoned with saffron, red peppers, and cocoa-nut; 5th, stewed chicken; 6th, two roast pigs and one roasted fowl. These last were put on the table, and then at once removed, cut up, and handed round. We had cocoa-juice served in the nut to drink, and after dinner tea was served with cocoa-nut milk. Everything was delicious,

especially the curry, which was totally different from any I had ever tasted, not at all hot, and particularly well-flavoured. In the evening we played *High, Low, and Jack*, with the princess, and enjoyed ourselves very much. She is a great deal with us, and always so bright and pleasant and fond of a joke; our presentation pillows lie about on the floor, and when she or other visitors are here, they come in very usefully. Last night, for instance, we taught the princess *vingt-et-un*, and we all sat or lay on the floor while we played, an admiring crowd gazing in at us from door and window all the time.

I am glad to say that Louis keeps really wonderfully well, and this place suits him better than any we have ever tried. For that, as well as many other reasons, we shall be very sorry to leave, but we weary terribly for those longed-for letters!

December 2.

AFTER watching for the yacht all day and every day, almost as eagerly as shipwrecked mariners, a letter at last came from the captain to say that he found the other mast

was rotten also, and must be patched up before we could venture to start for Honolulu. Here was a business, and once more it was a question what we were to do. We felt that we had already 'sorned' far too long on Ori's kindness, and our food, that is, the European part of it, was done; so surely we ought to return at once to Papeete. On the other hand we had not nearly enough money to pay up here and cover our journey to Papeete; the captain keeps the 'bank' on the yacht, and of course that was out of reach. Again, we had no means of conveying all our possessions thither, and this place suits Louis so much better than Papeete that it seemed almost providential that he should be kept here, even against his will. Louis and Fanny both got quite upset and tearful over the discussion which followed in solemn conclave with the chief, Ori, and *Père* Bruno; and finally, after much talk, Ori made a solemn oration to Louis, which was translated to him by the chief, and was to this effect: 'You are my brother, and all that I have is yours. I know that your food is done, but I can give you fish and *fei* as much as you like. This place suits you, and it makes us

happy to have you,—stay here till the *Casco* comes, be happy, *et ne pleurez plus!*'

Louis could not resist this kindness, so here we are, and here we remain; and more than that, Ori went off to Papeete yesterday in his big canoe, and is to return to-morrow with fresh stores for us from the *Casco*. . . .

Tautira, Tahiti,
Dec. 4, 1888.

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THE wind continues very high, so that Ori was prevented from getting back yesterday, and we are a little anxious about him. We are now almost entirely reduced to native foods, and we are learning how good they are and growing really fond of them. The *poi* made of *taro* and eaten with cocoa-nut cream is our favourite, I think; it is like a delightful cream 'shape,' or sort of blancmange, but more substantial and satisfying. Lloyd declares it reminds him of cold porridge, but as that is a dish I do *not* appreciate, I rather resent the comparison. We certainly feel, however, that it is as nourishing and sustaining as porridge—so much I will allow.

I do not believe I told you that Princess Moë, when she arrived, brought with her five—I can scarcely call them servants, let us say—retainers. One is the *proprietor* of her very nice carriage and also the driver of it, and is accompanied by his wife and child. There are also two girls who attend on the princess. They are all of rank and are landed proprietors in Papeete, and have servants to wait on *them*. The princess is on excellent terms with them, but at a certain distance, reminding me strongly of Cluny and *his* retainers: there is just the same intimate, yet stately, relative position. The gentleman whom we call the ‘Charioteer,’ for want of another name (his own is so painfully long and syllabic that it is impossible to remember), was invited to dine with us at Moë’s feast, and he often joins our salon in the evening; his wife occasionally comes with him, but never either of the girls. We suppose they are either of rather lower rank, or their age or employment makes it etiquette not to appear.

On Sunday afternoon the ‘Charioteer’ conducted the services in church, and there was an extra long discussion afterwards, when several

evidently amusing remarks were made and much applauded. In the evening I asked Moë many questions about it all; it appears that on these occasions all the three sermons they have heard in the day are discussed and criticised, and the minister asks questions to see if they have listened and understood the meaning. It seems to me an excellent plan for keeping their attention and interest, and I should like to see it introduced into some country places at home. I asked also what the jokes had been. She told me that one of the sermons was about Nebuchadnezzar, and apparently his being made to eat grass like the beasts, as a punishment for pride, had provoked most of the laughter. Louis here broke in rather flippantly, and asked the princess, 'Where was Moses when the candle went out?' And then our deacon put a question to us that was curious and instructive. He wanted to know 'why Moses was not killed along with the firstborn of the Egyptians.' This would never occur as a difficulty to our minds, but according to their customs of adoption, Moses really was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and therefore himself the firstborn of an Egyptian! He put several

other questions, which we managed to answer with some credit ; and then he asked what was the reason of the 'shaved heads' of the Roman Catholic priests, and started Louis on the ancient history of the tonsure till the 'Charioteer' announced that he was 'a very learned man.' After that, two of the best singers of the church came and sang *hymenés* to us really beautifully, so we had a very Sabbatical evening. As usual, there was a large and admiring audience at doors and windows.

Fanny announces there is one *rôle* in Tahitian life that she will have nothing to do with, and that is the grandmother's. All the burden of the babies falls upon them, in addition to much else, while the young mothers 'laze' about and enjoy themselves. Mrs. Ori, for instance, has two grandchildren, one a little girl of two years and the other a baby of some two months, and she is never to be seen without one of them or both. We always call the little girl G——, because there is something in her serene dignity and the way she folds her hands, that reminds us all of our own dear G—— at home. The little one knows her name quite well now, and has got

over the terrible dread of white faces which all the very young native children feel, just as our own at home are afraid of 'the b'acky man,' as Louis used to say. Children are very happy here, that is certain, and their parents are devoted to them, though the habit of adoption is hard to comprehend. Princess Moë has had five children, but her four daughters were all adopted by others, and left her when they were about a year old; the old Queen Pomare took one, and another was taken by Mrs. Darsie. Moë only kept her one son to herself, and he died at five years old, which was a terrible grief to her; had he lived, he would now have been the next heir to the throne.

The chief and his family are all away just now; they have gone to a place in the mountains where they have land, to superintend its measurement for registration. They are living in a house made entirely of leaves of the cocoa-palm. Moë, I believe, ought to have gone with them last week, but would not leave us; however, on Monday she could put off no longer, and was obliged to go to see after the measurements of her own land. Her retainers have gone with her, and we feel very quiet

and unoccupied. The people of this district all belong to the *Teva* tribe, and hold their heads very high, thinking themselves much better than the *Pomares*, though the latter have been astute enough to have themselves made kings. Quite recently the present *Pomare* tried to prove himself a *Teva* in one of the disputes about land, but failed altogether, when one of the *Tevas* said, 'Let him content himself with being a *Pomare*, for he can never be a *Teva*!' All this was recounted by *Tati* Salmon, the chief of the *Tevas*. Doesn't it remind you of our own Highland clans?

December 5.

THE high wind still continues, and there is no saying when Ori may get back. We only hope he is safe at Papeete, where there are said to be six boats from Tautira and six from Taravao, all waiting at Point Venus for a change of wind, and unable to get home till it comes. We are more than vexed that Ori should go through all this on our account; every one made sure of a change in the weather on Monday, with the new moon; but we were disappointed in our hopes.

Meantime we are all perforce teetotallers, having nothing left of a spirituous character save a bottle of very new rum that Ori gave us; the taste of which, to the unaccustomed palate, is so very unpleasant, that nothing short of the direst necessity will induce us to touch it.

I think what we suffer most from, however, is the want of books. I have only one with me, and Lloyd has none at all, so he has shared mine, and I am sure has read it two or three times entirely through. I said to him one day that I thought he could pass an examination in it now, and he replied, 'Yes, if I just crammed up a few dates and some of the pieces of poetry, I could go in for a first class with honours.' It is the *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*, and very interesting, but I have no doubt you have read it.

December 8.

O RI came back in safety on Thursday evening, bringing our stores, so we are relieved about him, and no longer feel like shipwrecked mariners. He was greatly delighted with his visit to the *Casco*; he had

lived on board from Saturday till Monday, and declared that it was 'just like having a father at Papeete.' He dined with the captain, and 'there was a separate bottle of wine put down for each; the food was so good, and there were so many things, that he had to eat a great deal.' His four young men dined with the sailors. The captain offered him a bed in the cabin, but he thought it was too hot, so he elected to sleep on deck, where the sailors brought him boat cushions; but the captain scolded them, and sent them down for proper pillows. This was his own account, which Moë translated for us. I told her to ask him how he liked the 'duff,' which we always have, in orthodox sea fashion, on Sundays; he replied that he liked it so much that he told the cook just to leave it on the table so that he might eat some more in the morning! To show that his appetite was appreciated on board, I may mention that the captain tells us in his letter that after the *Colonel* (as Louis often calls Ori) had eaten his first dinner on board, Ah Fou said, 'Him must leave dam quick, or else bust um bank!'—meaning that the *Casco* stores would be

exhausted. The inhabitants of this peninsula pride themselves on their good appetites, and they certainly have reason.

The chief, with his family and Moë, returned from the hills on Wednesday, but Moë found a letter from the king waiting her arrival (addressed '*To the great Princess at Tautira, P. V.*,' these letters standing for *Pomare 5th*), which desired her to go at once to Papeete, so she and all her people left yesterday morning. She may perhaps return in the *Casco* when it comes for us, along with her daughter, Mrs. Norman Brander. We hear that the captain hopes to be ready to start by the beginning of the week. The complimentary name, by the way, that was given to me by Moë is *Teiriha*, and the one for Lloyd is *Aromai-terai*; they both mean 'members of the royal family.'

Monday, December 10.

THIS letter is at the best but a bundle of fragments, but as there is a chance to send it off for the mail, I shall let it go. I have come to an end of my envelopes and very nearly of my paper; it is high time for

the *Casco* to come and replenish me. However I sincerely hope this is the last letter I shall write to you from Tahiti, and I trust that before I send off another I shall have got my longed-for news of you. . . .

CONCLUSION

Tautira, Tahiti,
Dec. 16, 1888.

HERE we are, still hanging on waiting for the *Casco*: since we have had no more letters from the captain, we made sure that he would come this week. We got a *begowk* on Friday evening, for we saw a schooner come pretty close in, and felt sure it was the *Casco*; we supposed that the captain was afraid to venture through the reef so late at night, and that he would lie off, and come in on Saturday morning. But when morning came there was no sign of him, so it cannot have been the *Casco* after all.

We have had a quiet week, with only two events to mark it. On Monday afternoon a lot of boys and girls adorned with wreaths, and singing, passed the house in a little company. On inquiry, it appeared that they had

played truant from school, and the school-master had sent them to the 'Council' for punishment. Ori took them to the *Farihanu*, or Parliament-house, and lectured them severely; and then sentenced them to weed the grass, the ringleader for ten days, some of the others for five, and the little ones for three. Lou declares that the wreaths and songs were to keep their spirits up, on the 'highwaymen marching to Tyburn' principle!

The next event was the arrival of two French gentlemen to examine the school, and with them, acting as interpreter, came our good friend from Fakarava, M. Donat! We were so happy to meet again, though unfortunately he could only spare us a very few minutes. We all attended the examination; but I am sorry to say that the Tautira children do *not* shine at lessons! They seem to take no interest in them at all; though the examiners were most kind and patient, they could make but little out of them. Strangely enough, arithmetic was the one thing that they did seem to know something about, which is very unlike our country children at home. It is only fair, however, to remember that no one

reads here, and I do not think any one but *Père* Bruno has any books, except the Bible, so the children can't see much use or good in learning.

This has been another Communion Sunday here. It should have been on the first Sunday of the month, but the 'Missionary' is ill, and they could get no one to take his place until to-day. I little thought that I should have another opportunity of 'keeping the feast' with my good friends, but so it has been, and much shaking of hands we had when all was over. How often I shall remember it, when I am far away!

Fanny has turned this house into a veritable picture-gallery. First she did a silhouette of Ori by taking the shadow of his head on the wall, with the help of a lamp, drawing the outline, and then filling it in with Indian ink. This was for us to carry away with us; but it turned out so good that Ori demanded to have all *our* likenesses in return, and she has been hard at work to satisfy him, Lou doing the outline of her own head for her. All are really good, but I think mine is the greatest success of the lot, and I wished my dear

T—— could have seen it. He was never quite satisfied with what he called ‘ordinary’ photographs of me! Louis has printed under them all our names, both English and native. On his own he has put,

‘Teriitera,

‘Robert Louis Stevenson,

‘and party, came ashore from yacht *Casco*, November 1888; and were two months the guests of Ori, to whom, having little else, they gratefully bequeathed their shadows in memoriam.’

Under Fanny’s various names is added, ‘Made these shadows for the house of Ori the tall, December 1888.’

Friday, Dec. 21,
9.30 A.M.

HURRAH! a sail in sight; we trust it is the *Casco*, and are thankful, for last night was stormy, and we were very anxious about her. We hear that Moë and her daughter are on board. . . . It was not the *Casco* after all! but in the evening a white speck appeared on the horizon, which was pronounced to be a *pahi*,

and on Saturday morning it was still there, and coming nearer, till about 11 A.M. the *Casco* cast anchor within the reef, and we were no longer shipwrecked mariners. Moë had not come after all, business detained her, but she sent many messages to us all.

*On board the 'Casco,' at sea,
Dec. 27, 1888.*

AS soon as the *Casco* arrived, Lloyd, Valentine, and I came on board, so as to give the Ori family more use of their house; but Louis and Fanny stayed on shore till the last moment. The captain required a free day to tighten the rigging, so it was arranged that we should make a start on Tuesday, Christmas Day. On Sunday we all dined with Ori, as he was most anxious to entertain the captain in return for his hospitality at Papeete. We had a pair of fowls stuffed and cooked by Fanny, two roast pigs, and a pudding, also made by Fanny, and everything was very good indeed. Ori, I may remark, has the greatest respect for Fanny's cooking powers, and just quietly insisted that she should prepare the things for his feast! We of course provided the fruit, etc., for the

pudding, as well as bread and champagne. On Monday Ori, his wife, and the two adopted sons, Paerai and Terii, lunched on board with us, on salt beef, salt pork (*salt* things are a great treat to them), and an immense plum-pudding. We were also very busy packing and transporting our goods to the *Casco*.

On Tuesday morning I went ashore about 9 A.M., and found everybody in a most depressed condition; poor Madame Ori, weeping in a bedroom, and Ori himself with tears filling his eyes, and just ready to overflow. Lloyd and I went to church with Ori and the chief's niece, and found quite a Sunday congregation,—indeed they go to church just as on a Sunday, and think it wrong to do any work on Christmas Day. After church a number of the congregation came to say good-bye, sitting round the room and on the verandah, as sad and solemn as if they were at a funeral. We only managed to slip out for a few minutes to snatch a farewell visit to *Père* Bruno and the chief. At 11.30 the captain came with the boat to take us off, our final adieus had to be said, and we tore ourselves sorrowfully away from the kind friends and

the lovely place where we had spent two happy months. Heavy rain came on after we got on board; but in spite of that, Ori and many of the people, both young and old, gathered under the trees, at the place whence they could watch our departure. It was about 2.30 before all was ready and the wind favourable; we then weighed anchor, and as we passed out through the reef the captain fired thirteen shots from his rifle and the flag was thrice dipped in a farewell salute. Seven shots were fired from the shore in answer, and we replied with another three: while we all stood on the deck frantically waving our handkerchiefs to the friends whom we could still see watching us. We could not tear ourselves away till they were quite out of sight. The rain was over by this time, and the sun shone on our departure; but it was a very sad Christmas Day, and we do not wish to make so long a stay at any other place,—it makes the parting too trying. . . .

