

SALAMASINA

Scenes

from

ANCIENT SAMOAN CULTURE AND HISTORY

Published by

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE MARIST BROTHERS' OLD BOYS
PAGO PAGO, AMERICAN SAMOA
1958

GREG JACKMOND

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AUGUSTIN KRAEMER

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Translated into English

Bro. Herman

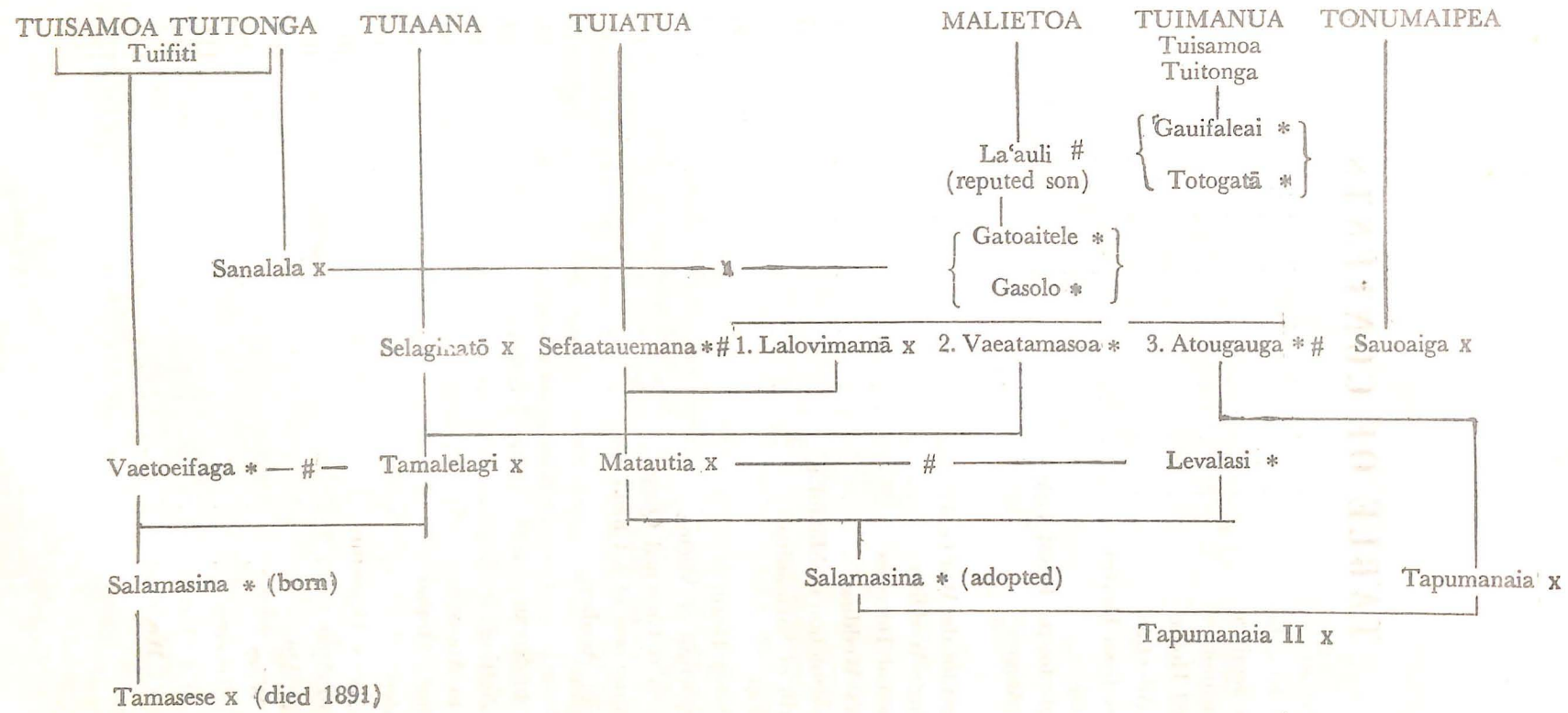
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GENEALOGICAL TREE OF SALAMASINA



married
 x male
 * female

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction	1
Ancient Kingship	2
Human Sacrifice	3
Misdemeanors	4
The Red House	9
Sistery Affection	10
The Boy from Heaven	13
Tattooing	16
The Fight for the Royal Title	19
Blessed Aana	22
War	25
The Feast for the War God	31
The King's Wedding	33
Matrimonial Intrigues	35
Levalasi's Wedding	40
The Assassination of Matautia	47
The Birth of Salamasina	50
Dissensions	56
Tamalelagi's Death	59
The Departure of Vaetoe	62
Salamasina is Crowned Queen	64
The Wantonness of a Chief's Son	70
A Case of Adultery	72
Alapepe	76
A Trip to Savaii	81
Pigeon Netting	87
A Trip to Amoa	93
Salamasina's Mother	95
The Queen	97
The Mother's Departure	100
A Trip to Apia	103
A Trip to Atua	106
Tongan Wives	108
Levalasi's Revenge	114
The Lot of a Queen	114
Salamasina's Wedding	122
Conclusion	125

The story of Queen Salamasina covers the greater part of the sixteenth century, but for its elucidation it is necessary to trace it to its beginnings which lie in the dim past. The reader is justified in asking how the events related can be called historical since the Samoans, like all Pacific islanders, had no written records.

The Polynesians, who thousands of years ago immigrated from western Malaya and populated the island groups east of the 180th degree of longitude, cultivated the memory of their ancestors to an unusual degree. The fale ula, "the red house", which faces the east and is gilded by the rays of the rising sun — the house which was brought to earth by the gods themselves — is the favorite meeting place of the old chiefs and orators and here the ancient legends are repeated over and over again.

Among the Samoans' most jealously guarded secrets are the genealogical trees which are remembered with astounding accuracy. To fathom and verify them was my most earnest endeavor and I spared myself no trouble to obtain all available records. The result of my researches is set down in my book "Die Samoainseln" and my experiences of those days are recorded in "Hawaii, Ostmikronesien and Samoa".

That the genealogical trees are not mere phantasies became clear to me when I compared my records collected in Manua with those from the far west of Savaii. These places lie nearly three hundred miles apart and the islands are separated by wide stretches of ocean. I learned, for instance, that ten generations ago a chief from Savaii married a daughter of the king of Manua and that their descendants had settled in Tutuila and Upolu. When I studied the genealogies of the latter — keeping them strictly apart — I invariably found, in the eighth to the tenth generations, mention of the common ancestors. Other comparisons brought the same result and the possibility of mere chance must, therefore, be excluded.

Besides the family trees, I also collected tales of the ancient kings and heroes whose speeches and last testaments are often preserved in their original form. Therefore, the story can be called historical not only in its general framework but in its details as it depicts faithfully the people's daily lives in family and in village.

I made it my task to bring together the scattered threads and weave them into a tale that presents an ethnologically correct picture of this indigenous race. To fill the lacunae, to bind the leaves and flowers into a bouquet, was not difficult, for although I left Samoa some twenty years ago, it seems but yesterday. I spent too many happy days among these friendly people ever to forget them. I wandered around their islands, climbed their mountains and visited their forests and coral reefs. I went fishing with them and joined their malagas, traveling from village to village, in order to learn to think and feel with them. He who has once been ensnared by the magic of Samoa, will not easily break the bonds.

O wonderful people, my tale shall keep your memory alive and lead others to your fabled shores. Talofa Samoa.

ANCIENT KINGSHIP

In the sixteenth century, at the time when Germany was engaged in its religious wars and the Spaniards were crossing the Pacific Ocean from east to west in search of gold and new lands, Samoa was the scene of much activity. On Upolu, politically always the most important island of the group, two ancient clans contended to increase their power and ascendancy, the Tuiatuas of Atua, the eastern part of the island, and the Tuiaanas of Aana, in the west. The former were also casting a covetous eye on the island of Tutuila, whilst the latter would fain have possessed the large island of Savaii. Their rulers, who were much feared and who called themselves kings of their respective districts, tried to establish their independence from the Tuimanua of the royal Moa family who inhabited the easternmost islands and from whom the whole group has derived its name of Samoa.

Between Atua and Aana there lies the district of Tuamasaga, where a third clan began to gain importance. A few centuries earlier they had distinguished themselves in the wars against the Tongans, who had come from the south and conquered the Samoans. The Tuitoga had become their ruler and, after the fashion of the Tongans, had treated the people most cruelly. Through the leadership of Tuna and Fata, the Samoans had finally succeeded in casting off the heavy yoke. So great had been the courage of these two brothers, that the departing Tuitoga called out to them from his ship, "Brave warriors, bravely fought" — malie toa malie tau — and Malietoa became henceforth the title of their

clan. Tuamasaga had, until then, been merely borderland between Atua and Aana but the Malietoas now tried to expand it and to impose themselves as its rulers. In the south, the large village of Safata was founded in honor of Fata and given the title of "counsellor"; on the north coast, to the west of Apia, Tuna established the bellicose Faleata, conferring upon it the dignity of "supporter". Still further to the west Sagana and Saleimoa were added, the former as seat of the government, the latter as a protection against Aana. Sagana consists of Afega, the capital, and Malie, the residence of the Malietoas. Some of these rulers even resorted to cannibalism in order to increase their power, or mana. Of particular notoriety was the maneater Malietoa Faigā, "the tough one", who married the daughter of the Tuitonga to increase the prestige of his family.

HUMAN SACRIFICE

Faigā's alliance with the royal family of Tonga went so much to his head, that he demanded a daily sacrifice of two youths, to be delivered by the different villages of Upolu and Savaii which were subject to him. He lived inland of Malie. Every morning, at the rise of the sun, his chiefs and orators assembled in front of their lord's house and awaited the arrival of the offering. When the victims arrived, decorated with flowers and dressed in a pretty piece of tapa, they squatted before the talking chiefs, who had them led some distance inland where they had to sit on a flat stone. A blow on the head with a cudgel ended the lives of the poor youngsters, who sacrificed themselves for their families and villages in order to avert a worse fate, had they refused obedience. The bodies were then placed in a sitting posture in a deep pit lined with hot stones. They were surrounded and covered with banana leaves to prevent burning and to guarantee their being done to a turn. The roast was then carried before Faigā, who had it carved up and distributed to his chiefs, reserving the heart and the nape of the neck for himself. No wonder his underlings were insolent, overbearing and feared, convinced as they were that they had absorbed both the mental and the physical powers of their victims.

However, his own son was to play a bad trick on Faigā. One fine morning the young man accidentally overheard two intended victims, who had just landed on the beach, bewailing their sad fate. One was sitting on a boulder and lament-

ing that he would no more see his family and his sweetheart. The young man approached them and spoke kindly to them. Then he asked them to plait him in coconut leaflets, just like the sacred fish that is presented to the high chief. Thus he had himself placed before his father who ordered the bundle to be opened. Faiga was horrified to see that it was his son. "How cruel you are to me", he exclaimed, but he realized at last his own cruelty and the sufferings he had inflicted on the parents of his many victims. There and then he resolved to abandon the abominable practice which had never been approved by the people, but which they had been powerless to prevent. Many stories regarding those terrible cannibals have survived to this day and they are never repeated but with loathing and disgust.

MISDEMEANORS

A relative of Malietoa Faiga, by the name of Uitualagi, held the title after the former's death. He also renounced cannibalism, but he was a great admirer of the fair sex. His weakness had almost turned into a craze and resulted in his being often imposed upon.

A high chief living in the vicinity of Apia had a son and a daughter who liked each other more than is permissible between such close relatives. One morning their village was empty, as most people had gone to a nearby wedding; the rest were working in the plantation or fishing in the lagoon. The young man was idly strolling under the coconut trees, a circlet of sweet smelling flowers in his hair and a necklace of pandanus fruits around his neck. He surmised that his sister would not be at the wedding, as the bridegroom had had illicit relations with her. When he reached his family's sleeping house, he peeped through the coconut blinds which had been lowered on the windy side and saw the girl sleeping on the mats. There she lay in all her young beauty, her reddish brown hair intertwined with white blossoms gleaming in the morning light. A warm glow emanated from the velvety skin of her rounded shoulders and her well formed bosom rose and sank peacefully. As the boy went further around the house, he was surprised that his sister had, in her sleep, cast off the covering mat and lay there completely unclothed. At first he wanted to run away, but her beauty

attracted him and a great longing overcame him. He crept into the house, tore the fruits off his necklace and strewed them over the girl, as if he wished to cover her. With a deep sigh she awoke and seeing her brother scattering the pandanus fruits, whose scent benumbed her senses, she spoke the well-known words, "If you want to cover, cover thoroughly." And he lay down beside her and they forgot that they were brother and sister. They did not escape the consequences. When their father heard of the incestuous deed, he was on the point of killing his son. However, he thought it wiser to keep the matter secret and offered his daughter to Malietoa Uitualagi in marriage. She thus became the latter's wife and in due time bore him the false son La'auli and later, a second son, Fua. The boys grew up and were a joy to their parents. La'auli was handsome, well-built and of a pleasing disposition; Fua was ugly, coarse and deceitful.

When the boys were old enough to marry, they went one day to Falealili on the south side of the island. Fua admitted that he wanted to woo Gauifaleai, the daughter of Tuisamoa, who had helped Malietoa to acquire his title. The brothers were made welcome and the food they brought with them was accepted. This was a token that their hosts recognized them as suitors. To Tuisamoa's daughters, Gauifaleai and Totogatā, it was not quite clear which of the two was the wooer. Gauifaleai, who was the village taupou, immediately took a liking to Laauli and gave him her attentions. This was rather painful to the young man; so, gathering his nets, he escaped to the bush. He knew where the sea swallows were wont to bathe and nest. There he stood on a projecting rock or hid in the long branches of a tree, his hair disheveled and his head and body covered with green leaves, lest the birds be frightened away. When a swallow came near he swung his long handled net, just as the pigeon hunter does, and thus caught several birds.

Just as things were at their best, the birds were scared away by a party of people coming along the path. Angrily Laauli accosted them and was going to chastise them with a stick, when he saw to his surprise, that it was Gauifaleai with her suite. She said to him, "Why do you sit here in the bush, your hair all ruffled?" As she stood there before him with sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks, her breast rising and falling from the exertion of the climb, Laauli was smitten

with her beauty. Composing his features, he replied, "It is the shagginess of the young banana bunch." Reflecting upon the simile, the taupou pictured to herself a young banana tree whose fruits are still in disarray but give promise of a rich harvest. However, she said, "My friend, you are very dirty." "It is the dirt that covers the hunter when he is snaring birds in the bush", he answered. "Come along," she exclaimed, "I and my girls will bathe and decorate you." He complied and the young ladies immediately set about washing his body, rubbing his head with wild lemons and anointing his hair with coconut oil. Some of them got sweet smelling leaves and blossoms with which they decorated both him and themselves. He then lay on a rock near the mountain brook and Gauifaleai herself massaged his tired limbs. Two of the girls had brought taro and pork and they all had a good meal together, spiced with playful banter. After that they had their rest. Gauifaleai lay next to Laauli. It was the hour of noon. Deep quiet reigned in the forest. Even the pigeons had gone to sleep. "Why do you come to disturb me when I am busy snaring birds?" Laauli asked the high chief's daughter. "I don't like your brother Fua," she replied. "Is it for me you care?" he inquired. "Yes, your handsomeness pleases me much," she answered. "But, Malietoa and Tuisamoa want you to marry Fua," he retorted. "Very well," the girl whispered; "then I want you to come to Saga some evening and wait behind my house in the bush. When I hear three times the cry of the sea swallow, I will join you and we will elope." The young man said nothing as they had attracted the attention of the girls; he only gave her a long look. Before long the girls descended the mountain and Laauli returned to his own home.

"You were a long time about your bath," Tuisamoa said to his daughter. "The sea swallow sleeps after her bath," the girl replied. Fua has asked for your hand, "the father continued, "and it is Malietoa's will that you accept him. It will bring much honor to our house." "Give me time to think it over," Gauifaleai begged; "I am still young and I do not want to leave our pretty village yet." She got up and went outside. Fua, who sat at the other end of the house, had overheard the conversation. He made a sign to his companions that it was time for them to depart. They went westwards to Siumu and Safata and after spending a few days there, they crossed the mountains and returned to Malie.

Shortly after Fua's return, Laauli set out again. He said he was going to catch some more seabirds and his father was only too willing to let him go as he had rather a weakness for this delicacy. "I will bring you a good booty," the boy promised, as he took his nets and left the house. When he reached the forest, he hid the nets and with the food he had put there in readiness, crossed the mountains and went to Falealili. The same evening, concealed behind Gauifaleai's sleeping house, he uttered three times the cry of the sea swallow and waited. When all the women were asleep, Gauifaleai tiptoed out and met her lover. They silently went up the hill behind Saga, where with sticks and fern leaves Laauli had prepared a safe shelter. A thick carpet of leaves, covered with the pieces of tapa they had brought along, formed the bridal bed.

There they stayed and enjoyed their young bliss. Three days later they arrived in Malie. The report of the taupou's disappearance had preceded them and as Laauli had been an inexplicably long time at his hunt, the true state of affairs was soon unraveled, the more so that Fua had already become suspicious in Saga. Malietoa, at first, was exceedingly angry, but when he saw his pretty daughter-in-law, he soon resigned himself to the inevitable. Fua took the matter coolly. "The leaves of the sugarcane are all alike," he said; "whether our connection with the Tuisamoa family is formed by me or by my brother is of little consequence; it still turns to our advantage." Immediately messengers were sent to Falealili with the bridegroom's wedding gifts and before long the bride's dowry, consisting of fine mats and tapa cloth reached Malie. Everything would have been well had not Totogata unexpectedly arrived, urged by a longing to be with her sister as well as by a passionate yearning for Laauli with whom she had fallen in love at first sight. Under the circumstances Gauifaleai received her into the matrimonial alliance. All should now have been perfect, the more so that both sisters each presented their husband with a daughter. Gato-aitele and Gasolo-ai-ao-o-le-lagi, They were destined to become famous women.

Their names seem rather long and complicated, but they show how reality and vision often go hand in hand, even in Samoa. We shall, therefore, study them a little closer. At the moment the first girl was born, a gift of many fresh water fish, called gato, was brought into the house and someone

called out, "Gato aitele!" What a lot of gato! Immediately La'auli said, "This is pretty word. May it be a good omen. The name of the child shall be Gatoaitele." Again the family was assembled when the second child was born. A fresh wind was blowing through the trees. Like messengers of the gods the thick white clouds were speeding across the mountains, as if they wished to carry the news of the joyful event near and far. "Gasolo-ai-ao-o-le-lagi" — the clouds are hurrying across the heavens — an old lady exclaimed and the parents adopted the words as a name for their daughter.

The mothers would have been happy, had they not noticed one day that their father-in-law, the old Malietoa, had unbecoming designs upon them. He often called on them, became importunate and made improper remarks. The sisters did all they could to restrain the old man. When Malietoa saw that his solicitations were frustrated, he resorted to a ruse. Pretending to be sick he sent messengers in every direction to notify his relatives of his condition. Soon the house was filled with people. Laauli, too, had been advised of his father's illness. "It is a lie," he said, realizing the real state of affairs. However, when the messenger was gone, he called his wives and said, "Malietoa is sick; what he wants is a wife. Settle between you who will go to roll up his sleeping mats." One of them replied, "I will go and roll up his mats" "Very well," Laauli said, "let us go. We come to his house, spread a mat over the old chief; crawl under the mat and massage his body." And thus it was done. When they reached the house, they found it filled with men and women. Laauli squatted near the old man's head, which was covered with a piece of tapa. He took his hand, while his wife crawled under the mat and began massaging him. Malietoa asked, "Who is sitting at my head?" One of the women replied, "It is Laauli." He asked again, "Who is lying at my side, kneading my body?" Laauli answered, "This woman has come to roll up your sleeping mats." Hearing this, the old man pulled the tapa off his head and, sitting up, said, "My son, your conduct pleases me much. This is my testament: Your daughters shall be the mothers of the whole of Samoa. Their names shall be equal to those of Atua and Aana. If a son is born to you, the *ususū* call shall forthwith be sounded as a token that he is the holder of the titles."

Laauli, thereupon, returned home alone and the other visitors left Malietoa for he had recovered his health.

THE RED HOUSE

Gatoaitele and Gasolo, as they are usually called in Samoa, grew into budding maidens and were a joy to their father Laauli.

After his father's death he had acquired the title of Malietoa though not without the opposition of the House of Nine in Malie, who favored the legitimate offspring Fua. However, the late ruler's choice was upheld and Fua settled in Siumu, where he is known as the ancestor of many chiefly families.

La'auli, thereupon, returned home alone and the other which his grandfather Malietoa faiga's great-grandmother had brought from Taū in the Manua group. She had been the Tuimanua's wife. Her husband, however, had treated her so badly, that one day she escaped in the company of her brother, taking the red house with her. There, in those eastern islands, the rays of the rising sun first fall upon the royal residence, their red glow lighting up the woodwork of the roof, all carved out of the russet timber of the breadfruit tree. An ancestress of the clan had exposed herself to King Sol in order to save her fellowmen from his ire, for by his rapid coursing through the heavens he was killing the poor terrestrials. Her legs spread wide, she had received his caress and her son brought peace and fortune to mankind together with the red house.

Malietoa erected such a house eastward of Malie, on a promontory which extends towards the north and is, therefore, the first to receive the morning sun. It was a beautiful fale tele (large house or guest house), built in Manua and carried in sections to Upolu on big double canoes. The roof spars to which the sugarcane thatch is attached were exceedingly thin and uniform. The curved purlins for the rounded ends of the house were cleverly joined piece to piece and the finished building looked as if it had been erected by the heavenly carpenter Tagaloa himself. What a wonderful gift is the glowing redwood of the breadfruit tree and what a satisfying experience to stretch out in a Samoan house and admire the artistry of such a ceiling. Malietoa was well satisfied when, for the first time, he sat in his new house and his daughters were preparing the kava. His orators Fata and Maulolo called out his cup in a voice that resounded far across the sea. A guest from Manono, who was related to the high chief, sang as follows:

Kava, kava, kava pu'a, kava le'a.
How well has thriven the cutting
Planted by the king's son.
Bring the root and cleanse it;
Let the princess chew it;
Bring water for the mixing,
But do not fetch it from Manono,
For theirs is brackish.
How smooth the sea around Upolu.

The final words were hardly necessary, for the lagoon lay before them as peaceful as the waters of Lanoto'o, the crater lake. Far out, the long ocean rollers dashed against the coral reef, but their roar was hardly perceptible on the wind swept shore. While guests and local chief's were being served in order of rank, Gatoaitale filling the cup from the uplifted strainer, her sister seated herself next to the Manono man who was deeply touched by this honor. "Why is the water in Manono brackish?" she asked. "Don't you have any fresh water?"

"I'll tell you," the man answered. "Manono lies in the midst of the waters; that is why it is known as the Family of the Sea. The land is low and the mountains of Aana catch all the rain that should come to it. Once upon a time, however, the islet had a beautiful spring. One night the Tuifiti arrived in Manono. He was not only the king of Fiji and, therefore, a man but an aitu as well, endowed with supernatural powers. Longing for a drink of kava, he entered the fale tele, where the people were already resting. They did not like to be disturbed by the unknown stranger and when he asked for water to prepare his kava, they told him to go to the spring and help himself. Filled with wrath he did go to the spring and, lifting it out, carried it to the rocky island fortress of Apolima. Here the villagers made him welcome despite the late hour and as a reward he gave them the spring. And thus it is that Manono has only brackish water and its chiefs are ridiculed for drinking salty kava, whilst Apolima, who formerly had to fetch their water from Manono, are now the proud possessors of a limpid spring.

SISTERY AFFECTION

Gasolo returned to her sister. The kava ceremony was concluded. Some of the girls had washed out the kava bowl

and the strainer and hung them up to dry. Then they all went together to the village green.

One of the girls said to Gatoaitale, "Did you notice the followers of Folasaitu of Faleata, how they ogled the two of you and tried to get near you?" Another said, "It seems to me that the men of Sanalala of Safata did the same." "Let them come," Gatoaitale exclaimed; "They'll court us in vain, won't they, dear sister." "That's right, my dear," Gasolo replied, "I'll never leave you."

Arm in arm they walked inland, laughing and joking, until they reached their dwelling house. There their friends scattered and only a few elderly ladies remained in the house with them.

Their friends' observations had been correct. After a while quite an uproar could be heard from the direction of the village green. It sounded as if some violence was about to be committed. One of the women went there and gave the quarrelers a good scolding. "Don't you know," she said, "that the two sons of Samoa live nearby, fighting thus like a pack of stinking pigs. If Malietoa gets to hear about this, some of you may end in his cockhouse yet, although it isn't I who would care to taste of your ulcerous legs. What is it all about, anyway?"

The turmoil quickly subsided and the woman noticed that it was the matchmakers of Sanalala and Folasaitu who, out of jealousy, had come to blows.

"You are fine ambassador," the old lady continued, "putting fear into the girls, instead of trying to win them. Come along with me and see for yourselves how fruitless your undertaking is." She led them to the fale tele near the malae, or village green, where they immediately occupied the house posts. As there were no local chiefs present, they separated, each party taking up one end of the house and leaving the middle part as a neutral zone. There the sisters soon joined them and listened to the praises of Folasaitu and Sanalala. All their eloquence proved in vain, however. Gatoaitale gave them to understand that she and her sister had not made up their minds yet and that they preferred staying with their father.

It is true that Sanalala had found some favor with Gatoaitale. He was handsome and of noble blood. His father had visited Tonga — where his "sitting up", or alala, with the high chiefs of Vavau had given him his name. There, the daughter of the Tuitonga had heard about him, the message

being conveyed to her by the evening glow that lights up the ocean. She had married him and they had gone to live in Safata, the ancestral home of the Tuitonga's wife. It was there that the young Sanalala was born. To be sure, Gatoaitale had refused him; but "the cock pigeon comes back", the young man had said to himself.

Soon there was peace and quiet again in Faleula, but before long new matchmaking parties arrived from other villages. They met with the same fate.

Sanalala had not given up hope and he made plans to outwit his principal rival, Folasaitu. A few months later, he and his party set out again for Faleula. As they passed through Faleata, they were, of course, seen by Folasaitu and his men, who quickly followed them. Once again there was life around the Red House. Malietoa was flattered to see the esteem with which his daughters were surrounded and neither of the woers was unwelcome to him. As Gatoaitale sat with her sister in the rounded part of the house making kava, she felt the eyes of the handsome Sanalala resting upon her, whilst the illfavoured Folasaitu became more and more agitated. After the kava ceremony the Sanalala men challenged their rivals to a club match. They fought by pairs with the butt ends of coconut leaves and fortune favored sometimes the one and sometimes the other party. Finally Sanalala invited Folasaitu to a match. Furiously the latter rushed his adversary, but Sanalala was prepared and struck him a blow on the leg that lamed him. The poor fellow still insisted on continuing the fight, but he hopped about in such a ludicrous fashion that all the spectators burst out laughing.

Gatoaitale was enchanted with Sanalala and she told her father that she desired him and no other for husband. Malietoa replied, "I esteem him very much, but Faleata is my support in war and it won't do to send Folasaitu away in a huff."

Very much alarmed Gatoaitale went to her sister and said, "My dear, please, go and live with Folasaitu in Faleata. It is the wish of both our father and the government. As for me, I shall marry Sanalala whom I cannot do without. If Folasaitu ill-treats you, come to Safata and we will both live with Sanalala. If I am ill-treated by my husband, I will go and stay with you."

After some hesitation Gasolo agreed out of love for her sister. As was to be expected she did not find happiness in

this union, for Folasaitu still gave preference to his first wife. Finally she felt herself so neglected, that she ran away to Safata, where she shared Sanalala with her sister. She bore him three children, whilst Gatoaitale remained barren. The sisterly affection and dignified bearing of these high ranking ladies was famed throughout Samoa and the name Gatoaitale became one of the royal titles of Tuamasaga together with that of Gasolo's daughter Vacatamasoa. The latter title is preserved in the name Tamasoali'i which we shall find again later in this story. Vacatamasoa became the mother of the most famous of the ancient kings and the grandmother of Salamasina.

THE BOY FROM HEAVEN

Vacatamasoa had married a descendant of the Tuiaana family after having refused a number of other suitors. It was not without difficulty that the talking chiefs Ape and Tutuila of Fasitootai and Fasitootai had succeeded in arranging this union. These villages situated on the north coast of Aana, east and west of Leulumoega, had no high chiefs of note and, for this reason, their inhabitants were often treated with contempt. No wonder then that Ape and Tutuila endeavoured to win Vacatamasoa for the Aana line. Having obtained their objective, they resolved to steal her first born, so that they, too would have a chief of standing. In this also they were successful. When Vacatamasoa had borne her son, they hid in the vicinity of her house and waited for a favorable opportunity. They had arranged for a big fleet of bonito canoes, richly laden with fish, to put into the harbour of Loto-fagā in Safata, where the young wife had been confined in her parents' home. When the shell trumpets sounded, young and old rushed to the beach to enjoy the unwonted spectacle and, if possible, get a share of the catch. The baby, wrapped in tapa cloth, had been left alone in the house. Thus it was easy for the orators to snatch the child. They hurried with it up the hills where their companions lay in wait to protect them against possible pursuit. Indeed, it was not long before a party of men caught up with them, but they were too few in number to meet with any success. The child reached Fasitootai safely, where in Ape's house it was fed with taro and coconut water. As it had lacked nourishment for such a long time and thrived even without the benefit of its mother's breast, it was given the name of Tamalelagi, the "boy from heaven".