We did our best to cheer up at dinner, and had a game at whist in the evening, but it was half-hearted work.

I must tell you, while I think of it, a *bon mot*

of Ori's. Louis was telling him about his father and the 'Northern Lights'; when Ori, with a wave of his hand towards the portraits, immediately said, '*He* made lights, and *she* (Fanny) makes shadows.' Louis knows a good deal of Tahitian now, and can make himself understood with only the occasional aid of diagrams; and he and Ori have had long conversations. Ori always wanted to know 'all about' Lou, and was very anxious, to be sure, that he correctly understood what was said. One evening he asked Louis how much he made by his books, and when he was told what *Kidnapped* brought in the first year, he could not believe that there was not some mistake, and though it was 10 P.M., went off to bring the chief as interpreter, and make *sure*. As they scarcely ever read themselves, it must be strange, and almost incredible to them, that book-making should be a paying occupation! *Père* Bruno, by the way, told Louis two things that I think are worthy of being preserved. On the Saturday before we left, it chanced that one or two of our friends from Papeete arrived in Tautira on a pleasure trip. Some of the natives promptly told *Père*

Bruno that the French Government had sent these gentlemen to tell 'the rich man' (Louis), that he must leave on the Sunday. He replied that he would on no account sail on Sunday, and that he would not leave till it suited his own convenience. He was then told that if he did not leave on Sunday he must pay a heavy fine for every day that he remained on the island. To this the 'rich man' replied that a fine was nothing to him, and he did not care a pin for it, and the story-tellers wound up with, '*Voilà un homme comme il faut!*' *Père* Bruno, even, was perplexed by so circumstantial an account, and asked if there were any foundation for it, which of course there was not.

The other thing is that this same *Père* Bruno is going to take Louis as the text of a sermon! I think this should delight Cummy's heart when she hears of it, and I wonder how often Lou is to appear in the pulpit, either in person or through his books. This time he is to be held up to the people of Tautira because he was so cheerful and uncomplaining during all his stay there, 'though he had to put up with many things that must have been hardships

to him'; and then his style of dress is to be held up as an example: 'he only wore what was useful and necessary, and never went in for anything ornamental or extravagant'!! Louis is delighted that he has *at last* found someone who appreciates his taste in dress, and wishes he could have a copy of the sermon to send to some of his scoffing friends. I may here privately mention that *I* think his dress should rather have been held up as a beacon to warn than an example to imitate, seeing that he seldom wore anything but a pyjama suit intended only for sleeping in, very badly shaped, and *dreadfully* unbecoming!

Well, we spent nine weeks in all at Tautira, and so far as Lou's health is concerned, the long detention has proved a blessing. The change in him is something marvellous; all the first week he was in bed with constant cough, high fever, and all the worst symptoms, and now he is better than I have known him since 1879, is able for a good long walk, and has been for some time bathing in the sea almost every day. His appetite, too, has been splendid—worthy of a *Teva*; he has been able to write a good deal and has nearly finished *The Master*,

and we think and hope that he is a little fatter even than when he was in the Marquesas, which was the highest level he had hitherto reached. All this makes us start on our journey northward—and in the long-run homeward—in a very thankful frame of mind.

December 30.

WE are having delightful weather and are fully enjoying our 'summer cruise in the South Seas,' though it has lingered on into midwinter. No one has been sick, and we have fallen back into our former routine, even to the *Decline and Fall*. We do not make very rapid progress, it is true, but I for one prefer a long and pleasant voyage to a short stormy one. On Thursday we passed two of the Paumotus group, *Makatea* and *Tikahau*, but there was so little wind that it was impossible to get through the reef and make a landing, as we would have liked to do. On Friday we sighted the mail-steamer *en route* to Papeete, and tried to get near enough to speak her; however, after coming towards us for a while she seemed to change her mind, and returned to her course. . . . The heat is

greater than we have had yet, while at sea. In the heat of the day the wood of the deck *almost* burns our hands and feet, and the brass would *quite* do so, if we did not avoid it. We do not light the lamp in the cabin in the evening now, because it overheats it so much; so we spend the evening on deck, and though there is no moonlight at present, the stars are so brilliant we scarcely miss it. Venus casts a broad reflection on the water, quite like a young moon, but I fear we have seen the last of the Southern Cross, as just now it does not rise till four in the morning. I have only just discovered two facts that may amuse you. While at Tautira I noticed three stars that looked very like Orion's belt, but declared it could not be him, as he had neither shoulder nor knee, nor his dog running after him. But soon after we started I discovered Orion all complete, and I discovered too that the reason I had not recognised him before was that he was standing on his head! The other thing that puzzled us was a beautiful constellation of small but very bright stars, exactly, as Louis said, like an old-fashioned diamond brooch, which in Tahitian bears the pretty name of

‘little eyes.’ This now turns out to be our Pleiades. I suppose it is the extreme clearness of the atmosphere that makes the individual stars look so much larger that we none of us recognised it.

January 1, 1889.

ANOTHER lovely night after a hot summer day. It is hard to believe that this is New-Year’s Day, and harder to realise what this day was last year at Saranac, when we shivered amidst the surrounding snows. How like a dream that part of our trip seems now!

We had a very quiet day, and the only notable event was that we had stewed duck for lunch, the last of our fresh meat. Louis dined with us—he generally takes his meals in the after-cabin for the sake of greater coolness,—and our dinner consisted of salt beef, salt pork, a stew of tinned mutton, vegetables, duff, and champagne, in which you may be sure we drank to you all at home. In the evening, as a mild excitement, we played ‘what is my thought like’ in the starlight. I am sorry to say, however, that they promise

us a change of weather with the new moon.

January 6.

THAT promised change came, with a vengeance. Since Tuesday night the weather has been very unpleasant, squalls of wind, rain pouring as it only can in the tropics, thunder and lightning, hail and gloom. For two whole days we were shut up in the cabin, and got through the time as best we could with the help of Gibbon, hat-plaiting, and cards. I am also reading Laurence's life, and enjoying it very much. Though we have had more than enough wind, it has never been from quite the right quarter, and our progress is terribly slow. We ought to be nearing Honolulu (and our letters!) by this time, and instead we have not yet crossed the line; I wonder when we shall be in harbour once more; and I wonder, too, how our stores, at any rate of luxuries, will hold out. When we left Tautira, Ori gave us a boatload of fruit and vegetables, which have been a great boon, but unfortunately the rain has spoiled the bananas, and the mangos too are on their last legs. The vegetables are

almost finished, but we still have cocoa-nut cream for our coffee.

January 13.

‘**L**OOK out for squalls’ is a phrase I shall never again make use of in the light and easy way I have done hitherto. It has been too much the order of the day of late, and squalls are not the pleasantest companions. In fact for several days we have had nothing but alternate squalls and calms, and have made no progress. Yesterday and to-day have been a little better—the squalls have quieted to a boisterous but uncertain breeze—and we have at last crossed the line, though our best run was only 130 miles in the twenty-four hours, and we are still a long way from Honolulu. To-day the wind has dropped again, and we are in the Doldrums, and shall do little till we pick up the North-east Trades. As long as the weather is fine we do not mind, or rather *would* not mind, our slow progress, were it not that we begin to fear our stores will run short if the voyage lasts much more than another week. However, there is no need to anticipate trouble. . . .

January 20.

ON Thursday we got fairly into the Trades, and have been flying along at a great rate ever since, making 170 miles in the first twenty-four hours, and 230 in the twenty-four ending to-day. But I cannot call it 'pleasure sailing,' as it has been a 'beam sea' all the time, and we are tired out with the constant holding-on and effort required to keep oneself fairly steady. Such a knocking-about is very fatiguing after a time, and there is no rest night or day. The spray comes over so much that it is almost impossible to sit in the cockpit; and last night, though only a small bit of the lee side of the cabin skylight was open, a bucket of water poured itself straight on to my head at 3.30 this morning, and I awoke, screaming and soaked. I took refuge on the floor, and presently saw the same thing exactly happen to Lloyd. Fanny suffers a good deal from sea-sickness, and declares that when only she reaches Honolulu, she is going *ashore* and never means to leave it again. The captain has bad earache in both ears, so we shall not be sorry when the voyage comes to an end, which we hope it may do by Tuesday. And

then for six months' supply of letters and papers!

Louis, by the way, declares I have not given you at all a proper description of his usual attire at Tautira—and that it was far more artistic and less conventional than I described! Well;—I wish I could send you a sketch of it . . . this *en passant*, and suggested by the fact that since Thursday we have felt it much colder, and have had to put on more clothing. I was rather amused to find that the thermometer in the captain's cabin stood at 84°, when we thought it so cold!—but as it had been 98° before, a drop of 14° and a high wind were bound to be felt. One thing we have all realised lately, and that is the loneliness of this great ocean; we have been four weeks out and have only seen a single sail. It gives one some idea of the hopelessness of expecting help should anything go wrong, and makes one more than ever thankful for our safety hitherto.

Tuesday, Jan. 22.

YESTERDAY morning at 10.30 we sighted Hawaii, a lofty mountain with white clouds wreathed about it, above which



MRS. STEVENSON IN 1889

WEARING A WREATH GIVEN TO HER BY KING KALAKAANA, ON LEAVING HONOLULU

From a photograph by Mr W. Crooke, Edinburgh

its head was lifted. We were spinning along at such a rate that the captain quite thought we should reach Honolulu by the evening, and we were pleasantly excited. But alas! when we got under the lee of the land the wind fell; and this morning we are becalmed and only a little further north than the bay where Captain Cook was murdered. This side of Hawaii is very bleak and treeless, with high cliffs, and it is hard to be stopped when we are so near port, but I am thankful to say our food supplies have held out. That is to say, we have still salt beef and macaroni and tinned tomatoes, and pickles and jam; and we have a *very* little flour and coffee and sugar. But the captain is suffering much from earache, and both Louis and Valentine are threatened with the same, so you may imagine how we long to 'get in.'

Wednesday, 1 p.m.—We are slowly drawing nearer to Honolulu. We have now three small islands on our right, Maui, Lanai, and that sad tomb of the living, Molokai; and far ahead we can see the very striking outline of Oahu. We hope to land in time for dinner, and are longing for some fresh food and our letters. God grant

this long waited for news of you all may be good news and happy.

Honolulu, Friday, 25.

AFTER all it was 3 P.M. on Thursday, 24th, before the calms allowed us to cast anchor in the harbour of Honolulu. Our luncheon that last day consisted of salt beef and biscuit, for all else had given out; so you see we narrowly escaped 'starvation diet,' and I must confess our dinner that night at the hotel seemed to me the very finest banquet of which I had ever partaken. But, oh dear me, this place is so civilised! And to come back from Tautira to telephones and electric light is at first very bewildering and unpleasant. I grant the conveniences, but we realise that our happy cruise in the South seas has come to an end. Thank God, the end is a happy one, and we are met by good news of all we love. But it is the end, nevertheless.

NOTES

1. *Pilot-birds*. After long inquiry it has been found impossible to trace this name satisfactorily, or to discover to what species of bird it is properly applied. From what Mrs. Stevenson says, and from the following note in her son's diary—'To the limit of the north-east trades we carried some attendant pilot-birds, silent, brown-suited, quakerish fellows, infinitely graceful on the wing; dropping at times in comfortable, sheltered hollows of the swell; running awhile in the snowy footmarks on the water before they rise again in flight' (*Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, ii. 43)—it is probable that the birds referred to are some variety of petrel, these birds being so called from their habit of 'walking' on the water, in reference to the disciple St. Peter. But there is no record of the name of 'pilot-bird' being used for any petrel. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* there is no 'pilot-bird' to be found; it is not included in the *Dictionary of Birds*, and Professor Newton (the author of that work) does not know the name. In Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, edited by Annandale, there is the following: '*Pilot-bird*—a kind of bird found in the Caribbee Islands, so called because its presence out at sea indicates to seamen their approach to these islands' (Crabb). This reference, however, is to a work published in 1823, which gives no further particulars. It seems probable that the name is one loosely used by seamen, for the reason given by Crabb; and possibly, but not certainly, applied to some variety of petrel.

2. *Mumu and Holaku*. These two garments are the ordinary wear of women of all classes, white and native, throughout many of the islands of the South Seas. The *mumu* is a long chemise, reaching the ground so as to replace a petticoat, and generally edged with a flounce; the *holaku*, a loose, full 'sacque' hanging from a yoke, with open or hanging sleeves,

and frequently a train. It is better known in America as a 'Mother Hubbard,' and is worn, like the *mumu*, quite unconfined. Together, they make up a costume peculiarly adapted to the climate and the life, in its absence of restraint or pressure anywhere; while its appearance is graceful, becoming, and, in the brilliant colours beloved of the native, eminently picturesque.

3. *Boatswain Birds*. The boatswain, better known as the tropic-bird, is a kind of tern or sea-swallow, and is related to the frigate or man-o'-war birds of tropical waters. It belongs to the *Phaetonides*, and the species alluded to is *Phaeton rubricauda*. The plumage is white, with two long, filamentous, red-tipped tail-feathers, from which (it is said) the sailors call it the boatswain-bird, these feathers being supposed to resemble a marline-spike. I have also found its shrill, whistling cry suggested as an explanation. They also call it 'teaser,' and some similar names, arising from its manner of attacking other birds and forcing them to drop their food, which they seize as it falls before it reaches the water. The two long tail-feathers were a favourite native decoration throughout the South Sea Islands, and are frequently alluded to. Melville says, 'The splendid long tail-feathers of the tropical-bird . . . were disposed in an immense, upright semicircle upon his head, their lower extremities being fixed in a crescent of guinea-beads which spanned the forehead' (*Residence in the Marquesas*, p. 84). In Ratzel's *History of Mankind* (i. 197) it is stated that 'at one time no article of commerce was in such demand in the Society Islands. The feathers were stuck on to banana leaves, bound on the forehead. . . . In the Marquesas, and Easter Island also, feather diadems were worn.' Specimens from the Austral Islands are in the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art.

4. *Nuka-hiva and the Marquesas*. These islands have been so repeatedly 'discovered' and named, that in self-defence, one would think, they have reverted to their native appellations. The South-Eastern cluster (which includes *Hiva-oo* or *Dominica*) was discovered in 1595 by Mendano, who gave each island a Catholic and Spanish baptism, and called the group the Marquesas, in honour of the Marquis Mendoza, viceroy of

Peru ; but it was not till 1792 that the North - Western division, including Nuka-hiva, was surveyed by Hergest in the *Dædalus*, on his way from Falkland Islands to Hawaii. He also named the islands he visited, as did Marchand, very soon after ; and this North - Western division has been variously known as Hergest's, Ingram's, and the Washington Group, though it is now properly incorporated with the Marquesas. Nuka-hiva at one time acquired some notoriety as the place where Captain Porter refitted his privateer during the American war, and in his book there are interesting, though not very reliable, accounts of the island as he found it.