When the parents in Safata learned why the child had been snatched away, they resigned themselves and made no further efforts to recover him.

Every morning the chiefs and orators assembled to see their new ruler. An early kava was brewed and this gave the village quite a festive appearance. Tutuila usually arrived late from Fasitootai, but they would not wait for him. This angered him so much that he took the child to Nofoalii, which from this fact got its name "the Seat of the Chief". But here, too Tutuila was often late for the morning kava, although he did not have to go so far. So, once again he removed the boy, this time to Matatao, where the famous village green Malae o vavau was, "the Assembly Place of the dim Past." It was the residence of the Tuiaana family whose title holder, however, had been for some time men of little consequence, such as Vaemā for instance. He was called Vaemā because of his ulcerous legs, which had already caused Vaeatamasoa to dismiss his matchmakers Ape and Tutuila. Tama, "I am ashamed", the girl still say today to express disgust; and with them, as with the fair sex in other countries, political expediency must often yield to inclination where matrimony is concerned.

Although Ape and Tutuila had failed to win the highly respected Vacatamasoa for the capital of Aana, they had succeeded in seizing her offspring from another member of the Tuiaanas Tutuila, at last had the child in his power. He kept him near the honored Malae-o-vavau, which almost bordered his village of Fasitootai. Ape had resigned himself to the inevitable. Both talking chiefs realized that their influence was insufficient to unite their district and to protect it against the Malietoas in the east, who every day became more powerful. Tutuila was cunning enough to understand that though he had lost some of the fruits of his machinations, he would still be the winner; and Ape, of whom it was said that he could think in his sleep, was always ready to lend him a helping hand. But now, through Tutuila's foolish anger, they were so near to the Malae o vavau, that there was danger of all their schemes being upset. The high talking chiefs Alipia and Suluga, who reigned supreme here, demanded that the child be brought to the meeting place. "Very well," Ape exclaimed, "let the child be presented to the Tumua, to "Those who held the first place". Tumua shall henceforth be the name of the leaders of Aana, and the House of the Seven Speakers shall, in future, confer the title of Tuiaana.

The boy Tamalelagi shall be the first holder. The council of Tuamasaga shall be known only by the name of Laumua as it throws the "first disc" in the lafoga tupe game. Aana shall not waste its time in playing games, but shall do serious work."

Alipia's daughter took the boy and prepared a big, soft tapa pillow on which the child was charmingly bedded. Tutuila noticing this with satisfaction, addressed the House of Seven as follows, "Since you have welcomed the boy so graciously and bedded him so comfortably, the name of this capital shall henceforth be Leulumoega, "the Pillow", and its name shall be famed in heaven and on earth, like that of Lufilufi in Atua."

The council of Leulumoega accepting all the recommendations, Ape and Tutuila were well satisfied. They felt that their importance had increased considerably. In fact, the fono at Leulumoega received their utterances with more consideration than ever before, although it still was the local speakers who derived the biggest reward. Some of these had long shown opposition but had finally given in, realizing that it was to their own advantage. Petty jealousy and stupid pride have ever tried to obscure the merits of others on this earth of ours. To this inferior class of mankind belong many tulafales, as the talking chiefs are generally called. Their minds are diseased by love for intrigue and thoughts of wordly gain. Faleupolu, or "the House of Upolu", they call themselves in their desire for prestige; and that is significant.

Ape and Tutuila were by no means without fault. Their acting as go-betweens in the marriage of Vaeatamasoa had earned them a few fine mats. These mats are highly valued because of their fine weave and their soft texture. They are known and esteemed far beyond Samoa, particularly in Tonga. It is not for this, however, that they are called Ie Tonga, but because they are "presented" as part of the bride's dowry and originally came from the spirit world. We shall see what important role the mats play, not only on the occasion of a wedding, but also in the political life of Samoa.

Tamalelagi was well looked after and grew into a sturdy youngster. Quite early he exercised himself in club fighting and spear throwing, while Alipia initiated him in the secrets of ancient history and statecraft.

So intelligent did he show himself and so brave in the sports competitions at the capital, that Alipia and Suluga deter-

mined to confer upon him the title of Tuiaana without further delay.

TATTOOING

Before he could be invested with the titles, however, the young man who had already been circumcised, had to be tattooed and thus receive the badge of manhood. Had these operations been performed after the investiture, great evil would have befallen the craftsmen for violating the sacred person.

A special house was erected on the malae for the purpose and a dozen young men volunteered to share in Tamalelagi's sufferings. Pauli the tattooer of the Tuiaana, had come with his assistant from Savaii. The young man received him with great respect as is the due of a royal craftsman. After the usual speeches of welcome, he presented him with a fine mat to secure his and the gods' favor. After that everything was put in readiness for the following day.

In the early morning Tamalelagi, dressed in about ten fine mats, appeared in the workhouse on the malae. His companions were prettily decorated. The tattooers arrived and the morning kava was served, followed by a sumptuous breakfast. The taupou with her retinue had come to comfort the boys. After breakfast, Pauli and his assistants seated themselves in the east end of the house and prepared their instruments. When all was in readiness, Tamalelagi stood before the master and divested himself of his mats. "Show me your back," Pauli said. The young man knelt down before him. Pauli then took the midrib of a coconut leaflet, dipped it into a mixture of smoke-black obtained from lamanuts and began outlining the ornamentation. The tatau, or "setting out correctly", is the most important part of the operation and from ta tatau, "striking correctly", is derived the English word tattooing, which would be more correctly spelled "tatowing".

Pauli measured everything very correctly, beginning in the center of the back where there is to be a broad black band, just high enough to appear above the lavalava. Below it there is a triangle, its apex pointing downward. Because it has a particularly beautiful "glow" it is called pula. Below the triangle another band stretches downward and from it many "ribs" or "spars" spread to the sides of the body.

How necessary to plan everything according to the shape of the body, so as to give this permanent garment a good fit. On the abdomen only the navel is decorated with a lone quadrangle. The "spars" extending from the back terminate near the hip-bone. Above the pudenda are a few parallel stripes, placed horizontally. The thighs are decorated with large, black areas, filigreed with many artistic triangles and bands, so that a tattooed Samoan gives the appearance of wearing a pair of drawers made of fine lace-work. The more beautiful this decoration, the greater the esteem in which the young man is held and the more irresistible his attraction for the fair sex. For this reason he shuns no expense to have the tattooing executed as perfectly as possible.

Pauli was fully aware of his responsibility. When he had sketched the design on the young man's back, he invited the chiefs to give their opinion on his work. "It looks well", they said, "go ahead." The girls then spread some mats and tapas on the floor on which Tamalelagi stretched himself out, his back uppermost. An assistant poured some candlenut dye into a taro leaf, which he held in his left hand. Another passed him a tattooing comb, the sharp teeth of which he dipped into the mixture before presenting it to the master. A third apprentice kept the combs, all of different widths, in readiness, whilst it was the job of a fourth to keep them sharpened. Others again had to wipe off the blood and stretch the skin. The girl sat at the head of the sufferer, massaging it gently and laving their hands on his arms and body lest it twitch and spoil the design. Malosi, ia malosi, "be strong, be strong", they encouraged him, for moaning or crying out might be expected from a commoner, but never from a manaia. Tamalelagi, indeed, was a manaia as some favoured chiefs' sons are called in contradistinction to the taupou, the chief's daughter, who is the pride of the village.

Tamalelagi, prince of the manaia, a circle of the prettiest girls surrounds you but, in your pain, you see them not. Later, however, you will remember them. Of this we are certain.

To distract the young man, an old lady began a song in which the others from time to time loudly joined her:

Friend, stop your wailing and moaning; this is not the pain of the sick.

It is the pain of the novice. Make the body supple, as in relaxing.

Relax, o Chief.

Soon in the evening you will look upon your tattooing.

It is like unto the ti leaf.

Relax, o Chief.

Oh, were it but a burden that I could take upon myself.

Be calm and yield to the blows of the tattooer.

I draw back when the blows have fallen.

Relax, o Chief.

The hammer falls; the comb pierces the skin; the dye must hold forever.

Like water flows the blood. I pity your condition.

Relax, o Chief.

This is an old time custom. You groan, but I sing:

The women must bear children; the men must be tattooed,

And the tattooer is struck by the trade wind.

Relax, o Chief.

The necklace tears and is scattered; your tattooing will last till death,

To the very grave you will carry this decoration.

Relax, o Chief.

Chorus: Alas, you suffer under the blows

Till sleep brings you relief.

You suffer but bear up.

Under the loud strains of this song the back and the lumbar region were completed and Tamalelagi was given rest for the remainder of the day.

While Pauli was at work, everyone watched him attentively. He himself seemed well satisfied with his performance which, indeed, only a craftsman can truly appreciate. Once again the chiefs gave their opinion and it was very complimentary for the master. He leaned back contentedly, smacked his lips and said to his attendants and apprentices, "Now practice on the young men; the chief is finished."

Immediately they rushed upon the youngsters, like bonitos on a swarm of small fish. Two or three of them took hold of a victim and little time was wasted with planning and designing. Each one worked by touch and sight and before long an immense wail filled the village malae. Uncouth laughter and the mocking cries of the girls sounded on all sides. Blood flowed in streams. It was bliss for those who had already undergone the operation and the girls were not less pleased that the boys had to suffer for once. Thus the seriousness of the ceremony turned into a gay feast.

After a bad night Tamalelagi presented himself once more. Again he was dressed in fine mats which the master tattooer

viewed with satisfaction. This time the posterior was ornamented, the perineum and the surrounding parts requiring special care, for not even the penis was spared. Terrible, indeed, was the suffering the young man had to endure on this day.

During the third and fourth sessions the thighs were tattooed and a fifth and sixth brought the whole to a very painful termination with the tattooing of the abdomen and the navel.

Tamalelagi had borne it all with exemplary fortitude. The tattooed youngsters now rested for many days — as well as they could. Their bodies were covered with a thick scab which, little by little, dropped off. Then the marvel of their new garment appeared. Tamalelagi's, particularly, was a wonderful success and everyone lauded the master who had fitted it. The latter now ordered that the great tattooing dinner be given. A sumptuous repast was prepared. All that the land, the sea and the culinary art could supply was procured and the villagers gourmandized for many days. More elaborate still was the distribution of fine mats. Many hundreds of mats Tamalelagi had to present to Pauli, who shared them with his assistants, keeping the best ones for himself.

THE FIGHT FOR THE ROYAL TITLE

After Tamalelagi had received the badge of manhood, Alipia and Suluga decided to invest him with the title. At that time there lived in the capital Sagaate a son of the late Malietoa Vaema, to whom according to ancient custom the family had given the title. Seven families who pretended to be the House of Seven and maintained that the title lay in their gift, had agreed to the appointment. However, Alipia and Suluga, who were the most important members of the real House, did not favor Sagaate. As the latter insisted on his rights there were now two Tuiaanas and it remained yet to be seen who had the larger following. To his mortification Tamalelagi soon noticed that most of the food offerings went to his rival. With the sly Alipia, therefore, he thought of a scheme whereby he could validate his claim.

In those days there lived at Leulumoega a cousin of Tamalelagi by the name of Valasi or Levalasi. She was the daughter of Leatougauga, the sister of Tamalelagi's mother Vaeatama-soa. Leato had married Chief Tonumaiepa Sauoiga of Satupaitea and lived with him in Vaoto, the northern section

of Falelima, near Falealupo. The Tonumaipeas were an important clan, holding sway in the western section of Savaii. Their relationship with the Tuiaana had, through this marriage, become a very close one. Sauoaiga was a cruel and violent man who even practiced cannibalism. That is why Leatougauga left him after having borne him a daughter, who had been given the taupou title Levalasi. She had gone to the Tuitonga in Tonga from whom, on her father's side, she was descended. Her flight had much affected Sauoaiga and he tried all he could to bring her back. Even today there exists the following song which he is said to have sung in his sorrow:

The young moon shines upon the land;
It is first seen in Satupaitea,
In Vaoto and Faautagasami,
Where Ulufanua fills his shells with brine,
He, the grandfather of Nafanua.
May the west wind come
And be the bearer of my message;
May he invite my wife to return.
I have sinned; I humbly beg her pardon.

Falealupo was a place haunted by spirits. To the south of the west cape, where the sun sinks into the sea, there stands a rock from the top of which one will perceive a deep, dark hole in the ocean. It is here that the souls of the departed enter Puluotu, the underworld. There are really two holes, one for the chiefs, the other for the commoners, for so firmly were the former convinced of their heavenly origin, that they expected a favoured place even in the spirit world. The ruler of Puluotu was the god Savea Siuleo, a terrible *auti*, or demon, from whom the Tonumaipea claimed descent. His daughter was the war goddess Nafanua, renowned throughout the islands. When eastern Savaii had subjected the west and the defeated people were groaning under the conqueror's heel, Goddess Nafanua entered the bodies of her priests Auva'a of Falealupo and Tupa'i of Satupaitea, the brother of Levalasi, and spoke through them. Her will was carried out by the Tonumaipea family and in a short time the west had regained its independence. Nafanua's fame, of course, was thereby greatly enhanced. It was in her that Tamalelagi now placed his trust. How fortunate for him that his cousin Levalasi happened to be in the village; it would give him an opportunity to discuss the matter with her. They had a talk and she expressed her readiness to interview her relatives in

Falealupo although she was not particularly attached to them. She did not meet with a rebuff, for the ties of blood were too strong.

Levalasi visited the sanctuary of Nafanua whose priest Auva'a, after having fallen into a trance, spoke as follows: "Come and go; in five days begin the war in Aana. After its successful conclusion establish our authority in Leulumoega. Tupai shall not reside there; you shall be the ruler. The Tuiaana title, however, shall belong to Nafanua."

Levalasi returned with a party of warriors and communicated to her cousin the goddess's will. Within five days Tamalelagi had assembled his followers and begun the war against Sagaate who was defeated and killed in battle.

Tamalelagi was the victor but his title went to Nafanua in Falealupo. He was the ruler of Aana but without title.

Some time later Levalasi received the news that a dispute had broken out between her grandmother's sister Gatoaitele in Afega, Tuamasaga, and Malietoa in Malie. The latter wanted to assert his title in Sagana, whilst the principal village in the district, Afega, held with Gatoaitele. The Malietoas were in bad repute, as the cannibal Sagaga Imuli had provoked the people by his many cruelties. It was long before he would control his loathsome appetite. He became more and more aware of the mounting opposition, but only when the people served him breadfruit filled with lard, did he forgo his evil propensity. Malie with Malietoa and Afega with Gatoaitele, then, went to war. Levalasi had sent Tupai. Malietoa was defeated and the victors devastated the land. Gatoaitele's title, however, was taken by Nafanua to Savaii.

From Atua also there soon came news that two claimants were fighting for the Tuiatua title: Fogaoloula in Lufilufi and Foganiutea in Fagaloa. Tupai was dispatched there with his troops and quickly clinched matters in favor of Foganiutea. Once again the title went to Nafanua.

Finally a dispute arose between the two principal parts of Safata where Levalasi's aunt Vaecatamasoa lived. This also was settled by Nafanua and the title Tamasoali'i taken away by her. Thus it came about that for many years Upolu was without the two big titles of the male line and the two smaller ones of the female line, in which the authority of the different districts rested.

Tonumaipea of Savaii understood how unsettled the political situation in Upolu was and, particularly, how ineffectual were the two rather recent female titles. He, therefore, tried

his utmost to unite the four titles in his person and thus become the ruler of Samoa. Indeed, with the assistance of the goddess Nafanua, he was on the point of succeeding in his purpose. However, the faleupolu, or orators, in whose gift the titles lay, were unwilling to confer them upon Tonumaipea; on the other hand they feared Nafanua's ire if they showed preference for their own nobles. Thus matters were left hanging in the balance.

Levalasi settled in Lculumoega to which she had taken a liking. Tamalelagi received her as the first lady of the Tuiaana family and gave her the proud taupou name So'oa'e ma le lagi, "Ever rising to heaven". Such a taupou is the leader of the unmarried daughters of the chiefs and orators of an important town. Collectively she and her suite are called aualuma. In some villages they have a distinctive name. Through Salamasina these associations acquired an importance which greatly enhanced the position of womanhood in the Samoan islands. So'oa'e, or Levalasi, as we shall still call her, had no small part in this. How this came about, we shall presently see.

BLESSED AANA

Tamalelagi grew into a fine young man. Although he had lost the title, he maintained a firm grip on Aana. As a matter of fact, his not being the titular high chief of the district had certain advantages, for in his visits of his domain, the ceremonial which must be strictly observed in the presence of the ruler, could now be dispensed with. And so he went more freely with his chiefs and orators from town to town to keep in touch with his people and safeguard peace and order on all sides.

Aana is a blessed land. Its medium high mountains slope gently towards the sea, especially on the northern side, where there is a wide lagoon that provides fish in abundance. The coast is partly covered with black rocks. In the southwest, near Samatau and Falelatai, it is more sandy and broken by pools of brackish water. Everwhere there is a dense belt of coconut palms which stretch their long necks into the blue of the sky to catch the gentle sea breezes. They provide the music of the strand when in the early morning hours the easterly trade wind sets in and snakes their long, green fronds and causes the ripe nuts to tumble down. He, who from the sea has seen their slender, long stems with their green crowns

painted on the dark backdrop of the distant mountain chain, will never forget the picture.

From Tufulele to Mulifanua, or "Land's End", the north coast is thickly populated. Everywhere the thatch covered houses peep out of the palm forest. Village merges into village, several of them usually forming a township, such as Faleasiu, Fasitoota, Nofoaalii, Lculumoega, Fasitootai, Faleatiu, Satapuala, Sagafili, Mulifanua, a gem each one of them in the Tuiaana's crown and each famed in Samoan history. Who could recall all the tales of peace and war, of love and hate, of weal and woe, that tell of their past?

All these places were visited by Tamalelagi. He was a manaia, "a beau", whose pleasing disposition and high bearing no maiden's heart could resist. No wonder, then, his orators were anxious to put an end to his dallyings and find him a wife that would enhance his family connections. Their choice fell on Namoaitete, the daughter of Folasaitu of Faleata. Folasaitu had married Gasolo, Tamalelagi's grandmother, but had had no children by her. His daughter was borne by another mother. She was a great-grandchild of the Tuiatua. Thus two important connections would be established, one with Atua, the other with Tuamasaga. Moreover, Folasaitu who lived in strained relations with Malietoa, could be expected to hold henceforth with the Tuiaanas.

The wedding was to be celebrated with great pomp in Lculumoega. Namoaitete was not pretty but she was well built and the Faleata people were proud of their taupou and had her constantly attended by a bevy of women. It was with their very lives that they had to guarantee the virginity of the taupou and had she been found defiled at the marriage her own life would have been forfeited as well. Therefore, everyone looked forward to the wedding with the greatest tension.

Lculumoega consists of two divisions: Sasaluc, landward of the mainroad and Matatao, seaward. It was here that Tamalelagi had grown up. There stands a little hill in Matatao, about the height of a man, on which a dwelling house, called Lagī, had been built for the young couple. Close to the sea the hillock ends abruptly and at its foot there is a pool of limpid water, surrounded by black, basaltic rocks, so that even the highest tides will not reach it. Mataiva, "the talking water", it is called and its murmuring filled the natives with reverential awe, as it was said to house an aitu which in the shape of a pa'a, or crab, would occasionally

make its appearance. This was the bathing pool of the Tuiaanas, strictly taboo for common mortals. It happened that Tamalelagi was bathing here one day. With a bunch of coconut fibre he was rubbing the coconut oil off his body, for he had anointed himself for a practice of clubswinging and wrestling with the other manaias. Having done with the fibre, he put it on a stone and plunged into the water. The crab came and gnawed at the fibre. From this occurrence the king's offspring were afterwards called tama a paa, "the children of the crab".

Alipia who formerly lived near the Malae o vavau, had built himself a house near the lagī. Eastwards of this was the home of Levalasi, the keeper of the great titles, and a little further still, on the crownland of the Tuiaana, stood the magnificent guesthouse Nu'uausala.

This was the famous old Leulumoega which was to surpass in glory all the other towns of Samoa as well as those of the surrounding islands and, therefore, the whole world. Its fame even reached the heavens, from whence old Tagaloa cast a jealous eye upon this terrestrial dwelling place.

The happenings in Aana had been followed with the keenest interest by Malietoa in Malie. When he heard about the contemplated alliance with Faleata, his jealousy and anger knew no bounds. Since all the titles were with Nafanua in Savaii, he thought it a good opportunity to acquire the royal crown by force, for, besides his own powerful Tuamasaga, he could count on the help of Manono and a large part of Savaii.

When Tamalelagi was bathing one day in the beautiful pool of Tufulele, which in these days belonged to Tuamasaga, he was insulted by some orators from Saleimoa. At the instigation of Malietoa they cast aspersions on him, but when they noticed Tamalelagi's companions, they fled. The Faleasiu warriors immediately offered to go to Saleimoa and fetch a few heads.

Tamalelagi advised them to keep the peace and returned quickly to Leulumoega where he discussed the situation with Alipia and the others. It was not merely a matter of personal offense, for they all realized in what direction Malietoa's thoughts were turning. Had he not already extended the boundaries of Tuamasaga to both the east and the west? Alipia suggested that he should be attacked immediately and forced to recognize the dominant position of Aana, give up his conquests and make amends for violating the sacredness

of the ruler, for even though Tamalelagi did not actually hold the title, he still was their king and the chief scion of the noble Tuiaana family.

Le Mana, Sausi and others spoke, all agreeing that nothing less than war could settle the matter, provided that the gods looked with favor upon their undertaking. Should hostilities spread, they hoped that Faleata and Safata would be at least divided, whilst they were assured of the assistance of Atua. Manono and eastern Savaii would probably hold with Malietoa, but Nafanua would never abandon Tamalelagi. Perhaps, it would be as well not to consult the goddess this time, but Alipia and Le Mana should seek the opinion of their war god Fe'e, the devil fish. All agreed to this.

The two chief orators decided to hold an aitu fono, or seance, the next night. In the evening they dressed in fine mats, anointed themselves with perfumed oil and went into the fale tele where all the blinds had been let down except one at the back which was to serve as door. They squatted opposite each other in the rounded ends of the house and remained sitting there silently throughout the night, lest the god be frightened away. A talking chief brought four small, pierced coconuts. One he set before Alipia, another before Le Mana, the third before the front post and the fourth before the opposite post; then he departed, only to return at dawn. If he then found the nuts without coconut water, it was a sign that the god had drunk them and that he approved of their undertaking. The next morning, in fact, the nuts were empty. It was the decisive factor.

Alipia and Le Mana returned to their lord. It was resolved to dispense with further fonos but to send messengers to the different villages of Aana, ordering the warriors to assemble the following morning in Faleasiu. The attack should be started immediately. A great booty was promised.

WAR

Stealthily the troops assembled the next morning, streaming together from all sides. During the night those from Lefaga Bay had climbed over the hills to the east of Mt. Tofua; those from Falelatai, which was even more distant, arrived shortly after. Thus it was that Tamalelagi found his Aana men gathered in rare harmony around him. The Speakers of Leulumoega, the alataua, had stayed behind, for theirs was the duty to pray to the gods for success. The other Leulu-

moega men had joined those from Fasitoota and Fasitootai who, with the Sagafili warriors, sought for the honor of forming the vanguard. They had received orders to invade Saleimoa at dawn of day and fetch a few heads. The main body was to follow later.

About a hundred young men who were keen to earn their laurels had, during the night, silently entered Faleasiu where they found only a few people. The previous evening most of them had been presented with garlands by the village maidens and from the women they had received a special oil, prepared under cabalistic rites. With the oil they anointed their bodies to make them as slippery as eels. Then they decorated themselves in the light of burning coconut leaves, the ashes of which they used to blacken their faces. From some tapa bundles they produced short clubs which are particularly suitable for fast work. Some of these were provided with a row of sharp, sawlike wooden teeth, whose purpose it is to cut off the head of the fallen foe. The white tapa strips in which the clubs had been wrapped, were wound around the heads and served as a distinguishing mark. The spears were left with the rear-guard. For fast work in the semi-darkness they would only be a hindrance.

"Don't make yourself so pretty, lest you fall into the hands of Sauma'eafe of Alamutu", one manaia said to another, named Fili, as the latter was being oiled and decorated.

"Don't be presumptuous," another said. "In Malie the other day she passed along the road, as pretty as a picture, so that everyone was ogling her. Red hair she had and the most voluptuous bosom. Her body glowed like that of the fisherman returning from the sea. What a sight."

"Yes," another young man added, "she was as red as Palo in Safata into whom she entered one night. He looked all aflame the next morning, but shortly after he died."

"Don't you believe these old wives' tales," Fili said. "Palo had been fishing and a heavy shower had drenched him. A bad fever was the result. I don't believe in any stories about Sauma'eafe. She simply tricks the people and if I catch her, she'll pay for it."

They stared at him somewhat awed. He was the son of a big chief of Sagafili who was believed to possess supernatural powers. Surely, an ordinary mortal would not have dared using such language. However, in the depressed mood that usually precedes an early morning attack, his words had an

encouraging effect and the young men almost felt like the Titans who once fought their celestial enemies.

As soon as the first light appeared in the eastern sky, muffled calls were sounded from house to house. In a short time the warriors were assembled on the beach. The manaias had donned their ceremonial head-dress, made of brown human hair and red feathers with a bluishgreen disc of nautilus shell glimmering above the forehead. Around the neck sparkled a circlet of whales' teeth.

The party set out led by the manaias. The first houses of Tufulele were soon reached, but the village had been abandoned. It was not to be expected that such an unusual gathering of men could be kept secret. Besides, those who had close relatives in the enemy camp had felt it their duty to advise them of the coming attack. In the western section of Saleimoa the houses were searched and set on fire. There was little to be picked up there.

The next section, Alamutu, was quickly reached. Several stately houses stood under the trees near the beautiful sandy beach. Many sleepers were there taken by surprise. A number of them, snatching their spears, showed some resistance, while the others fled. A few heads fell, however. One young villager ran as fast as his legs could carry him towards the strand, but one of the aggressors caught up with him and felled him with his club. Quickly he took the poor fellow by his long hair and started slashing through his neck. With the war cry of "Tui-Aana" he proudly returned to his companions, holding the head aloft in his left hand. He was not received without a certain amount of envy.

Near the eastern end of Alamutu there is a swampy lagoon, which at high tide is flooded by the sea. The tide, just then, happened to be high and the Aana warriors thought it advisable to retreat, the more so that their attack had been successful and the Saleimoa men had begun to gather on the opposite bank. Young Fili, however, waded into the water and invited the others to follow him. When he had gained the middle of the water which reached up to the middle of his hips, a woman appeared on the other side. With bare breasts and wildly combed up hair, fern leaves covering her head and her body yellowed with curcuma root, she proudly stood there. Before Fili had recovered from his surprise, her long spear pierced his breast. His companions rushed into the water to save his head. They accomplished their purpose, but one of them lost his life. Quickly they now retreated,

carrying away all the booty they could and setting fire to the rest. Their most precious plunder was a number of pigs which they slung on carrying poles, but their greatest pride was six enemy heads. With these the captors led the procession, marching single file back to Aana and singing the war song of the Hermit crab on Mt. Fao, whose every verse ended in a loud e-e. In Fasitoota they met Tamalelagi who was waiting for his morning kava in Ape's house. Immediately the young men did their tied-up hair and squatted in front of the house, the captured heads heaped up before them.

"Very good, indeed," the Tuiaana congratulated them; "you have done excellent work. This will be enough for today; you shall now eat the pigs, but the heads belong to our war-god."

The warriors now dispersed to tell their relatives and friends of their valorous deeds.

Tamalelagi having received a full report of the morning's happenings, decided that the main body should now advance. The men from the south coast were to attack the enemy from the rear.

Never before had it been possible to move so many troops so quickly and lead them in an organized attack. As a result, the enemy was taken completely by surprise and the victory decisive. Malietoa who had fled across the mountains to the south coast, soon sent his ambassadors to declare his submission. The Tuiaana accepted it magnanimously without either exacting atonement or tribute, for Malietoa's friends from Faleata and Safata had interceded for him and given guarantee of his subsequent good behavior. The heads also were returned. The village of Tufulele, however, which Malietoa had forcibly incorporated in his domain, went back to Aana whilst the Atua district got Saluafata and Solosolo.

Highly satisfied, Tamalelagi returned to Leulumoega, where a feast in honor of the war-god Fe'e was forthwith prepared. It was to be followed by the general fono of Aana and the nuptials of the ruler.

Before the festivities began, Tamalelagi gave a special dinner in honor of his vanguard to whose devotedness and bravery the final victory was to a large extent due. It was followed by the usual dances which lasted far into the night. While Tamalelagi sat in the royal residence, Nu'uausala, together with his cousin Levalasi and some talking chiefs, the songs and laughter of the young warriors who amused themselves with the aualuma, or village maidens, reached

them intermittently.