The history of the group has been of late years 'much complicated by the coming and going of the French. At least twice they have seized the Archipelago, at least once deserted it ; and in the meantime the natives pursued, almost without interruption, their desultory, cannibal wars' (R. L. S., *In the South Seas*, p. 72). Melville's *Residence in the Marquesas* begins with the seizure of the islands by the French, under Du Petit-Thouars, in 1842 ; and they 'still retain a nominal protectorate over the islands, with a resident and a small garrison at Nuka-hiva. Since 1861, however, French colonisation has been virtually abandoned' (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, xv. 564). Ellis describes them as mountainous and fertile, but adds that 'the land capable of cultivation . . . is comparatively small, as they are not protected, like most others in the Pacific, by coral reefs. The sea extends to the base of the mountains, and thus prevents the formation and preservation of that low border of prolific alluvial soil so valuable to the Society Islanders. Deep, wide, and extensive valleys abound in the islands, and are the general places where the inhabitants abide' (*Researches*, iii. 313). Their cannibalism is undoubted, and according to Krusenstern 'in times of famine men butcher their wives, children, and aged parents. They bake and stew their flesh, and devour it with the greatest satisfaction.' It is believed, however, that cannibalism was *generally* confined to victims slain or taken captive in war, to those offered as special sacrifices to the gods, or at least to such as belonged to other tribes or valleys ; but it must be confessed that this is difficult to prove. Even in Ellis's time, the population of the islands was

diminishing, and both the physical and moral character of the people was said to have deteriorated; though he adds that, physically considered, the Marquesans are among the most perfect of the human species. His own experience of them was limited to such as lived in other islands. These he found gay, thoughtless, vivacious, and somewhat impatient of confinement or teaching, but with none of the ferocity he expected; while at the same time he bears witness to the universal report of their debased morals, extreme licentiousness, and racial propensity to theft, quarrelsomeness, and murder. Each valley or tribe was for itself against its neighbour; each chief was autocratic, and the cannibal priesthood supreme. The French, as has been said, for a long time did not penetrate beyond the seaboard, and made no effort to check the inter-tribal wars; it was long before missionaries could settle in the land, and longer before their teaching took the most partial effect. Dordillon, the popular Roman Catholic bishop, did indeed do good work amongst the natives during his life, but it is doubtful how far his influence was permanent in effect; and a recent writer has said, 'One cannot but regretfully conclude that civilisation and Christianity have done them much physical harm and but little moral good' (Becke, *Wild Life in Southern Seas*). When to this we add, 'The efforts of missionaries, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, have hitherto proved of little avail in seriously converting them to Christianity, or in improving their moral and social condition' (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, xv. 564), and that in a recent volume (*Sunshine and Surf*, Hall and Osborne, published 1901) it is stated that the population of Tai-o-hae, once a large and thriving native town, is now under a hundred, all told; and that Anaho, still populous at the time of the Stevenson visit, has since been 'wiped out' by smallpox, the history of the islands, past, present, and to come, is indicated. It is probable that in a very few years the Marquesans as a race will be practically extinct.

5. *Tai-pi-ki-kano*, 'high-water and mean.' The name of the chief of Anaho is written in later letters 'Taipi-Kikino,' and a better and more comprehensible translation of this is suggested by R. L. Stevenson, in his volume *In the South Seas*,

p. 46: ' . . . *Highwater-man-of-no-account*, or, Englishing more boldly, *Beggar-on-horseback*.'

6. *Tattooing*. The system of tattooing is closely connected with the *tapu*, and like it has religious and social significance. Stevenson calls it the only thing in the Marquesas that now indicates difference of rank: in the early records it was already observed that the finest designs were used only for chiefs and priests. Both in the Marquesas and the Paumotus Islands the common people were tattooed principally about the loins in coarse and simple lines; while the *tapu* or high-chief classes were ornamented with large, interlaced, circular markings that covered the entire body. With the priests it was carried to the extremest degree; it is said that even the most tender parts were tattooed, and that no extent of natural skin was left anywhere visible. Certain designs on the face were specially significant of rank and of inherited chieftdom. Women were much less tattooed than men, save when they themselves ranked as chiefs, when they were always exempt from the usual limitations of their sex; as in the case, elsewhere mentioned and described, of Queen Vaekehu. Melville states that when he lived in the Marquesas, now more than fifty years ago, the young girls were but slightly tattooed on face and shoulders, and on marrying or bearing children, were further ornamented on the hands and feet. In fact, he looks on the tattooed hand and foot as practically a badge of wedlock, and never saw it upon an unmarried girl. There probably are, or were, many such distinctions that have been lost along with the ceremonials of other days; for in the Marquesas, at any rate, tattooing was so closely and constantly connected with cannibalism, that it has now been strictly forbidden by the French authorities. There are many islands, however, where it is still practised, though possibly not to as great a perfection, the Marquesas being considered pre-eminent.

The designs are carried out with what may be roughly described as mallet and chisel. 'Some of the implements terminated in a single fine point, and, like very delicate pencils, were employed in giving the finishing touches, or in operating on the more sensitive parts of the body. Others presented several points distributed in a line, somewhat resembling the

teeth of a saw, . . . some presented their teeth disposed in small figures, . . . and I observed a few the handles of which were mysteriously curved, as if intended to be introduced into the orifice of the ear' (Melville, *Residence in the Marquesas*, p. 240). The commonest form was perhaps the sharply serrated 'hoe,' or the single shark's tooth bound to a convenient handle, and with these, the paddle-shaped mallet. No doubt, however, a skilled tattooer, artist as he must have been, adapted and invented his instruments to suit himself.

When ready to work, the colouring, already prepared from the ashes of the candle-nut (*Aleuritis triloba*), mixed with vegetable juices, was placed close at hand in a cocoa-nut bowl; the puncturing instrument was constantly dipped into it and the colouring thus carried into the skin at each blow of the mallet. The resulting mark was dark, nearly black. There is no mention of other tints, but saffron was sometimes rubbed into the skin to heighten the effect, and it was usual to smear red and black paint over the tattooing for all festivities, as it was also customary to cut and hack the arms and legs with sharp shells in time of mourning. In extreme old age tattooing turns green, and seems to shrink or blend together, till the designs carried out in youth and carefully 'touched up' and preserved all through life, become blurred and indistinct, and finally the whole skin resembles a scaly, greenish hide. But the tattooing of a Marquesan of good birth, through extremely painful and even dangerous while being carried out, is in its way an undoubted work of art, and has been described even by an European as 'handsomely setting off a handsome man.'

7. Another similar *tabu* is mentioned in Melville's book on the Marquesas, p. 13. In speaking of his arrival at Nuka-hiva, he writes: 'At that time I was ignorant of the fact that by the operation of the "taboo" the use of canoes in all parts of the island is rigorously prohibited to the female sex, for whom it is death even to be seen entering one when hauled on shore; consequently whenever a Marquesan lady voyages by water, she puts in requisition the paddles of her own fair body.' R. L. Stevenson says, '*Tapu* encircled women on all hands. Many things were forbidden to men; to women we may say that few were permitted. They must not sit on the *pac-pae*;

they must not go up to it by the stair ; they must not eat pork ; they must not approach a boat ; they must not cook at a fire which any male had kindled' (p. 49). It would be better, perhaps, to put the statement in another form ; for women were not so much debarred from all that was *tapu*, as themselves a class that was '*un-tapu*,' or '*incapable of tapu*,' which is practically '*not noble*,' with a strongly attached religious signification. Only the *tapu* classes go to heaven, which is the land of ancestors, or of souls, in the Marquesan legend Hawaiiiki ; for, according to their story of the Creation, their islands were in the beginning raised by divine force from that underworld which in varying forms is the legendary origin of nearly all Polynesia. Thereafter, 'a woman' gave birth to the sea and the germs of beasts and plants, the lower order of things ; while men and fish were ejected from the caverns in which they were shut up, by volcanic outbursts (*History of Mankind*, i. 313). The *tapu* or noble classes were in close connection with the gods ; their souls, when they died, went to heaven where the gods live, and returned thence to be embodied in the various orders of priests. For them were the sacrificial orgies, the great ceremonials for which, it may be supposed, the cyclopean 'high places' of the past were built ; for them was cannibalism in its religious forms and as tribal revenge. Only a woman holding a chief's rank was exempt from the ban laid on her sex : all others were *un-tapu*, they and 'their male attendants, and all singers and dancers' (*ib.* p. 280). It has become, of course, in the passing of time, singularly complicated ; but in the beginning *tapu* was no more than the practical expression of the laws of religion, and class, and sex, as they understood them.

8. *Wild Chickens*. Melville, in his book on the Marquesas, written in 1846, says that in the valley of Tior (? his spelling is unreliable) 'there were a considerable number of fowls . . . the progeny of some cocks and hens accidentally left there by an English vessel, and which, being taboo, flew about in an almost wild state . . .' (p. 246). Hence, probably, the 'wild chickens' mentioned by Mrs. Stevenson.

9. *Pigs*. The pigs of Polynesia are referred to in almost every book upon the subject. They were one of the four

species of animals found in Tahiti by Cook, the others being dogs, rats, and lizards ; but the present breed is much changed from the original native sort, which is described as long-legged, hairy, and singularly clean. Lady Brassey (*Tahiti*, p. 49) mentions the tameness of the pigs in that island, and says that they are frequently kept as pets. 'In Papeete it is by no means uncommon to meet ladies walking along with their little favourites carefully brushed and combed, with dainty blue or red rosettes and bows on their necks and tails, and led by a long ribbon, like the pug-dogs in some old Dutch pictures.' R. L. Stevenson, however, describes the Marquesan pigs as more enterprising : 'Many islanders live with their pigs as we do with our dogs ; both come around the hearth with equal freedom : and the island pig is a fellow of activity . . . and sense. He husks his own cocoa-nuts, and (I am told) rolls them into the sun to burst ; he is the terror of the shepherd. Mrs. Stevenson, senior, has seen one fleeing to the woods with a lamb in his mouth . . .' (*In the South Seas*, p. 91).

In the legendary lore of the South Seas, which is so charmingly ready to account for the origin of all things, there is a quaint little story. It is related that when the gods first made the world and all that dwelt therein, pigs went upright, and men, like other beasts, on all fours. This however displeased the birds and reptiles, who said, 'Shall we be subject to a thing that crawls on four legs, because he be called man?' And they met together and made a great talking. The lizard said, 'Let the pig and the man change with one another,' but the wagtail (*sic*) said 'Not so.' . . . And the lizard crawled up a palm-tree, and from its branches dropped right on to the pig's back, and drove the breath from his body, so that he fell on all fours with a *humph*, and behold, he has never since got back his breath or walked on his hind feet. . . .

10. *Kooamua*. Robert Louis Stevenson says of him : 'Late leader of a war upon the French, late prisoner in Tahiti, and last eater of long-pig in Nuka-hiva. Not many years have elapsed since he was seen striding along the beach of Anaho, a dead man's arm across his shoulder. "So does Kooamua to his enemies!" he roared to the passers-by, and took a bite from the raw flesh . . .' (*In the South Seas*, pp. 46, 47). Mrs.

Stevenson barely does justice to this remarkable gentleman!

11. *Idols*. These were many and varied, but may be roughly divided into two classes. In one of these there was some attempt to represent (artificially) a human form, as in the example mentioned in the Letters, and the great idols set up beside the altars of the *maraes*, or temples, in the Marquesas, in Tahiti, and on a still huger scale in Easter Island and elsewhere. In the other class the god was embodied in some natural object—as a tree, a stone, an animal, or even a strip of matting. There were frequently, however, connecting-links between these two divisions, as when idols were carved to represent gods that were also embodied in natural forms: for instance, Melville in his book on the Marquesas (p. 194) speaks of ‘the half of a broken war-club wrapped in ragged bits of white *tappa*, and the upper part, intended to represent a human head, embellished by a strip of scarlet cloth. . . . This funny little image was the crack god of the island; its name was *Moa Artua*.’ At the same time, however, *Atua Mao* (as it is correctly written), the Shark-god, was worshipped in his natural form of the blue-shark (*Squalus Glaucus*), and had in his honour both priests and *maraes*. It is noticeable in many cases, that the carved idol does not always or necessarily represent the natural form in which the god is said to be embodied, but rather attempts a rude suggestion of the human figure. It must be added, however, that the Polynesian has some dim notion of a deity too great or too remote to reproduce, and that in his mythology it is only the gods who partake of the nature of man who are directly honoured with idols and temples. *Vatea*, *Father-of-the-gods*, and his mother *The-very-beginning*, who lives in *The-mute-land*, are above or beyond any tangible form of worship.

12. *Marquesan dancing*. This gymnastic display is found also in Tahiti, where ‘one man would jump and stand on the shoulders of the man in front of him, then a man would leap on to another man’s neck, and they would simulate men on horse-back’ (*Sunshine and Surf*, Hall and Osborne, p. 48).

In the *History of Mankind* (Ratzel, English translation by Butler, i. 192, 193) are illustrations of two pairs of Mar-

quesan dancing-stilts. One pair appears to have been fastened to the feet; the other, of bamboo, is furnished with long handles as a support to the dancer. Both are finely carved with grotesque figures in high relief, and in the bamboo pair there seem to be bands or wrappings of *tapa* or grass. Circlets or bands of woven and plaited grass, or sometimes of leaves, are the usual marks of *tapu*. Dancing-ornaments of human hair are mentioned further on by Mrs. Stevenson, and specimens may be seen in the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art.

13. *Manners*. If for 'manners' we read 'morals' this may be taken as rather understating the case, according to the evidence of all who know anything of the islands. The Marquesans bear a bad name even among South Sea Islanders, and seem in this respect incorrigible. But the courtesy and gracefulness of their *manners* has always been admitted, and it has been remarked that 'Marquesan girls are immoral, but very seldom immodest.' Too much importance, however, must not be ascribed to this. 'It is optimism to take for morality the indignation shown by South Sea girls at trifling violations of custom' (*History of Mankind*, i. 293).

14. *Piper's news*. An old Scots expression, said to originate from the fact that formerly the pipers travelling about the country from clachan to clachan and house to house were the great purveyors of news and gossip. Naturally, however, being so constantly repeated and carried by so many, the news was often 'stale'; hence the answer to any one repeating an old story, 'That's *piper's news*.'

15. Or at least cannibalism open and unashamed. It is difficult to find any definite statement on the matter. R. L. Stevenson says: 'Two or three years ago, the people of a valley seized and slew a wretch who had offended them. His offence, it is to be supposed, was dire; they could not bear to leave their vengeance incomplete; and, under the eyes of the French, they did not dare to hold a public festival. The body was accordingly divided; and every man retired to his own house to consummate the rite in secret, carrying his proportion of the dreadful meat in a Swedish match-box' (*In the South Seas*, p. 95). He refers also to incidents that are at least suggestive, in the year of his visit, 1888. Still more recent

testimony is as follows : 'We met a Portuguese who had lived for years in these islands, and he told us that on one occasion, a few years ago, he went with a tribe on some expedition. They saw a native fishing, and called to him to come over and take a smoke. Suspecting no danger, the man accepted the invitation, whereupon he was killed and eaten before the eyes of our informant' (*Sunshine and Surf*, Hall and Osborne, p. 97). A little further on in the same volume it is stated : 'They have now nominally renounced cannibalism, though in one of the latest Admiralty Directories they are still described as practising it' (p. 101). Again, in the *History of Mankind*, i. 159, we find the practice of head-hunting, which is not yet obsolete ; Kubary stated in 1883 that in the last ten years *only* thirty-four heads had been cut off.' The close connection between head-hunting and cannibalism has been proved in many islands. Mrs. Stevenson herself met with, and mentions in these letters, men who had been well known as cannibals in former days, and they are not necessarily of great age ; and these are cases, it must be remembered, that date back to the palmy age of cannibalism, when no secret was made of it. All that can be said with certainty, therefore, is that it was openly practised within the last half-century ; but as a public or religious custom has now disappeared. In the form of private vengeance there is nothing to prove that it does not still exist.

16. *Pae-pae*. This word signifies the raised floor or platform upon which Marquesan houses are built, and in a larger sense is applied also to the great stone terraces of the temples and burying-places, to which I have elsewhere made reference. These were the *pae-pae tapu*, the holy, or high, places. Even the platform of an ordinary house was *tapu*, probably through some association of idea ; it was the only stable part of the building ; it was the 'place of the men,' and like their food, and the fire that cooked it, and the basket in which it lay, was sacred to their use. The women of the household might not sit on the *pae-pae*, they might not go up to it by the men's stair ; it was the men's place, and *tapu*.

These raised foundations have been described as a number of large stones laid in regular and successive courses, and

built up to a height that varied, according to circumstances, from four to ten feet. When used for houses they were generally some thirty to fifty feet long by twelve or fifteen wide ; but in the case of *maraes* or temples, and the prehistoric remains buried in the woods, their dimensions are extraordinary. The houses themselves are made of perishable material, and decay at once if deserted ; but the *pae-paes* on which they stand are indestructible. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that some at least of those now or lately in use in the Marquesas may be of considerable antiquity. Melville says of them, writing in 1842, that the larger *pae-paes* used for the *maraes*, or sacred enclosures, not to speak of still more ancient remains, bore incontestable signs of great age, and must have been erected by a people possessed of considerable mechanical skill. 'I can scarcely believe,' he adds, 'that they were built by the ancestors of the present inhabitants' (*Residence in the Marquesas*, p. 174). Even the smaller platforms of the houses showed no signs of recent construction, and he never became aware of natives building anything of the sort for their own use. If a new house were required, it was erected on one of the innumerable *pae-paes* that stood vacant throughout the valley, dating surely from days of larger population and greater activity. R. L. Stevenson also refers to 'the melancholy spectacle of empty *pae-paes*. . . Only the stones of the terrace endure, nor can any ruin, cairn, or standing-stone, or vitrified fort, present a more stern appearance of antiquity' (*In the South Seas*, p. 28).

17. *Thatching*. The best thatch is made of the leaves of the pandanus, or screw pine, the *rui fara*, doubled over reeds or canes. The reeds, about six feet long, are then fastened to the rafters, and the leaves both sewed and tied ; layer after layer is added, and when finished, the interior is very neat, and even artistic ; while from the outside nothing is seen save the overlapping points of the leaves. If well done, thatching of this kind will last from five to seven years ; but if too widely spaced, the rain gets in and the reeds soon decay.

Coco-nut leaves are also plaited into a thatch in some places, but as a rule are only used for temporary buildings, being neither so durable nor so good a protection.

18. *Coco-nut juice.* It is incorrect to touch the nut with the lips in drinking, as, according to native etiquette, the juice should be poured direct into the mouth. Compare with the practice of ceremonial Kava-drinking, when the nut is presented to the drinker with prescribed movements, and when emptied, is *tossed* back to the Kava-bearer waiting to receive it.

19. '*High Places,*' or *native temples.* These sacred places, *bae-pae tapu*, of the old faith, are still numerous, and are well worth description: they are perhaps the most interesting—they are certainly the most suggestive—feature of the islands. Some have been in use, as it were, but yesterday: others date back to a past that in the South Seas is prehistoric. The least of them is amazing, when it is considered what the Polynesians are, and of what they are capable to-day; the greatest and oldest are cyclopean and inexplicable.

In the Marquesas, as elsewhere, these *maraes* or temples have fallen, not merely out of use, but into decay. Sometimes they have been intentionally destroyed, more often they are overgrown in the tropical woods, and the Christianised native is learning to forget them. Their associations, in these 'man-eating' islands, are recent and horrible, but it is worth noting that they do not importantly vary from the *maraes* of Tahiti and other places, where cannibalism is remoter and less certain. This can be shown by reference to some of those who have visited and examined them.

Melville, in his *Residence in the Marquesas*, says: 'In the midst of the wood was the hallowed "hoolah-hoolah" ground . . . comprising an extensive oblong *pi-pi* (*pae-pae*) terminating at either end in a lofty, terraced altar, guarded by rows of hideous wooden idols, and with the two remaining sides flanked by rows of bamboo sheds opening towards the interior of the quadrangle thus formed. Vast trees standing in the middle of this place . . . had their massive trunks built round with slight stages elevated a few feet above the ground and railed in with canes, forming so many rustic pulpits from which the priests harangued devotees' (p. 100). And again, further on: 'At the base of one of the mountains, and surrounded on all sides by dense groves, a series of vast terraces of stone rises *step by step* for a considerable distance up the hillside. These

terraces cannot be less than one hundred yards in length and twenty in width. Their magnitude, however, is less striking than the immense size of the blocks composing them. Some of these stones, of an oblong shape, are from ten to fifteen feet in length, and five or six feet thick. Their sides are quite smooth, but though square and of regular formation, I could see no work of the chisel. They are laid together without cement. . . . The topmost terrace and the lower one are somewhat peculiar in their construction: they have both a quadrangular depression in the centre, leaving the rest of the terrace elevated several feet about it. . . . These structures bear every indication of a high antiquity, . . . [and I was given] to understand that they are co-eval with the creation of the world, and that the great gods themselves were the builders. [This] convinced me that the present inhabitants knew nothing about them' (p. 172).

In writing of this visit to which his mother alludes, R. L. Stevenson says himself: 'As far as my eye could pierce through the dark undergrowth the floor of the forest was all paved. Three tiers of terraces ran on the slope of the hill; in front, a crumbling parapet contained the main arena; and the pavement of that was pierced and parcelled out with several walls and small inclosures. . . . I visited another in Hiva-oa, smaller but more perfect, where it was easy to follow rows of benches and to distinguish isolated seats of honour for eminent persons; and where on the upper platform a single joist of the temple or dead-house still remained, its uprights richly carved. . . . The stones were sedulously set, and I am told they were kept bright with oil' (*In the South Seas*, p. 99).

When we turn to Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, we find that the main features of the Tahitian *maraes* were still the same. He describes the greater temples, *tapu-tapu-a-tea*, as containing many *maraes*, each with their altars, idols, and dormitories for the attendant priests. All were uncovered overhead, built in the midst of *tapu* groves, and consisted of large stone platforms walled at the sides, with a fence or parapet in front, and a high pyramidal pile or series of steps along the back. He gives the measurements of these terraces in the *marae* of Atehuru. They were two hundred and seventy feet long, ninety-four feet wide at the base, and fifty feet high; the topmost terrace being

one hundred and eighty feet long by six feet wide. Each step or terrace was some six feet above the preceding one. The outer walls, and especially the corner-stones, of coral and basalt, were laid with great precision, and had evidently been hewn or squared (vol. i. p. 340).

To these extracts must be added the notes, found here and there, of prehistoric remains of similar design in other islands, the 'stone foundations of huge *maraes*' in Pitcairn Island, and the ancient terraces on the hills of Rapa. In Hua-hine, one of the Windwards, a *marae* in terraces is found beside a splendidly built road of cyclopean stones; in Ponapé the ruins of Nanmatal consist of 'terraces of hewn stone divided into chambers by pillars of basalt, which have been used as tombs.' One of these, the tomb of the kings of Matalanim, 'rises on a base six feet high by two hundred and ninety feet long and two hundred and thirty feet broad, to a height of nearly thirty feet, with walls ten feet thick, composed of basalt columns' (*History of Mankind*, Ratzel, vol. i. p. 159). In Easter Island, the great terraced *maraes* are still adorned with their idols. 'Their great number is no less astonishing than their size and the comparative high-level of their workmanship. Even now they are reckoned at several hundreds; their height is nearly fifty feet, while in one case the width across the shoulders is not less than ten feet. . . . Many have been thrown down . . . others still stand on broad platforms built of hewn stone. Some have hieroglyphics carved on their backs. These images, weighing many tons, must at one time have been lowered down the mountain by hawsers and . . . engraved in pits below. . . . There is also masonry adapted to various purposes, in the shape sometimes of great staged platforms, sometimes of huts above or below ground, and with or without internal ornaments of colour' (*Ibid.* pp. 159, 160).

It is difficult to believe that these and other great remains could have originated with such a race as the Polynesians of to-day. In Easter Island, for instance, the arts of stone-cutting and writing are alike lost, and it has been declared that these great works can have been executed by no Easter Islander; in Nuka-hiva of the Marquesas, Melville is persuaded that at least the larger remains cannot have been built by the an-

cestors of the present inhabitants (*Residence in the Marquesas*, p. 174).

But, indeed, these antiquities are beyond our data. Of the younger temples, tradition tells us that their foundations were laid in blood, and planted on the heart or eyeball of a human victim. We know that their terraces were bloodstained, and that the blood upon their altars was fresh within a man's memory. But this is only the history of yesterday; we have no record of the remoter past.

20. This is the *flamboyant*, a name generally applied to *Caesalpinia pulcherrima*, though in the western islands it is sometimes used for the *Erythrina*. See note 78.

21. *War in Raiatea*. This refers to one of the frequent rebellions of the inhabitants of Raiatea (Society Islands) against the French rule, which culminated, a few years later, in their hoisting a Union Jack and declaring themselves under British protection. For international reasons this had to be disallowed; but it is a matter for regret to find it recorded that H.M. Consul at Papeete, having failed to induce the natives to lower it, stood by while the French man-of-war, after due notice, *shot* it down from the flagstaff.

22. *Bread-fruit*. An excellent description of this is given by Melville in his *Residence in the Marquesas*, p. 127. The fruit somewhat resembles in magnitude and general appearance one of our citron-melons of ordinary size; but, unlike the citron, it has no sectional lines drawn along the outside. Its surface is dotted all over with little conical prominences, looking not unlike the knobs on an antiquated church door. The rind is perhaps an eighth of an inch thick, and denuded of this at the time when it is in the greatest perfection, the fruit presents a beautiful globe of white pulp, the whole of which may be eaten, with the exception of a slender core, which is easily removed. . . . The fruit, when in a particular stage of greenness, is placed among the embers of a fire in the same way that you would roast a potato. After the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes the green rind embrowns and cracks, showing through the fissures in its sides the milk-white interior. As soon as it cools the rind drops off, and you then have the round pulp in its purest and most delicious state.'

There are, however, many other ways of cooking and preparing it. As *ka-ku*, elsewhere mentioned (pp. 101, 276), it is said to be excellent, and roasted as above and then soaked in water is a favourite native dish. Both in the Marquesas and Tahiti it is stored at the height of the season for future use. Sometimes it is baked in huge ovens in the ground, and only taken out as required. Another method is to mash it and allow it slightly to ferment; it is then wrapped in *ti* leaves and stored in pits, whence it is lifted and cooked when wanted for use. *Poi-poi* is made from it, as well as from *taro* and *fei* (the mountain banana), or a mixture of both, *poi-poi* being the staple dish of the islands, and made from that plant that is most plentifully available. But the bread-fruit is never eaten raw save by pigs; and it is better described as a 'vegetable' than as a fruit, the taste and character resembling, but not equalling, the European potato. Even its feeding qualities have been disputed. Ellis says in his *Researches* (i. p. 41), that it is 'very nutritious, as a very perceptible improvement is often manifest in the appearance of the people a few weeks after the bread-fruit season has commenced,' while in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* we find the exactly opposite statement, that 'it is not by any means so nutritious as the *taro* or *yam*. . . . The present writer has noticed that the Samoans suffered much in condition, and sickness among children was very common, and the mortality high during the bread-fruit season.'

All, however, are ready to recognise the beauty and value of the tree, of which there are some fifty varieties in Tahiti, all of them extremely handsome, both in growth and foliage. When hundreds of green or golden fruit hang among its dark shining leaves, no finer object can be imagined. It is also very useful. Besides producing two and even three crops of fruit in the year, the resin that flows from the punctured bark is used to caulk the seams of the native boats. The timber is employed in building both canoes and houses, and is durable and very fine in colour. Finally, in some of the islands, and notably in Tahiti, the finest *tapa* or native cloth is made from the bark of the *Artocarpus incisa*, or bread-fruit tree, though in the Marquesas the bark of the paper mulberry, *Morus papyrifera*, called by the islanders the *auti*, or cloth-tree, is used for that purpose.

In Polynesian legendary lore, also, the bread-fruit has a place, and this is the story told of its origin :—

It seems that in the days of a certain king, when people ate the 'red earth' (*araca*), there were a man and his wife who had one well-beloved son. He was their joy and also their sorrow, for he was weak and ailing and unable to fight or thrive ; and the man said to his wife : 'Behold, my heart is lamenting over this matter ; our son cannot eat the red earth, and therefore he cannot grow into a man. I will die and become food for him, that he may eat and thrive.'

'But how may that be?' said the wife.

'I will go and pray to my gods,' he answered ; 'they will know how it may be.'

So he prayed and got answer ; and, calling his wife to him, he said : 'Behold now, I am about to die ; when I am dead, take then my body separate, and plant my head in one place, and my heart and stomach in another, and go into the house and wait. When you shall have heard the sound of a bud bursting, and the sound of a flower unfolding, and the sound of an unripe fruit swelling, and the sound of a ripe fruit falling on the ground, you will know that I have become food for my son, and you will give him to eat.'

And when she did as he bade, and took her son out of the house to give him to eat, there stood a splendid tree laden with fruit ; and he plucked the fruit, and gave the first of it to his gods and to the king, and he ate and grew strong. . . .

23 and 24. *Ka-ku*. Melville describes the grater used by the natives in the preparation of this dish. 'This is done by means of a piece of mother-of-pearl shell, lashed firmly to the extreme end of a heavy stick, with its straight side accurately notched like a saw' (*Residence in the Marquesas*, p. 127). He also describes the cream as being squeezed from the grated fruit alone, without the addition of any of the juice (*Ibid.* p. 128).

25. *Reed-pipe*. 'It is somewhat longer than an ordinary fife, is made of a beautiful scarlet-coloured reed, and has four or five stops, with a large hole near one end, which latter is held just beneath the left nostril. The other nostril being closed by a peculiar movement of the muscles about the nose, the breath is forced into the tube, and produces a soft dulcet sound . . .'

(Melville, *Residence in the Marquesas*, p. 251). I have not found mention of any other musical instrument in the Marquesas, apart from the drum and the sticks, tapped together, as an accompaniment to the voice.

26 and 27. *Adoption and decrease of population.* It is a common practice to account for the decrease of population in many of the South Sea Islands (for in some there is no such decrease) by the influence of civilisation. Foreign habits, clothing, and restrictions, foreign vices and foreign disease, are made to bear the entire blame, though the evidence is strong against such a sweeping statement; and it cannot be denied that foreign rule, if not always wise, does at least endeavour to safeguard public health and the birth-rate. Moreover, it must be admitted that in certain islands such habits of debauchery prevailed that it was barely possible to make matters worse; and if disease has been imported, this alone could not account for a state of things that existed already. For 'important phenomena in the social life of the island races, such as adoption in its various forms and the ruined state of large houses, point to a long previous period of this lamentable decrease' (Ratzel, *History of Mankind*, i. p. 159). When Ellis wrote his *Polynesian Researches*, early in the last century, he stated that the population of the Marquesas was then diminishing, and that it had physically deteriorated; and he says of Tahiti, that when he first knew the island, 'the nation appeared to be on the verge of extinction'; and it was not till 1819 or 1820 that the birth- and death-rate were nearly equalised. This is, indeed, not difficult to believe, when it is remembered that inter-tribal warfare was so nearly continuous that a three-years' peace was extraordinary in their annals; that human sacrifices—and in the Marquesas cannibalism—made hundreds of victims in every year; and that infanticide and abortion were constantly and universally practised. To what extent this was carried we can form some idea from Ellis's *Researches* (vol. i. p. 257). He states that after full inquiry, he believes that two-thirds of the children were killed as soon as born; that he himself knew women who had respectively murdered six, eight, or ten of their infants; and that in almost every case the first three were so disposed of. His washerwoman owned to having killed five or six, and out

of eight another had only kept one ; and in 1829, while discussing the subject with a visitor, three respectable and decent native women present, the eldest of whom was not forty years of age, confessed that they had killed twenty-one of their children, the numbers being respectively nine, seven, and five. He adds emphatically, 'I could not meet with, nor even hear of, *one* female who had not at some time done the same.'