Dark red, the sun was setting in the west, its last rays dancing on the violet-blue sea. A strange peace had fallen on the village and everyone wondered at its meaning, when suddenly, from a thousand throats, burst the war song of the Hermit crab, the uga, on the Fao:

Auē, the uga on the Fao,
He weeps for his long lost son.
The mighty Fao in Atua,
It catches every passing shower;
It is the throne of mist and rain.
Aana's job is making war;
The Hermit crab brings victory.
Take him of, e-e; take him of, e-e

Mightily swelled the e-e call, like the thunder on the Fao; then it collapsed like a broken wave. Deep quiet filled the royal residence. Tamalelagi was deeply moved. No one spoke a word. The evening glow was gradually fading away; only a dim shimmer was visible on the waters in the west. Tamalelagi ordered some dry coconut leaves to be lit and set up as flares. He then said, "The souls of the dead have descended with the sun into the kingdom of the Fe'e, but your glory, Levalasi, shall ever rise to heaven. You have helped us mightily and your title So'o-ae-ma-le-lagi shall be that of the first lady of my House. The families of the two brave warriors that helped me to victory, shall henceforth make the House of Seven into the House of Nine. You, Alipia, shall be the head of the family of Sausi, which is so dear to me. Finally, our village green, the Malae o vavau, shall in future be called Ma'auga, as it was the uga, the crab, that taught us how with courage and perseverance all difficulties can be overcome."

Alipia spoke for the faleupolu. He thanked Tamalelagi and sang the praises of his and Nafanua's ancestors. Levalasi said, "Your glory, dear cousin, is my glory and your family is my family. You know my close relationship with the Tonumaipea in Savaii, who caused such misery to my mother. It is because of this that I prefer staying with you in Leulumoega. I have asked Nafanua's help. It is through her that you have prevailed against your adversaries, but she has taken the titles to Savaii. Some day they will come back to you and your family will possess them all. Let us give a feast to Fe'e, the devilfish, to obtain his help. He is of equal rank with Nafanua for they are of the same stock. In the depths

of the ocean, westward of Falealupo, is Pulotu, the underworld. There also is Salefe'e, the Kingdom of the Octopus; but he is the enemy of Tuipulotu Savea Siuleo, who in the form of a conger eel, a pusi, visits the land where he is pursued by the octopus despite his venomous teeth. When the octopus wishes to sleep ashore, he makes himself quite small and hides himself in the white pule shell, which we use to decorate our war canoes. If he desires to climb the mountains, he takes the shape of the uga crab and enters a shell, thus wandering up the heights. Mt. Fao in Atua is his favorite resort. From its summit he can overlook the whole of Upolu and see Savaii and Tutuila. The Tuipulotu protects the souls against the depredations of the devilfish; thus there is eternal warfare between their two kingdoms. In order to follow the octopus on the land, Savea Siuleo begot a daughter. It was only a clot of blood that Tilafaigā bore and in shame "hid in the earth", na i fanua. Through magic, however, it grew into the goddess Nafanua who immediately took her father's part and drove the octopus out of Savaii. Now she has followed him even to Upolu and spread her father's power here. However, I believe that Nafanua will not return to us and the octopus will reign in Aana. It is well, therefore, that you prepare a feast for him and invite the whole of Samoa, so that the aitu will be contented and grow strong. Leulumoega shall pay him special honors. You should not permit Tuamasaga to build him temples with great stone pillars and seats, lest fortune favor them rather than you. The Tuiaana shall ever hold first place in Samoa and the House of Nine shall be the first in council."

As Tamalelagi did not reply, Alipia addressed the lady: "You have spoken well, Levalasi. Like a warm shower after a drought your words have sunk into our hearts. Your Highness has spoken truly. Great and victorious is Aana. However, Fe'e is not our only god. We must give him a feast. Leulumoega lies bright in the midday sun, but many a cloud passes over it. We must keep a watchful eye."

The other orators spoke in a similar strain until Tamalelagi said, "Let us follow the advice of Levalasi, our So'o a'e ma le lagi. Send messengers to all parts of Upolu and Savaii to invite the people to the feast on the next full moon. Let Aana provide the pigs, fish and taro and let nothing be wanting. Now, accompany me to my sleeping house."

Soon deep peace reigned over the capital. The dancers had gone to the nearby villages lest they disturb the chiefs

in their rest. Only the roar of the mighty ocean rollers sounded dully from the reef. Sleep would not come to Tamalelagi. He cogitated on the past and the future. He would fain have possessed the four titles. The rapid and successful conclusion of the late war gave him hopes that this could, perhaps, be effected; yet, he realized the obstacles he would meet with and the thought lay heavily on his heart. Of first importance was his wedding, then he had to win the favor of the war god. Should the weapons of his warriors fail to lead him to his goal, new family connections had to help. With these thoughts he finally fell asleep.

THE FEAST FOR THE WAR GOD

When the moon was at the full, the people streamed together from all directions, some on foot, others by boat. There was not a house in Leulumoega and the neighbouring villages that was not filled with guests. The great malae Ma'auga, the village green, had taken on a festive appearance.

As soon as the sun shed its first rays on the green, the chiefs and orators with their people squatted, village by village, under the breadfruit trees at the edge of the malae, forming a great circle. It was a gay-colored picture: the flower covered heads, many of them whitened with coral lime; the brown bodies, bedecked with necklaces of every description; the multi-colored tapa-cloths and the red ti leaf girdles that were the garments of young and old, presented a sight of infinite variety. Many of the high chiefs' sons, the manaias, had appeared in their ceremonial head-dress, decorated with bleached human hair, red feathers and discs cut from the pretty nautilus shell. Around arms and legs they wore leafy circlets and in their hands they carried precious, old war clubs with which they were to lead the dance in honor of the war-god. A perfume of Ylang-ylang and coconut oil lay heavily over the gathering.

About a hundred men arose and formed long lines. Some leading voices sang a few staves of a song and the chorus took them up with a mighty surge. It was a measured tune, and slow and graceful were the motions of the dancers.

Then came the dance of the high chiefs' sons — a wonderful performance. High into the air they flung their clubs and caught them again; they twirled them around their arms and passed them between their legs, contorting their bodies but ever keeping time to the music. The loud clapping of alter-

nately flat and hollow hands, often of thunderous loudness, accompanied the singing. Now the Triton shells began to blow and the drums to boom. The chorus sang as follows:

The battle roars in the highlands of Upolu.

Blood-red shines the moon; down falls the morning dew.

To the battle fields of Aana the chase is carried.

The Fe'e takes the foe in his encircling arms.

Take him off, e-e; take him off, e-e, ui, uō.

The old chiefs of Savaii and Upolu now arose and, spear in hand, entered the arena. Slowly and deliberately the sport began, but soon turned into a wild frenzy. Forgetting their wonted dignity and the burden of their years, they dexterously jumped about, parrying the adversary's throws. Louder and louder rose the roar of the Triton shell and drum, of handclapping and song when suddenly, upon a given signal, the mountain of deafening din collapsed.

Next, some three-legged stools were carried to the malae and placed in a row. For the first time the newly constituted House of Nine showed itself to the people. They first stood together to discuss the order and purpose of the speeches; then they sat down.

Alipia now arose to bid welcome to the gathering. Leaning upon his orators's staff, his fly-switch in his left hand he first greeted the mighty Savaii and the capitals of Upolu, then the war councillors and the villages of the vanguard. After that, Sausi and Le Mana offered thanks for the food presentations. This only served to increase the general hunger, so that everybody drew a sigh of relief when the Triton horns at last notified the cooks to serve the meal.

Already on the previous evening the young men had killed the pigs and prepared them for the oven where, filled and surrounded with hot stones, they were done to a turn. Now the huge, browned roasts were placed before the assembly together with the other food. More than a hundred succulent pigs were to be seen, surrounded by baskets of taro, breadfruit, coconuts and whatever else belongs to such a dinner. All eyes feasted on the super-abundance; all mouths began to water but, exteriorly at least, each one kept his self-possession, as is required by Samoan propriety. At last, at a signal given by Tamalelagi who, from his house had quietly observed the preparations, the food distributors, the tulafale, proceeded with their task. With bamboo knives they quickly carved the pigs and each group received its share, which was disposed of with great satisfaction but mannerly restraint. Then

the people scattered, only to assemble again for the night dances and games in the different houses.

Club matches, boxing tournaments, wrestling and other sports were held during the subsequent days. Then most of the visitors returned to their homes. The feast was ended.

THE KING'S WEDDING

Tamalelagi now had other things to worry about — his marriage with Namoaitele. His matchmakers, of course, had been entirely successful, as with such a handsome and noble suitor was to be expected. He now had to send his wedding gifts to Faleata. These consisted of kava bowls, food bowls, clubs, spears, nautilus frontlets, whale tooth necklaces and whatever else is manufactured by the men, besides immense quantities of food. A group of men took these gifts by boat to the bride's family and, having been hospitably entertained, they returned the same evening with the message that the bride would come with her gifts three days hence.

On the third day a large fleet arrived from the east. In the first boat, decorated and manned by strapping youngsters, Namoaitele herself was seated, dressed in beautiful fine mats, with fragrant flowers entwined in her hair. She was accompanied by many women who carried the precious Tonga mats, the shaggy white mats, the sleeping mats and bundles of tapa cloth ashore and deposited them in front of Tamalelagi's house. The hearts of the talking chiefs rejoiced at the sight of all these treasures. The bridegroom sat in his house awaiting the arrival of the bride who was accompanied by Folasaitu and his orators. After the usual greetings and a few words of thanks, the kava ceremony followed and a meal was partaken of.

Tamalelagi looked with deep satisfaction upon his future wife who, reddened by the sun, presented a very pleasing picture.

As the nuptial ceremonies were to take place only on the following day, the bride with her suite retired to their sleeping quarters, whilst the men sat up awhile and talked about the past and the future. From the conversation it was clear that the famous day in Malie as well as his unhappy marriage to Tamalelagi's grandmother Gasolo was still fresh in the memory of the sixty year old Folasaitu. However, it was to be hoped that this new connection would establish a better understanding.

Next morning the malae Ma'auga was a hive of activity. From all sides the guests streamed together and soon the village green presented a picture as pretty as on the feast of the Fe'e. Namoaitete, the envied bride, was made ready by her ladies-in-waiting. Her short, combed up hair was anointed with sweet smelling oil. A gay, old crone rubbed a particularly bewitching ointment on her upper lip with the words, "When the cock-pigeon smells the ylang-ylang, he forgets heaven and earth." They all laughed. To prepare these perfumes is the art of the old women. "The pigeon of the dawn of day," said another lady, referring to the first bird caught, which brings especial glory to the hunter. "Yes", added a third, "and snared in the sight of all". "What joy there will be in the hunter's hut," another offered. Namoaitete began to lose her temper and scolded her women who, on such an occasion, enjoyed nothing more than making foul jokes. "Bring me my laufau," she ordered. This is the wedding garment, modestly called "hibiscus leaf" but consisting of old fine mats, decorated with red feathers and many fringes, so that it forms a thick skirt. With strips of tapa everything is held in place. Flower wreaths and necklaces complete the picture. When she was ready, a messenger came to announce that she was expected on the malae.

She proceeded there slowly, followed by six ladies who sang her praises. When she arrived in the centre of the village green, she turned aside to where the representatives of her village were assembled. A murmur of applause passed through the ranks. On the other side of the malae sat the Leulumoega people and in front of them Tamalelagi with Umaga and Pasesē, the "supports" of the Tuiaana.

In front of Tamalelagi there lay a white fringed mat. The assistants were now all tense to observe the further proceedings. For the first wife of so high a chief the proof of the bride's virginity was indispensable. Like the girl in Manua, who had given herself to the sun to deliver her fellowmen, she had to be pure and untouched, for was not the Tuiaana, too, descended from god Sol? Tamalelagi himself had to carry out the test.

Umaga asked the bride to approach. Quickly the old ladies loosed the laufau mats, leaving her but one, which she pulled up to her arm pits. Hesitatingly and with downcast eyes she advanced to within a few steps of the manaia, when the other tulafale ordered her back. She returned to her women who encouraged her to try again. Once more she

advanced and again she was sent back. On her third attempt, however, Pasesē called, "Come to your lord." She blushingly approaches, steps on the mat and, in a half kneeling posture, rests her hands on the bridegroom's shoulders. With his hand he quickly performs the time-honored, sacred act and as it proves successful, he calls out, "She is inviolate". The two orators immediately raise a shout of triumph which is taken up by the whole assembly and increases as the bride, now entirely unclothed, returns to her retinue in all the glory of her beauty and purity. Her women are frantic with joy. They tear off their clothes, weep, shriek and embrace their mistress. They can scarce contain their feelings, for they had been responsible for the bride's purity and, had the ceremony ended unsuccessfully, it would have been their death.

Umaga and Pasesē carried the precious mat into the royal residence. It was to cover the bridal bed, where soon after the young couple for the first time united. Outside the festivities continued, games and dances alternating. Later, the women of Faleata displayed the bridal gifts, particularly the fine mats. Everything was heaped up in front of the residence and secured by the Tuiaana family. After the dispersal of the guests, Tamalelagi distributed the mats to his orators and kin. His sister's son received the most precious mat, for he, being descended from the female line, is considered the closest relative of the bridegroom.

We shall pass over the other customs in connection with the wedding; they will be repeated at the marriage of the children with whom we shall have yet to occupy ourselves. Be it merely mentioned that, in due time, Namoaitete bore a son who received the name of Tuala and was destined to become the founder of an important clan, widely spread in Upolu and Savaii.

MATRIMONIAL INTRIGUES

Namoaitete was not happy in the wedded state. She was not to remain Tamalelagi's only wife. More and more the ruler fell under the influence of his nine Speakers, who convinced him of the necessity of contracting new alliances to strengthen his political status. Often, indeed, he was forced into a marriage in order to obviate the dire consequences which his indiscriminate adventures with the fair sex would have provoked. He realized too late that his own conduct

and the haughty ways of the Nine only created new enemies, but he had neither the power nor the will to change the situation. He still did not possess the Aana title nor had he hopes of acquiring the others, for the talking chiefs in whose gift they lay, did not like Leulumoega. This was Tamalelagi's great worry.

The years passed. Eight other daughters of important chiefs had he wedded, but the unions and particularly the separations brought much unpleasantness. His fifth wife had been stoled La'aulu of Tufu, Savaii. Leulumoega was furious, but Tamalelagi said, "Never mind; her daughter will be useful to you yet. When you visit Savaii, her family will entertain you and present you with fine mats." So they abandoned their revenge.

Most of the other marriages had been lightly contracted and as lightly dissolved.

The tenth and last union was to bring his family and district both honor and prosperity. It came about thus: at the time Tamalelagi lived with Siotafatasi and Siotamea, the daughters of Puni of Samatau, a messenger arrived from Sagafili with the news that some large double canoes had been sighted in the south. They carried long, white streamers at the mast-head, a sign that it was Tuitonga Faaulufanua, the king of Tonga. He evidently intended to visit the relatives of his wife Taupou-i-masina, the daughter of Lefono of Amoa, Savaii. Besides he probably wished to meet again his brother Ulualo-faigā, who had married a chief's daughter in Atua. Alipia surmised that the king would be accompanied by his daughter, the report of whose beauty had long since reached Samoa. Slyly he regarded his lord as he suggested the advisability of greeting the noble visitor at the landing place. Tamalelagi noticed the veiled looks of the cunning fox, but said nothing. He slowly arose and ordered that he should be followed with some fine mats. Thus he set forth with his suite towards the west, passing through Faleatiu, Satapuala and Sagafili. Here and there stops were made for refreshments and a friendly talk with the village chiefs. At the cape of Sagafili he scanned the sea for the ships. As he stepped forth from behind a bush, he noticed the pretty village taupou practicing a siva in the midst of her six companions. Charmed by the lovely sight, he regarded them for a while before greeting them. Alipia found it hard to tear him away; once again his heart had caught fire.

From Cape Sagafili one has a good view of the strait

between Upolu and Savaii, with the islets of Manono and Apolima, between which the boats soon appeared. They entered the lagoon through the reef passage. Because of the slack tradewind on the lee side of the island, they required much help. This was supplied by a number of Samoan outrigger canoes that took the ships in tow and by swimmers who helped by pushing.

After much urging, Tamalelagi finally took leave of the pretty taupou and, after rounding Mulifanua, reached Samatau in the late afternoon. They entered the house of Puni, Tamalelagi's father-in-law, where a throne of mats was prepared for the king. There he squatted with crossed legs, as etiquette requires, and looked out upon the lagoon where the Tongans made ready to land. They had tied their big boats to stakes driven into the sandy bottom of the lagoon. Small outrigger canoes were ready to bring the Tuitonga and his suite ashore but he preferred being carried on a plank by his own men. He was led to Puni's house. His daughter Vaetoeifaga came in company of Suluimauā whom the Tuitonga had adopted. Two servants, Saulualo and Fea, never left the king's side and saw to all his wants. Fea's daughter Tufi had, some years ago, married the king's brother Ulualo-faigā, who later settled in Fagaloa and had also a Samoan wife. The Tuitonga entered the house through the middle front posts and sat against the nearest post. His following came in by the back, where they squatted cross-legged. Tamalelagi greeted the strangers, asked them the purpose of their voyage and conversed on trifling matters.

The sun was about to set behind Savaii, when Tuitonga's daughter who had been received by the village ladies, entered the house where she occupied the post next to her father's, as was her due. She was freshly bathed, anointed and decorated with flowers and her exotic beauty, enhanced by the rays of the setting sun, filled her hosts with such admiration that no one spoke a word. Tamalelagi, finally, recovered himself sufficiently to offer the customary greetings to which she charmingly replied. The kava chewers, who had arranged themselves on the lawn outside, had just completed their work and the first cups were called out and presented to Tuitonga and Tuiaana simultaneously; then followed Vaetoeifaga's cup. Tamalelagi then signaled his attendants who laid two precious mats at the princess's feet. Her eyes lit up with pleasure, for there is nothing more welcome to a Tongan woman than one of these precious mats.

The Tuitonga said, "I have come with my daughter that she may meet her relatives in Samoa. I come in peace and not for hostile purposes." And, in remembrance of the olden days of strife between the two island groups, he added the departing words of his ancestor Tala-ai-feii, "Never again shall I come to fight, but only as a friendly visitor." "You are welcome; you are the true highness," answered Tamalelagi politely. Then the evening meal was served: a small pig, fish, taro and whatever else could be procured at such short notice. After the fatigues of the day all now desired to rest and the sleeping mats and bamboo pillows were taken from the shelves and the beds made ready. On one side slept the men; on the other, Puni's female relatives prepared a soft couch for the Tongan ladies, where they surrounded them as if for protection. They had not failed to notice that Vaetoe and Vaetoe and Suluimauā had made a deep impression on the Tuiaana and the other Samoan chiefs and they realized the danger for the ruler's present wives who, as we know, were Puni's daughters. Immediately a messenger was dispatched to bring Siotamea who had remained in Leulumoega. It was Alipia who had hindered her from joining the party, although he knew that they would stop at her father's house. He was already busy concocting schemes to establish a connection with the royal family of Tonga, that would not only bring new glory to the House of Aana, but meant many precious mats and other treasures for himself.

Urged by the women of Samatau, the counter forces, i.e. the orators, got busy too, for through the marriage of Puni's daughters their village had gained importance and special privileges. The Tongans who since ancient times were wont to visit Samoa, liked the place as it afforded a perfect anchorage for their big double canoes, situated as it was on the lee side of the island and having a lagoon of deep water. Another thing made the village dear to them: it lay on the *itu i toga*, the Tongan side of Upolu, whence they could see the southern sea where their homeland lay. When they approached Samoa, their landmark was Mt. Tofua which resembled their own Tofua — the volcano.

The efforts of the Puni family were of no avail. Alipia convinced Tamalelagi of the necessity of the new connection. His glory would be greatly enhanced; besides the very safety of Aana was at stake.

The Malietoas in Tuamasaga were getting more and more powerful, precisely through intermarriage with Tonga and

it was his time, too, that the ancient Atua be put in its place.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, Alipia retired with some fellow orators who had arrived from Leulumoega, to a neighboring house to give further consideration to the matter. Not all the members of the House of Nine were present, but there was a majority. However, they by no means agreed. Some were of the opinion that it was unwise to add another family to the many malcontents. Besides, the Samoan ancestry of Vaetoe was not at all distinguished. Her grandfather Lefono of Amoa was a petty chief and, moreover, a relative of Laulu, the adulterer. Only on her mother's side was she descended from Tuisamoa in Falealili who, however, was closely related to Malietoa. It would, therefore, only be playing in the latter's hands — the very thing they wanted to avoid. Alipia did not give in. In a long speech he emphasized the fact that the presence of the Tuitonga was bound to dispel all difficulties. It was unfortunate, he said, to supplant the daughters of Puni, but the latter had become too conceited anyway and it was high time to put a damper on his pretensions. If necessary, he could be satisfied with some honorific title. The occasion was too favorable to be neglected. If Tamalelagi did not marry her — and she certainly had caught his eye — some other chief would and then the fat would be in the fire. Furthermore, he had learned that the Tuitonga had come with a large number of old mats — but this mentioned only in passing.

After these words there was but little opposition. Alipia offered to speak with Tamalelagi. If the latter agreed, he would suggest that the matchmakers be forthwith sent to Amoa, where the Tongan king intended visiting his late wife's relatives.

The interview took place that very morning and Tamalelagi, at first feigning some reluctance, soon agreed with the arrangements. In the afternoon, when the great kava ceremony was ended, he addressed the Tuitonga thus, "Your Highness is welcome in Samoa; talofa lava, very welcome. Highness is welcome in Samoa; talofa lava, very welcome. Highness is welcome in Samoa; talofa lava, very welcome. Long and arduous has been your voyage from Tonga, but the Tongans bravely overcome the dangers of the sea. Your Highness is welcome in both Upolu and Savaii for Samoa and Tonga are one family. Friendly, indeed, has been the reception given you by Sanatau; it shall therefore be called "the Rounded Part of the House of the Tuiaana". Whoever leaves the sacred house, shall do so walking backward through the middle posts. Its faleupolu, or House of Speakers, shall

be called Leulumoega in honor of my capital. This is my will. When your Highness returns from Savaii, the Ma'auga will be honored by your visit."

This was significant enough to all the hearers, for such honors are not conferred without a purpose. Puni submitted to the inevitable, but he left the house and did not return. Though sorely wounded, he consoled himself at the thought of the honors that would be his at every big meeting.

The next morning the guests set out for Savaii. They traveled in large rowboats. The big double canoes remained anchored at Sanatau. Tamalelagi returned to his capital. After a few days he sent his ambassadors to Amoa. They had a good reception. Not long after, the Tuitonga arrived in Leulumoega with his daughter and Tamalelagi's wedding with Vaetoe was celebrated in the presence of a great concourse of people. The ceremonial was that customary in Tonga, i.e. without the public proof of the bride's virginity. Vaetoe's sister, the pretty Suluimauā, also found a husband in Chief Lafo of Pata, a suburb of Falelatai. They founded the famous family Tauaana.

LEVALASI'S WEDDING

Previous to the events just recounted, the matchmakers of the Tuiatua Mata'utia had called on Levalasi. Matautia, like Tamalelagi, was her cousin, for his father was a brother of Tamalelagi's and Levalasi's mothers.

From his wooing, Matautia had the nickname Fa'atulou, the bowerdown, for his ambassadors were in the noble Lady's presence so tongue-tied, that they could only bow and bow. These ambassadors, Leifi and Tautolo, hailed from the Aleipata district, the easternmost part of Atua, which is the first to receive the sun and the tradewind. It is known as the matafanua, the "eye land", in contradistinction to Mulifanua, "the land's end". Matautia who originated from Safata, had gone to live in his mother's family in Aleipata. Here a beautiful coral reef protects the sandy strand with its lovely villages. The people who are used to the sun and the fresh wind, love their homeland above all others. To the east the scenery is enhanced by four islets on whose rocky walls the surf beats unceasingly. They offer some protection against wind and waves, but are also a favorite resort of many demons, or aitu. When the wind gets too boisterous, the people lower the house blinds. Then it is pleasant and cosy within and,

at night some old story teller will spin his tales of mount and sea. And what mountains they are! And what gorges and bays!

Whilst Aana in the east has only a backbone of moderate height, the mountain ridge of the central Tuamasaga reaches an elevation of more than 3000 feet. To the east this ridge continues. On the northern side there are high rugged spurs, whose feet are set in the sea. They form an unapproachable coast where the blackness of the basaltic rocks mingles with the dark-blue ocean and the white spray of the breakers licks the precipitous wall. Is there anything more romantic than the Utumau'u rock near Solosolo? Like unto a huge beehive it stands, its base washed by a surf that grinds the torn-off basalt into a fine sand and strews in on the beach. High up on the rock, beyond the spray's reach, some ferns have found root and shrubs cling to the clefts, waging eternal warfare with the wind-god Tagaloa. All along the coast nature unfolds a richness and splendour that bewilders the senses. The greenery extends into the deepest chasms, where scarce a sun ray finds its way and the waters gather to begin their tumbling way to the beach twixt fern and moss-covered banks. 'Tis here the aitus hold their sway and lurk for the unwary traveler to torture and devour him.

More sinister still are the bays and coves along the coast. It is here that the aitus of the forest join with those of the sea to frighten the stoutest heart. Many of the bays are inaccessible by land or sea unless the day be calm. Often the wanderer is kept a prisoner there by a sudden change of weather.

Unceasingly the waves gnaw at the rocky walls, undermining them, leaving a column here and an arch there and forming gloomy caves where the devilfish lurks for its prey, be it fish or man. Many and gruesome are the tales the fishermen have to tell of such encounters as they sit around the evening fire.

Winds and waves have widened the gate that leads into Fagaloa Bay, "the long bay". What beautiful scenery here meets the traveler's gaze. To the west of the entrance stands the lofty Fao, that like a "nail" pierces the clouds. It is on its top that the war-god Crab has its home, as we have seen above. To the east squats the flat-topped Malata, which once the Tongans had fortified, their king holding court in a village at its foot. An oppressor could hardly select a more favorable spot: on top the mighty fortress; down below, a beautiful

harbor to which only a narrow passage gives entrance.

To this port Matautia came to visit his relatives. Here too, was the birthplaces of Leifi and Tautolo, the orators of Aleipata. It was here the Tuiatua had grown up and made his home until the talking chiefs had called him to Aleipata.

At this time there lived in Fagaloa Bay a brother of the king of Tonga. He had married a girl from Atua and settled in Lona. It was from him that Matautia had learned of the arrival of the Tuitonga and the happenings in Aana and Savaii. At the news Leifi and Tautolo were filled with jealousy as never before. Under Tuiatua Matautia the Aleipata district had gained in importance; and now, those opstarts in Aana, whose title was far inferior in age and sacredness to that of Atua, threatened to take the leadership in Samoa. Yet, what could be done? There was only one solution: to win Levalasi for Atua. She was free and of about the same age as Matautia. If they succeeded in marrying her to their ruler, all would be well. "Once she is Matautia's wife," Leifi said, "she will use her influence with Nafanua to get the four titles for her husband. Then Atua will hold the leading position, as is its due, and we two orators shall reign over Samoa."

Tautolo replied, "Yes, we must win Levalasi. For years she has been living in Leulumoega and it is a wonder that she has not married Tamalelagi. True, her relationship with him is closer than that with Matautia who is only a brother's descendant. On the other hand, it would not be the first time that a brother and sister have wedded. So, why shouldn't Tamalelagi do it yet, despite his numerous wives? It is well that we consider how to catch the fish."

Leifi added, "The danger of opposition from Tamalelagi is not so great. It seems that his aitu opposes this close connection, which has been discussed more than once. Furthermore, Savaii is against him on account of the proud attitude of his faleupolu. *Alipia's utterances, in particular, are too haughty; he has two mouths when he talks. It is also said that Levalasi is ill and unlikely to bear any children. She has already lived with two husbands without having had a child.*"

"Those are stories for little children," exclaimed Tautolo; "they are spread to take the guests' eyes from the roast pigs to the pigeons. We must send the matchmakers without further delay."

When they approached Matautia about the matter, he

showed the greatest opposition. He was just then having an affair with a woman in Aleipata and even thinking of marrying her. He had been elected Tuiatua by the House of Seven in Lufilufi and that sufficed him. He said, "There has been enough strife in my family about the title. Do you want to bring new misery upon me? It is not so long since all the trouble began. As you know, my grandfather Togi'ai married Seutatia, the daughter of the Tuiatua who resided on the crownland Fogooloula in Lufilufi. The House of Seven had legally conferred on him the Atua title. Seutatia went to live with Togi'ai in Foganiutea in Fagaloa Bay. You know all that as well as I do, but I want to remind you of it and of what I learned from my mother. You do not know the misery my grandmother suffered when, goaded on by you, her husband revolted against the lawful Tuiatua, her father, and accepted the title from you, who had no right to confer it. However, you know how to secure the help of Nafanua and attain your end, although you have not exactly reaped the fruits you expected, since Tupai, Nafanua's high-priest, took the titles to Savaii, just as he did with Aana and Safata. My grandmother left her husband and returned to her family in Lufilufi. Her daughter, my mother, had married Lalovimamā of Safata, where I passed my childhood. However, I often visited Lufilufi and had a wonderful time with my grandmother. Never to be forgotten are the days when the boys bathed in the cave Fatumea or roamed about the beautiful strand of Faleapuna or dived off the waterfall Ulimaō. They are gone, however, and I don't dare return to Lufilufi. It is true that the House of Seven, urged by you has confirmed my title — as a matter of form at least, but Nafanua is against me. It has cost my relatives in Safata, Lufilufi, Fagaloa and Aleipata many and many a fine mat, but Lufilufi cannot forget that I am a grandson of Togi'ai who brought so much disaster upon them. If I now marry Levalasi in order to gain the favor of Nafanua, it will only mean new wars and calamities."

Matautia's objections were of no avail for, as we have already seen, his matchmakers Leifi and Tautolo soon appeared in Leulumoega. Their lord's suit was accepted. Great was the joy in Saleaamua, the capital of Aleipata, for Levalasi in those days was the most powerful person in Samoa. Everyone regarded her with respect, not unmixed with fear. She was in the full bloom of her years, a mature woman of proud bearing and expressive features. Her

intellect had been sharpened by her experiences in Falealupo and Satupaitea on Savaii, where her mother had had such unpleasant times and where all the schemes of Nafanua's priests had been hatched. Her life in Tamalelagi's court and the intrigues of the House of Nine had increased her social and political acumen. Her nephew's many marriages had filled her with displeasure and she longed for a quiet life. The faleupolu's everlasting schemes to increase their power had been to much for her. Tamalelagi had become more and more a pawn in their hands. His constant change of wives was a bad influence on the younger generation and the decay of the good old customs was following fast. It had happened more than once that a taupou had eloped with her lover into the bush, only to return after a few days with the excuse that she had been mistaken in the man. The chiefs' sons, the manaias, became every day more shameless and sensuous; in brief, life in Aana was unbearable. At many a wedding the proof of virginity was dispensed with or the flowing blood was produced with sharp fingernails or whales' teeth. These facts were generally known.

It is true that Levalasi herself had left her husband whom she once had loved, but it was not to be expected that a high-born lady should continue living with a commoner.

It was for those reasons that Levalasi had accepted Matautia's suit rather more readily than was expected. Her close relationship with the wooer weighed on her conscience, but her friends and family in Atua convinced her that only children of the same mother or the children of sisters were within the forbidden degree. According to the opinion of the islanders of the north, who were occasionally ship-wrecked on the coasts of Samoa, the offspring of a brother who was wedded to a stranger and those of a sister were not inter-related at all, since the man had no standing in the family. She was well satisfied with these explanations, for Matautia had found favor in her eyes; but the principal reason for her acceptance still was a desire to get away from Leulumoega. And what pleasanter change of abode than the beautiful Aleipata!

Tamalelagi and his faleupolu, of course, tried their utmost to make her change her mind. All the powers of speech, all the arts of politics were resorted to in vain. Vaetoe, the Tui'aana's wife was very sorry to see Levalasi go, for they were much attached to each other; but when she saw that the lady was determined, she gave her a servant, a Tongan

by the name of Lesi, to look to her needs. Levalasi was deeply touched at this token of friendship. She sent messengers to ask her relatives in Savaii to prepare her dowry. A boat was sent from Falealupo to fetch her, so that she might visit her family and discuss her plans with them. There she also interviewed Tupai and Auva'a, the priests of Nafanua, in regard to the return of the titles to Tamalelagi and Matautia and to her relatives in Safata and Sagana, but she met with a deaf ear.

The villages in Samoa lived yet in awe of the mighty war-goddess Nafanua and no one dared to oppose her single-handed. Unity still seemed to lie in the distant future. Not even the powerful Tamalelagi had been able to unite the different districts, whilst the Tonumaipea family of whom Levalasi was a member, found even less favor. The priests should have liked to give the titles to her, but she bluntly refused because of her cousins who were the rightful owners and one of whom she was about to marry. What a wedding gift it would have been, though.

When the boats were ready and loaded with the dowry, she departed from the land of her youth. Her brother Tupai and a girl of her family, Tilomai, accompanied her. Before long they had lost sight of the cape of Falealupo with its many coconut palms. Only the treeless, smoking lava fields on the mountain slopes were visible; their summits were hidden in the mists. Mighty Savaii, difficult land with stony soil and inaccessible mountains! Thou art the unknown land in the west, like the Hawaii of the Polynesians. Levalasi was dreaming.

A thunderstorm overtook the travelers and the accompanying shower smoothed the sea. The small deckhouse whose floor was covered with tapa and mats, offered little protection against the rain and the lady got drenched. This evil foreboding depressed her. To return was not to be thought of; it would have made a bad impression. They could have put into the notorious bay of Fagalele, but the blood-thirsty Moso had his lair there and he liked nothing better than oppressing the poor traveller. So, they lowered the sail and took to the paddles, lest the heavy double canoe be driven on reef or rock. It was a difficult task and required all the strength of fifty powerful men. The singing of wild songs made them forget their fatigue. Frequent flashes of lightning rent the air and terrific thunder crashes followed. A Tongan who was of the party, suggested in all seriousness that a child be killed and

thrown into the deep. Thus it was done in Tonga, he said, and their god Tuipulotu, who also ruled in Samoa, had always been propitiated. Indignantly Levalasi rejected this suggestion and threatened to have himself thrown into the sea if he mentioned it again. Her bodyservant Lesi stood by her faithfully and tried to amuse the crew by his jokes. Tupai, her brother, hid behind a mat and fell into a trance. With a club he beat the floor and called on Nafanua, promising her a special sacrifice if she lent him her aid. Poor little Tilomai suddenly burst into tears but when Levalasi asked her what was the matter, she bravely replied, "Oh, nothing; it makes me laugh." She had suddenly remembered that one's companions ought to be encouraged and not oppressed by one's own sorrows. Before long the sun burst through the dark clouds and the tradewinds blew again. With joyous shouts and songs the big sail was set at once and the prow of the boat pointed towards the north.

As near the coast the tradewinds blows from the east, it was necessary to sail far out into the sea before tacking towards the sunrise. Soon Savaii had disappeared behind the clouds and they skirted the island of Upolu. Its green mountains gleamed in the afternoon sun; the Tofua, the Sigale and the Maufiamoe. Fia moe, "I want to sleep". Twilight came creeping down; quickly darkness covered the land. "Fia moe," Levalasi said and stretched out upon a white, fringed mat, using a second one to cover herself. The abrupt motions of the boat and the continuous pounding of the waves had tired her out. She laid her head upon a tapa bundle and silently wept. Although surrounded by love and veneration, she left lonesome. The events of the last years had pressed her hard. She envisaged better times with Matautia, her cousin and lover. Yet, was the confidence she was ready to give the Aleipata people not a delusion?

When the sun rose again, they saw the mountains of Upolu faintly in the south-west. Another day passed. On the third morning the steep mountains of Tutuila appeared to the south. Quickly the great yard was loosened and hoisted to the newly stepped mast. The stern of the boat now became the bow. The south-east trade that had slackened during the night, set in with renewed vigor and the heavy boat, helped by the fresh tradewind, headed toward its destination.

Through the passage "Twixt the Islands", Fanuatapu and Namua, the canoe entered the port. It had been a daring voyage. In one tack they had sailed from the west point of

Savaii to Tutuila and the second tack had brought them around the east cape of Upolu to their goal. As a rule the travelling parties leisurely coast the shores of the islands, making port wherever the night surprises them. Levalasi had willed it other wise; she did not want to meet anybody and her wishes were complied with.

When the big sailing canoe had been anchored in the lagoon behind the islets of Fanuatapu and Namua, the noble lady was paddled ashore. Matautia himself had come to greet her. The strand had been covered with coconut leaves and tapa cloths and she reached the great guesthouse, where the reception was to take place, without touching the ground. Shortly after, the wedding was celebrated in the capital, but Levalasi did not appear on the malae. She sat in the fale tele like a queen. It was a feast at which the whole of Samoa gathered. Guests had come even from Tutuila and Manua. There was no end to the dances, club fights and other sports. Particularly nice was the siva of the manaias who, like Fata and his party at the time of the Tonga wars, had hidden their clubs in the sand and during the dance dug them out with their toes to presents of food, fine mats, tapas and ornaments of every description. Aleipata had donned its festive garb and its islets stood like proud sentinels guarding the land.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MATAUTIA

When the feast was ended and the greed of Leifi, Tautolo and their fellow orators had been satisfied, the prosaic everyday life was resumed. It was now the endeavor of these talking chiefs to gain the ascendancy over their mistress and to use her influence and mana, or "supernatural power", for their own ends. They had learned that, out of modesty and a true understanding of the political situation, she had refused the four titles in Falealupo. They now determined to use all their arts to obtain the titles for Matautia, her husband, and to make Aleipata the capital of Samoa. If they succeeded, they would be the real rulers of the country. Leifi and Tautolo, however, still did not dare approach the noble lady. The timidity they had shown at Leulumoega in their capacity of matchmakers, had not left them yet. Therefore, they had to get Matautia himself to win the support of his wife.

The ruler rejected their proposals. They became more urgent but he remained steadfast. "It is not well," he said,

"to acquire the titles for yourself." Levalasi refused them and she acted rightly. Neither Atua nor Aana and Tuamasaga will permit that they be disposed of indiscriminately. They could not help their being taken away by the goddess Nafanua, but even today there are many chiefs who will not recognize her arbitrariness. Just as before, the ruler of Aana is addressed as Tuiaana and should his title be given away without his consent or that of the House of Nine, war would be inevitable. Supposing that I ask Levalasi to procure the titles for me, our Atua would be turned into a battlefield in a matter of days. And if she refused? I would be filled with shame."

Leifi replied, "Your Highness has a wonderful perception of the difficulties but they are not as great as they appear. The faleupolu in Leulumoega has long realized that Tamalelagi cannot get the titles or he would have had them through Levalasi. Because of his many marriages and his unsavory affairs with all sorts of women he has made enemies everywhere. The rejected wives agitate against him in whom they had reposed so many hopes. In the great fonos his faleupolu dare not use the title of Tuiaana for fear of Nafanua's vengeance. It is to be expected then that Tamalelagi will relinquish his rights readily. The glory of your family is his glory, for are you not cousins? None but you can possibly unite the titles. Why then hesitate?"

Tautolo added, "Leifi's words are my words. It is well worth trying. The Tuiatua family is the oldest in Samoa; it is not inferior, in fact, to that of the Tuimanua. The Tuiaanas have put too much water in their kava. Their close relationship with the Malietoas has left a bad taste in the mouths of many. Let us take time by the forelock; we may never get another chance. He who wishes to climb a high mountain must not fear a fall of rocks. He who wishes to cross the sea must not be afraid of storms. Great is your influence with the noble lady; she is like a blind pigeon in your hands. Let us send messengers to Savaii with Nafanua's mat, so that they will know who sent it."

Matautia said he would sleep on it and think it over. But when during the following days he did not come to a decision, the two talking chiefs were very angry. They went to the other villages on the east coast in order to convince their fellow tulafales of the wisdom of their views. Thus it came about that in a short time a considerable party rose against Matautia. They reproached him that it was out of selfish motives and foolish fear that he neglected what was to the

advantage of their district. When further delegation from Satitua and Vailoa, from Mutiatele and Lalomanu also failed to change his mind, Leifi and Tautolo determined to threaten him with loss of title and life.

Matautia, however, remained firm. He got on well with Levalasi. She was glad to be with him in Alcipata, far from the unruly west. When the rising sun lit up their house and she went with her husband to the bathing pool of Amaile, in no way inferior to that of Leulumoega, she was completely happy. Often they went to visit the ancestors of the Mata'afa family who had been so handsome, that they had been embalmed and preserved for generations. She was pregnant and enjoyed sitting in her house and when, on sunny afternoons, the fresh tradewind blew, she liked to welcome her husband on his return from bush or sea with a string of pigeons or a basket of fish. Matautia's family always provided good food; nothing was wanting. She had no idea of the tulafales' intrigues; they had taken good care to keep all knowledge from her.

One night, after Matautia and Levalasi had gone to rest and were about to fall asleep, they suddenly heard a noise. It sounded as if a rat had scampered over the sleeping mats next to Matautia. He turned over and some sharp object penetrated his side, causing him the greatest pain. He first thought he had been bitten by an atualoa, "a long god" or centipede, but when the servants came with flares, it was found that the sharp dorsal spine of a stingray had entered his hip. From the pierced mat it was clear that a murderer's hand had placed this terrible weapon in such a way that the sleeper, on turning over, could not but be hurt by it. It required a dexterous hand and a sharp shark's tooth to remove the sting with its numerous sawlike barbs and the operation took almost an hour. The sting had probably been poisoned and it was the general opinion that death was unavoidable. Levalasi deplored her fate and would not be consoled. She now learned for the first time of the tulafales' scheming. She wept bitterly on her husband's breast whom she had loved so much. His present plight only endeared him the more. Cold shivers soon seized the chief. Neither the magic remedies and incantations, nor the invocation of family and village gods would help. Not even the strange artifices of the Tongan Lesi were of avail. It was a terrible time for the poor patient, perhaps more terrible still for his relatives, until a final spasm brought release to this good man

— the last scion of the noble Tuiaana family.

Levalasi was in despair. She had no sooner found a new home than she lost it again. She had long thought of travelling to her mother's family for her confinement, but had always put it off as she was so happy in Alcipata. But now nothing could keep her back. As soon as the funeral ceremonies were over she would set out. The murderers had not been discovered, although nobody doubted who the culprits were. Revenge filled Levalasi's heart. As she spent the night at her dear husband's side and the villagers' lugubrious songs were hushed, she heard the bell-like flowers of the pu'a trees, like voices from beyond, exhorting her not to forget.

The excitement had been too much for poor Levalasi. She suddenly felt labor pains and, to everyone's distress, bore a clot of blood. Another fond hope was frustrated; there was no heir to the throne. "Well," an old woman exclaimed, "it is a mavave, a marvel. We shall call it Tuimavave. It will turn into an avenging aitu just like the blood clot borne by Tilafaigā turned into Nafanua."

THE BIRTH OF SALAMASINA

As Levalasi lay on her sick-bed and prayed for her release, a joyful message came that filled her with a new desire to live.

Messengers, sent by Tamalelagi, had arrived from Leulumoega with the news that Vaetoe, the daughter of the Tuitonga, had borne him a daughter on the night of the full moon. The child, they said, was exceptionally big and intelligent-looking. Her skin and her hair were fair like moonlight and her face, round like the full moon itself. The excellent predictions of an old soothsayer who could read the future from the stars and the flight of the birds, went from mouth to mouth. The child was a mavave, a marvel, the father had said and would not Levalasi come and share their joy. Vaetoe, who had been confined in her family in Savaii, was about to return to Leulumoega.

The news pleased Levalasi very much, indeed. She had been offered children for adoption by most of the noble families of Samoa, but had refused them all. She now gathered her faithful adherents and asked them to observe Leifi and Tautolo carefully in order to establish their complicity in the murder. "You, my family," she said

"brothers and sisters of my dear friend Matautia, you of Fagaloa, Amaile, Lepā and Lotofaga, I shall leave with you my name Levalasi which I have brought from Savaii. In future you shall be called Salevalasi and be the support of the Tuiaana family against the intrigues of the falepōlu. I am about to leave you. I shall return to Aana to take care of Tamalelagi's child. I shall adopt it for Matautia and myself. If a new Tuiatua is to be appointed, the opinion of the Salevalasi family shall be given consideration. Therefore, I want you to collect many fine mats that you may increase your power in Samoa. The family of my body-servant Lesi shall be known as the Salelesi. It shall serve the Tuiatua and live in Saluafata. These are my parting words."

After a long silence she asked, "Where have you buried Tuimavave, my child?" Lesi replied, "I have taken care of him and hidden him under a boulder in the waterfall, Where the big eel has its lair." "Very well," said the noble lady with a voice that made all her hearers tremble; "grow up and prosper, my child Tuimavave; enter the eel and punish your father's murderers." The women lay down to sleep, surrounding their mistress as if to protect her.

Next morning, ere yet the sun had risen, the boatmen launched a big sailing canoe and, before the tradewind had set in they had rounded the north-east point. Then, with a fresh tail wind and full sails, they rapidly flew along the coast. They had intended to make a short stop at Apia, but their reception by the Seumanutafa family was so hearty, that Levasi decided to spend the night there. After the ceremonial kava and a good meal, they enjoyed an hour's rest. Then Levalasi went with her women for a refreshing bath in the Vaisigano river, after which they leisurely strolled past Savalalo to Mulinu'u, where on the wind-swept peninsula some relatives of hers had their home. In the evening dances and stories amused the company. Seumanutafa told the legend of Vaea which Levalasi was anxious to hear. He began:

Many, many years ago a double canoe came from Fiji to Apia. It was so big that it did not find room in the harbor. So it had to be taken to Mulinu'u, where it reached from the point of the peninsula to Faleata right across the lagoon. Behind Apia, in those days, there lived a giant named Vaea. During the night his wife went down into the lagoon to fish in the light of coconut flares. She could not reach the reef, however, for the enormous canoe barred her way. She

returned with only a few crabs. Vaea, hearing her tale, said nothing; but after midnight he went and lifted the ship, crew and all, into the tops of the tallest trees.

The canoc carried the four sons and a daughter of Tuifiti, the king of Fiji. They had come to destroy Vaea. As day drew near, one Fijian said to another, "Bail out the boat; we have to get ready for the fight." What was their astonishment when they heard the water fall on leaves and drip to the ground. They still sat agape when they heard Vaea's mocking voice, "Oh, oh, my brave friends, what are you doing up there?" But he received no answer. "You are in my power," he continued sternly; "you have forfeited your lives and I will kill you all." The eldest brother then stood up and begged that they be spared. When Vaea would not be appeased, he offered him their sister as wife. The giant agreed. He carried the boat back into the sea and returned home with the girl Apa'ula with whom he now lived, having dismissed his former wife. The brothers, too, stayed in Samoa.

When their sister was pregnant, they told Vaea that they had to take her to Fiji for her confinement. Vaea agreed. He accompanied them to the shore, where he stood on a huge rock called Savalalo, a little inland of the present Savalalo. As the boat was about to leave, he called to Apa'ula, "Girl, see this rock on which I stand. If you bear a boy, call him Tuisavalalo after this rock. I'll wait here until you return. If you fail to return or harm befalls the child, I shall perish." Apa'ula replied that she would act according to his wishes.

However, when she had born a boy in Fiji, she threw him into the sea. But the child did not perish; the fishes came and fed him. He grew up in the ocean and never visited the haunts of men. His mother thought him dead, but he was very much alive. He liked nothing better than riding the breakers on a coconut frond. Whilst engaged in this sport he would shout out of sheer joy. One day his uncle heard the shout and surmised that it was Apa'ula's boy. They considered how they would kill him. Knowing that only his mother had power over him, they ordered her to fetch him so that they might eat him with their morning kava. But the mother's love for her child awoke at last. Unable to resist the demands of her savage brothers, she went down to the strand and sang, "Tuisavalalo, leave the breakers and the waves that do not break. If a sea breaks with a white surf, you will know that you are loved; but if a sea breaks red,

you are lost." "What do you mean?" asked the boy. Apa'ula replied, "The red surf means evil. My brothers want to devour you." The boy sighed and said, "The moon is at the full and shines over Savalalo. My father is ill and I want to visit him. Allow yourself to be killed but I, the stranger, wish to live." Apa'ula replied that she could not disobey her brothers and that he had to come with her. When they reached the house. Apa'ula took her youngest brother aside and said, "If they kill my child, ask for the head and bring it to me."

And so it was done. Apa'ula got the head, whilst her brothers devoured the body with their kava. She took the head and set out for Samoa. When she reached Savalalo, she found that only her husband's head was still alive. His body had turned into a big mountain — Mt. Vaea that stands behind Apia. The head spoke and said, "You have acted badly, Apa'ula; you have abandoned me. My body has already turned into stone and soon I shall be dead. What is it you carry in your basket?" The woman answered, "It is the head of our son whom my brothers have eaten. I want you to punish them for their misdeed." Vaea said, "Go to my brother Va'atausili in Savaii. He shall sail to Fiji and kill your brothers." Apa'ula did as she was bid and before long her son was avenged. Vaea died and the mountain now stands in his place.

Levalasi thanked the story — teller and said, "Samoa has suffered much from the depredations of the Fijians and the Tongans, but they have had their punishment. May all who interfere with our affairs meet with a like fate."

Next morning the travelling party set out early and, as the full moon tide is particularly high, they sailed to Leulumoega by way of the lagoon. Levalasi had recovered her good spirits and was looking forward to seeing her old home again.

Vaetoc had already returned from Savaii with the child. Tamalelagi met his cousin on the beach for he had been advised of her arrival. Levalasi went to Lagi, the ruler's residence, where she was welcomed by Vaetoc. The child was bedded on a bundle of soft, white tapa cloths. Her small body, with the big head and the coal-black eyes, presented a lovely picture. Her skin was so white that it blended with the tapa. While Levalasi admired the enchanting sight, the little one lifted her hands and kicked her legs and emitted a gurgle that sounded like a welcome. "Rub her with

curcuma," shouted the lady, surprised at the child's clear skin; but when this had been done, she glowed all the more. "You really look like the full moon," Levalasi exclaimed; "you look as lustrous and wise as Sina-lagi-lagi, the daughter of Tagalao. May you be the 'perpetual full moon', Salamasina, and a guiding light to your people. You shall be my daughter." "Very well," Tamalelagi said, "her name shall be Salamasina." Vaetoe, the mother, nodded happily.

When Levalasi had seated herself, she continued, "Look well after the child. It shall never remain unguarded. A circle of women shall surround it at all times and the Tuiana's kava chewers shall be its special guard. Whoever gives it a bad look shall be punished by Nafanua and the Fe'e, and he who touches it without permission shall fall into the clutches of Moso and Tuimavave."

The kava chewers had gathered on the lawn. A tulafale came with a gigantic kava root which he laid at the noble lady's feet. "Here is a small piece of kava," he said. "Hand it to the kava chewers," Levalasi ordered, "that they may prepare the kava." Immediately some young men approached, stooping to the ground, and carried off the root. After it had been cleansed, it was divided into small pieces. The chewers, twelve in number, had seated themselves in two rows. A coconut shell, full of water, was passed from hand to hand and the young men, taking a sip, thoroughly rinsed their mouths. The pieces of kava were now distributed and soon everyone was busily engaged masticating the root. "Let the taupou be summoned," ordered an orator, "that she may prepare kava for the chiefs."

Soon, a pretty maiden, with budding little breasts, arrived. Fragrant flowers were entwined in her raven hair which, because of her maidenhood, she still wore long. It was Tuitoga-ma'a-toe, a daughter of Senatoe, Tamalelagi's seventh wife. Her mother was a scion of the famous Salemuliana clan of Savaii, where the girl had gone to live after her father's marriage with the daughters of Puni. Her name was a reminder of the ma'a, the "stone" in Mulifanua, from which the Tuitonga had left after his defeat by Tuna and Fata. After Levalasi had settled in Aleipata, Tamalelagi had recalled his daughter to serve as his taupou.

Tuitoga-ma'a-toe, then, arrived with Pasi and Lilo, the daughters of minor chiefs. The latter carried the strainer mad of hibiscus fiber and two coconut shells. The three girls squatted gracefully in front of the kava chewers. Lilo

poured water over Ma'atoe's hands for the purpose of cleansing them and a young man brought a huge twelve legged kava bowl which he placed in front of the taupou. The noble inside the fale had been joined by Alipia and Sausi. Not for these two to miss a kava or the latest gossip! They all were watching the kava chewers in pleasant anticipation. The young men removed from their mouths the balls of kava that had been chewed almost without any saliva. The balls were put into the big bowl and Lilo, at intervals, poured water on them. With the white fibres of the strainer, Maatoe kneaded and kneaded the mixture. From time to time she gathered the root particles with the strainer, which she passed on to Pusi. The latter, with a graceful motion of the arm, flicked out the particles. After a little more water had been added to thin down the milky liquid the kava was ready. With her well-formed arms the taupou now lifted the strainer on high and allowed the drink to flow back into the bowl. When the connoisseurs nodded approvingly, the taupou called, "The kava is ready," and all the chiefs clapped their hands, so that it resounded through the village and the non-participants were informed of the ceremony.

The tulafale who had supplied the root had to indulge in a bit of oratory. "The high chiefs and the talking chiefs were conversing," he said, "while I was busy making the kava. I shall now distribute it. The kava is mixed; it is ready. The chiefs have clapped their hands. The kava is ready and will now be served, the kava which I have prepared. It will be distributed with felicitations, this kava of the Speaker." After he had again repeated that the kava which he had supplied would be distributed, he finally called. "Bring the cup for the high chief. The chiefs drink the cup; the orators drink the kava."

In a high-pitched, tremulous voice he then announced the cup of Tamalelagi, Levalasi and Vaetoe, the cups of Alipia and some other chiefs of standing, but when he came to the small fry, he simply announced the kava of Sapini, Vae, etc.; they might as well drink out of a puddle like the pigs. The high chiefs, of course, are of heavenly origin, but the ordinary people are unutterably despicable and worthless.

Tamalelagi received his cup with great dignity and so did Levalasi. The tulafale who presented it to the latter could not bow low enough. Before drinking they poured out a few drops as an offering for the village and family gods with blessings on Salamasina. The following was Alipia's blessings,

"May the perpetual full moon scatter the mists and raise the mountains. May Aana prosper and multiply!"

When the kava ceremony was ended, Ma'ato'e entered the house from the back and squatting near the baby, lovingly nursed it. Levalasi stroked the little taupou's cheeks and then sat with the women, whilst at the other end of the fale the men were softly discussing the latest events in Atua.

By the time the evening fires were lit, there was deep quiet in the village. Everyone felt that with Salamasina a new era had begun. The hope for a better future pushed the worries and troubles of the present into oblivion. Even transitoriness and death lost their importance in the presence of the budding young life.

DISSENSIONS

Only too soon the general peace was to be disturbed. Not that the baby gave cause for worry; on the contrary, it throve splendidly. For three days it had been fed with coconut cream which two old crones had put into a piece of tapa cloth and expressed into the child's mouth. When the mother's milk had been proven wholesome, the baby lay contentedly at her mother's breast.

The next days were a series of festivities. Tamalelagi's relations came with gifts of pigs, taro, yam, turtles, crabs and a magnificent deep-sea tuna boat with deckhouse, that Vaetoe had desired as a gift for her father, should she visit him some day. The mother's Samoan relatives arrived from Amoa with tapa and fine mats. Some particularly fine were presented by the Tongans who, with one of their double boats, had remained in Samatau to enhance their princess's prestige. These ie toga, or Tonga mats, had originally been sent from Samoa to Tonga as wedding gifts for members of the royal family. For a Samoan, especially a talking chiefs, there is nothing more exciting than the display of ie toga on the malae Ma'auga. So many gifts had been contributed by both the wife's and the husband's families that, for once, even the faleupolu seemed satisfied.

It had not been always so. Even now the relatives of Tamalelagi's rejected wives grumbled at the sight of all the treasures. "Are we so worthless? Are we worse than the Tongans whom we drove out of the country?" they said one to another and their discontent only grew the more. Tamalelagi heard about it and was troubled. For some time already - even before Matautia's murder - he had taken the

precaution never to let anyone know where he would spend the night. In fact, in some of his sleeping houses he had built a kind of second storey by putting planks across the rafters and covering them with mats and tapa cloths. He did sleep there regularly, but when his suspicions became strong they were a comfortable place or refuge. He was by no means timid as he had amply proven in his youth but the constant wrangling with his talking chiefs whose greed for wealth and power knew no bounds, had had their effect on him. They had driven him from marriage to marriage. Always he yielded, although his good sense had shown him the error of his way. He was now past forty and still did not have the Tuiaana title. It is true that no one withheld the honors due to his rank but he could not, like the Tuitongans, invoke the taboo. This, of course, simplified his relations with his people, but the faleupolu of the different villages would have liked it otherwise and they still discussed how the situation could be mended. Their appeals to Tupai and Auva'a, Nafanua's priests, to obtain, if not all the titles, at least that of their district had all proved fruitless. Manono and most of Savaii opposed Tamalelagi and Tuamasaga was still divided. It was a severe trial for the House of Nine. With Atua and Aleipata they had had no relations at all since Matautia's murder.

In the meantime Salamasina grew up and was everybody's darling. Every stage in her young life had to be celebrated: when she was first able to lift her head, when she began to crawl and when she made her first steps. These were bright days for Tamalelagi who, as much as possible, kept all his worries from Vaetoe and Levalasi.

Then an event happened which cut him to the heart. One day, as he was sitting in his residence Nu'uausala and conversing with some chiefs, Alipia and Sausi casually entered and squatted at their posts. Silence fell on the gathering as they were unexpected. Tamalelagi did not greet them immediately. When the conversation was resumed, it appeared that the two had come on behalf of the House of Nine. Alipia said, "Great troubles weigh on the land of Aana. It has no titled head. It is true, everyone fears our strong warriors but our enemies are too numerous for us to acquire the titles by force of arms. No longer can we rely on Atua which used to be our best friend. Leifi and Tautolo in Aleipata and the House of Seven in Lufilufi now go their own way and they still hope to win the favor of Nafanua. They have discovered

a manaia of the Levalasi clan in whom they are reposing their hopes. It is a question, then, to bind the noble lady even more firmly to Aana and that you should woo your cousin. As a member of the Tonumaipea family of Savaii she can dispose of the titles. Perhaps it would be advisable to create a fifth title - that of Tonumaipea - so that the king would secure the adherence of Savaii. We beg your Highness to consider these propositions which are meant to serve the general welfare of Samoa."