It is evident from these and other figures quoted that in Tahiti, at least, and probably in the Marquesas (where in very recent days the women were unwilling to 'spoil their beauty' by bearing children while still young), the natural birth-rate cannot have been phenomenally low. The wholesale destruction of so many infants had, however, several results : it reduced the proportion of women to one to four or five men, and encouraged the practice of polyandry and the recognition (to some degree) of the matriarchate. When we add to these the customs of cannibalism or human sacrifice, and of constant inter-tribal warfare, as well as the habits of immorality common to these races, it is not difficult to believe that the decrease of population can only in *part* be attributed to the effect of civilisation.

The adoption of children is usually considered to be caused by this decrease, and doubtless this is generally correct ; childless parents who desire heirs will rather adopt them than remain childless, and the value of sons is recognised amongst all primitive peoples. But there is another and curious explanation of the custom found in Samoa which is worth quoting, for it may very well also apply to other of the islands. There appears to have been a general rule that a child was given to a father's sister. In return she gave the child's parents what was known as 'foreign' property, or *oloa*, the child being looked on as 'native' property, or *tonga*. This practice was continuous while the child lived ; it therefore became a sort of medium for trade, the native property, or *tonga* (fish, fruit, etc.), always passing *to* the adopted from the real parents, and the foreign or *oloa* (mats, cloth, and so on) to the real *from* the adopted parents. 'Hence the custom was not so much the want of natural affection as the sacrifice of it to a systematic facility of traffic. . . . Hence also parents may have in their family

adopted children, while their own children are elsewhere' (Turner, *Samoa One Hundred Years Ago*, p. 83).

It is only fair to add that the children, once allowed to live, are universally treated with kindness and affection, both by the real and adopted parents. I have also been told that wherever the *couvade* in a modified form is practised (as in the Marquesas, where the father abstains from flesh-meat and from hard work for a month after the child's birth), in the case of adoption *before* birth, it is the adoptive father and mother who follow these customs, and not the actual parents. This, however, I have not been able to verify.

28. *Tai-o-hae*. It is interesting to quote from a volume more recent by thirteen years than the visit of the Stevensons:—

'This is indeed a lovely bay. It is almost landlocked, having a very narrow entrance, and the mountains rise steeply on every side of it for several hundred feet, all clothed in most brilliant green tropical jungle. . . . Tai-o-hae is a very different place now from what it was in former times, even when Stevenson wrote about it. Now there is no club, very little trade, and only one white trader; and the whole place seems to be absolutely going to rack and ruin. The village at one time (in 1840) was stated to have a population, although it is hardly credible, of eighteen thousand. What a come-down it is to the wretched ninety inhabitants, which the Administrator told me was the total population of the island capital' (*Sunshine and Surf*, Hall and Osborne, pp. 103, 104).

29. *Queen Vaekehu*. Stevenson says of her: 'This was a queen of cannibals. She was tattooed from head to foot, and perhaps the greatest masterpiece of that art now extant, so that a while ago, before she was grown prim, her leg was one of the sights of Tai-o-hae. She had been passed from chief to chief; she had been fought for and taken in war; perhaps, being so great a lady, she had sat on the high place, and throned it there, alone of her sex, while the drums were going twenty strong, and the priests carried up the bloodstained baskets of long-pig' (*In the South Seas*, p. 75). Elsewhere I find that there is 'a common report about her, which I believe is true, that years ago she got tired of her husband, the prince consort, and had him killed, and ate him. Now she is "very

missionary," and has even had a special road made from her "palace" to the Catholic mission' (*Sunshine and Surf*, Hall and Osborne, p. 103).

30. *The girls' school.* In spite of the efforts of the sisters, it cannot be said that any marked effect is produced by their teaching. To Mr. Stevenson they 'lamented their failure. . . . They complain of the heartless indifference of the girls. Out of so many pretty and apparently affectionate pupils whom they have taught and reared, only two have ever returned to pay a visit of remembrance to their teachers' (*In the South Seas*, p. 57). It is also stated that 'as soon as the girls leave the control of the sisterhood, all restraint appears to vanish. . . .' Such an idea as getting married never enters their heads, and would be thought a useless and troublesome ceremony. They do indeed sometimes, to please the sisters, go through the ceremony, but do not consider it at all binding' (*Sunshine and Surf*, Hall and Osborne, p. 100).

31. *Stanislas Moanatini.* It is stated in *Sunshine and Surf* that he died not long after Mr. Stevenson's visit to the island.

32. *Tapa.* The native cloth of the South Sea Islanders varies not only in quality and decoration, but also in the special bark from which it is made. In Tahiti, where it is called *ahu*, the natives make use of the Aoa (a kind of banyan), the bread-fruit, and the paper mulberry; but in the Marquesas only the latter is employed, and is called by the islanders the *auti*, or cloth-tree.

When the young branches are gathered and the bark removed, there is found a fibrous substance, the bast, which is carefully loosened and stripped from the stick; and as soon as enough of this has been collected, it is wrapped up in leaves, and the package set to soak for two or three days in running water. It is ready for the next process when the fibres are on the point of commencing to rot, and have completely lost their tough and wiry quality. They are then laid in layers on a smooth, hard surface, and beaten steadily and regularly with a kind of mallet. This mallet or beater is not flat, but slightly ribbed, and it is this ribbing that produces the 'watered' or striped effect noticeable in all good *tapa*, especially when very fine and thin. The different layers of bast are very soon amal-

gamated, and in a surprisingly short time can be hammered out into any degree of thickness that is required ; in less than an hour the strips will expand into a square, and presently the *tapa* is ready to be stretched out to dry and bleach. In the Marquesas the natives seem to prefer the pure white of the natural *tapa*, but elsewhere it is often dyed with real skill and taste. In Tahiti, for instance, a beautiful bright red made from the *Mati* berry (*Ficus prolixa*), a yellow obtained from the root of the *nono* (*Morinda citrifolia*) and a chocolate or brownish-black from the candle-nut (*Aleuritis*), are most effectively used for the purpose.

The designs are sometimes painted on, and sometimes printed from blocks which Nature herself supplies ; leaves of ferns, flowers, etc., are dipped into the colour, laid on to the *tapa*, and held firmly in place till their shape is transferred to the material. The dyes are often varnished with a resinous gum, and the colours are brilliant and lasting, while the cloth itself, if well prepared, will stand a surprising amount of usage. The work was almost entirely in the hands of women, who were debarred only from making cloth for the priests and other *tapu* purposes, when it had to be intrusted to men. It was sometimes made in 'cloth-houses,' when queens were ready to help and supervise, and as often singly and alone, and the musical tapping of the hammer is still characteristic of island villages.

There is a pretty legend about the origin of *tapa*, which of course is God-given. The divine couple were about to create mankind, and agreed to share the labour ; *he* was to produce man, and *she* to make woman. He moulded a man out of his thought, making him strong, tall, and agile, but he forgot beauty. Nevertheless he exulted, and cried out to his wife, 'Thou canst never equal this *my* work !'

She looked upon it and saw that her own puppet was the more beautiful, for she had made it out of her own flesh, round and warm and soft ; but she said nothing, for she was very wise, till she had taken a piece of cloth and twisted it round the beauty of the woman and set her beside the man. 'Behold, she is so unworthy of the man thy work,' she said, 'that she shall go veiled. . . .'

She was very wise. And the women, being of her flesh, make *tapa*, and clothe themselves to this day.

33. *Old man's beard.* Human hair forms a favourite ornament in the Marquesas and other islands, and has probably a religious signification. 'When we find that in the Marquesas cannibal feasts were preceded by cutting off the victim's hair to make arm-rings, head-dresses, and necklets of magical potency, we cannot fail to see cannibal significance in the frequent use of human hair to adorn spears and helmets, or of human bones and skulls as drinking-vessels' (*History of Mankind*, Ratzel, i. p. 298). Mrs. Stevenson elsewhere alludes to 'dancing-ornaments made of human hair'; and her son mentions the extremely high sums at which these beards are valued (*In the South Seas*, p. 80). There are specimens of head-dresses from the Austral Isles, with long human hair, very light in colour, dependent from them, as well as armllets and leglets of human hair from the Marquesas, in the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art.

34. *Kanaka* or *Kanak.* This word which, in slightly varying forms in the different dialects, originally meant 'a man' or a male as distinct from the female, is now used by all whites, and by the natives themselves, to designate the islanders. Hence it is possible to speak of a '*Kanak* lady,' which once would have been a contradiction in terms.

35. *Hiva-oo.* This island was discovered in 1595 by Mendano, who christened it 'Domenica,' by which name it is still known to the Spanish-speaking peoples. Like most of the South Sea islands, however, it is now better known under its native name; and it is often called, locally, the *Man-eating island*. Certainly the latest authenticated stories of cannibalism date from thence, and Moipu is generally the hero of them. In 1888 he was still in middle life, and his deeds were recent and unforgotten.

36. *Poi-poi* is not always the same thing, though called by the same name in different islands. It is made, according to circumstances, either of *taro* or bread-fruit, whichever is the more plentiful. When *taro* is used, it is well washed to remove the bitter and unwholesome part, ground into flour, which is then kneaded into a dough and allowed to slightly ferment. It

tastes a little like sour porridge, and will keep good a considerable time. In the Marquesas, however, it is generally made of the bread-fruit, which also is half-fermented, and the dish is described as 'looking like yellow porridge.' Bread-fruit for this purpose is generally gathered at the time of full harvest, freed from the rind and core, and pounded into a sort of paste or dough, which, well wrapped in many coverings of leaves, is stored in pits dug out of the earth. It will thus keep not only from season to season, but for several years; and when required for use has only to be baked, unwrapped, and the yellowish, slightly acid cake mixed with a proper proportion of water. Mr. Stevenson mentions pits forty feet deep and proportionately wide that were used for storing the bread-fruit in the days of a larger population, and are still to be seen, though long deserted and unnecessary.

37. *Biblical Parallels.* It has attracted the notice of some who have lived in the South Seas that there is an extraordinary resemblance between many passages in the Bible and the customs of Polynesian life. Pouring water over the hands after eating is but a minor instance; but to the *leaping and dancing before the Ark* (2 Sam. vi. 16) we find an exact parallel in the contortions and posturings of even the most dignified 'high-chief' before any one he desires to honour. When David says that he went in *and sat before the Lord* (1 Chron. xvii. 16), we remember that in Polynesia it is disrespect and insult to stand in the presence of a superior; and the words *kissed him, and smelled the smell of his raiment* (Gen. xxvii. 27) exactly describe a South Sea greeting, when, after touching noses, each sniffs audibly and smells the other's hand and garment. In Polynesia, as in Palestine, the dead are embalmed; circumcision is practised; a bride's handmaidens are of her own blood and accompany her to become her husband's concubines; a widow marries her dead husband's brother or his nearest male relative. Oil is used to anoint the sick, and '*oil to make my face to shine*' (Psalm civ. 15) is a daily use in the islands of the Pacific. In sign of mourning the Jews rent their clothes, cut themselves, and scattered dust and ashes over their heads; the Polynesians scored their limbs and faces with shark's teeth (and these for the purpose were included in the trousseau of every bride), and

rubbed the foul-smelling mud from the *taro*-fields over their bodies and hair. Those who attended the Jewish dead must fast *till the sun go down*, so must their prototypes in the South Seas ; in Palestine they *made a very great burning* for the dead, in Polynesia they kindled *a flaming fire* as an invocation to the gods. Sacrifices were offered up ; first-fruits were consecrate ; the priesthood autocratic and to some degree hereditary. Both in Judæa and the West Pacific the word *brother* includes nephews and cousins. . . .

Nor are these the only instances. The story of the Fall is found in many of the least-visited islands ; in Fiji it is associated with the serpent. In Fakaafo it is believed that the first man, who proceeded from a rock, made his wife out of clay and enclosed *one of his own ribs* in her body ; in Tahiti we are told that *Tairoa* (elsewhere *Tangaroa*) created man from red earth, and woman from *ivi*, bone, which in some versions is given as the woman's name. (The word also means a widow, and a victim slain in battle.) There was a Samoan Jonah who was swallowed by a whale, but whose great ear-ornaments of wood so tickled the animal's stomach that he was finally vomited forth again, alive but weak ; there is the story of the great god Oro (or *O Rongo*) who with his mother's assistance ousted his elder brother *Tairoa* and possessed himself of his birthright. And the tradition of the Deluge is everywhere throughout the South Seas, in many variations that are fundamentally the same. In the Societies it is said that *Tairoa*, being angry with men for their disobedience to his will, overturned the world, so that the earth sank into the waters and left only those tops of mountains emerging that make the islands of to-day ; in Eimeo (Moorea) it is believed that here the Polynesian Noah landed when the waters went down, and built the first *marae* to his gods. In the Raiatea story it is a fisherman who tangles his hook in the sleeping sea-god's hair and provokes the doom of the Deluge ; but who by penitence is allowed to betake himself in his boat, 'with wife and child and all that he hath,' to a certain island which should be preserved in the midst of the engulfing waters. And in the Windwards there is a quaint chronicle of a husband and wife who took refuge on Pitohito, the 'mountain round as a breast': *The wife took up her young chicken, the*

husband his young pig; the wife took up her young dog, and the kitten, the husband took that. . . . There they watched nights ten, the sea ebbed, and they two saw the little heads of the mountains. When the sea ebbed, the land remained without produce and the fish were putrid in the hollows of the rocks. They said, 'Dig a hole for the fish in the sea.' The wind died and the stones and trees fell from the heavens, whither they had been carried up; they fell hard; the man said, 'Dig a hole for us two, a dwelling-place.' . . . There were no houses, no palm-trees, no bread-fruit, no grass, all had been eaten by the sea. The woman brought forth children; still there was no food; the children grew up without food. Then the trees bore fruit and there was food; in three days covered was the land with food. . . . And from these two, father and mother, filled was the land with men. (Condensed from a long account in Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, i. chap. xv.)

38. *Adoption.* The adoption of children at or before birth has been already mentioned. Adult adoption is also frequent, and arises from several causes. It is sometimes a form or part of marriage, when a man is adopted into his wife's family and obtains recognised rights in it; it is a declaration of tribal heirship, and the native form, as it were, of 'the freedom of the city.' For, although in this case the adoption was into the chief's family, and Mrs. Stevenson mentions that, Had they so desired, they would have been entitled to make their home with him; although R. L. Stevenson adds, 'Had we stayed at Atuona, Paaaeua would have held himself bound to establish us upon his land, and to set apart young men for our service, and trees for our support' (*In the South Seas*, p. 132), it is probable that the adoption was rather into the clan or community as personified by the chief, than into the chief's family alone. 'Property belonging to a "clan" is held in common. Each clan usually possesses land, and over this no one member has an exclusive right, but all have an equal right to use it. The chief. . . alone can properly dispose of it or assign its use for a time to an outsider, and even he is expected to obtain the consent of the heads of families before he alienates the property. Thus land is handed down through successive generations under the nominal control of the recognised head of the clan or section for the time being' (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xix. p. 424).

Note also, in this connection, the reply of *Frère Michel* when asked if he 'owned the property of his adopted mother.' 'Yes, so long as I do not steal it' (*Letters*, page 123).

39. *No-nos*. This is the native name of a species of sand-fly, very troublesome in Nuka-hiva (as in some other islands). It is sometimes known also as the 'day-fly,' from the fact that it disappears at night, when it is replaced by mosquitoes; but its bites are more poisonous than those of the latter insect, producing large lumps which, owing to the heat of the climate, are apt to fester, and prove difficult to cure. The natives are said to paint themselves with a preparation of saffron, as a preventative (*Sunshine and Surf*, Hall and Osborne, p. 98).

40. *Legend of the no-nos*. Another form of this is quoted in *Sunshine and Surf* (Hall and Osborne), p. 98: 'The inhabitants have an old legend concerning this, which relates that one of their cannibal gods, being displeased with these two islands (Uapu and Nuka-hiva), threw a coco-nut shell at them filled with these insects, and broke half on one island and half on another.'

41. *28th August*. A day notable to Mrs. Stevenson for her own marriage, and for other family events that have occurred upon that date.

42. *Moïpu*. This chief is perhaps the best-known and most notorious of any connected with the latest days of cannibalism—I would say, in preference, 'of surviving cannibals' but that I cannot discover whether, since the Stevensons' visit, he has not been carried off by the fast-increasing mortality of the Marquesas. At any rate, in 1888 he was a man of little more than middle age, hardy and active, making, as I understand, small display of conversion, and less of respect for the authorities; his name notorious, and his evil reputation won in days only a very few years gone by. His village, Atuona, is the scene of perhaps the best authenticated stories of recent cannibalism. Hiva-oo, in which it lies, is still called the *man-eating island*. In 1888, Moïpu was still surrounded by his young men, 'late his braves and pot-hunters'; and Mr. Stevenson says of him, 'When man-eating was referred to, he laughed a low cruel laugh, part boastful, part bashful, like one reminded of some dashing peccadillo. . . . His favourite

morsel was the human hand, of which he speaks to-day with an ill-favoured lustfulness' (*In the South Seas*, pp. 138, 139).

43. *Coco-nut salad*. This dainty is costly, even in the South Seas. It is made from the young centre shoots of the coco-nut palm, and as this is an endogenous tree growing from the centre, it is killed by the removal of the shoots. In New Zealand and elsewhere the same is true of the cabbage-palm; the 'cabbage' is a delicious dish, but it costs the life of the tree.

44. *Stealing*. Dishonesty is nevertheless not considered a natural failing of the islanders. From each other they do not steal; the house of a fellow-Kanaka, though it be left completely open and the owner away, remains untouched. But the same laws do not seem to apply to their relations with the whites—perhaps because, as some assert, the whites have not always set them the best of examples.

45. *The Paumotus*. Ellis, in his *Researches* (iii. p. 303), gives an excellent impression of these islands of the Low, or Dangerous, Archipelago:—

'They are low, narrow islands of coralline formation, and though among them some few are hilly, the greater number do not rise more than three feet above the water. . . . Those already known seem to be increasing in size, while others are constantly approaching the surface of the sea: sometimes they rise like a perpendicular wall from the depths of the ocean to the level of its surface; at other times reefs or groves of varied and most beautiful form and colour extend in the form of successive terraces below the water to a considerable distance. Here islands may be seen in every stage of their progress; some presenting little more than a point or summit of a branching coralline pyramid at a depth scarcely discernible through the transparent waters; others spreading like submarine gardens . . . beneath the surface, or appearing here and there in a little bank of coral and sand over which the rolling wave occasionally breaks; while a number rise like long curved banks of sand, coral, and shells, some two or three feet above the sea, clothed with grass and adorned with coco-nut and Pandanus trees. They generally form a curved line, . . . the bank of soil or rock being seldom more than half

a mile or a mile across, yet often clothed with richest verdure. Within this enclosure is a space sometimes of great extent. In the island of Hao . . . it is said that ships may sail for many miles after entering the lagoon, the narrow strip of coral and sand enclosing the basin being sixty or seventy miles in length, although exceedingly narrow.' It should be added that even these measurements can be exceeded ; for the atoll-island of *Fakarava*, which Mrs. Stevenson visited, consists of a strip of land little more than a quarter of a mile wide, but eighty or ninety miles long, which encloses a lagoon of thirty miles by about twelve.

These islands have also been called the 'Pearl Islands' on account of the pearls obtained amongst them, pearl-diving being also their only recognised industry. The actual trade, however, is in the shell, which commands a steady market, while the pearl itself is the windfall of the diver save, here and there, under special conditions. The great pearl for which Queen Victoria paid six thousand pounds came from this group ; as did also another notable one possessed by the Empress Eugénie. On the whole, the trade seems carefully and wisely regulated by the French authorities, the divers being reasonably well paid, and the 'fishery' reserved to the native inhabitants ; the 'pearl-beds,' and the islands where they occur, are kept under control, and are 'opened' in turn, an interval of rest or close season being rigorously enforced. It is said that the export of shell from Tahiti (whither it is taken) is largely increasing, and while the find of pearls is irregular, the yearly value has also increased.

46. *Artificial soil in the Paumotus.* The soil found in islands of coral formation is of very varying quality and character. Sometimes there is a considerable depth of fertile earth ; but in those islands that are very slightly raised above the level of the sea the soil is shallow and almost non-existent, and the coral sand or *detritus* that replaces it so strongly impregnated with salt-water, that little of any service will flourish beyond the coco-palm and the Pandanus, and a large inferior variety of *taro*. Yet by means of earth brought from Tahiti, and built up into banks or terraces, it is possible to overcome this difficulty. Mrs. Stevenson mentions fig-trees and bananas ;

and elsewhere it is recorded that by the same artificial system, aided by irrigation, there are to be found in one or other of the Paumotus Islands plantations of sugar-cane, sweet potatoes and yams, besides the finer sorts of *taro*, the plantain, and some garden flowers and shrubs (Ratzel, *History of Mankind*, i. p. 254).

47. *Euranna*. Later, in the light of longer acquaintance, Mrs. Stevenson successively modifies this to *yuranna* and *iao-ranua*. The latter is probably the most correct. It is a word that has proved an evident difficulty to other persons also, to judge by the varying forms in which we meet with it; including, for instance, *Yarra na* and *Yar honor*.

48. See page 303, note 69.

49. *Bénitier, or Holy-water shell*. The clam or *Tridacna*, called by the natives *paua*, and given the above name from its frequent employment in Roman Catholic churches. It is found in great quantities among the Pacific islands; and in the Paumotus the *paua toka*, or stone clam (*Tridacna gigas*), grows to enormous size. 'The shell is formed of two great valves connected by hinged teeth, and muscles of extraordinary power; . . . the strength of many men could not detach one of the larger ones from its bed, for as years go by the clam settles into the coral, and the shell becomes part of the rock itself.' Walking over a bed of even the smaller *paua* is dangerous, and divers when caught by *Tridacna gigas* are fortunate if they escape with only the loss of a limb.

50. *Coolin*. A Skye terrier once greatly beloved by Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson. His epitaph, composed in Latin by Thomas Stevenson, was formerly at Swanston Cottage, and is now at Skerryvore, Bournemouth.

51. *Taniera Mahinui*. This gentleman is more fully described by R. L. Stevenson as 'Catechist and convict. . . . I affirm he was well qualified for either part. For that of convict, first of all, by a good substantial felony, such as in all lands casts the perpetrator into chains and dungeons. . . . He was condemned in five years. The period, when I had the pleasure of his friendship, was not yet expired; he still drew prison rations, the sole and not unwelcome reminder of his chains, and, I believe, looked forward to the date of his enfran-

chisement with mere alarm. . . . And as for his parishioners, they did not think one hair the less of him.

‘On the other hand, he was even highly qualified for his office in the Church ; being by nature a grave, considerate, and kindly man ; his face rugged and serious, his smile bright ; . . . endowed with a fine pulpit voice ; endowed besides with such a gift of eloquence that at the grave of the late chief of Fakarava he set all the assistants weeping. I never met a man of a mind more ecclesiastical. . . .’ (*In the South Seas*, pp. 161, 162).

52 and 53. *Mormon or Baptist*. It is stated by R. L. Stevenson that the Paumotus are divided between two churches, the Roman Catholic and the Mormon, and he makes no mention of Baptists. But he does refer to the curious type of Mormon to be found in the islands : ‘He marries but one wife, uses the Protestant Bible, observes Protestant forms of worship, forbids the use of liquor and tobacco, practises adult baptism by immersion, and after every public sin rechristens the backslider. I advised with Mahinui, whom I found well informed in the history of the American Mormons, and he declared against the least connection. . . . And for all that, Mormons they are, but of the earlier sowing ; the so-called Josephites, the followers of Joseph Smith, the opponent of Brigham Young’ (*In the South Seas*, p. 174). It was probably the practices of these Mormons that led Mrs. Stevenson to call them Baptists.

Religion in Polynesia, however, has constant surprises, and is very ready to fly off at a tangent, in a way that is exceedingly mysterious and hard to understand. Perhaps its most curious phenomena are the independent offshoots of Christianity : ‘Thus in Upolu, Siovedi, a native of Savaii, founded the “*Gimblet religion*.” Professing to converse with God and to work miracles, he enjoined the mutual confession of sins in cases of sickness, and his divine service was rendered specially impressive by the discharge of firearms. Another native, in Samoa, taught the invocation of the God of heaven, and brought with him, on his return from the whale-fishing, an old woman who used to “touch” for diseases from behind a curtain, alleging that Christ resided within her’ (Ratzel, *History of Mankind*, i. 190, 191).

R. L. Stevenson himself mentions, as connected with the Paumotus Mormons, the *Israelites* and the *Kanitus*, though he could neither fathom their differences nor account for their names, the latter of the two being of no known language; and he refers also to a sect still more difficult to fathom, which is known as the *Whistlers*. It appears that their meetings are public and all may attend who will; the 'faithful' sit round, singing hymns, while in the centre sits the priest—leader—medium? enveloped in a sheet. 'And presently from just above his head, or sometimes from the midst of the roof, an aerial whistling proceeds, appalling to the inexperienced. This, it appears, is the language of the dead; its purport is taken down progressively by one of the expert, . . . and the communications are at last made to the public. They are of the baldest triviality. . . .' (*South Seas*, p. 178).

54. *Coco-nut Palm*. This remarkable tree (*Cocos nucifera*), plays so great a part in tropical life that it deserves a detailed description. We all know it by name and appearance; we all know the nuts as they are sold to us here, in a condition that the Polynesian would consider only fit for pigs. But it is safe to say that very few persons have any conception of what place the coco-palm holds in the life of the South Pacific.

'Year after year the islander reposes beneath its shade, both eating and drinking of its fruit; he thatches his hut with its leaves and weaves them into baskets to carry his food; he cools himself with a fan plaited from the young leaflets and shields his head from the sun by a bonnet made from the same; sometimes he clothes himself with the cloth-like substance which wraps round the base of the long stalks, whose elastic rods, strung with candle-nuts, are used as a taper; the larger nuts, thinned and polished, furnish him with a beautiful goblet; the smaller ones with bowls for his pipes; the dry husks kindle his fires; their fibres are twisted into fishing-lines and cords for his canoes; he heals his wounds with a balsam compounded from the juice of the nut; and with the oil extracted from its meat embalms the dead and embellishes the living. The trunk, sawn into posts, supports his dwelling; converted into charcoal it cooks his food; and supported on blocks of stone it rails in his lands. He impels his canoe through the water with

a paddle of the wood, and from the same hard material he fashions his clubs and spears.'

This is, however, a most incomplete summary. The tree had its part in the highest concerns of native life: a coco-nut leaf (which consists, it must be remembered, of a six- or eight-foot rod, bearing along some four-fifths of its length two opposite rows of sword-shaped leaflets, each about eighteen inches long) was the symbol of chiefly authority, and was sent by a chief to his dependants when he demanded their obedience. Tied to the sacrifice, it was the channel by which the god was believed to enter and make the offering sacred; laid on the body of one afflicted with disease, it was the door through which the evil spirits who tormented him were driven out. Bunches or strings of the leaflets were hung up in the temples, and are said to have been used in something the same way as the rosary beads of Roman Catholics; and to this day presents of food, or gifts, are tied up with coco-leaflets, perhaps without conscious significance, but certainly as a survival of old custom. Even their idols came sometimes from the same source. Oro, their great god, was embodied in a six-foot log of coco-palm, in his temple at Tautira on the peninsula of Tahiti; a living tree of the same species has more than once been revered as the representative of a deity, and a piece of sinnet was the embodiment of the terrible *Tané-Kio*, the chirper.

In medicine the coco-nut was esteemed, though some of its uses are peculiar: for a headache, for instance, the patient was made to drink the juice of a nut and then stand on his head for a stated time! Coco-nut oil was employed as an emetic, and in cases of bleeding, whether venous or arterial, the spongy kernel of an old and sprouting nut was tied firmly upon the wound. The juice, in particular stages of fermentation, was given for several ailments, notably for dysentery; and one preparation, in which the milk of a ripe nut was an important ingredient, was so prompt in its results that the 'doctor' usually called the family of the patient together, to be ready (in either event) for the almost instantaneous 'kill or cure.' The native practice of surgery was, however, surprisingly good, and on a different level to much of their so-called medicine; and here again the coco-nut had its uses. It was, for instance, not uncommon to

trepan, when the skull had been fractured in battle ; and when the broken bone was removed, it was replaced by a piece of coco-nut shell, covered again with the skin, etc., and left to heal. Many of these cases are said to have made good recoveries, and in the earlier part of last century there were men living on whom the operation had been successfully performed. Another form of it, however, was tried by these enterprising surgeons with other results ; when the brain itself had suffered, they opened the skull and removed the injured portion, replacing it by the brain of a newly killed pig, and covering it in as before with a piece of coco-nut shell. In these cases it appears that frenzy and death very shortly supervened.

Again, the body was rubbed down daily, and always after immersion in salt water, with chewed coco-nut or with coco-nut oil ; and a fine and aromatic preparation of the latter was obtained by preserving it in the gourd-like fruit of the *nono* (*Morinda citrifolia*). The oil as it used to be expressed by the natives, or 'copra,' the dried nut, from which it is now generally prepared in the home manufactories, is, of course, the great trading interest of the South Seas.

As an article of food, it is difficult even to enumerate the forms in which it is employed. It may be noted here that each stage of the nut has its uses and its own especial name ; when it is full grown but soft-shelled and light in colour, holding over a pint of juice, but with no pulp, it is called *oua*, and is principally used for drinking. A few weeks later and a soft white pulp is developed round the inside of the shell ; it has been likened (in appearance) to the white of a lightly boiled egg, and in this stage, *niaa*, is preferred for cooking. Four or six weeks later still, and the shell begins to darken ; the pulp is firmer and thicker, and the juice whitish and slightly acid. This is called *omoto*, and from nuts in this stage cups and other vessels are usually made ; the shell is yellow and hard enough to permit of being scraped thin, or carved, but soft enough still for this to be done with ease.

The juice, in the first stage, is practically the only drink of the tropics, and as such, it has an importance not yet perhaps fully realised. On many of the coral atolls there is no fresh-water supply save what is provided by the rainfall ; and while

this caused little trouble in the olden days, now that the nuts are reserved for copra the matter is more serious. Stagnant rain-water used alike—and from the same pool—for bathing, washing, and drinking, by sick and sound, cannot conduce to the health of the inhabitants in the long-run.