Again silence filled the house. It was clear that Tamalelagi was deeply moved and had difficulty in suppressing his anger. When Sausi, too, was going to speak, he signed him to refrain. At last he said, "The faleupolu has planned great things. Great are the demands they make upon me. I shall consider Alipia's words. I am of the opinion, however, that these plans cannot be brought to a successful conclusion. I am certain that Levalasi, too, will oppose them. Many marriages have I contracted, partly of my own accord, partly because of the faleupolu's urgency. Mostly they were of short duration or, when I kept several wives simultaneously, there was no end to squabbles and jealousies. I have had many children have been a worry to me. Now I have a little daughter who is the joy of my life and her mother Vaetoe is very dear to me. Do you want to compromise our good relations with the Tuitonga, too? His boat is still in Samatau ready to return to Tonga. Why not send the latest news by them? One thing I insist on: that your plan be kept strictly secret, lest any new mischief be caused. I order it under pain of death."

Several of the chiefs approved of the ruler's words. Then the conversation was changed and the two orators left the house.

A well-known Samoan proverb says, "A bad deed is done in the bush but is reported on the highway". So it was in this case. Probably one of those present had dropped a few words at home before Tamalelagi had uttered his threat. Be that as it may, the secret was soon out. It is true that no one spoke openly; each whispered to the other under the seal of secrecy. Thus it was that the ladies of Tamalelagi's household heard about it. It made Levalasi ponder. She said to Vaetoe, "What is the meaning of all this? Don't worry; neither Tamalelagi nor I believe a marriage possible, even though the faleupolu desire it. We are like brother and sister and our mutual relations are sacred, nor do our

hearts desire a different connection. But I fear for your husband. Shall I see a repetition of what I experienced in Aleipata? I will send some messengers to Nafanua to ask her advice."

Vaetoe was indignant. She said, "I trust entirely in you, Levalasi, my friend. You do not know how excited I am. Shall I, the Tuitonga as daughter, be put aside like the Samoan women who were permitted to bear their lord a child and afterwards dismissed? Is it not enough that Tamalelagi had an affair with the taupou of Sagafili while I was with child? Perhaps, I can get help from the Tonumaipea or the Salemuliana in Savaii. I will send my Tongans to my father and ask for troops; they will know how to settle with the nine-headed House of Leulumoega."

"I understand your anger, but do not act rashly," Levalasi replied. "Suppose the Tuitonga did send troops, a general war would be the result and the peace which since Nafanua's intervention has benefited our people so much, would be at an end. Look at your child, our Salamasina, our hope and future. See how she laughs and looks about, knowing nothing of men's wives. She shall be the queen of Samoa one day, the daughter of all the great families, your darling and mine. Let us be strong and steadfast."

Vaetoe's anger was soon appeased as she regarded the lovely child and, before long, Levalasi had soothed her completely. The day went by. One might have thought that Alipia and Sausi had abandoned their plans. The messengers returned from Savaii without any promises. Nafanua would not definitely say that she was ready to assist Aana. The political situation in Upolu was too unsettled to return the titles at the present time. She would think it over.

From Tuamasaga and Atua came reports that big fonos had been held. Everyone was anxious to have the question of the overlordship settled once for all. The chiefs were tired of Nafanua's persistent procrastination, but they could not agree on a candidate.

TAMALELAGI'S DEATH

One day, Tamalelagi suddenly fell ill. Violent pains racked his body. He shivered with cold. His face burned with fever and his eyes lost their sparkle. When he complained about pains in the leg, it was clear that the aitu Nifoloa, the "long tooth" or centipede, had bitten him. It is true that no puncture was to be discovered, but it was always thus.

A special doctor, who knew how to contend with this enemy, was secretly summoned, but the invalid was not to be told. The aitu would have tormented him the more and it would have frustrated the doctor's finding an adequate remedy in the bush. When the physician appeared, the sick man was just sitting up to expectorate. This sudden sitting-up in the presence of the doctor was another indubitable sign of the Nifoloa. "What do you want, foma'i?" Tamalelagi asked terrified. "It is nothing," the doctor replied; I only want to rub your Highness's limbs with a life-giving medicine to take the pain away." The patient signed and fell back on the mats. He began to vomit; his stomach muscles contracted in short painful cramps. He was given an emetic concocted of fern leaves, and hot stones were applied to his stomach. The invalid vomited some bile and fell exhausted into a fitful slumber. The doctor then rubbed his legs with his herbs and when the patient relaxed, he contentedly stood up. Before departing, however, he gave the family to understand that his return depended on his being given the chief's newly-built fishing canoe. Only thus could he guarantee complete victory over the Nifoloa. When his request was granted, he promised to come after the evening meal.

The poor ladies of the house, understanding the seriousness of their lord's illness, immediately sent messengers to their relatives. The house was dimly lit by a dozen candlenuts, strung on the midrib of a coconut leaflet, which threw a wierd light upon the scene. A circle of men and women surrounded the sickbed, anxiously regarding the patient who upon awakening had suffered more cramps and retching and quickly grew more feeble. They expressed their sympathy and lamented his approaching death and when Tamalelagi saw that his dearest friends were without hope, he resisted no longer.

In the meanwhile his relatives had arrived and loaded the sickbed with fine mats. When the ruler felt a little better and saw Levalasi and his son Tuala, together with other of his children, near him he asked to be raised up so that he might known to them his last will and testament. The deepest quiet reigned in the house as he distinctly spoke as follows: "I leave my country with sorrow and concern. I take no title with me. We have failed to win the approval of Nafanua. Let her give all the titles to Levalasi who rules over Savaii. Levalasi shall accept the titles that Samoa may have peace. She shall look after my daughter Salamasina, so that

the gods' favor and men's love may surround her. My son Tuala shall be the right hand of the noble lady and help her to spread Aana's greatness throughout Samoa. The orators Umaga and Pasesē shall sit to the right and left of the Tuiaana and be his supports."

When he had spoken these words his eyes lighted up but, shortly after, new spasms seized him. From time to time he mumbled Salamasina's name. Levalasi, who had always considered herself his sister, filled her mouth with coconut water and expectorated it over him as a token that she was innocent of his death and desired his preservation from the evil spirits.

As the patient weakened more and more, a terrific clamor filled the house. The women, children and relatives screamed and crowded around the sickbed for a last look or a last word from the dying chief. Outside the house, the men beat their heads with stones until the blood flowed; they burnt wounds in their bodies and tore their hair to give expression to their sorrow and propitiate the gods. One tulafale rushed about like one possessed, insulting the aitu Moso and challenging him to a duel. It was an ear-piercing din during which the man, who had established Aana's greatness, breathed his last.

As soon as he was dead, those in the house dispersed. Wails and lamentations filled Leulumoega. On the malae Ma'auga were lit huge fires which the men fed with dry coconut leaves and wood torn off the houses and boats. The warriors of the Tuiaana, who had fought side by side with him in many a victorious battle, cut off their long hair and joints of their fingers; they daubed their faces with soot and, black as devils, executed their wild war dances around the fires. The earth shook and the very heavens trembled with their boisterous songs. Atamaioalii, Tamalelagi's body-servant, had rolled in the mud to show his grief and was as dirty as a pig.

When the fine mats on the deathbed had been removed, the foma'i appeared again with the explanation that it was the Nifoloa who had killed the chief. Since with proper treatment the puncture would appear in the skin, he proposed to look for it. Before the women could come to his assistance, he had examined first the left, then the right leg. Had anyone observed him closely, he would have noticed that with a sharp stick the quack had pricked the limb. With a cry he sank back, pushing the stick into the pebbly floor. Later he would come back for it and throw it into the fire. When the

women inquired what was the matter, he told them that the Nifoloa had destroyed their lord; the canoe had not been sufficient; it should have been covered with fine mats; besides, he should have been given the piece of land behind the priest's house. The women now examined the limbs and found the puncture. Lamenting loudly, they showed it to the relatives.

Four women remained with the body. They yellowed it with curcuma root and clothed it in tapa and fine mats, leaving only the head uncovered. Later, they had to be fed by others for, having touched the body, their hands were taboo. There he lay now, the uncrowned king of Samoa, on a high couch of mats.

Next day deep silence enveloped Leulumoega. None dared show himself on land or sea. In the early morning twenty warriors had gone to Satapuala, an hour's walk to the west of the capital, to dig the grave with planting sticks and sea shells. There, behind the royal residence Faleolo, lies the burial place of the Tuiaanas. A deep hole was dug and lined with coral slabs. Towards evening a number of warriors arrived with the body borne on a litter. "Tuimanua, Tuiaana, our lord," the men sang in long drawn-out tones as they marched along, the leaders knocking down whatever came in their way. The body was lowered into the grave. Levalasi sat at its head. She waved some long strips of tapa and chanted, "Pity on you; go in peace and do not harbor any anger against us; take our sicknesses with you and let us live." Then, pointing to the cardinal directions, she added, "In the west lies misfortune; in the east lies fortune; in the south is stark misery. Send us fortune." Alipia then made a farewell speech in which the words "the sun is darkened, the moon has fallen down, heaven and earth have burst" recurred over and over again. After that, the grave, into which only the body-servant was still permitted to descend, was covered with huge coral slabs and stones. Then everybody went home.

THE DEPARTURE OF VAETOE

Vaetoe had spent little time near the deathbed. She had stayed with the child who, despite the noise, had slumbered peacefully. When Levalasi came to see her, she signaled to her to speak in a low voice lest the little one awake. "She shall not know yet of the grief and sorrow of this world," she said.

Levalasi told her of the happenings of the day. When she had done, Vaetoe said, "I fear for the child and myself. I don't believe in that Nifoloa story. In my home in Vavau, I once saw the death of a chief who had been poisoned. He died exactly as my husband did." Tears streamed from her eyes. "Poor Tamalelagi, my friend," she wailed. Salamasina awoke and with her big eyes looked about. She stretched her small arms towards Levalasi who took her up and petted her. "You dear child," she said, "you have lost your father but you have two mothers who will take care of you. You are our pride and our future. You shall be the queen." The baby put her hand into Levalasi's mouth, as if she wished to silence her. Then began to cry pitifully whilst outside the fires were burning and the singing and shouting of the men were rending the air. They laid the child on its tapa bed and before long it fell asleep.

"Help me look after the child," Vaetoe begged. "Now that my lord laid dead, I am without protection. I dreamt that Tamalelagi's former wives insulted me and spat upon me and tried to abduct the baby." "Do not worry," Levalasi said, "I will take care of both of you. I shall ask Nafanua what is to be done; she will advise me." The women then stretched out beside the child and tried to find some rest.

Levalasi soon sent messengers to Auva'a and her brother Tupai in Falealupo to inform them of the happenings and ask protection for Salamasina and Vaetoe. The latter had guessed right. It was not long before the intrigues of the former wives became noticeable. They had not been allowed to remarry; they belonged to the noble lord even after the separation and could not be touched by any other man on pain of death. They now tried to push their sons and daughters to the fore and rid themselves, if possible, of Salamasina. Vaetoe was accused of having been unfaithful to her husband. Who knew, they said, who was the child's father, anyway? Vaetoe had spent so much time with her Tongans that anything might have happened. Besides, the question of her lineage was brought forward again; her grandfather in Amoa had only been a minor chief and, therefore, the succession of her child was out of the question. Alipia opposed this opinion, but some of the other members of the faleupolu were rather ambiguous in their speeches.

All this affected Vaetoe very deeply. She would have liked to leave for Tonga immediately. There she was assured of the greatest veneration, but the love of her child kept her in

Leulumoega. However, the annoyances increased daily and finally Vaetoe said to Levalasi, "Listen, sister, I want to return to Tonga. I have heard that my father, the Tuitonga, is ill and I must visit him. Will you look after the child for me? You have adopted her long ago and she is your child. I know that you love her and I shall not worry." Levalasi tried to turn her from her resolution but Vaetoe was determined. The situation had become unbearable for her; besides, Tamalelagi's affair with the taupou of Sagafili had afflicted her much. Had she not been the Tongan king's daughter, she probably would have been dismissed, too. What would have happened had he not lost his life, she was afraid to think.

To leave all her troubles behind her, was now her only desire. Thus the day came when the double canoe and that of the Tongans were made ready for the voyage. With tears and wailings she took leave of the child who clung to her and had to be torn away, so that Vaetoe almost abandoned her plan. Her companions, however, were waiting and she had to go. Touching was her leave-taking from her sister Suluimauā and Levalasi, who had come to Samatau to see her off. There she saw again the house of Puni, whose daughters she had supplanted. And now she, too, was to depart - not from the living, but from the dead.

SALAMASINA IS CROWNED QUEEN

The news that Levalasi sent to Savaii was not welcome. Tupai insisted that Tamalelagi's last will be done. Auva'a went into Nafanua's house and was inspired by her. He announced the the goddess was not opposed to Tupai's proposition; however, he would have to consult her again.

Months had passed since Tamalelagi's death, when couriers came to Tupai who was netting pigeons inland of Safe'e. The messengers said, "Auva'a sends us. The goddess has ordered that the titles be taken to Levalasi in Leulumoega. The government is to be established there and shall be named I'u-mai-papā, the Return of the Titles.

Tupai gathered his nets and went home. He said to his family, "I shall travel to Leulumoega to visit our mistress. I must know her will." The crew prepared the boat and the party set out.

When they reached the capital, Levalasi was in the Nuuuasala, where she was playing with Salamasina. The child

was making her first attempts at crawling and this had to be celebrated by a big dinner at which many women were present. Her first sitting-up had been celebrated some time before.

Tupai said, "Let us go and see the noble lady." When they reached the house which was filled with people, the front posts were immediately vacated for them. Levalasi was agreeably surprised to see her brother, but before she had time to welcome him, Tupai said, "Take the child away. Don't let it touch you, for we are going to make you sacred. Nafanua wills it." Very much startled, Levalasi replied, "And what shall I do with Salamasina? I love her too much. Go back and tell Nafanua that I will never leave the child."

Tupai stayed in Leulumoega for three days, but when he saw that he could not change his sister's mind, he returned home. Having reported his failure, he took his pigeon nets from the roof and went back to his favorite sport.

Auva'a, however, had new inspirations from Nafanua which all pointed towards Levalasi and he feared that, if the lady did not accept the titles, great evil would befall Samoa. So he went up to Safe'e to discuss the matter with Tupai. After some hesitation, the latter packed up his nets again and went with Auva'a.

They had their canoe launched and set out for Leulumoega. As on the former occasion, Levalasi was found busy with Salamasina. Tupai and Auva'a entered her house and leaned against the posts. Before the noble lady had time to speak, Tupai said, "Have the child taken away. Don't let her crawl on your back for we are going to make you sacred." Again Levalasi replied, "Where shall I take the child? I love her and will never part with her." Auva'a said, "We are troubled about the welfare of the country. Nafanua will visit us with wars and sickness if you do not accept the titles." Levalasi reported, "I must look after this child. Her mother is in Tonga and I have adopted it. She is my child and I love her. I fear that evil will befall her if I abandon her. She is connected with all the big families and the blessings of the gods rest on her." Tupai then suggested, "Shall we give the titles to Salamasina, then? You are a relative of Nafanua and need not fear to touch her. You still can take care of her." Levalasi said, "This is what I desire, because I love the girl above all."

Tupai and Auva'a then went to the House of Nine in Leulumoega and the House of Seven in Lufilufi and ordered

that the titles be given to Salamasina. They also went to Afega and Safata to ask for the titles of Gataitele and Tana-soalii. All the districts were agreeable and joy once more reigned in the whole of Samoa. A new era was about to begin.

Levalasi now collected mats from Salamasina's numerous relatives, so that the donors of the titles, the faleupolus, could be royally rewarded. This was not simple because, through Tamalelagi's many weddings and his death, the family treasures had been sorely depleted. Mats had been distributed to all the late ruler's servants, to his "Supports" Umaga and Pasesē, to the chiefs and orators, such as Ape and Tutuila of Fasitootai and Fasitootai, who were closely connected with the government, and to the warriors of the vanguard in Sagafili.

At a funeral ceremony the most valuable mat is always presented to the sister's son, the tama sa, or "sacred boy" or, in the absence of such, to the family of the ancestor's sister. The distribution is a thankless and most difficult task, for jealousies are easily aroused.

How would it be possible to find all the mats that would be required at the investiture of the Queen? Fortunately Salamasina had many family connections. She was descended from Tuiaana, Tuisamoa and Tuimanu'a; through her mother All the first families of Samoa stood behind her and all would consider it an honor to have a queen of their blood. she was related with the Salemuliana, Tuitonga and and Tuifiti. Who before her ever had such extensive connections?

There should, therefore, be no scarcity of mats. Levalasi, however, ordered that new mats should be plaited without delay. She furthermore sent messengers to her family in Savaii to fetch the mats that had been collected for herself. Ma'atōe, as taupou of Leulumoega, was to set a good example with her women and companions.

Immediately a party of girls and her young men set out into the bush to look for lau'ie plants. The boys were provided with wooden knives, sharp muscles and stone axes to cut off the branches. Some carried bamboo poles which, propped against the trees, were to serve as ladders. Gay songs shortened the way. They crossed some clearings in the bush where, once upon a time, there had been plantations and houses. Before long they reached the mountain slope. The singing ceased, but good-nature banter and laughter could not be suppressed. Pusi and Lilo, particularly, were in high spirits. If a boy stumbled because he had his eyes more

on the pigeons in the trees than on the path, the girls would burst out laughing. Fat Tala was the butt of everybody's jokes. At a dinner party, one time, he had eaten so much that he had to leave the company rather hurriedly. So, the girls called him sea-cucumber because this holothurian will vomit at the slightest touch. Another boy, who was walking behind Tala, they nicknamed i' ui, for this little fish has the habit of seeking refuge inside the sea-cucumber whenever it is pursued. Endless giggling accompanied the girls' sallies, but the boys were not slow in retaliating. Segi, a manaia, who thought himself irresistible and wore a big yellow flower behind his ear, started the song of the manutagi, a little dove, that a love a fight and whose u-u cry fills the forests. He sang:

Manutagi, u-u, u-u, Cry-bird, u-u, u-u,
Si'i vac, pu'upu'u, Lift your little, stumpy legs,
Sola vave, ua mu. Fly away, the forest burns.

The girls were silenced for a moment. They did not know what to make of the song, but the boys rocked with mirth and Segi continued:

Manutagi, manutagi, Cry-bird, bird that's come from
heaven, Ua pu'ea, ua tagi. When it's caught, it starts to
cry. By now the girls had their answer ready. Lilo began:
Manutagi, u-u, u-u, Cry-bird, u-u. u-u,

Tagi i gasegase malu. It cries because it has a boil.
This referred to the manaia Segi, who had a big boil on his leg. He had applied some leaves to it, but it had become infected and looked rather loathsome. "Gasegase malu" is an expression used only for chiefs and was, therefore, particularly comical as Segi was inclined to be proud and overbearing. Once more the girls had the better of the boys, but the manaia swore that he would have this revenge some day.

In the meanwhile they had reached their destination. The boys cut down the lau'ie leaves and the girls removed the thorns from the edges. They filled all the baskets and set out for home.

On the village malae the leaves were spread out in the sun to dry. Then the women and girls wound them into rolls which were steamed in the oven, after which they were unrolled and the outer layer scraped off. Next, they were weighted down in the lagoon until they were quite white and then dried once more in the sun. Splitting the leaves into fines strips and more drying followed. No wonder that

with all this work the mats are so highly valued. The whiter the fiber, the finer and more uniform the plait, the more precious also is the mat.

During the following months the girls and women were busy in every house. An experienced and skilled woman was the leader and teacher. Even she would require several months to complete a mat. Thus it took considerable time before everything was ready for the crowning of the queen.

In the meanwhile Salamasina had blossomed into a lovely little maiden. When she made her first steps, another feast was celebrated with quantities of food and dances and sports. By now she was fairly steady on her little legs and Levalasi found more and more joy in her. The House on Nine thought it time for the investiture.

On a beautiful, bright morning Salamasina sat in the royal residence Nu'auausala with her foster mother Levalasi. Ma'atoe and some other ladies were present and all were busy adorning and instructing the little girl. With a white girdle of tapa they tied a small Tonga mat around her waist. On her breast hung a string of white seasea beans, smaller than the pandanus fruits that are ordinarily used for the purpose. A circlet of ground-down whales' teeth was wound around her neck, its ivory gleam lending a peculiar animation to the pretty face. Her forehead was adorned with a band studded with sky-blue discs of nautilus shell. Two small white flowers in her raven hair completed the picture.

As the little one strutted about in all her finery and then squatted proudly on her throne of mats in the east end of the house, the women were in rapture. "She knows everything," they exclaimed; "she understands everything; she is a marvel." Indeed, Salamasina gave the impression that she was perfectly equal to the burden that was to be laid on her little shoulders. In fact, when one of the women called, "The chiefs are coming," and everybody except the sedate Levalasi scattered, Salamasina calmly mounted the throne and squatted down cross-legged as if she had done it a hundred times. Twelve chiefs and orators entered and took their seats at the posts. The four leading tulafales, led by Alipia, seated themselves on stools in front of the little lady. Umaga and Pasesē, holding coconut leaflets in their hands, took station on either side of her. With high-pitched voices they twelve times sounded the u-u call while dead silence lay over the village. Then they waved the leaflets over her head and cast themselves at her feet, saying, "This is the sacred Tui-

aana." Salamasina sat as unruffled as a statue.

Alipia then delivered a speech praising the scion of the numerous noble families whose innocence and purity was to bring peace and prosperity to the Samoan islands. "May Leulumoega, Lufilufi and Pule ever be united," he said, "and may they surrounded their queen with firmness and fidelity."

With the word "Pule", the speaker referred to Nafanua and Savaii with its three great clans.

Le Mana then spoke solemn words and Tupai called Nafanua's blessings upon their new ruler. Levalasi replied on behalf of Salamasina. She thanked the high chiefs and the gods for their goodwill and expressed the wish that health, riches and happiness would ever be the queen's lot.

The one of the tulafales cried, "Bring kava for the chiefs." Salelesi came with three big roots and the chiefs mumbled, "Thanks for the kava." Le Mana took the roots and said, "Here are three pieces of kava. They represent Leulumoega, Lufilufi and Pule. May they ever be united." He then threw them to the kava chewers and they were quickly divided and masticated. Now Le Mana called for the bowl. A high chief brewed the drink while Le Mana, standing upright, poured the water. When the kava was ready, a manaia holding the half shell of a freshly cut nut in his hand, crouched down between Salamasina and the bowl. Another manaia, with uplifted strainer, walked back and forth between bowl and shell, each time dripping a little kava into the cup until it was filled. It was then presented to the queen who took it in her little hands and lifted it to her lips. She closed her eyes and sipped the kava slowly without betraying the slightest aversion. When she had emptied the cup, she threw it aside. None but Levalasi was now allowed to touch it, for it was taboo.

Only then the kava mixer cried, "The kava is ready," and the chiefs clapped their hands. Umaga and Pasesē, the Tuiaana's supports, were served first. Then came Levalasi and her body-servant Salelesi. The latter took the prerogative to drink in a recumbent position, after which he sang out in long drawn-out tones. When all had been served the gathering broke up.

Perfect quiet lay on the malae which was now re-consecrated by a new Tui-aana. Salamasina went to Levalasi but the latter, at first, hardly dared touch her. She had been deeply affected by the solemnity of the ceremony. As for

the queen's suite - Ma'atoe, Tilomai, Pusi and the old ladies - they long sat in reverential awe. It was such unusual, such an unprecented thing, to see a little maiden invested with the highest honors, that they had to familiarize themselves with the idea.

A little later, Lufilufi, Afega and Safata came to confer their titles on Salamasina with a repetition of all the former ceremonial. For the first time in Samoan history the four titles were now united in one person and on solemn occasions and festivals, the queen was surrounded by four pairs of high chiefs - her supports. It was a marvel how the little girl adapted herself to her position and seemed to understand everything. Levalasi's declaration that Nafanua had entered into her found general credence.

Her suite soon accustomed themselves to the new situation with the difference, however, that after having played with her, they had to be fed by their attendants. Had they touched their food, the supernatural spell that emanated from the queen, would have caused sickness and death. Their hands first had to be de-consecrated with coconut water and cabalistic formulas.

THE WANTONBESS OF A CHIEF'S SON

During the dances that had followed the queen's investiture and which, in the early morning hours often were of a rather wanton nature, something happened that we must not pass over. It concerns Lilo and Segi whom we met during the search for lau'ie leaves. During the kava, which Ma'atoe prepares with the assistance of Lilo and Pusi, the manaia had ogled Lilo and it had not escaped her. He showed by his glances that he could keep a secret. The girl came from a good family and the manaia was a high chief's son, so that she felt rather flattered by his attentions, but she was not going to throw herself away. The next and the following nights the manaia did not fail to be present wherever Lilo as dancing. She was still young and had never had a lover, so that she was as shy as a young dove.

When Ma'atoe, in full ceremonial dress, opened the Fiti dance, Lilo was one of the twelve dancers who were seated on either side of the taupou. Wildly they waved their arms and smacked their bare thighs with the back of the hands. Gracefully they curved their flexible young bodies, gleaming with coconut oil - a delight to every manly heart. Next came

the mamaū dance, performed with folded hands to the humming of m-m-m. Then followed the dance that pictured scenes such as fish spearing, pigeon netting and butterfly catching. These caused loud applause and many funny remarks. Then the young men danced on the other side of the house.

In the early morning, when things became rather mixed, the young men had occasion to exchange a few words with their girl friends. "Lilo, my friend," Segi whispered, "I'll wait for you at sunrise under the ifi tree behind Ula's house. I must speak to you." The girl was so startled that she could not reply; but when a little later, she again felt his eyes upon her, she gave him a nod and the manaia knew that the matter was settled.

Towards the end of the night's festivities, things got completely out of hand. Some manaia's tore the mats off the dancing girl's bodies. A few of them continued dancing a moment or two and then cowered on the floor, loudly calling for their clothes; others hid behind their companions. In retaliation some old women tried to get hold of the men's garments and this provoked terrific laughter.

In the meanwhile the first glimmers of light had appeared in the eastern sky. Segi had stolen out of the fale and was waiting under the ifi tree. Before long Lilo appeared. She had removed her decorations and pulled a piece of tapa over her head. The young man took her by the hand and said, "I am glad you have come." "Forbear with me," she replied; "I am only a poor girl." "You are very pretty," Segi continued; "you were the best looking girl at the dance to-night. Come quickly before it gets light. I have built a little hut near the river. Let's us go up there." "I am afraid of our families," Lilo said; "when they hear that I have eloped with you, there will be trouble." "Don't worry," the manaia comforted her; "I will marry you. Only let us hurry lest anyone see us." He pulled her by the hand and they quickly disappeared on the narrow bush trail.

Towards noon their absence was noticed. Pusi had had her suspicions and before long, the elopement was the news of the village.

However, some other girls were missing, too, for it is the usual thing at such feasts that youth will meet for more or less lasting connections. Lilo's family had their doubts about the manaia's good faith, the more so that she was so inexperienced in matters of the heart. Where they heard

how Lilo had had the better of Segi on the occasion of the lau'ie gathering, they feared the worst. Indeed, two days later, the girl returned alone. The manaia had frankly told her that in future she should be more careful and not mock a high chief's son. Poor Lilo was deeply ashamed and full of regrets. The matter was soon forgotten, however, as the Samoans are very indulgent in such affairs. A few months later she married a tulafale of a neighboring village and this time the connection was more enduring.

A CASE OF ADULTERY

When the festivities were ended, Leulumoega returned to its everyday life. The people did so rather willingly, for they were all temporarily impoverished from the many contributions of food and fine mats. For once, even the faleupolu had been satisfied.

During the next few years Salamasina was educated according to the custom of the country. She was frequently taken to sivas and soon became proficient in the different dances. Often, when of an evening her family were gathered in the house, she was encouraged to show her art and the women were enchanted at the graceful movements of her arms and body. This was not a sight, however, for the populace because, sacred person that she was, she could not be exposed to the common gaze. This rendered her education difficult in many respects, particularly in the weaving of mats, fans and baskets, the manufacture of ornaments and tapa, and the preparation of scented oil and curcuma dye. When she was present at the occupations of the men, such as house and boat building, pigeon netting and fishing, work in the coohouse or on the sports field, she would attract everybody's attention. Her power of observation and her pertinent remarks astounded everyone.

Thus Salamasina grew up, the joy and pride of Aana. One grief, however, troubled her young heart: the long absence of her real mother. Vaetoe, who had married again, had sent her gifts and blessings, but she did not come herself. Even a Samoan double canoe, that had been dispatched to Vavau, had returned without her. Being a Tongan, she held the child in such a reverential awe, that she was afraid to meet her. This separation from her mother often brought tears to Salamasina's eyes. A few loving words from Levalasi, however, would quickly cheer her up again.