In the next stage the pulp is used in many dishes, as in *kuku* ; in some forms of *poi*, where it is mixed with *taro* and sweet potato ; and baked, along with the juice, in its shell, when it makes a rich and luscious pudding. The germinated nut, filled with a sweet, spongy white growth, is likened when cooked to 'the most delicate blancmange' ; the 'meat' of a ripe nut, chopped up and floating in salt water, is the ordinary 'sauce piquante' of the South Seas ; and the same, grated, and moistened with its own juice and salt water, and kept perfectly airtight in bamboos till past the saccharine stage of fermentation, is a more elaborate relish, with an appearance like clotted cream or curd. The milk of the ripe nut is also good in coffee, and is sometimes used for Communion, in place of wine, which had its disadvantages, the whole supply being, it is said, occasionally drunk up by the first few communicants. 'Toddy' or '*Palm-wine*' is the sap or juice that exudes from the severed green shoots, and when drunk at once is wholesome and delicious, but with the passing of a few hours becomes 'sour toddy,' a maddening and deadly intoxicant. And from 'the embryo shoot of the tree, the unborn fronds that lie curled up in a white mass about the size of a man's arm, resembling a gigantic stick of celery, with a flavour of filberts,' the well-known '*coco-palm salad*' is made, every dish of which costs the life of the tree from which it is prepared. It is a luxury confined to chiefs and rich men, who can afford to destroy so valuable a possession ; who can afford also to decorate their heads with plumes, and their ceremonial garments with fringes, of the *reva-reva*, an exquisitely white and tender fibre extracted from the inner pith of the same young shoots, and with the same destruction. For once the coco-palm is deprived of its heart or centre of growth, it dies immediately ; and if allowed to stand thus, 'the trunk, which when alive is encased in so hard a bark as to be almost impervious to a bullet, moulders away and becomes dust. This is owing to the constitution of the trunk,

a mere cylinder of minute hollow reeds closely packed and very hard ; but when exposed at the top, peculiarly fitted to convey moisture and decay through the entire system.'

And finally, in proportion to its value, the coco-palm makes but the smallest demand for care or cultivation ; it is hardy, long-lived, bears without intermission, and is enormously prolific, and only requires light and air about its stem and the clearance of undergrowth, to permit it to come to maturity. It will grow in any soil, however poor, though it prefers to be near salt water ; it is found in greatest perfection on the edge of sheltered lagoons, and on the low coral atolls where no other tree, save the Pandanus, can exist. What part it plays in the food of such an island can be imagined. 'The rest of the food-supply can be summed up in the favourite jest of the archipelago—Coco-nut beefsteak. Coco-nut green, coco-nut ripe, coco-nut germinated ; coco-nut to eat, and coco-nut to drink ; coco-nut raw and coco-nut cooked, coco-nut hot and cold—such is the bill of fare' (R. L. Stevenson, *In the South Seas*, p. 155). It is to be suspected that the householders of these islands must have some tropical equivalent for 'cold mutton again !'

55. *Tahiti*. The island is said to have been discovered by Quiros in the sixteenth century. The first authentic information, however, dates from the arrival of Wallis in the *Dolphin*, in June 1767, when he christened it *King George III.'s Island*, and called the cluster of which Tahiti is the principal the *Georgian* group. It was thrice visited by Cook, notably in the year 1769, to observe the transit of Venus ; and in 1797 a band of English missionaries settled there under the protection of the king. It was many years, however, before the islanders accepted either Christianity or civilisation in the sense of any settled government ; there were long and disastrous wars, during which king and missionaries were alike driven out and exiled upon Eimeo, and it was not till 1815 that Pomare II. finally reinstated himself in authority. During the next years great endeavours were made, not only to Christianise the natives, but also to educate and enlighten them. Schools were everywhere established ; *tapu* weakened, if not abolished ; the immoral habits and customs of the natives held in check by a system of

punishment ; law and order, primitive perhaps, but suitable to the conditions, were enforced and maintained. The first printing-press was set up in 1819, and Pomare struck off the first sheets himself ; and it must always be remembered that Tahiti owes to the missionaries her written language. . . . The island was quiet and prosperous for a considerable time, till in 1836 fresh trouble began ; two Roman Catholic priests landed at Tautira, without leave asked for and obtained from the authorities. The story of their treatment at the hands of the queen and her ministers, as the one side tells it, or of their behaviour to the queen and her regulations according to the other, is, for obvious reasons, difficult to relate. The result, however, was disastrous to Tahiti : the priests were for the moment turned out, but in going they opened a door by which France was ready and waiting to step in. England, which was only recovering from a long period of war, was not willing to quarrel with France over a distant island in the Pacific, in which, moreover, she had never formally and officially interested herself ; Queen Pomare was helpless, and was forced first to apologise, then to pay repeated indemnities, and finally to cede all her external and most of her internal authority. In 1842 Tahiti passed under the protectorate of France, and ceased to possess a separate existence. More recently, in 1885, the last shred of Tahitian independence disappeared, when Pomare fifth and last retired from even nominal sovereignty on an annual 'allowance' paid to him by the French Government.

But Tahiti has a mythological history also, and there are many legends concerning its origin. In one of them the island was originally a shark from Raiatea—a blue shark, such as they have since worshipped, and who, as *Atua-mao*, the shark-god, had temples, sacrifices, and a priesthood in his honour ; the head and tail, the dorsal and ventral fins, even the gills, can still be named and pointed out. In another story, the islands of the group were all united in a continent that the gods in their anger broke up into pieces, Taliti the largest ; and in still another, Tairoa laboured so hard over creation that the sweat ran down from his brow, filling up all the hollow places, and made the sea. Wherefore it is salt. Tairoa, also, 'made himself into the likeness of his thoughts,' and abode with Hina, his wife, upon

the mountains ; and their children were men, and peopled Tahiti. And these are but one or two, quoted almost at random from the many legends of Tahitian mythology. (See Ellis's *Researches*, vol. i.; Gill's *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*; and his *Historical Sketches of Savage Life in Polynesia*, etc. etc.)

56. *Influenza*. This seems to appear more or less regularly in the South Seas, and is of a virulent type. It has led, indeed, in not a few cases, to the murder of traders and missionaries, the natives in the wilder and more savage islands retaliating in this way upon the nearest white man, for the disease which they suppose he has brought amongst them. There seems, indeed, to be some little excuse for the belief, according to Miss Gordon-Cumming: 'It is a most extraordinary fact that on every one of the Polynesian groups the natives declare that influenza was never known till white men came; and now it is one of the regular scourges of the Pacific, returning almost every year, in a greater or less degree, but occasionally proving very severe and fatal. It is generally preceded by westerly or southerly winds, and passes off as the steady trade-winds set in, bringing fine settled weather' (*A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War*, ii. 72).

57. *Land-crabs* (*Birgus latro*). These remarkable creatures, also known as the Robber, or Coco-nut crabs, are nocturnal in habit, as fierce (if interfered with) as they are shy, and exceedingly voracious. When hungry, if they find no food nearer at hand, they climb the coco-nut palms and break off the stalks of the young nuts, so that they fall to the ground; and in times of scarcity they will even strip the husks from the old nuts, and, working from one of the eyes, gradually 'nip' out a hole large enough to permit them to extract the edible interior.

They are exceedingly numerous in most of the South Pacific islands, and are highly valued by the natives, and even by the whites, as an article of food. They are said to be excellent when baked entire in their shell; and the pendulous tail of blue fat is looked upon as a tit-bit. This fat also, when gently heated, melts into a valuable oil, as much as two pints being obtained from a large specimen; it is said to be an unfailling

specific for rheumatism, and the best lubricating medium for guns or instruments in the South Seas. When thickened in the sun, it is also described as making an agreeable and wholesome substitute for butter.

58. *Omua*. Herman Melville's books, *Omua* and *Typee*, present a far more reliable picture of island life than they are generally credited with ; and his peculiarities of spelling and romantic episodes are too often allowed to overshadow his many valuable facts.

59. *Eimeo or Moorea*. This island, to which the latter name is usually given by the natives, lies twelve or fourteen miles to the west of Tahiti, whence it is visible ; it was named by Wallis, in 1767, *Duke of York's Island*, and included by him in the Georgian group, of which Tahiti is the principal. It is very mountainous, with sharp and serrated outlines and precipitous ascents, and a magnificent belt of lower foliage ; indeed, its beauty is so great that it has been said 'to surpass every other in the Georgian and Society groups.' To this island, during the wars of a hundred years ago, just before the establishment of Christianity, the missionaries were forced to retire : here that remarkable man, Pomare II., lived in exile from 1809 to 1815 ; and here, before he returned to kingship in Tahiti, he finally became a Christian. When he left Eimeo, his first exercise of authority was the destruction of the temple and idol of Oro, the national god, at Tautira.

60. *Point Venus*. The name given to the point of land whence Cook observed the Transit of Venus in 1769.

61. *Change of Religion*. I have repeatedly found it stated that the natives rarely change from the form of religion with which they first become acquainted. Their loyalty in this respect is sometimes rather surprising ; as for instance, in Tahiti, where the Government has hitherto strongly supported the Catholics, and has ordered the chief to build a Roman Catholic church in every district. Yet the natives have persistently remained Protestant ; with the result that in a number of villages there is found a large and nearly empty Roman Catholic church, beside an overcrowded French, or native, Protestant mission.

It is, in fact, well known that a native will only attend an alien

church under great pressure, and when he does so will make it clear that he goes only as an outsider. The old *Kanak* who told the priest, 'Leg he go, belly he no go,' was only explaining to the best of his abilities that his heart and his convictions were elsewhere.

62 and 71. *Green and red Bananas.* The cultivated varieties of *Musa*, of which there are said to be over thirty in Tahiti, are usually cut while still green, and either hung up to ripen, or wrapped in leaves and buried for some thirty-six hours in the earth, which hastens the ripening process though at some loss of flavour.

The *red* banana, *Musa uranospatha*, is a wild variety. Ellis says there are some twenty large and serviceable kinds that grow wild in the mountains (*Researches*, i. 60), but he does not give any distinctive names; the native word *fei* is applied to them all in general. They differ greatly from the cultivated sorts, having a red skin and yellow pulp, and very marked ridges, making them almost triangular or quadrangular in outline; their habit of growth is also singular, as they carry their fruit erect in the centre of the tuft or crown of leaves at the top of the plant. There is a legend to the effect that there was once a Battle of the Bananas, which the Mountain Plantain won; wherefore it has ever since held its fruit upright in token of victory, while the other varieties droop theirs in remembrance of defeat.

The Mountain Banana is a very important article of native diet, and in some places is described as their principal support; though it is not obtained without some difficulty, as it grows in the less accessible parts of the mountains, and has to be carried down by break-neck paths, slung at either end of poles balanced across the shoulders of the bearer. Nevertheless, it is brought down, and in large quantities; it is very nutritious, and though not palatable when raw, is described, when cooked, as a rich and agreeable vegetable. The taste for it, however, is one that has to be acquired; but when once the fruit is appreciated, the liking for it is said to become so irresistible that, according to the proverb, 'he who loves *fei* will never leave Tahiti.'

63. *Coco-nut in bamboo.* This is a preparation of the meat

of a ripe coco-nut, grated and moistened with a certain proportion of its own juice and salt water. It is then enclosed in an air-tight length of bamboo and kept there till the stage of saccharine fermentation is over. When required for use, the upper end of the bamboo is opened, and when tapped gently upon the leaf placed ready as a plate, a white clotted substance drops out, which tastes somewhat like curd. This is called *loni*, and is a very favourite savoury or relish.

64. *Fish-hooks from nails*. The islanders do not greatly esteem the European fish-hook; they like its sharp point, but complain that the curve is too open and too wide. For certain fish they will use it; but in general they would rather have a wrought-iron nail some three or four inches long to shape to their own fancy, and this in spite of the labour entailed in bending and sharpening it by long rubbing on a stone. It is said that when they first saw a nail, they conceived it to be of the same nature as the bread-fruit rootlets of which their own hooks were made; and being anxious to make sure of a future supply, they divided the first parcel of nails presented to them, carried part to the temple as an offering to the gods and planted the remainder in the ground, anxiously waiting for them to sprout and grow! (See Ellis's *Researches*, i. 150; and see also note 89 to this volume, p. 309.)

65. *Barbedine*. A *Passiflora*, probably *Passiflora quadrangularis*, which is constantly mentioned in recent books on Tahiti, its rampant growth and huge fruit making it remarkable. It climbs to the tops of the highest trees and hangs from them not in single trails or festoons, but in very curtains of dense greenery, relieved by flowers and fruit in every shade of purple and yellow and gold. Miss Gordon-Cumming calls it the 'granadilla passion-flower,' and describes it as resembling when ripe a golden-yellow pumpkin, with melon-like seeds enclosed in a white jelly. These lie inside a sweet pulp about two inches thick. It can both be eaten raw or cooked as a vegetable, and both ways is wholesome and agreeable.

66. *Tautira*. This important village is situated in Tairàbu, the peninsula attached to the south-east extremity of the larger island. It is a place with a past that is worth recalling, for it embodies all the story of Tahiti, its wars, its heathendom, and its subjection to France.

Here, long ago, in the days of the earliest missionaries, was a great *marae* or temple in honour of Oro, elsewhere (*o*)*Rongo*, the national god of Tahiti and the first and greatest in Polynesian mythology; for although his mother and brother were revered as abstract deities, I cannot find it stated that they received worship. And Oro's most venerated idol, in the eyes of the Tahitians, was that which was preserved at the national temple of Atehuru, swathed and wrapped from sight in priceless mats and pieces of ancient cloth. This image Otu the king, afterwards Pomare II., seized and carried off to Tautira, under pretext of a supposed command from the god, but in reality to ensure himself the prestige of the god's support and presence in the struggle to preserve and extend his kingship. It is recorded that, as they fled with the idol, the king sacrificed one of his favourite servants to the god, that he might favour their escape. . . . The priests of Atehuru, and the chiefs and people of the district, did not see matters in the same light; they rose in rebellion, and for several years the bitterest of inter-tribal fighting desolated and laid waste the beautiful island. Such a war cannot be followed in detail, but whichever party was successful, the result was the same: a massacre, not only of fighting-men, but of whole villages of defenceless women and children, and the altars of Oro reeking with human blood. There was perhaps no cannibalism, save the memory of it dreadfully preserved in the ceremonial of offering, when the priest plucked out the eye of the victim and presented it to the chief, who 'made as if to eat it,' but gave it back; but there was every other horror of savagery and heathendom. Tahiti was desolated; Otu-Pomare was an exile in Eimeo (Moorea); and the missionaries, all save one, had been driven away. . . .

Time passed, and at last it was Pomare's turn; but this time the war was not for the keeping of the idol of Oro, but to protect the *Bure-Atua*, the 'Pray-to-gods,' the Christians, of whom the first and chief was Pomare himself; it was the day of harvest after long and despairing seed-times. Pomare was king, and Christian king, in Tahiti; for the first time in its history there was no massacre of conquered women and children. He sent out indeed a body of armed men, but this mission was to destroy the temple of Oro at Tautira; and he bade them,

'Go not to the little island where the women and children have been left for security ; turn not aside to the villages or plantations ; neither enter into the houses, nor destroy any of the property you may see ; but go straight along the high road, through all your late enemy's districts.' His directions were obeyed ; no individual was injured, no fence broken down, no house burned, no article of property taken.

It was thought that the people of Tairabu, still heathen themselves and proud of the keeping of Oro, and the priests of Oro, would have resented the mission of Pomare's men ; but it appears that they stood by in sullen silence while 'the soldiers entered the house of Tahiti's god, . . . brought out the idol, stripped him of his sacred coverings and highly valued ornaments, and threw his body contemptuously on the ground. It was a rude, uncarved log of *aito* wood, *Casuarina equisetifolia*, about six feet long. The altars were then broken down, the temples demolished, and the sacred houses of the gods, together with their coverings, ornaments, and all belonging to their worship, committed to the flames. . . . The log of wood, called by the natives the body of Oro, . . . was carried away, fixed up as a post in the king's kitchen, and finally riven for fuel' (Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, ii. 155, 156). The temple of Tautira was overthrown and the worship of Oro wiped out ; and both have been forgotten.