In the meanwhile, Ma'atoe, the taupou of Leulumoega, had developed into a lovely woman. Her charm and wonderful dancing had long attracted the guests. Soon the wooers made their appearance, too, the more so that her life was without blemish. Being the taupou and the daughter of Tamalelagi, had forced her more than once to put aside her inclinations, but she still hoped to find a husband after her own heart.

One day, two orators arrived from Atua. They belonged to the Salevalasi clan and were given a good reception. As they came with a food offering, the purpose of their visit was clear. Before long, they introduced themselves as the matchmakers of Salima, a great-grandson of Leota of Solosolo and a descendant of the old Tuiatuas. Leota had once saved the life of the Tuiatua Fotuiatama'i for which he was rewarded with special honors. The latter had been conquered by Malietoa, who had him trussed up and laid in the sun on the malae of Faleula. Leota had dared cover his face with banana leaves, thus saving his life.

Levalasi had heard of this chief when she lived in Atua. His whole body had been covered with ulcers from which he suffered greatly. A devil priest had told him that he would be cured if one of his three sons burnt his house over his head. When Togi, the eldest, came with food, the chief said, "My boy, it is not our food I want, but that you set the house on fire." The young man refused, fearing that his father might perish in the flames. Then the second son, Poe, appeared with a platter of food. Again Leota said, "My boy, I do not want to eat now; but if you burn down the house, I shall be able to enjoy your delicacies." Once more he met with a refusal. When the youngest son came with his dinner, the old man begged once more, "My boy, have pity on me and burn down the house so that my sickness be consumed." Matu'u understood the situation and set a firebrand to the leafy roof which immediately blazed sky-high. Some of the red hot crinders dropped on the invalid who shrieked with pain and joy. When the conflagration was abated, the boys came to attend their father. The chief spoke and said, "Matu'u has acted well; he has delivered me from my sufferings, whilst you, Togi and Poe, refused to obey me. He, therefore, shall be your chief and you shall be his faleupolu and receive mats from him."

This story Levalasi heard once more from the matchmaker. Salima, who had sent them, was a descendant of the said

Matu'u, but the noble lady knew little else about him. However, she encouraged the men to return. She would have liked to renew her relations with the Tuiatua family, for she had heard that Leifi and Tautolo, who had caused her so much anguish, were still at their old game and still went unpunished.

Not long after, a number of boats came from Solosolo, the wooer's village. They were loaded with pigs and taros which were heaped up in front of the royal residence. Ma'atoe could not make up her mind to accept the gifts, for she had heard that Salima was sickly and of an unprepossessing exterior. Levalasi, helped by the faleupolu, urged her, however, and finally the taupou gave her consent. So, the marriage was all but settled. The village of Falefa sent more food and ornaments and finally Salima himself came. He made a rather poor impression on Ma'atoe, but she was powerless, having her whole family against her. The wedding took place in Solosolo with the customary festivities. There, Ma'atoe now lived with her husband, but the union remained fruitless.

Salima had taken a liking to his nephew Lemafa, the son of Matu'u. The latter, one day, visited the chief who inquired after the boy. "I should deem it a favor," he said, "if you would let him serve me while I am sick." Matu'u was not particularly keen on the idea, for he was only too well aware of his son's levity; moreover, he had noticed Salima's wife exchanging amorous glances with the youngster. He, therefore, replied, "My son is a rascal; he does not know how to behave himself and I have forbidden him to visit you."

Salima would not be convicted and insisted on having the young man. Matu'u had to give in, for how could he refuse his sister's son - the tama sa, or sacred child.

Lemafa then was called to attend the chief. Father and son, one day, went to prepare some fa'ausi for the invalid. This excellent dish consists of Manua taro, scraped with a piece of coral, and coconut water. The mixture is "clothed" in leaves and cooked in the oven. The young man astride on a footstool, to which a sharp shell is fastened, was scraping some coconut kernel. From this the white cream is expressed with a bundle of fibers. The father had been busy heating some pebbles. When they were hot, he seized them with a pair of wooden tongs and dropped them into the bowl that held the cream. Soon, oil collected on the surface. The taro

bundles were now removed from the oven and opened. With a sharp bamboo knife the taro was cut into dumplings over which the oil was poured. These were again made up into bundles.

Acting on his father's orders, Lemafa now plaited two shallow baskets while the old man sampled the fa'ausi. Judging by his exstastic mien, it was a great success. When the boy came with the baskets, the oldster filled them with the bundles. Putting one aside for himself, he handed the other to his son, saying, "My friend, take this food to the chief. Stay with him and tend him in his sickness; but mind you keep out of mischief. Obey my orders."

Lemafa said nothing. He took the basket and went on his way, softly singing *usi, usi*, which means "oil" or "fat" as well as "obey". "You said *usi, usi*, my dear father," he slyly mumbled; "I'll put the fat into the fire for you." He first hid behind a tree and tasted the delicacy as he had seen his father do. Then he put a flower behind his ear and went on. On his way to the chief's house, he had to pass the wife's sleeping quarters which stood apart under some breadfruit trees. Ma'atoe, spying him, called in a low voice, "my friend, bring that basket to me." "Madam," he cautiously replied. "the food is for the chief. I'll get some for you later." Ma'atoe repeated, "Bring it to me, I insist."

Lemafa entered the house in which there was no one else. He sat close to her and laid the basket before him. She did not touch him but said, "Put a dumpling into my hand." As he was about to do so, she continued, "No, put it into my mouth." So he took the fa'ausi and put it between her lips. He saw her white teeth and the cunningly smiling eyes that gleamed from her pretty, round face. A bewitching fragrance emanated from her velvety skin. He luscious bosom came in touch with his body as she took hold of his hand and fondled it. "Come," she whispered, "lie down with me; I love you." The young man, suddenly overcome with fear, replied, "I cannot; you are the chief's wife. I am afraid." But feeling how greatly he was attracted to her, she only became the more ardent and said, "Oh no, there is no danger. The chief knows only my face; no one has ever known my body. I love you so much." Thereupon Lemafa forgot everything and they had a happy hour together.

Soon after, Matu'u, the boy's father, came the same way and saw the two in the house together. He went to Salima and said, "I just found Lemafa with Ma'atoe in her sleeping

house. I told you that the youngster was out for mischief and not to take him into your family."

Salima, however, replied, "Never mind. I hope that she will have a child by him, for I am too weak. But let them run away to Savaii for if the faleupolu gets to hear about this, there will be trouble."

The father, thereupon, went to his son and, after a good scolding, ordered him to leave the village. Lemafa took Ma'atoe by the hand and away they sped toward the west. They found a canoe in which they paddled to Salelologa in Savaii. There, they tied the canoe to a rock and, in remembrance of this, they later called their son Taulapapa, because the rock, papa, served them as an anchor, taula.

Salamasina was still a young maiden when she heard about the unfaithfulness of her dear friend Ma'atoe. She knew that the taupou had married Salima against her desire and she determined that, when the time came, she would follow the inclination of her own heart. She did not realize to what extent the fate of the great ones is affected by exterior circumstances. In her heart she approved of Ma'atoe's flight although she had, at first, given vent to some expressions of indignation. Levalasi, who saw her plans frustrated, did not make any comments but thought of another way to get even with the orators of Atua. For the time being she found consolation in her darling Salamasina, who developed more and more into a healthy and attractive young lady.

Ma'atoe was happy in Salelologa. Lemafa took good care of her and the boy. The parents had the happiness to see their son become a great chief of the Malietoa clan, who helped this famous family to recover some of their old prerogatives.

ALAPEPE

Besides her female attendants, Salamasina was surrounded by a number of boys and girls, who joined in her lessons and amusements. There was no ceremonial virgin attached to her household since she herself was the noblest taupou. This proved often awkward, as the queen was too sacred to make kava for the chief's or act as leader in the dances. Amongst Salamasina's dearest girl friends were Iao, Salue, Talala, and Fusi; among the boys her favorites were Tago and Alapepe. The latter was a son of a tulafale in Satupaitea, Savaii. He was full of fun and an excellent dancer. When he imi-

tated the flying fox eating the fruits of the coral trees and being caught with a thorny branch, he provoked unending laughter. Particularly comical was he, when he made a face like the flying fox that had lost its wings to the rat and could not get them back. His imitation of the manutagi was not less amusing.

Salemasina kept a manutagi at home in a cage and fed it daily with chewed taro balls. She presented these on her forefinger, until it would please the bird to accept them. If the ball was rather large, the manutagi would hesitate a long time, but finally its greediness gained the victory and it would laboriously swallow the delicacy while its eyes closed with indescribable satisfaction. This was Alapepe's favorite act and he did so naturally, that he filled his spectators with delight.

At these meetings all restraint was put aside. The parents, however, had to make sure that Salamasina's playmates bathed and sprinkled themselves with coconut water before the evening meal. This was necessary in order to remove the taboo; other wise they had to be fed by another person's hand.

The queen had often expressed the desire to be present at the netting of the manutagi. Alapepe was enthusiastic about this plan and offered to accompany her. When her half-brother Tuala, who was a keen hunter, heard about it, he proposed to organize a special bird catching contest in her honor. Seven chiefs agreed to compete against seven others. The forfeit was to be a big dinner.

On the appointed day the parties went into the bush behind the village where the cry of the manutagi could be heard on all sides. Each hunter had a pear shaped basket, open at the narrow end. Through the wide lower part a wooden bar was pushed to serve as a perch for the decoy bird. The tame manutagi was tied by the leg to a short line, the other end of which was attached to a movable ring on the perch. Each hunter had one assistant. Salamasina and Alapepe accompanied Tuala. The boy carried the chief's basket with the decoy bird and Salamasina, a pua flower in her hair and her body anointed with perfumed oil, followed close behind him.

It was beautiful, fresh morning. The tree tops rustled their morning song and the spicy odor of the wild ginger permeated the forest. When our friends reached a small clearing, Tuala erected a gallows to whose cross-beam the basket was fasten-

ed in such a way that its opening could easily be reached from above. Nearby, Alapepe built a small hut with tree forks and sticks, tied together with lianas. The leaves of the wild banana and giant fern provided both roof covering and side walls. Salamasina, in the meanwhile, was busy making necklaces of the aromatic leaves of the laumaile plant. After a little practice she learned to strip the leaf-studded skin off the twigs without splitting it. She wound the garland around her neck, allowing the strands to fall over her little breasts, and rested contentedly on a tree trunk. As she sat there with dreamy eyes, her golden brown skin gleaming amidst the greenery, she looked to Tuala liked a wood sprite. Having inspected and corrected Alapepe's work, the chief called them into the hut. Salamasina, however, first insisted on decorating her companions with laumalie garlands and red tuiveve berries. Then they all three entered the narrow room and peeped through the leafy walls. They kept perfectly quiet.

The calls of the wild doves that sounded from the distance, were immediately answered by the decoy bird in the basket. It was an excellent fighting cock for which Tuala was much envied by his fellow hunters. He had named it Tuivao, the king of the forest. The calls sounded nearer and nearer. Suddenly the "land bird", as it called, became greatly excited and started fluttering about the basket. Evidently a "bush bird" was in the vicinity. Breathlessly Salamasina watched; Alapepe shook with excitement. They heard a loud u-u immediately above them a moment later saw a bush bird running wildly up and down the cross bar of the gallows. Then it plunged into the basket and began to fight with the decoy bird, but it was quickly vanquished. Tuala rushed out of the hut and laid a banana leaf over the cage. The attacker was a prisoner. The chief lifted it carefully out of the basket and gave it to Salamasina who petted it gleefully. It was exhausted and offered little resistance. "The bush bird is caught," Alapepe called loudly. Tuala prepared for the second catch. While he was busy calming down his decoy bird, some voices were heard in the vicinity. Angrily he went out to scold the intruders, having first admonished Alapepe to watch the basket.

Salamasina and Alapepe sat in the hut. Again the land bird began to call and before long a wild manutagi was running about the gallows. It could not make up its mind to plunge into the cage. Salamasina gave the capture dove to

Alapepe and whispered, "I'll cover the basket." In her right hand she held a banana leaf, her left rested on the knee of Alapepe, who squatted on the floor. To see better, she leaned against him and their bodies touched. For fear of losing his balance, the boy put his arm around her and thus they observed the behaviour of the bird. The perfume of the pua flower and the fragrance of her body intoxicated Alapepe. Salamasina had shivered with the coolness of the forest and the warmth of her companion affected her pleasantly. She closed her eyes and sighed with satisfaction. She felt the boy's cheek and nose touching her face. He caressed her lovingly and she folded her arm around him. They forgot about the cage and did not notice the wild bird escape. Tuala's voice, however, recalled them to the present. "Where are you, Alapepe, with your big mouth?" he cried. "A fine hunter you are. There the cocks are fighting in the basket and you cannot even cover it." Alarmed, they jumped up and Salamasina rushed out with the banana leaf, but she was too late. The girl had enough presence of mind to take the blame upon herself. She had wanted to cover the basket, she explained, but she had been inattentive. Alapepe had remained in the hut. He had a bad conscience and now he noticed that the capture manutagi was missing, too. He feared that his fault could be read in his eyes. Tuala felt that something was wrong, but out of consideration for Salamasina, he said nothing. When he heard that the wild dove was missing, he simply sent the boy home to fetch his second decoy bird Tanifa, the shark, as the Tuivao looked tired. He also asked him to bring some food and Salamasina added, "Fetch me a Tonga mat; the morning is cool."

Alapepe left silently. "Come quickly into the hut," Tuala said to the girl, "or we won't catch another bird today and will be defeated. The more people go to the hunt, the fewer birds are caught." "I am so clumsy," Salamasina whispered to her brothers; "now, please, show me again, so that I may catch a bird, too," "very well," the chief said; let us wait patiently." It was quite a while before more wild birds approached. Salamasina, in the meanwhile, was busy with her thoughts. She took the pua blossom out of her hair and plucked it to pieces. "If anyone had discovered us, it would have been my death," she said to herself. "I'll have to more careful in future."

Alapepe was on his way to the village. A great uneasiness had seized him. This was a dangerous path he was treading.

A poor boy to fondle the queen, the sacred mistress of the islands. This could not remain unpunished. With the skin of wild limes, he found on the roadside, he vigorously rubbed his body and threw himself into the mountain brook. Although he shivered with the cold, he stayed long in the water. Then he hurried to the beach, where he rubbed himself with the warm sand and bathed in the sea. He next chalked his hair and then proceeded on his errand. Having procured the fresh decoy bird, the mat and a basket of food, he returned to the bush.

As he approached the clearing and advanced quietly, he heard Tuala's call, "The bush bird is caught." With downcast eyes he delivered the mat to the queen; then he handed the bird to Tuala and put the food near the hut. The new decoy bird displayed such activity that several manutagis were soon attracted and caught. When the fourth bird had been secured, they had breakfast. There was pork cooked in leaves, roasted taro and palusami - a "mixture of young taro leaves seasoned with "salt water, sami. Young coconuts provided a refreshing drink. Salamasina and Tuala enjoyed a hearty meal, while Alapepe politely waited for his share which, according to Samoa custom, is always very ample. He was not hungry, however. He felt feverish and was glad when, after the sixth manutagi had been caught, the party returned home.

Salamasina, too, had become taciturn. The excitement and the good humor of the early morning had disappeared, although the return with six doves that sat fettered in a pile, looked festive enough. It appeared that the other hunters had caught only four or three pigeons each. Tuala's team had twentyfive birds, while their opponents had only twentyone. The latter, therefore, had to supply the dinner the following day.

Alapepe was not present. On their return from the bush, he was found to have a high fever which kept him confined for many days. He was so miserable that he despaired of recovering. Salamasina sent him a bowl of vaisalo, a preparation of coconut and arrowroot, that is customarily given to the sick. Although Alapepe could partake but little of the delicacy, he had the satisfaction of seeing his visitors enjoying it. Most of his playmates regretted his absence from the dances and games, for he had always been their leader. A few, though, were rather pleased as they envied his popularity with the queen. "He has broken the taboo," they said.

In due time his relatives took him home to Savaii, where he slowly recovered.

Salamasina had appeared to take little enough interest in the invalid, but her thoughts often turned to the adventure in the bush, especially after the boy's departure.

A TRIP TO SAVAII

There followed a drought which caused the rivers to run dry and withered the taro plants. The people subsisted mostly on coconuts. After a while these became scarce, too. There were many thefts. An inventive priest thought of a taboo which, he declared, his aitu had revealed to him. He hung short bamboo sticks in his plantation, saying that he who ate of his fruits would suffer decay of the intestines. Others followed his example. In truth, many people soon sickened and some died. A great fear befell the population. As there were few coconuts left, they drank bad water. Intestinal diseases were the result and, of course, they were ascribed to the transgression of the taboo. Salamasina forbade its further use, but threatened any thief with the severest punishment. It sometimes happened that a criminal was placed against a coconut palm and bounds so tightly to the trunk that death ensued.

On the beaches of Lufilufi and Leulumoega, a little fresh water still welled up. The big spring in Safune, Savaii, too, saved the lives of thousands.

In those days Salamasina went on a malaga to Savaii to meet her relatives and visits the principal villages. She set out in a big canoe manned by the Aana warriors. Levalasi, Tilomai, Iao and some elderly ladies and talking chiefs accompanied her. Their first call was at Falealupo, where the queen deposited fine mats in the temple of the goddess Nanua to whom she owed so much. They were gratefully received by the priests Auva'a and Tupai. Salamasina saw the fafā through which the souls of the departed enter the underworld, and the west cape where King Sol plunges into Pulotu. When, after the evening meal, hosts and guests sat assembled in the fale, the evening star shone so brightly in the west, that it cast shadows. "How beautiful that star is," exclaimed the queen. "Yes," said Tupai, "Tapuitema greets your Highness. Once she was a cruel being." "How is that?" asked Salamasina. The priest explained:

Once upon a time there lived in Falealupo a married cou-

ple who had daughter named Tapuitema. She grew into a cannibal that devoured her younger brothers and sisters. Her parents were so afraid of her, that they ran away into the bush. One day the Tuifiti came to the village. With his magic powers he soon subdued Tapuitema and married her. She bore him a son, Toiva, who grew up so rapidly that he managed to escape before his mother had time to eat him. One day he returned and bathed in the river. When he heard his mother approaching, he climbed into a tree. The sun cast him shadow on a rock on the beach. Tapuitema saw the shadow and began nibbling at it. Toiva called from the tree, "Is it not enough that you have eaten your brothers and sisters? Do you want to destroy your own flesh and blood, too? Go away, go away." The boy had inherited some of his father's magic powers and was thus able to drive her off. Before leaving she said, "I have acted wrongly but I will make amends. I shall go up to the heavens and shed light upon the people assembled at the evening meal and those going to the pigeon hunt in the morning." Ever since, Tapuitema has been our evening and morning star. Her son Tovia turned into the mountain that stands behind Falealupo. When the west wind, the wind of Toiva strikes this mountain, the hunters twist their arms with the cold, e pi'i lima i le ma'alili.

Salamasina laughed as she pictured to herself the hunters proceeding to the bush in the light of the morning star, the west wind cooling their backs. When they have reached the height, they crouch down, twist their arms around their body, rub their hands, but do not dare beat them together, lest they scare the bird away. With the first rays of the sun the hunt of the big wood pigeon, the lupe, begins. After a long silence, the queen said, "That was an interesting story, Tupai. Tapuitema had done wrong but now she tries to make amends. An injustice is quickly committed, but the consequences may be far reaching. We should never act heedlessly."

Levalasi added, "He who does evil is like one travelling in a boat in stormy weather. He fears to be engulfed by the waves and, indeed if he does not repent, disaster will befall him sooner or later."

Salamasina understood her foster-mother's feelings and how the still unpunished murder of her husband weighed heavily on her mind. She said, "May Tapuitema be a warning example to all evil-doers." Turning to Tupai she continued,

"Your reputation as a pigeon hunter is known far and wide. Could you not give us a demonstration of your skill?" The priest was alarmed, for he disliked the presence of women at the hunt. But how could he refuse the queen? So he replied, "Very well; I will send out my men that they may build huts in the bush. Your Highness shall see how pigeons are netted in Savaii."

It was decided that the party would proceed to Safe'e the following afternoon and spend the night there.

Tupai said, "Praised be the four-titled queen to whom heaven and earth bow. I fear that the hunt will not meet the expectations of our ruler. The pigeons in Aopo are not as plentiful as they were some moons ago, when great flocks of them obscured the sky. The drought has withered the fruits and many birds have died of hunger. But, perhaps, they will come all the faster when the call of the decoy birds causes them to suspect the presence of food. May your Highness make allowance for us if we are less successful than the hunters of Tiavea." Salamasina answered, "My mother has often spoken to me about Tiavea, but I have never been there myself. However, Safe'e has a greater reputation and your hand is said to be even more skilled than that of Lefao. Dear Levalasi, please, tell us about Lefao as you have often promised to do." After some reflection Levalasi began:

The people of Atua are wily and it was only by cunning tha Lefaoeu defeated Ulumu who, at that time, was the foremost hunter of Savaii. Lefaoeu, he who catches pigeons on the Fao, had with the help of his famous decoy bird Agaivao vanquished every opponent in Atua. So he went to Aana in quest of further victories. With his assistant Laufale he arrived there in the middle of the night. Having anchored their boat, they went up to the clearing in the forest. They found the hunters asleep in their huts which stood in the great circle. It was the hour of twilight. Lefao called to the chiefs but received not reply. They were angry at being disturbed and the newcomer heard one man say to another, "Who is that pig? What business has he here?" After a while he was recognized as the great Lefao of Atua and no one dared offend him. Lefao ignored their remarks and ordered his assistant to build his hut in a gap of the circle. The chiefs wondered what he would do next. He did not seem to have a net. Would he have the impertinence to ask for one or theirs? If so, bloodshed was inevitable. "While Laufale was building the laufale, the 'leafy hut'

from which he derived his name, Lefao leisurely opened his basket. He took out a number of sticks and joined them into a frame to which he fastened the net. When everything was ready, he entered the hut with Laufale and let his decoy pigeon Agavao fly. I winged toward the east and, before long, returned with some wild birds, which Lefao caught with his net. Immediately Laufale called out his master's catch, whereupon the chief took his net apart and went away without leave-taking.

When he reached the coast, some Atua people had just landed with a "sacred fish" they wanted to bring him. The chief said, "Take the turtle back to Atua. I have not had much success here and will go to Savaii." The men returned and Lefao with his assistant sailed westward. They landed at Neiafu to the south of which place Chief Ulumū lived. The latter welcomed the visitor and threw a piece of kava at his feet. Lefao said, "Never mind the kava; let us first go and catch pigeons." Ulumū was agreeable. They went up the hill, where Ulumu's huts were still standing. He offered the best hut to the visitor. Lefao ordered Laufale to assemble the net and sent his decoy pigeon aloft. It soon returned with two wild birds. Lefao, however, failed to net them. The Ulumu swung his net and succeeded in capturing one of the pigeons. He ordered his assistant to proclaim the catch, but Lefao said, "Don't call, it will drive off the birds." Ulumu did his bidding. Again Lefao sent up his Agavao, which soon returned with a pigeon. This time the Atua man was more fortunate. When he had netted the girl, he signed to Laufale to call the catch. The latter did so immediately. Angrily Ulumu exclaimed, "You bade me not to call my catch lest we spoil the sport and now are doing it yourself." Lefao retorted, "My pigeon was proclaimed first; therefore, I am the victor. I was counting on your stupidity. There is nothing more to be said." Thus Lefao had the glory and Ulumu had his trouble for nothing. But the bad deed done in the bush soon spread abroad in the highway and everybody knows that Ulumu was the real victor.

They all laughed at this story, but Levalasi was dispondent, for the mere mention of Atua awoke unpleasant memories in her. Salamasina said to her, "I thank you, dear mother, for this interesting story. Lefao acted wrongly. He gained the victory but he forfeited his honor." "You have spoken wisely, o Queen," said Tupai. "Falsehood and deceit may overcome truth and courage, but preseverance and contempt

of death have the final victory. I can tell you a legend on this topic which, at the same time, explains why Nafanua's house has a special entrance for the aitu, the bonito."

Salamasina said she would be delighted to hear it. It was just the right evening for story telling. At this time of the year, the sun sets shortly before six o'clock and quickly the night settles over land and sea. In an hour's time the evening meal is ended, then the people sit in peaceful meditation or engage in conversation. Nowhere is story telling more popular than in Falealupo. Seated in the great guesthouse one overlooks the western sea dimly lit by the evening star. Before the sun sinks into Puluotu it builds the cloudlets driven before the gentle trade. All the colors of the rainbow glimmer in the western sky until they slowly fade out and only Tapuitema sheds her light. From the fafā to the south, where the souls dive into the depths, one hears the roaring of the waves. A breeze caresses your cheek; was it, perhaps a soul on its way to Savea Siuleo's kingdom? The whole strand is replete with tales of aitus and aitu tagata, spirits and men possessed by devils, who exert a most baneful influence. Nafanua, what means your name to Falealupo, to Savaii, yea, to all Samoa? Why has your temple a door for the bonito? Tell us, Tupai. Break the stillness under which we suffer. Tupai began:

God Sol and Ui, who received him with wide-spread legs, had a son, Aloalo-i-le-la, the sunray. The latter married the Tuifiti's daughter. He was poor and had nothing to give to his bride. So, he went to his father Tagaloa in the heavens and begged him for a gift. Tagaloa had two pearl shells of magic power: a bright one and a dull one. Aloalo was asked to choose. He was about to take the bright shell when his aunts - Tagaloa's sister - warned him. The bright one, they said, would lose its lustre and bring him misfortune, whilst the other would eventually bring him luck. So he chose the dull shell and carved from it the shank of a fishhook. He was advised to keep it well in sight on his voyage to Fiji or evil would befall him. All went well until he had almost reached his destination. As he entered the passage in the reef, huge waves came rolling up behind him and he fearfully looked back. Immediately his boat was caught by a breaker and overturned. The pearl shank sank to the bottom of the sea. When Tuifiti heard about this mishap, he sent out his fishermen to look for the shank. It was not hard to find as it was surrounded by countless fish which tried to bite it. Thus Tuifiti came into possession of the valuable shank, but he could

not find anyone who knew how to tie the hook to it. Aloalo told him that in Samoa there were fishermen who understood the art. Forthwith Tuifiti sent messengers to our village and four brothers went with their sister Sina to Fiji. The brothers tried to bind the hook. The first three failed. When the hook was cast into the sea, the bonitos simply ignored it, for the rats had told them that it was badly tied. Now the youngest brother was going to try. Sina instructed him to bathe in the river first and to put on a fresh titi. Then he was to seat himself on a fine mat for the job. He did so and succeeded. The land crabs and strand crabs told the fresh water fish and these told their brothers, the salt water fish, that the hook was correctly bound. The bonitos no longer refused to take the hook and soon the Tuifiti's people had an abundance of food. This incited the Samoa boys to jealousy and they determined to steal the fishhook and take it to Samoa.

One day, the four young men had been sent out fishing and, as usual, their boat almost sank under the weight of the catch. Before landing they cut off the hook and hid it. They told Tuifiti that a wild sea pike had bitten it off, but the king with his magical powers soon recovered it. Then they tried again, and again they failed. At last they determined to keep their boat in readiness and escape during the night. When Tuifiti discovered their flight, he sent curses after them and pointed with his forefinger towards the canoe. A terrible storm arose and the boat was wrecked. The five inmates now started swimming towards Samoa, the oldest brother holding the hook in his right hand. When he weakened and was about to drown, he passed it on to the second brother and thus it was handed on from one to the other until Sina received it. It was she who brought it Samoa, whilst her brothers perished in the sea. Great misfortune the hook had brought into the world, but now it was to bring luck. Sina took it to Nafanua, entering her temple by the door in the east end. This is why it is now the custom to present to Nafanua the first bonito caught by the fishermen. The original hook has disappeared long ago, but every bonito hook correctly tied, brings the same fortune.

Salamasina thanked the story teller and added, "Blessed is Falealupo; much good has come out of it. What a pity, though, that Sina lost her four brothers. She must have been very strong to succeed where the others failed." Tupai replied, "I know of many cases where women have undertaken long

swims. They have always outlasted the men. Just as with Sina, so it is with Ui, the wife of Tagaloa. She fled with her brother Lua, who perished in the sea, whilst she herself safely reached Manua. The sisters Taemā and Tilafaiga, too, swam to Falealupo, where the latter married Savea Siuleo and became the mother of Nafanua. I have also known a woman who frequently swam from Upolu to Savaii, pushing a couple of unhusked coconuts ahead of her. The men are less buoyant than the women and sink more rapidly. The women of Samoa are not only beautiful, but strong."

Levalasi had been unpleasantly affected by the reference to Tilafaiga because she, too, had given birth to a clot of blood. So, she said to her brother, "The hour is late. Have the sleeping mats spread out." The villagers busied themselves with the preparations for the night. The mats were lifted from the house rafters and others were supplied by the neighbors. Soon a soft couch was ready for the queen and beautiful white tapas were laid out to serve as coverings.

On the land side the house blinds were lowered to keep out the cold and humid mountain breeze. There was no need for special precautions, for who would molest their revered queen? Levalasi and her suite as usual slept with her.

Soon everything was quiet, but sleep would not come to Salamasina. She was under the spell of this place, so rich in legends and traditions. She heard the waters lapping the shore and saw the dark ocean that concealed Pulotu's kingdom. Overhead shone the sumu, the Southern Cross. There in the south lay Tonga, the home of her mother whom she did not know. She wept quietly and considered whether she should not run away and swim to her. Alas, she was the queen and could not leave her people. Sleep, at last, brought her relief.

PIGEON NETTING

The following day was hot and dry. On rising from their mats the villagers searched the eastern skies for signs of the long expected rains. But the cloudlets, driven by the trade-wind across the illimitable blue, were as small and light as ever. In the forenoon the quests kept to the house or called on some chiefly families. For lunch they had lobster and fai'ai, or "Brain" pudding, so called because this mixture of coconut cream and starch flour looks like brain. Cooked in

supple banana leaves and sweetened with the juice of young coconuts it is one of the highest achievements of the Samoan culinary art.

After the usual rest, preparations were made for the excursion to the bush. Salamasina, Levalasi and the young Tilomai were to be of the party. Tupai objected to more representatives of the fair sex. In the late afternoon they set out. A number of chiefs with their assistants formed the queen's body-guard. They offered to carry her on a litter, but she declined; she preferred walking with her foster-mother. The sun stood behind them as they wended their way towards the tia, the clearing on the mountain slope near Safe'e. The cracked ground was burning hot. When they reached the cool forest they advanced single file along the narrow path. More and more the trail climbed, but Salamasina hopped from rock to rock as lightly as a dove. Levalasi sighed and the perspiration ran down her body. She was pleased when a short halt was called.

Tupai maliciously said to his sister, "There you are; this is not an undertaking for a woman. E pipili tia, a e mamao le ala: the tias are close together but the path to them are rugged. Levalasi answered proudly, "Oh, it is nothing." She urged that the march be resumed as she began to feel cold. The real reason for her insistence she concealed. The path became steeper. The company now kept silence lest the pigeons be frightened away. At last they reach the tia. It was a round clearing at the edge of which a dozen huts had been erected. Small weeds, wilted by the sun, covered the ground. From the side there was a magnificent view of the eastern coast and the ocean over which darkness was settling. Like a wall the waters lay before the spectator, as if they wished to engulf him. Immediately below them there stretched a sea of greenery, broken by many dark shadows. Behind them stood big Maugamu, the red mountain, glowing in the last rays of the setting sun. Its tree covered craters had once poured fiery streams of lava to the sea below. At the very foot of the mountain lay such a lava field near the inland village of Aopo, where the pigeons could almost be lifted from the trees. Salamasina was ravished by the beautiful scene. Levalasi busied herself inside the hut, preparing a comfortable bed for the queen and herself. At the suggestion of Tupai they took some food before nightfall. Later, bundles of dry coconut leaflets were lit. The circle of flares bathed the clearing and the surrounding forest giants in a magic light.

A festive mood pervaded the company. The ladies, particularly, put heart and soul into the unusual experience, whilst to the men the outcome of tomorrow's contest was of greater importance. Accompanied by Tilomai, Salamasina, who had laid aside the formality of everyday life, went from hut to hut to converse with the hunters. She spent a long time with Tonumaipea, who had come with his son Tapumanaia to pay his respects to the queen. He usually lived in the south-eastern part of Savaii, although his real home was the north-west corner. But there he was too much eclipsed by Nafanua's priests; so he preferred living in the large village of Satupaitea whence he ruled the west coast.

Tapumanaia was a young man of sixteen, of slender build and agreeable exterior. While his father conversed with the queen, he sat quietly by. He seemed to suffer from self-consciousness like most of the Tonumaipeas. They were aware that they could not compete against the great families of Upolu, but in their own minds there was no doubt that the overlordship of the islands rightfully belonged to them. Who, indeed, was superior to a descendant of the underworld and Nafanua?

Salamasina did not address Tapumanaia directly, but while she talked with his father, her eyes often wandered towards him, as if she wanted to draw him into the conversation. This is a tedious fellow, she said to herself as she left the hut. Levalasi and Tupai had observed them and the lady suddenly said to her brother. "I have often wondered to whom we should wed Salamasina. I think it is necessary that the Tonumaipeas be kept close to the four titles." Tupai replied, "This has long been my opinion. We have felt it deeply that Nafanua, having finally brought peace and unity to the country, let us go empty-handed." "Yes," Levalasi continued, "her keeping the titles so long has caused much irritation. However, Upolu has always been the land of the gods and the chiefs and our Salafai cannot compete against it. But don't you think that Tapumanaia would make a fine consort for our Salamasina?" Tupai nodded pensively and whispered, "Let us bury this in our hearts. The boy is not exactly a genius, but he is obedient and looks well after his father and this is what we need." They both felt that the alliance would be of the greatest advantage to the Tonumaipea clan which, thereby, would indirectly acquire the power and importance they had failed to get by their own endeavors.

Salamasina had, in the meanwhile, continued her visits. Tilomai came to Tupai and said, "We should like to organize a little dance. The clearing looks so lovely in the moonlight." Tupai was in good humor and replied, "Very well; give us something pretty, but I do not want you to sing. Beat the mats with you knuckles, lest you disturb the birds." Tilomai ran away contented and called some chiefs' sons who were only too willing to follow her. They had quickly weeded a small area and one youngster brought a rolled-up mat, which he began to beat with a couple of sticks. After a short discussion, they whispered the pigeon song:

The pigeon in the atone top
With luscious berries fills it crop

The young men stood in a circle, swaying gently, whilst Tilomai, acting the decoy bird, fluttered in their midst and tried to entice them. At first they took no heed. They were fluted and showed this by ludicrous motions of their throats and by stroking their crops. Little by little, the dance became livelier and the wild pigeons showed some interest. Tilomai unfolded every trick of her art, so that the boys advanced singly as if to fight with her. She, however, dancing, hopping and flying in time with the drum beats, evaded every attack. The spectators were delighted with the spectacle, rendered even more attractive by the flickering glare of the flares.

Suddenly there was a low rumble that seemed to come from the inside of the mountain. The earth trembled and the trees shoo. The flares went out and the dancers scattered; only Tilomai, like a bird with broken wings, crouched on the ground. She was paralyzed with fright. The earthquake had lasted only a few seconds. As Salamasina was going to look after her friend, she noticed someone approaching her stealthily. She went closer and saw that it was Tapumanaia. He had taken Tilomai by the arm. She heard his words, "Come, girl; let us run away. I like you." Tilomai tried to resist, but he pulled her harder. Suddenly he received a push from Salamasina that made him tumble backward. He disappeared in the darkness. She put her arm around the trembling girl and led her to the hut. "You danced wonderfully tonight," she said, "I have never seen anything better." Levalasi wrapped some tapa cloths around her, for she had become heated in the dance and now began to shiver. Tilomai did not say much. She convinced that she had provoked the aitus by dancing in the forest and she feared that she had spoiled the morrow's sport. Salamasina comforted her by assuring

her that it was simply the Maugamu at its old game and that no one would think of blaming her. Nothing was said of Tapumanaia, although Levalasi should have liked to know what had happened. She had noticed the young man run into the bush and that he had come from the direction of the girls. Others, however, had been more observant and soon the story went from hut to hut and finally came to Tupai, who was with Levalasi. "Well," he said, "the youngster is playing pranks. I'll have to speak with his father tomorrow. He will get more sense as he gets older."

The moon had risen above the trees and was shedding its light upon the clearing. Deep peace reigned in the forest.

To two members of the party sleep would not come: Tupai, who blamed himself for having allowed the women to come along, and - Salamasina. Her friend, exhausted by the dance and comforted the queen's loving words, was sleeping; peacefully. Salamasina, however, lay on her couch with open eyes and stared at the moonlit trees. She was thinking of her first excursion into the bush and her friend Alapepe. She remembered the rapturous moments when she had laid her head against the boy's breast and his fond embrace. She had almost forgotten the incident, but the happenings of the evening recalled it all too vividly. Levalasi had twice drawn her attention to Tanpmanaia that evening, emphasizing what a handsome young man he was. But what a different between him and Alapepe. If only the latter were Tinumaiepa's son.

With these thoughts she finally fell asleep. The morning found her in a pleasanter frame of mind. At dawn of day the first preparations were made. The hunters covered themselves completely with greenery, so that they looked like walking bushes. Their assistants assembled the frames to which the nets were attached. Then the decoy birds were examined and their lines cleared, lest they get hindered in their flight. When everything was ready, the chiefs and their assistants entered their respective huts. With the first ray of the sun Tupai gave a signal and the decoy birds rose vertically above the trees, where they fluttered about. After a few moments they were hauled back, lest they tire before the wild pigeons had become aware of them. Soon, loud cooing was heard all around the clearing and the decoy birds strained at their lines. Once again Tupai signaled and the birds rose on high. It required great dexterity to prevent the different lines from getting entangled, but Tupai had a good team of hunters and

Salamasina was pleased to see how each flew exactly above its master. A number of wild pigeons had been attracted for surely, where so many birds were gathered, there must be a good feeding place. Some of them began fighting with the decoys. Now was the time to haul in. The wild fowl followed the other below. The hunters were seated on three legged stools at the doors of their huts. As the first pigeon came within Tupai's reach, he caught it with a swoop of his long-handled net. Immediately his assistant stepped into the clearing and, after blowing the Triton shell, announced his master's catch. Some of the other chiefs, too, had caught their birds. Tupai was proud of his success and the queen called to him, "Malie, malie, well done, Tupai; you have a skilled hand." When Levalasi, too, commended him he said, "This was not Lefauseu's victory." "No," his sister replied, "you are the first and we are proud of you." The chief now thought that, after all, he had done well to bring the ladies along, for such praise from such lips he had never received before.

The captured bird was so unruly, that the assistant had trouble fettering it. It struggled and fought and nearly escaped. So the chief said, "Blind it and we shall have peace." The young man was about to pierce its eyes, when Salamasina exclaimed, "Don't do that, please, Tupai, let me have the poor creature." The chief could not but grant her request. The bird was no sooner in her soft hands than it quieted down and allowed her to stroke it. She tried to feed it with taro balls, but it would not take them. Then Tilomai took it by the head and, opening its mouth, pushed the taro in. After a little while the frightened bird swallowed the food.

Tupai had sent up the decoy birds again, but this time only two wild fowl came and the next time, only one, so that the chief became ill-humored. Levalasi thought it time for the women to depart. She told her brother so and he appointed two young men to accompany them. Salamasina carried the pigeon in her hand. When they had reached the edge of the forest, she turned toward the south and lifting the bird on high, said:

Fly, birdie, fly to Tonga.
Tell my mother to come;
Ask her to visit her child;
The prisoner pines with longing.
Fly, birdie, fly to Tonga;
Tell my mother to come
And sooth the pain of her child.

Fly, birdie, fly away;
Bring blessings from my mother,
Bring rain to our land.

She threw the pigeon into the air and immediately it winged away to the south as if it had understood the queen's words and wished to show how much pleasanter it is to roam the wide spaces in liberty than pine away blinded and fettered in captivity.

The queen's companions stood near her mute and deeply moved. Levalasi wept. Without a word Salamasina walked to Falealupo. The others followed.

A TRIP TO AMOA

On the same day it was decided that the queen's party would return home. The big rowboats were made ready and manned by powerful paddlers, so as to reach Upolu without delay. There was a huge gathering of chiefs and people as the boat left. They all wanted to have a last look at the queen and do her homage. She bade them good-bye and departed.

There was a strong head wind. Salamasina with Levalasi sat on the outrigger of the big canoe. The gleaming, brown bodies of the paddlers bent forward as they fought against the rough seas along the iron-bound coast. On their right stood the broad backed Maugamu that had shown them such ill-will on the night of the pigeon hunt. It looked very peaceful now. The travelers spent the first night at Asau; the second, at Matautu. Everywhere they enjoyed a hearty welcome, with kava and dinner.

Now, they rounded the north-east cape and made toward Amoa. Here Salamasina wished to call on the relatives of her mother Vaetoe. Amoa was the home of her grandmother Taupouimasina whom Lefono had given in marriage to the Tuitonga and who had died in Tonga. The queen was anxious to visit this place which she considered her true home town.

The coast which the travelers now skirted was only dimly visible through the mist raised by the heavy seas breaking on the cliffs. Whilst on the north coast one sees the lovely villages with their white, sandy beaches, here only black rock meets the traveler's gaze. It is the country of the Pupū, a name that refers to the ceaseless roar of the ocean rollers thundering on the rocky ramparts. What an experience to stand on those cliffs and watch nature's powers exert themselves. Not a tree, not a shrub anywhere. A glassy wall of

water, gleaming in the sunlight, approaches the spectator. The wave strikes the rock and retreats, only to be overpowered by a large comber that penetrates the fissures in the cliff and shoots up through the blowholes behind the spectator. In a million droplets that glitter with all the colors of the rainbow, the fountain spreads out and collapses, drenching the unwary onlooker. The whole coast has been undermined by the incessant labors of the sea, leaving a pillar here and a bridge there and heaping up destruction on all sides. Wonderful is the perpetual warfare between sea and rock, but destruction is the sequel.

Salamasina encouraged her crew to approach the land as close as possible, so that she might enjoy the wondrous spectacle. A chief from Lesatele, who had joined the party at Matautu, acted as pilot. Many and interesting were his legends and his stories of past events connected with this coast. As they approached the coral reef which, further to the south, stretches like a protecting wall along the east coast, the pilot called to the steersman, "Mind the passage of the wandering fish." When he had set the course, Salamasina asked, "What is that wandering fish?" The chief replied, "It is the anae, the mullet, which Fine and Sau brought from Fiji. The Tuifiti gave it to them because they had raised his daughter from the dead. Whenever a boat passes through the reef entrance where the magic fish live, they jump into the vessel and sink it. But I am going to speak a counter-charm that will save us from harm. The Amoa people know how to catch the anae. When a school of them enters the lagoon, it is surrounded with a large net. The fishermen post themselves around it and catch the jumping fish with small hand nets, which the anae imagine to be a boat."

In the meanwhile the canoe had reached the entrance. Big ocean rollers were hurling themselves against the coral wall. The passage was narrow and the steersman ordered the crew to cease paddling. Three huge waves, following each other closely, threatened to engulf the travelers. The men, with raised paddles, sat immovable and watched the steersman. A short calm set in and the helmsman, shouted, "Row, row." The paddles cleaved the water and like an arrow the canoe shot through the passage. The Lealatele chief had jumped up. He waved a coconut leaflet in his right hand and sang, "Swim to the right, swim to the left. Swim to the right, swim to the left."

SALAMASINA'S MOTHER

As they approached the shore, a man in the bow exclaimed, "A ship, a ship. There is a big double canoe anchored near Lano." "It is a Tongan canoe," another called. Salamasina tingled with excitement. Had the pigeon delivered her message so quickly? She asked the helmsman to steer towards the vessel. The paddlers resumed their songs and, before long, their canoe lay alongside the stranger. It was indeed a Tongan alia, bigger than any the Samoans had ever seen before. The deck between the ship's bodies was so high above the water, that Salamasina's canoe could pass underneath. The queen was rejoiced to hear that her mother had just landed. What a miracle, everyone thought.

Soon after, the canoe reached the beach. A litter was brought to carry the queen ashore. Vaetoe, a big stately woman, had come to meet her; but when she saw her beautiful, sacred child, she lost all strength. Trembling violently, she sat down and wept. Salamasina lifted her moist face and kissed her. "Mother, dear mother," she said, have you come at last to visit your child? Do not mind my being the queen. You are my mother and more sacred than I. My aitu will protect you." She squatted near her and they conversed long together, whilst the Samoans and Tongans sat in a big circle as at a fono. After a while they went to the guesthouse where the official reception took place. Dinner followed. In the evening the youth of Amoa organized dances and games. Siva parties also came from Safotulafai, Iva, Salelologa and even from Palauli and Satupaitea on the south coast.

It is astonishing how quickly news spreads in Samoa. From mouth to mouth the report travels along the coast, climbs over the mountains, yea, flies across the sea, as if the trees and the winds did the duty of messengers. Even the people of Satupaitea which is five hours distant from Amoa had heard about the queen's arrival and had already come to meet her.

The big malae Matofa was illuminated with numerous torches. The different siva groups vied with one another to win the queen's applause. Among the Satupaitea dancers, Salamasina was pleasantly surprised to see her old friend Alapepe, with whom she had had that little adventure in the forest. He had quite recovered his old spirits and was as full of fun as ever. The young man awakened in the queen another memory: that of Tapumanaia and Tilomai and the earthquake on the Maugamu. Alapepe had developed won-

derfully. It was said that, some time ago, he had greatly distinguished himself in a feud between his and another village.

Had her little flirtation been such a wrong thing after all? Shouldn't a queen be permitted to let her heart speak for once and enjoy herself as her companions did? Was it really she who was responsible for the drought, the earthquake and all the suffering?

While she was dreamily watching the dancers, there suddenly came calls that rain was approaching from the east. A dust of wind blew across the malae and the first drops fell. The people sought shelter in the houses and the blinds were lowered on the windy side. A moment later a torrential downpour flooded the village. Although the rain put an end to the festivities, it was more than welcome.

Salamasina breathed a deep sigh of relief. Not that Amoa itself had suffered much from the drought for, to the north of Lano, there was the wide Asaga river that never runs dry; but her land and people would, at last, be freed from want. The thought filled the queen with new confidence. Of course, she herself had never lacked the comforts of life; everyone was assiduous in serving her; but her heart had been weighed down because she believed that her transgressions had caused the gods' anger. And now, all at once, the long awaited for rain and the meeting with her mother. And, to top it all, she had seen Alapepe again. It was almost too much happiness for one poor heart to bear.

She sent for the boy to have him carry a message to Satupaitea. He came immediately and Salamasina introduced him to her mother as an old playmate. Then she said, "Alapepe, you are a good walker. I had intended to visit our relations and the chiefs at Satupaitea, but now with the arrival of my mother I have to change my plan. Carry my love to Saumaipea and his family and tell them to visit me soon in Leulumoega." The young man replied, "Your orders, my Queen, will be carried out by sunrise to-morrow morning." She addressed a few friendly words to him, then he left the house, bending low, as required by the age old custom.

While the rain fell in torrents, the nobles squatted in the fale. A fire had been lit at one end of the house. The queen surrounded by her loved ones, sat on a throne of mats at the other. Her eyes sparkled with happiness. Conversation was almost impossible with the beating of the rain, the rustle of the palms and the heavy fall of nuts and leaves.

A tulafale, who acted as priest, praised the gods and the queen who, only a few days ago, had predicted the events of the day. He was barely audible. The Amoa men then intoned a hymn to their village deity which drowned even nature's noises. Deeply affected, the listeners surrendered to the solemnity of the hour.

When Salamasina had retired to rest, she reflected on what she had done. She had told an untruth when she told Alapepe that she intended to go to Satupaitea. It was Tapu-manaiā's home town and she certainly had no desire to meet him. Now, her action would probably result in the very thing she wanted most to avoid. The manaiā would construe the invitation she had extended to his family as an encouragement to woo her. But, she had acted on the spur of the moment and had had to find an excuse for calling Alapepe. However, she hoped that everything would turn out for the best and, with this thought, she fell asleep.

THE QUEEN

Next day the queen visited Safotulafai, the capital of Savaii which, because of its strong government, is known by the name of Pule, the ruler. The reception on the malae Fui-fatu and the speech of high talking chief Tuilagi, "the king of heaven", were splendid. Boundless were the food offerings presented by the neighboring villages. Safotulafai, in those days, was a beautiful place and extended as far as the west cape. A sandy road, shaded by lovely gardenia trees, led through the villages. In front of the houses were well-kept lawns and the whole countryside looked like a pretty park. High talking chief Letufuga lived here and in one of his houses Salamasina was shown a mummy, that was venerated by the family. A Letufuga was the queen's great-grandfather. As a reward for his prowess in a war against the Tuiaana, the latter had given him his daughter in marriage.

That night, as Salamasina sat with her family in Amoa, the events of the day still lingered in her heart. She felt a queen, indeed. To maintain her people's good customs, to foster morality and preserve the peace was her greatest ambition and she resolved to do her utmost to attain her objective.

She loved to listen to stories of ancient times. Amoa was rich in traditions, for it was the home of Tigilau. The queen desired to hear the true history of this famous character and

she knew that the Tongans would be interested, too; so she sent for a storyteller. Before he arrived, Alapepe returned from Satupaitea. He said that the Tonumaipea family thanked the queen for her greetings and would visit her in Le-ulumoega in the near future. With dread Salamasina recalled that Saumaipea would doubtlessly be accompanied by his son Tapumanaia, whose conduct had to displeased her at the time of the pigeon hunt at Safe'e. And, what was worse, she had sent her dear Alapepe to deliver the invitation. She looked at him despondently and thanked him. An old tulafale had, in the meanwhile, arrived and began the story of Tigilau:

Many years ago, he said, there lived in Amoa a chief named Tigi who had often heard of the beautiful Lau in Tongan. She had many suitors and finally married Chief Olo of Falelatai. They went to live in Taga. Tigi went there one day and found the wife alone in the house. Her husband had gone bonito fishing. Lau asked Tigi where he was going. He replied, "I am looking for an outrigger for my canoe." However, she could read his heart and, as he was a handsome man, she slept with him. Tigi wanted to marry her. He knew she did not love Olo. When the latter returned from the sea, he found the stranger sitting in the house. Tigi welcomed the chief and congratulated him on his catch. To Olo's question about the purpose of his trip, he answered that he was after an outrigger for his canoe. Olo, taking him literally, offered to accompany him to the bush and help him find a suitable tree. They were no sooner in the forest than Tigi stole away and returned to the pretty Lau. When the chief returned, the young man explained that he had lost his way. After a while, Tigi returned to Amoa for Lau was pregnant. The husband, at last, understood what had happened, but said nothing. In due time Lau gave birth to a son who developed into a healthy youngster. One day, as Olo wanted to go fishing, he asked the boy to come along with him. The chief cast the net and expected his companion to seize the fish. The latter, however, had seen two manini fishes and was intent on catching them. Olo lost his temper and exclaimed, "Why don't you take hold of my fish? I have a mind to kill you. I know you are not my son."

The boy took his manini fish and went to his mother, weeping. When she asked him the reason of his tears, the boy explained what had happened and she told him the name of his true father. Mother and son then resolved to go

to Amoa and live with Tigi. Olo followed them. One day, as they all sat in the house together, Lau said to Tigi, "What name shall we give the child?" Tigi replied, "Let us combine our names and call him Tigilau." "Please, Tigi," Olo exclaimed, "Won't you include my name?" Tigi was agreeable and said, "Alright, his name shall be Tigi-Lau-ma-Olo."

The fish had been put into a little pool to serve as a food supply for the boy. One day they disappeared. Tigilau soon discovered that two women had stolen them and concealed them in the bush. He killed the thieves and carved some pieces out of the fishes' backs. These he put into a basket which he hung up in his father's house. But his aunt, Tigi's sister, ate them. When the boy found this out, he exclaimed, "Since she has eaten my food supply, she shall bear me another two fish." The chief, hearing this, was very much alarmed and soon after, she gave birth to two turtles. Tigilau named them Utu and Toga and placed them in a pool. Eventually they became an inexhaustible source of food for Amoa.

Ae, the tulafale of Tuitonga, heard about the wonderful fish and came to Amoa. He stayed there for a while and when he was ready to return home, he said to Tigilau, "I want to go back to Tonga. Let me have Utu and Toga that they may carry me home." "Very well," the young man replied, "but look well after them for we cannot exist without them. And mind you send them back as soon as you reach your island."

Ae agreed to everything but failed to honor his word. He mounted the turtles and off they went. When they were close to the strand, Toga said to Utu, "you wait in the deep and I will carry Ae ashore." They had no sooner reached the beach, than the chief held the turtle fast and called upon his countrymen to come and kill it. Thus Toga perished and Utu returned to Samoa alone. When Tigilau heard the bad news, he determined to revenge himself. He lay on the malae and thought and thought how he could recover his fish. He called on his aitus for assistance, but none would help him. Finally, the aitu Supa took pity on him and flew to Tonga. He brought Ae back to Samoa where Tigilau killed him.

There are many other stories about Tigilau, the prince of fishermen. This one shows how Amoa acquired its rich fishing ground.

"That will do for today," Salamasina said, "but tell us whom did Tigilau marry?" The tulafale replied, "I will be

short. The young man went to Falelataai, the village of his reputed father Olo. He had many wives there but Sina, the daughter of Vi and Vo, had learned from the talking pua trees that he was expecting her. She met him and Tigilau immediately fell in love with her. He was so lovesick that he would go neither pigeon netting nor fishing. When Sina, however, told him she was craving for sea food, he set out for the lagoon. During his absence, Sina's soul was stolen and she died. So, the young man addressed himself to King Sol who returned the soul.

The Tongans now related some stories about their own Tigilau, who lived in Vavau and was addicted to cannibalism. A lively discussion then followed regarding the famous hero, during which Salamasina and her mother quietly left the assembly and retired to their sleeping quarters.

THE MOTHER'S DEPARTURE

The queen's malaga party remained a few days in Amoa and then left for Leulumoega. The mother was not anxious to go to Aana where she had suffered so much, but Salamasina insisted on her company. Because of her royal daughter, Vaetoe was, of course, accorded a princely welcome but, suspicious as she was, she mistrusted the advances of Tamalelagi's many wives - her old rivals. She could not help thinking what would become of her if her child suddenly died.

Many pleasant days and months they spent together. Salamasina did everything to make her stay agreeable. During the long evenings of the rainy season Vaetoe spoke to her daughter about Tongatabu, the sacred Tonga, and Vavau with its forested coral cliffs and beautiful harbor, calm as a forest lake. Many strange tales she had to tell about those funny waters and the big caves in the hillside. Time flew and, before they were aware of it, the favorable season for the voyage to Tonga was upon them.

One evening Vaetoe said, "The time has come for my return to Vavau. I longed to see how you were faring and I know now that all is well. I love Samoa, your home, but my relatives expect me in Tonga. If circumstances permit, I will visit you again." After a short pause she continued, "There is nothing I can give you, for I am a poor woman. However, here is my advice: You are the queen; you are loved by the whole country. The different clans of Samoa

have, at last, united under your sceptre. See to it that they have one voice and one heart. Some trouble makers in Tonga have remembered that Samoa was once divided and they have become jealous of your country. Let your people remain united lest the Tongans come and subjugate you again. The Tuitonga, my father, has prevented them so far; but if he dies, what occurred in Tahiti and Rarotonga may be repeated here. Therefore, do all you can to keep your people united. These are my words."

Salamasina was inconsolable when her mother told her that she wished to return home. Her companions and the ladies of her suite convinced her that it was better so. The orators, they said, rather favored the idea. Levalasi, after all, was her real mother and in the course of time friction would be inevitable. Besides, Vaetoe could do more for them in Tonga than here. Salamasina gradually became resigned to her mother's departure.

Later that evening, Vaetoe said, "Salamasina, I have a present for you that will bring you good fortune. It is the most valuable thing. I inherited from my forefathers - the sacred Lagavaa mat. I will tell you its story, so that you will know its value." She began:

The mat was plaited by a couple on the boat of the ruler of the underworld, Savea Siuleo, an ancestor of Levalasi. That is why it is called Lagavaa - plaited on the ship. The canoe was on its way from Pulotu to Salailua on the west coast of Savaii, where the mat was completed. The woman laid it under her sleeping mats and it adhered to the floor. After her husband's death, the woman slept on the Lagava'a but her body stuck to it. From this position she was delivered by a chief who married her. Her hands were taboo from plaiting the mat and her husband had to feed her, as she was not allowed to touch her food. After a while he became tired of this and chased the woman away. She went to Safune where she married an orator and bore him a daughter. The girl being lame, was called Pipili. She was so beautiful that, despite her body defect, she had many wooers. She married and had a daughter who, like her mother, always wore the Lagava'a mat. In due time, this girl, too, bore a daughter. The latter was so pretty that the god Tagaloalagi wished to marry her. But she had no dowry, as the fine mat was still in her mother's possession. So she went to her father's family who collected a thousand mats, but abused her mother because of her poverty. When the thousand mats lay spread out

before Tagaloalagi, the mother arrived. She divested herself of the Lagavaa. Immediately night fell upon the gathering; the skies were cleft with lightning and thunder rolls. The people were greatly alarmed. The mother now told the story of the Lagavaa and, putting it on top of the others, she said, "Tasi ae afe" - only one but worth a thousand. It comes from Pulotu." This is the story of the Lagavaa. May it bring you luck.'

Vaetoe spread out the old mat which was badly damaged. The women were so filled with awe and veneration on beholding it, that they hardly dared to breathe. The fire in the house gave the mat a golden gleam and the women thought that they heard distant thunder. Salamasina, having thanked her mother, took the Lagavaa and wrapped it in a gafigafi, a bundle of tapa. Vaetoe then presented some valuable mats to the elders of Afega and Safata and her generosity gratified everyone.

When the day of the departure came, Salamasina accompanied her mother to Samatau. The leave-taking was heart-rending. Soon the queen saw the boat disappear below the horizon and a sense of utter loneliness overwhelmed her.