A little later, and there sailed in a small sloop that came from Mangareva two men whose mission appears to have been to convert, not the heathen, but the Protestant ; though the story of their coming, and their going—for Queen Pomare *Vahine* turned them out,—and the price she had to pay for it in the end, is variously told, according to the point of view of the teller. One thing at least is certain, it was Christian Tautira, the death-place of Oro, that was the first stage in a new struggle and another downfall, that was to be once more memorable as the landing-place of the two Roman Catholic priests who were the forerunners of France (Pritchard's *Polynesian Reminiscences*, p. 4).

All this has happened, and in the later days, on 'the forest lawn which is the street of Tautira.'

67. *Silk-cotton*. This is obtained from a tree of the genus

Bombax (natural order *Malvaciæ*), probably a variety of *Bombax ceiba*. The silky and elastic fibre surrounding the seeds is irregular in quality and too short in the staple to be used for manufacture, but it is largely employed in stuffing cushions and mattresses, for which purpose it is well adapted.

68. *Poi of sweet potato, taro, and coco-nut.* As explained elsewhere, *poi*, or *poi-poi*, is always made of the staple, or most plentiful, food-stuff of the locality. The material varies; but whether it consist of bread-fruit, of *taro*, or of a mixture such as the above, the result is a sticky paste of a yellowish colour, called, according to its consistency and the manner of lifting it to the mouth, 'two-' or 'three-fingered' *poi*. When made of 'stored fruit' that has partly fermented, it is sour in taste and smell; but when fresh fruit is used, it is very agreeable. See page 282.

69 and 48. *Pearl-shell, black inside.* The best variety, 'black-lip shell,' is referred to as always commanding the highest prices in *Head Hunters*, A. C. Haddon, p. 85.

70. *Illness at Tautira.* Mrs. Stevenson is apt to make the least of her son's illness rather than distress the relatives at home, especially at a time of such difficult despatch of news. This one was undoubtedly more serious than her letter conveys, as can be seen from the following extract: 'Stevenson was placed in the cart, and, sustained by small doses of coca, managed, with the help of his wife and Valentine, to reach his destination before he collapsed altogether. Being introduced at Tautira by the gendarme, they were asked an exorbitant rent for a suitable house, but they secured it, and there made the patient as comfortable as possible. The next day there arrived the Princess *Moe*, ex-queen of *Raiatea*, one of the kindest and most charming of Tahitians. . . . She had come to the village, and hearing that there was a white man very ill, she came over to the house. "I feel that she saved Louis' life," writes Mrs. Stevenson. "He was lying in a deep stupor when she first saw him, suffering from congestion of the lungs, and in a burning fever. . . ." (*Life of Stevenson*, ii. 60).

71 to 73. The several plants referred to in these notes may best be treated together. The ripe or green bananas are cultivated varieties of the *Musa*, of which many sorts are grown in Tahiti; while the wild plantain, *Musa uranospatha*, more fully

described in note 62, is in its cooked state, as a vegetable, a staple article of diet. The sweet potato, *Batatas edulis*, was once imported in some quantity to England, and is the potato mentioned by Shakespeare, and other writers of his time; and *Taro* is the native name (in Tahiti and other South Sea islands), of *Caladium esculenta*, the tuberous root of which, though pungent and unwholesome in its natural state, becomes palatable when peeled and repeatedly washed, and then boiled and mashed into a pulp, which is much used in the preparation of *poi* and other dishes.

74. *Set of Communion Plate.* That Mrs. Stevenson carried out this intention is proved by a letter written from Blair Athol, after her return to Scotland in the following year. It is dated 8th July 1889:—

‘The Tautira Plate is finished, and has been despatched in the s.s. *Kunutaka* for Tahiti *viâ* New Zealand, and I have just written to Captain J—— H—— enclosing the bill of lading and asking him to send it on to Tautira, paying any extra charges and letting me know the amount. . . . I put one or two little odds and ends into the box, a good knife for Ori, a smaller one for Pairai, pen and pencil-case for Beritane and Nanua, needle-book and emery-case for Mrs. Ori and her daughter, and a doll for little “G——.” I do hope they will go the long way safely.’

75. *Climbing fern.* *Lygodium reticulatum*, Schk.

76. *Sensitive plant.* *Mimosa pudica*, a tropical annual of rapid growth. ‘It is curious to watch one’s track through it in crossing a piece of open ground. Before one is a green mass of vegetation (about a foot high); on looking back one sees what appears to be a well-worn track up to where one stands, but after a few minutes all is the same again’ (*In Savage Isles and Settled Lands*, B. F. S. Baden-Powell, p. 368).

77. See note 88, p. 308.

78. *Scarlet-flowered acacia.* Mrs. Stevenson must have been misinformed; the tree answering to the above description was *not* introduced by the French, and had a local name, *atai*, in the early part of last century, when Ellis wrote his *Researches* (i. 32). He describes its ‘light green acacia foliage and bright red papilionaceous flowers,’ and gives its name, *Erythrina corallo-*

dendron,—the coral-tree. The mistake has probably arisen from the fact that the French call more than one conspicuously red-flowered tree by the name of 'flamboyant'; the commonest bearer of the name is *Poinciana regia*, a native of Madagascar, but it is also applied to *Caesalpinia pulcherrima*, both of them having been widely cultivated for their brilliant blossoms, and introduced into several of the French possessions in the South Seas. The trees growing in the Marquesas, alluded to by Mrs. Stevenson, and her son (*In the South Seas*, p. 122), were probably specimens of *Caesalpinia pulcherrima*; but the description quoted above can only apply to *Erythrina indica* (*coraliodendron*).

79. *Ori*. *Ori a ori* is described by R. L. Stevenson as 'exactly like a colonel in the guards,' and elsewhere as 'a life-guardsmen in appearance; six foot three in bare height; deep and broad in proportion.' Hence the name 'Colonel' as applied to him.

80. *Mats*. These are made of different fibres, that vary both in appearance and quality; some islands, also, excel in this kind of work. *Ponapé* mats are in their way celebrated, and are described as 'thick, soft, elastic, and extraordinarily durable'; they are made of *Pandanus* leaves, soaked in water, beaten till only a white fibre remains, divided into narrow strips, and woven or plaited to the size desired. In Samoa *old* mats are the most valuable property a native can have, and are scarcely to be bought at any price whatever. In the Sandwich Islands both matting and native cloth are superior, and very finely dyed and decorated.

In Tahiti, the mats worn by many of the chiefs and sub-chiefs were generally woven of the bark of the *purau*, or hibiscus, and were extremely white and soft, though yellowing after exposure to the sun. Floor-mats were made either of coco-nut or *Pandanus* leaves, the latter being more durable, and of better quality. The making of matting, as well as of the native cloth, was entirely in the hands of the women, and was not despised even by 'high-chieftesses' and queens. The ordinary size of a sleeping- or floor-mat was about six feet wide by nine to twelve feet long; but 'some are twelve feet wide and as much as sixty, eighty, or even a hundred yards in length. Mats of this size, however,

are only made for high chiefs, and in the preparation perhaps the females of several districts have been employed. They are kept rolled up and suspended in some parts of the chiefs dwelling, more for the purpose of displaying his wealth and the number of his dependants, than for actual use' (Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, i. 188).

81. *Hat-plaiting*. For the preparation of Pandanus and Arrowroot for this purpose, see preceding and following notes.

82. *Arrowroot*. This is properly a *Tacca*, either *Tacca pinnatifida* or *T. maculata*, both of which are found in the islands. The native name is *phia*. The growth is from a tuber, or tuberous root; the leaves, light green and deeply indented, rise separately from the ground, and the central stalk, bearing the flower, resembles in shape a reed or arrow some three or four feet in height. It is crowned with a tuft of greenish flowers, which are succeeded by green berries, not unlike the berries of the potato. From the tuber, grated, pulped, washed, and dried in the sun, arrowroot or its equivalent (for the name is applied to an edible *farina* prepared from several species of plants) is obtained; but it is not of good enough quality for the European market, being often discoloured, and even mouldy, through insufficient drying. It is, however, very nutritious, and the natives used it as follows: As they had no means of boiling it, they mixed the meal with coco-nut milk in a large wooden dish; red-hot stones were dropped in and well stirred about, till the whole mass was heated throughout and thickened into a sort of broken white jelly, very sweet and agreeable to the taste.

When the arrowroot fibre is required for plaiting into hats or other articles, the hemlock-like hollow flower-stalk is steeped in running water till the green outer fibres begin to decay. It is then scraped with shells till the green coating is entirely removed, and nothing is left but a ribbon that looks as if it were made of white satin, slightly ribbed lengthwise; this is divided into narrow strips and plaited into the beautiful and valuable hats on the making of which Tahitian ladies pride themselves. Some of the plaits used are difficult and intricate, and the material is not easy to manipulate, so that considerable skill is necessary.

This beautiful fibre is also made up into a species of artificial flowers, and woven into wreaths for the hair, or for table decoration on days of festival ; they are also sewed on to ceremonial *tiputas*, the splendidly decorated cloak or garment of native cloth formerly worn by 'high-chiefs,' and still a favourite form of gift or presentation in Tahiti and the Society Islands.

83. *Ori and champagne.* 'The next day we gave a commemoration dinner to Ori, when we produced the champagne. Ori drank his glass and announced it beyond excellence, a drink for chiefs. "I shall drink it continually," he added, pouring out a fresh glass. "What is the cost of it by the bottle?" Louis told him, whereupon Ori solemnly replaced his full glass, saying, "It is not fit that even kings should drink a wine so expensive." It took him days to recover from the shock' (*Life of R. L. Stevenson*, ii. 63).

84. *Bird-cage houses.* This is the term always used to distinguish the native houses, or houses built in the original native fashion, from modern wooden erections. The walls are made of bamboo spaced about an inch or more apart, and fastened or laced together with sinnet ; sometimes the bamboos are twisted in and out so as to make a sort of pattern, but the effect is not so good as when plainly arranged upright. It is both light and cool, and yet a complete protection ; from the inside it is possible to look out quite freely, though from the outside nothing can be seen save by peering in at one of the interstices. The roof is thatched, generally with Pandanus, and when well done is durable and very pretty in effect.

85, 86. *Raw fish.* R. L. Stevenson mentions that he observed both men and women 'perched on little surf-beat promontories . . . as fast as they caught any fish, eat them, raw and living, where they stood' (*In the South Seas*, p. 110). The same practice is recorded by Melville, in his *Residence in the Marquesas*, and in *Sunshine and Surf*, by Hall and Osborne, p. 146.

87. *Bathing in fresh water.* It has always been the practice of the Tahitians to prefer the river-pools for bathing in ; and even when they have been occupied in fishing and have been in and out of the sea-water perhaps fifty times in the day, they

always bathe themselves in fresh water before returning to their houses. Ellis states that it is because they find the sea-water produces an irritation which is peculiarly unpleasant (*Researches*, i. 131); and I have seen it elsewhere observed that the harsher and far less perfect skin of the Fijians is attributed to their greater frequentation of salt water.

88. *Himènes*. Mrs. Stevenson gives no account of these beyond their name, which to the ordinary reader suggests only a mispronunciation of the word 'hymn,'—which, indeed, it well may be. But the *himène* of Tahiti is a thing by itself and apart; and whatever its origin, is worthy of some individual notice. Miss Gordon-Cumming (in *A Lady's Cruise on a French Man-of-War*, vol. ii.) refers to them at some length, and states that 'the old songs were sung in the same way, before the days of missionaries.' This I cannot find confirmed in Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, minute in point of detail as they are. He refers, certainly, to the 'native ballads,' and adds: 'I have heard them *recited*, and have often been struck with their pathos and beauty; . . . the children were early taught these *udes*, and took great delight in their *recital*. . . . They were often, when *recited* on public occasions, accompanied by gestures and actions corresponding to the events described, and assumed a histrionic character' (i. pp. 198, 199). It will be noted, however, that he here repeatedly uses the word 'recite,' and throughout the chapter on music and musical instruments, and elsewhere in his four volumes, I can find no reference to *singing*, much less to such an unusual kind as the *himène*, as being practised by the islanders in pre-missionary days. For the *himène* is not ordinary singing, and has been described as 'a new sensation in music.' They are strange unearthly choruses that are almost impossible to follow and catch, and yet indescribably melodious; the voices are arranged in two 'sides' that take up and answer each other, sometimes each side being again divided into two voices, as high and low, male and female. Sometimes there is a conductor, more frequently there is none. The glee or chorus starts from a short solo, which gives the keynote to the melody; the voices lift and gather and blend together in absolute liberty, each singing as pleases himself, yet in perfect tune and harmony with the whole; if there is any system deliberately

followed by the singers, European hearers have not been able to perceive it. But no one can listen to it unimpressed ; it has been likened to 'a cathedral chime, with haunting undertones,' and to 'a rippling, bubbling torrent of melody.' Sometimes the solo from which it starts, and on which it is probably founded, is a remnant of an old native song, sometimes it is a European air, more frequently a hymn tune, but Tahitianised beyond recognition ; and the words are as various, being both secular and religious, old and new. Miss Gordon-Cumming says that the *himènes* got up in Papeete and sung to strangers are miserable travesties of the real thing to be heard in the heart of the country ; and she adds that districts vary in excellence, and that there is much emulation between them. It appears, indeed, that the *himène* is, or has become, peculiar to Tahiti, but must be heard in its proper surroundings, in church, at a village festival, or, above all, on such an occasion as the royal progress of the last king and queen to receive the submission of their subjects ; and whatever its origin, whether it be the ancient music of the islanders, or merely a happy appropriation of foreign melodies, the result is beautiful and noteworthy.

Rose-apple. This is the jambo, or Malay-apple, *Eugenia Mallaccensis*, called by the Tahitians *ahia*. It resembles in appearance a small oblong apple of a beautiful rosy-red colour, and has a white and juicy flesh which is said to 'taste like the scent of roses.' The Tahiti variety is a little insipid, but in the Sandwich Islands, where it grows to greater perfection, the fruit has a more pronounced flavour.

89. *Pearl fish-hooks.* These, though of ancient fashion, are still used and highly esteemed. A strip some five or six inches long and nearly one inch wide is cut from a pearl shell, and carefully shaped and polished to resemble a small fish, the natural curve of the shell aiding the likeness. On the under, or belly, side a barb about one and a half inches in length is firmly strapped in place with a twist of flax (*romaha*) ; this barb was formerly made of tortoiseshell or bone, but is now sometimes an ordinary steel hook. Small white feathers were fastened at either side in imitation of fins, and to conceal the barb ; and frequently also hairs or bristles were attached to the extremity or tail, to increase the resemblance to a flying fish. This hook is called

the *aviti*, and is used for the larger kinds of fish, as bonito and albicore ; there is a smaller kind, which is nearly circular and is bent to resemble a worm. Both are employed without bait, the glitter of the shell proving apparently irresistible.

Another ancient form of fish-hook, still used by the natives, is made from the rootlets of the bread-fruit tree, twisted, while growing, into a suitable shape ; they are left uncut till large enough to allow of the soft outer part being removed, when the tough inner fibre remains for use as the hook. They are usually three to four inches long, and about the thickness of a quill ; but a shark-hook is twelve to fifteen inches in length, and the root quite an inch in diameter. Great care is used in the fastening of all these hooks, and they are considered greatly superior to those of European manufacture. See also note 64 to this volume, p. 300.

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MRS. M. I.
STEVENSON

FROM SARANAC
TO THE
MARQUESAS

SOME LETTERS
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