The years passed peacefully and Salamasina's government became ever more firm and beneficial. Idols and human sacrifices were abolished. Village feuds still occurred now and then, but wars between districts were a thing of the past. Aana with its capital had long been disliked because of the overbearing talking chiefs and the quarrelsome inhabitants, but now everything changed for the better. With her mana and her peaceful disposition the young queen obtained better results than would have been possible to a more passionate ruler. The whole country enjoyed a harmony that guaranteed its gradual progress and independence.

Much of this success was to be ascribed to Levalasi. From childhood up she instilled Salamasina with the principles of charity and justice. At all times she insisted on her observing the dictates of virtue and propriety. On the other hand, she saw to it that the inviolability and sacredness of the sovereigns were respected by the nobles as well as the commoners. Often the queen's mere appearance on the scene of some trouble sufficed to set things tight. It was clear that even the chiefs who claimed heavenly descent, gladly accorded her the honor and obedience they would have given with the greatest reluctance to a despotic ruler.

Only in Aleipata things did not seem quite satisfactory. Levalasi had heard that there was some opposition to the government. Her old enemies Leifi and Tautolo remained not only unpunished, but they were said to be in touch with some Tongan chiefs to whom a united Samoa was unwelcome.

A TRIP TO APIA

One day a malaga party from Apia, led by Seumanutafa, arrived in Leulumoega. This was the chief who had received Levalasi so kindly on her return from Atua and the noble lady did her utmost to make him welcome, too. The party remained the customary three days, or rather three nights, as time is reckoned in Samoa. This way of counting has its advantages, as the visit can thereby be lengthened into four days. Salamasina had not been at Apia yet, so Seumanutafa invited the ladies to visit him at palolo time and honor Tuamasaga with her presence.

The moon had been at its full in the beginning of November and the party prepared to reach Apia eight days later - at the time for the appearance of the palolo. It is not a trifling matter to receive the nobility, for they usually are accompanied by a large retinue who expect to be treated royally. But Seumanutafa was ambitious and hoped to establish some connections with Aana and Atua; he, therefore, did not regret the trouble and expense the visit would entail.

The Aana boats set out on a beautiful morning. Towards noon a halt was made at Malie where the ladies called on High Chief Malietoa. They stopped about six hours, as the reef at this time lay nearly dry. At the beginning of November the sun culminates on its way to the south and at midday stands vertically above Samoa. If a sunray should pierce the earth, it would strike the full moon on the opposite side. The two heavenly bodies exercise such an attraction on the waters of the ocean, that the tides at palolo time are over a foot higher and lower than usual. At noontime, then, the coral reef lies bare for several hours and is exposed to the burning ray of the sun. No wonder that at this season certain sea animals reach their full development, just as the land produces its fruits in greater abundance.

The palolo worm bores with its sharp teeth into the coral rock where it makes its home. There the males and females form long, thread like tails, which on the critical day are

cast off and float about in the sea. It is the palolo's wedding journey. The threads burst and the brown females pour their eggs into the water, where they are fertilized by the sperm from the greenish male threads. It is simply one of nature's inscrutable ways of perpetuating its kind.

According to the Samoans the palolo rises on the day when the birds of the air wage war against the fish in the sea. As the winged warriors despise the palolo, man reaps a rich harvest. The finny tribe appears in unusual numbers at this season. On the north coast of Tutuila, for instance, many dolphins are caught and stored in pools, to be used when required. It is said that they are enticed into the lagoon by the taupou who, garbed in festive attire, stands on the shore and beckons to them with a beautiful, white fan.

The travelling party reached Apia at sunset. A sumptuous repast awaited them. Next morning a fisherman brought the news that a quantity of scum had appeared on the surface of the sea. This is caused by the worms when they begin swarming. The experts concluded that the palolo would rise the following day. The guests and villagers retired early that evening, as they would have to be on the reef long before sunrise. The afternoon had been spent in preparing necklaces and in bathing in the Vaisigano river.

As the cocks begin to crow shortly after midnight in Samoa, the expectant people awoke rather early. Fires were lit in the houses and soon everybody was bustling about. The moon, which at its last quarter reaches its highest point at daybreak, gave them the signal for departure. About three o'clock the boats were launched. Salamasina and Levalasi went in a huge canoe that just managed to scrape over the reef near Cape Matautu. Soon they were in deep water where they awaited the rising of the sun. The half moon shed a dim light over the glassy sea. Some other boats could be noticed moving nearby. To the north the surf could be heard dully dashing against the outer reef, as there was hardly any wind. The cool morning breeze wafted from the dark mountains and made the ladies shiver with cold. Salamasina wrapped herself in a piece of tapa and lay on the platform of the outrigger.

The deep silence that reigned all around failed to betoken the inner excitement of the fishermen. One thought occupied every mind: how would the catch turn out? Not a word was spoken, lest the palolo be frightened away or the aitus of the deep visit them with their anger.

At last the eastern sky showed some glimmers of light and, here and there, a few worms were noticed wriggling through the water. Salamasina sat up to watch the unusual scene. The boats were filled with men and women, the scent of whose garlands mingled with that wafted from the mountain forests. As it grew a little lighter, the palolo rose in large quantities. Everyone was busy scooping up the worm with coconut leaf trays or fine meshed fish nets. They were poured into wooden bowls and baskets lined with banana leaves. Those who had no nets fished with their hands. Levalasi had procured for herself some special scoops from Palauli in Savaii. They were made from the midribs of coconut leaflets and proved to be particularly serviceable.

Salamasina dipped her hand into the water and brought up a few of the green and brown creatures. They wound themselves around her fingers. "Try them," Levalasi invited; they don't taste bad freshly caught." The queen was rather loath to put the wriggling things into her mouth, but when she had overcome her aversion, she said, "They taste like figo-ta, the tiny creatures found on the coral reef." Levalasi said, "Just wait till they have been cooked in the oven and you will appreciate them."

The queen now cast her eyes around her and admired the spectacle. To landward, beyond the busy palolo fishers, she saw the houses amid the coconut groves. Higher up stretched the endless forests; then came the mountains with their dark glens and gorges, their tops bathed in the glowing morning light. To the north the white breakers tumbled gaily over the reef wall, beyond which extended the lilac sea with its rich treasures and secrets.

The hitherto silent company had become more sprightly; yet, they spoke mostly in underones and laughed softly, expressing their satisfaction at the rich catch. Some of the people came with their boats near the Aana canoe to steal a look at the youthful queen. Indeed, she presented a lovely picture as, entranced by the beautiful surroundings, she dreamily sat on the outrigger. After another look at the mountains, Salamasina said to Levalasi, "Look at that big waterfall up there. How I should like to visit it. "It is very difficult to reach," the lady replied, "but in Atua we shall see many of them without any trouble."

The sun had now risen above the horizon and before long its ray became unpleasantly warm. The palolo suddenly disappeared; only a few worms still moved sluggishly through

the water. The boats had to hurry back to the land, lest they get stranded on the reef; some of the larger ones, indeed, had to be dragged over the shallows even now. Salamasina's big canoe made for the open sea by a passage in the reef to return to the shore through the harbor entrance.

Just as they reached the open, a big turtle came up quite close to the vessel and seemed to stare at the queen. "Get the sacred fish for the queen," an old fisherman ordered. Immediately two young men, known to be good swimmers, dived after the turtle. The canoe continued on its way. Shortly after Salamasina and Levalasi had returned to the guesthouse and were waiting for the morning kava, singing could be heard from the strand and the two drivers accompanied by a little group of people, were seen approaching. They were carrying the turtle and calling out loudly as they marched along. The sacred fish was deposited on the lawn in front of the guesthouse. "There is the kava snack for the queen," a tulafale shouted. Salamasina thanked the fishermen, praising them for their skill, and requested that the turtle be prepared immediately. The palolo were "clothed" in tender banana leaves and taken to the oven. After a few hours' belated rest and a swim in the river, there followed a lavish repast which was shared by many guests. The palolo tasted like the finest mussels.

Already on the previous day messengers had arrived from Lufilufi and other villages from Atua, requesting the ruler's visit. From Fagaloa, too, where the brother of her maternal grandfather lived, an invitation came. It was clear to the ladies that the calls had to be met, particularly the first one, as Lufilufi, the capital of Atua, is next to Leulumoega, the queen's most powerful support; besides the possession of the Atua title carried with it special obligations. Salelesi, the queen's and Levalasi's old servant, spoke very strongly in favor of the visit.

THE TRIP TO ATUA

Salamasina had intended to visit Atua later, but she now resolved to proceed there without delay. The Aana fleet sailed out the very next day. At noon a halt was made at Saluafata harbor which resembles that of Apia, except that here the boats find better protection and the mountains stand closer to the sea. Around Apia there is more level land and one can wander for hours along the coast toward the east and especially toward the west. Behind the town a gentle

slope leads to the mountain chain. In Saluafata, on the contrary, there is just room for a few villages and plantations. A little coastal plain extends in an easterly direction. Here lie the pearls of Atua: Lufilufi, Faleapuna and Falefa.

The Aana boatmen had pulled the canoes on the strand near the town of Saluafata. Lesi showed his mistress the little village of Salelesi where he had founded his family. It could be seen on the west side of the bay, close to Eva which is a dependency of Solosolo; the latter, however, lies beyond the west cape.

Lufilufi is situated behind the east cape of the bay. Accompanied by her suite, Salamasina wended her way there, taking a short cut across a low ridge. The orators Tupai and Tainau, the "supports" of the Tuiatua, awaited the queen at the confines of the village. They conducted her across the sandy malae to the royal residence. The throne was made of coconut leaf mats which, because of their durability, are said to bring good fortune. The speech of welcome was delivered by Inu, the leader of the House of Six, which had bestowed the title on Salamasina. Then followed the royal kava prepared by the members of the Salelesi family. At its distribution Leota shouted the famous *ususu* call, a privilege conferred upon him for having saved the life of Tuiatua Fotuiatamai, as we have seen before. The veneration shown her by the House of Six touched the queen deeply.

The ladies sleeping house stood upon a hill above Fatumea. This is a cave about twenty feet from which bubbles a spring of the purest water - the finest royal bath one could imagine.

Picnics to Faleapuna and Falefa were organized. Near the latter village there is a river with a high waterfall that tumbles directly into the sea. Particularly pleasant was a walk to the inland village Manunu, situated above a deep chasm into which plunge three cascades. After her visit to the arid Savaii and Aana, it was a novel experience for Salamasina to see so much water. Who is not impressed by the sight of forested cliffs and wild mountain brooks?

In Lufilufi the queen heard about the latest happenings in the eastern Atua. For some time past, it seemed, there had lain in Fagaloa Bay a number of Tongan double canoes, with whose leaders the orators Leifi and Tautolo were having dubious dealings. It was said that the two talking chiefs spent most of their time at Lona because of the aitu Tuimavave, whose activities at Aleipata they had good reason to fear. While crossing a flooded mountain brook,

Tautolo had been attacked by an eel which wound itself around his legs and caused him to lose his balance. He had been carried off by the raging waters and sustained severe injuries. Leifi, during his sleep, had been bitten in the ear by a centipede and his whole head had swelled. It was presumed that the Tuimavave was incorporated in the animals and the Speakers were not keen on being visited a second time.

The queen and Levalasi were invited to visit Fagalaoa, where they were to dwell in the royal residence Foganiutea at Musumusu. Making no mention of politics, the noble lady suggested to Salamasina not to delay the visit, since they had already accepted the invitation at Apia.

Once more the little fleet was launched and, coasting the rocky shores, unprotected by reefs, proceeded towards the east. The scenery between Falefa and Fagalaoa is so overwhelming that the traveler breathes easier when, after an hour's sail, he enters the "long bay", Fagalaoa. On the east side of the entrance stands the 3000 ft high Fao. It was towards the village at the foot of this mountain that the travelers steered.

TONGAN WILES

As they were entering the port they saw some big double canoes anchored close to the eastern bank; they doubtlessly belonged to the Tongans. Levalasi told the queen about their old enemies' doings in the past. "The big, broad mountain yonder, on the east side of the entrance," she said, "is the Malata. At the time the Tongans had subjected Samoa, it was their strongest fortress. There, at the foot of that big waterfall, is the village of Lona. That is where their cruel leader Tuitonga used to reside. Ulualo-faiga, the "tough" Ulualo, your mother's uncle, lives there now. Do you remember the story about the big cave in Safotu, where the Tuitonga kept captive many hundreds of Samoans to serve as his food supply? It appears that Ulualo, too, is not averse to a good human roast. On more than one occasion young boys and girls of this district have disappeared and no one knows what became of them. Let us treat the Tongans with respect, but let us be on our guard."

Salamasina said nothing; she did not quite know what to make of this story. When the boat reached the shore, the travelers were received by a large concourse of people. It was wonderful to sit in the great guesthouse, cooled by the

fresh easterly trades, and look upon the high mountains on the opposite shore. The queen's present abode was the famed Foganiutea, the crown land of the Tuiatua, who had defeated his rival of Lufilufi. The victor had been forced to surrender his title to Nafanua, who later returned it to Lufilufi with the stipulation that it be conferred on Salamasina.

The eastern shore of the bay was hardly touched by the wind. It was hot, but offered an excellent anchorage for the big foreign boats. Before long, a delegation of Tongans arrived from there. As they entered Salamasina's house, they prostrated themselves and touched the soles of the queen's feet as a token of submission. Salamasina invited them to be seated. They brought greetings from their chief Ulualo who invited the queen to visit him in Lano. He was sick, they said, and could not come personally; but he had some news for her from Tongan. Salamasina thanked them. As she looked up, she saw the eyes of Levalasi, who after some whispered words spoke for her. "Her majesty, the queen," she said, "will make only a short halt here, during which she will be very busy. Perhaps your chief will feel better to-morrow and can bring the news himself."

When the callers had left, the ladies heard from the Musumusu people that Ulualo's reported sickness was pure invention. According to them there were many Tongans on the other side and the orators Leifi and Tautolo were among them. The strangers were a great burden to the villagers who found it extremely difficult to provide enough food. In return they had been given some Tongan tapa cloth which, because of its beautiful design, is much esteemed. One boat had arrived four weeks ago and two more at the last full moon. The poor people of Lona were worried about all these strangers in their midst and hoped they would depart soon.

Levalasi became pensive and, after a while, said to Salamasina in presence of some trustworthy chiefs, "It is well. Let us go to Lona to-morrow and get to the bottom of this business. Have messengers sent to Lufilufi, Faleapuna and Falefa and bid the men arrive here in their war canoes by noon to-morrow and wait behind the west cape. I will send for five hundred warriors by the backroads and lie in wait in the bush behind Lona. Have your men in Musumusu prepare likewise. When Salelesi's conch shell sounds, all shall come into Lona and await the queen's orders." These are my orders," Salamasina said; "see to it that everything is kept secret."

The runners left immediately and before nightfall the message had been delivered. Ulualo was informed that he could expect the queen's visit towards noon the following day.

At the specified time, the ladies crossed the bay. As usual their twenty paddlers carried their clubs and spears in the bottom of the boat. The rest of the fleet was in readiness in Musumusu. The Salelesi and the high chief of Musumusu were of the queen's party. Salamasina assumed a period and commanding bearing as they drew near the big Tongan canoes. The few warriors that were visible on the strand prostrated themselves as she stepped ashore. Even old Ulualo offered her this reverential greeting, a sign that, despite his Samoan wives, he had remained at heart a Tongan.

After the kava ceremony in the big guesthouse, Ulualo made excuses for not having called on the queen on the previous day and Salamasina inquired after the news from Tonga. The chief replied, "The last boat from Vavau brought the news that Vaetoe is very ill and wishes to see her child. The boats lie ready and can carry your Majesty to Tonga immediately. The sailors are the best of our islands." Salamasina was deeply grieved at the news and asked, "Why wasn't informed before? I understand that the canoes have been lying here for many days." An almost imperceptible quiver moved Ulualo's features at these words but he answered, "No one dared carry the message for fear of death, which in Tonga often strikes the harbinger of ill tidings. As for myself, I was too sick to move." Levalasi felt inclined to call: And you, Ulualo, are you not afraid to utter the news or to delay it at your will? Do you feel so secure? However, she held her peace. There were many Tongans in the house and ever greater numbers assembled on the village green. She did not doubt that the news had been invented for the purpose of abducting the queen. The Tongans, then, aided by Leifi and Tautolo, could pursue their designs unhindered. The two orators had not yet shown themselves, but the mere thought of them awakened in Levalasi memories of her murdered husband Matautia and her cousin Tamalelagi. Would they dare lay hands upon the sacred queen?

Salamasina asked for particulars about her mother's illness. "Perhaps, she had already died," she cried. "The messenger deserves death for having delayed to communicate with me. Where is he? Let him be brought to me." Ulualo bowed deeply and said, "He is not here; he has hidden in the bush.

Your mother is not in immediate danger. She thinks that an aitu is slowly eating up her vitals and that she is doomed. That is why she desires to see her daughter. If the message has been delayed through my sickness, I humbly crave your pardon. It would be well that the time lost were recovered by a speedy departure. The weather is favorable and the boats are ready. As you see, o Queen, the Tongans stand prepared to accompany you."

He waved his hand and the men flocked together from every direction, some coming from behind the trees and the houses, where they had been hiding. Among them Levalasi noticed Leifi and Tautolo and she thought it time to dispatch her servant Salelesi. She gave him a wink and he stole away unnoticed.

Salamasina was at first alarmed at the sight of all the strangers, but she collected herself quickly. After having exchanged a few whispered words with Levalasi, she stepped in front of the house and, facing Ulualo, said, "What is the meaning of this large gathering of strangers in my kingdom? Is it to bring me news from my mother that so many men are needed? I notice that some are even armed with sticks and clubs. This is forbidden in Samoa. I command that you take to your boats and leave immediately. I myself will dispatch a canoe to Tongan to get news from my mother. The governments of Aana and Atua, Sagana and Safata order your departure. I, the four-titled queen command it."

Countless brown bodies sat couched on the malae. None dared to move; none spoke a word. A painful stillness lay over the village. Once more Salamasina raised her voice. "Did you not hear the queen's commands? Do I have to order out my troops?" The same deep silence continued, but two persons were seen stealthily approaching the house. Suddenly, three fateful trumpet calls sounded from the direction of that strand. The blasts carried across the water and were echoed by Mt. Fao; they penetrated the forest and climbed the nearby hills. A fearful agitation passed through the masses, but none dared leave his place. All at once, calls sounded from the heights and voices shouted from the beach, "The war canoes are coming." Ulualo was utterly disconcerted and Levalasi gloated over his defeat. "See there," she whispered to him, "your friend Leifi and Tautolo coming to see you." But he did not move. Only when Levalasi added, "Fine friends they are, too; look at them run," he said in a

low voice, "They are traitors; they are your husband's murderers."

Some of the Tongans in the background were seen moving furtively away. The calls from the bush came nearer and nearer and, all at once, the big malae was completely surrounded by Samoan fighting men who, with their war paint, decorations and gleaming weapons, presented an awe inspiring picture. They were about to cast themselves upon the strangers and strike them down, when Ulualo shouted, "you men of Tonga, did you not hear the queen command you to take to your boats?" "Let them go," Salamasina addressed her warriors; "they will depart this very hour."

At last the lifeless mass on the ground began to move. They crept away with hanging heads and the Samoans took their places.

When Salamasina was once more seated in the house to receive her chieftains, Levalasi said to her, "That was well done. While you were addressing the gathering, the two orators from Aleipata, Leifi and Tautolo, were approaching the house, evidently for some evil design. But when they heard the Salelesi's trumpet blasts they took to their heels. Ulualo himself has called them traitors. It would be well to send some men to catch and punish them." "Very well," the ruler said, "I leave that to you. How lucky that the conch shell sounded in time. It was evidently your doing." "Yes," replied Levalasi; "I saw what was going to happen and dispatched Salelesi. I am convinced that the message from Tonga was a device for abducting you and causing trouble in Samoa. We'll have to get Ulualo to make a full confession. I will now send off the pursuers." She called some Musumusumu men and ordered them to seize the orators, if they were still in the vicinity. They gathered a small band of warriors and set out.

The chieftains had assembled in the queen's house. She thanked them for their intervention and, together with Levalasi, explained to them all that had led to the final discomfiture of their enemies. Only one thing Levalasi concealed from them - the timely dispatch of Salelesi. This she did to give all the credit to the queen and to strengthen the belief in her mana or supernatural powers. In this she was completely successful. The chiefs heaped glowing praise upon their young queen who had already won their hearts by her fascinating ways. Finally, Ulualo, no longer the "tough" one, threw himself before the ruler and placed her foot upon his neck. "Take my life," he said, "tear out the tongue that

dared tell a lie to your sacred Majesty. I have been misled by the deceitful words of Leifi and Tautolo, the enemies of Levalasi and Samoa." Leutele of Falefa who was related to the speaker's wife, arose and, club in hand, asked, "What shall we do with him?" The queen replied, "He is the Tuitongan's brother and my mother's uncle. Let him live, but his children shall be my servants. If he is disloyal again, he shall pay with his life. He shall remain in Fagaloa and be its chief." All were surprised at the queen's leniency. Ulualo said, "I am unworthy of your Majesty's mercy; let me and my family be the Tuiatua's servants. I will take steps to prevent the return of any evil-minded Tongan. Take, O Queen, these precious mats which my wife and her sister, Fea's daughters, have spent long years in plaiting. My grandson shall take them to your mother Vaetoe in Tonga that I may obtain her pardon and she shall return them to you to strengthen your authority in Samoa. My house shall be your slave."

Salamasina did not trust the cunning oldster. Replied she, "Your life shall be my surety for the return of the mats."

In the meanwhile the Tongans could be heard carrying the big sails to their canoes and making ready to sail. Ulualo asked leave to see to the departure of his grandson with the mats. Pigs, fish, taro, yams and whatever else was procurable, were brought to feed the Samoan troops. Fagaloa assumed festive garb and joy filled every heart.

Towards evening, as the wind abated, the Tongans were ready to leave. Everybody was on the beach to enjoy the welcome spectacle. Some Samoans had paddled out to the big sailing canoes to do a little trading. One man had a few eggs, which in Samoa, because of the sacredness of the chickens, are taboo. He pressed a Tongan to buy them, but the latter would not as they appeared rotten. An altercation ensued and, finally, the furious Samoan flung an egg at the stranger's forehead. The contents trickled down the Tonga's face and, as he stood there helplessly, he presented such a ludicrous aspect, that everyone burst out laughing. Some were so shaken with mirth, that they tumbled into the sea. General good humor was the result and what could easily have provoked unpleasant consequences, ended happily. To foster harmony even more, Salamasina called one of the Tongans chiefs and asked him to deliver greetings to her mother. She then gave the signal for the departure. It was not easy to take the heavy canoes out of the becalmed bay.

Their crewmen pulled close along the eastern shore, assisted by the strong arms of swimmers who pushed and some small canoes that hauled the tow lines. Only when they had reached the eastern cape, could they hoist the sails. Sailing before the evening breeze, they soon disappeared in the west.

LEVALASI'S REVENGE

Before nightfall the troop of Samoans who had undertaken the pursuit of the two orators, returned. Their search had been fruitless. "Very well," Levalasi said, "I will settle this matter. Aleipata shall be punished." "Do whatever you think best," Salamasina replied; "I don't want to know anything about it."

Levalasi conferred with the chieftains. The Salevalasi attacked from the land; the fleet saw to it that no one escaped by sea. Leifi and Tautolo were captured. What she did with them has not been reported, but rumor has it, that she had them burned over the grave of her murdered husband. Thus she had her revenge and her child Tuimaveve was set at rest.

Salamasina rewarded her helpers and friends with many fine mats. Upon the leaders she conferred special privileges and honorific offices. In time, Atua grew very dear to her heart, as had been the case with her foster-mother.

A few days later they returned to Leulumoega.

THE LOT OF A QUEEN

Salamasina had blossomed into a lovely young woman. Her figure was well developed; her skin was the hue of the moon and, like the moon, was her pretty round face. Her friendly dark-brown eyes were the admiration of all who came in contact with her. Her suite guarded her anxiously lest anything unseemly happen to her. Levalasi, her again foster-mother, stepped ever more into the background and the Falecupolu of Leulumoega had lost its importance. The times of Tamalalagi the many wars and wedding - were a thing of the past. Naturally, her own marriage could not be put off indefinitely. What a pity, though, should her rich dowry go to a man she did not love. Some wooers had already presented themselves, but they were not received. Levalasi had advised her against an early marriage. The lady had her own plans; namely, to establish a connection of the Tuiaana with her own family, the Tonumaiepa of Savaii.

For the time being, the queen's main objective was to attend to her duties. She rewarded the high talking chiefs who had helped her to the titles in order to bind them ever more firmly to the throne. Her axiom was: Loyalty must be fed like an animal. Less than a year had passed when Ulu-alo's grandson returned from Tonga with the two precious mats and greetings from her mother. Salamasina gave the one plaited by Tufi to Inu in Lufilufi. For Alipia, who had had to surrender much of his authority, she reserved the famous Lagava'a mat. It was worth a kingdom in age and sacredness, but the queen wanted to consolidate the foundations of her throne and, besides, when it came to the question of her marriage, she would need a powerful friend.

The years passed. The matchmakers continued to appear. All of a sudden, Levalasi realized that if she waited too long, her plans might fail. She remembered the conversation she had had with her brother Tupai at the time of the pigeon hunt and, when he himself came one day and reminded her of it, they decided to induce Tapumanaia to send his matchmakers.

To create a good impression on Salamasina and keep the appearance of casualness. Levalasi suggested that Alapepe be one of the matchmakers, for she knew how dear he used to be to the queen. Tupai himself traveled to Satupaitea to win the consent of the Tonumaiepa family. Tapumanaia was rather apprehensive for he remembered all too vividly the night at Safe'e; besides, he was conscious of many another escapade which probably had reached the queen's ears, too. He favored the idea of having Alapepe as one of his ambassadors, although he realized that Salamasina's heart would beat warmer for the matchmaker than for himself. But Alapepe was of low descent and, therefore, quite ineligible as consort of such a noble and sacred woman. Tapumanaia, on the other hand, was backed by the family of Nafanua. That was enough.

Tupai undertook to instruct the matchmakers. At first, Alapepe was indignant at the suggestion that he was to woo for another her whom he himself secretly loved. He was about to decline, when it occurred to him that a refusal might be both his and his family's undoing. He had not been quite conscious that his feelings for the queen were more than of friendship and admiration for a girl beloved by all. He knew there was an impassable gulf between him and her sacred person, but he was like a child in fairyland, engrossed in his

own thoughts. For many months he had expected and feared to hear of the queen's marriage and now he was to be the matchmaker for his chief. At least, he would meet her again and help to procure for another what he himself desired most. If the marriage did not eventuate or turned out unsatisfactorily; if the wooer or husband died, who knew what would happen then? He told himself a thousand times that there was no hope for him; yet, the lover does not abandon hope. He said nothing and obeyed.

Thus, with his companion Tusi he arrived one day in Leulumoega unostentatiously, as is usually the case, to discover the intentions of the queen. Particular precautions were necessary since Salamasina knew Alapepe and where he came from. In accord with their instructions they called on Levalasi on behalf of Saumaiepa. They presented her and the queen with gifts from their master: taro, yam, palusami, fai'ai, roast pork, prawns, lobsters and other titbits. Levalasi was alone when they entered the house, but she went for Salamasina. The latter was very surprised to see Alapepe, for she had formerly the impression that his presence in the royal residence was not desired. The two visitors sat with bowed heads, waiting to be greeted. When this had been done and suitably replied to, Tusi explained that Saumaiepa sent his dear aunt Levalasi, the sacred sister of his father, a trifling gift of food; at the same time he wished to assure the queen of his love and fidelity and invited her to visit him in Satupaitea. They were to remain here as Levalasi's servants. Alapepe was particularly recommended as an excellent cook.

Since the words had been mainly addressed to her, Levalasi accepted the food. Salamasina was thus relieved of the responsibility of making her choice; for the acceptance of such a gift from men has all sorts of consequences. The food looked very inviting and the ladies enjoyed some of it immediately. When they were satisfied, they gave the abundant remainder to their suite and the young men, for nothing is dearer to the Samoan heart than sharing a meal with others.

While her friends were having their dinner, Salamasina sat and cogitated. She began to have her suspicions. Why had Alapepe and the other come with a presentation of food? They came from Saumaiepa, the father of Tapumanaia. But it chose Alapepe as a matchmaker. Rather presumptuous this on the part of Tapumanaia of whom she had unpleasant recollections and who had often been mentioned in connection

with other unsavory escapades. He was a handsome man of noble descent but a notorious liberine, as many girl could tell. Was Alapepe going to deliver her to him. She could not believe it.

After the meal they conversed a little while, then Salamasina retired with the ladies. During the ensuing days, the queen often saw Alapepe in the house of her mother with whom she was wont to take her meals. It was really delicious food the boy served: fat fish served with coconut oil; sweet dishes prepared with bananas, starch meal and sugar-cane juice; taro, yam and breadfruit of every description and preparation. He was certainly an excellent cook. One day, when Salamasina referred to his culinary skill, her companion remarked that Tusi was the chief cook. This gave Salamasina new food for thought.

Daily her love for Alapepe grew. His modesty, zeal and reliability, not less than his graceful movements, were a constant pleasure to her. When he jumped up to render a service; when his muscular slender body bent down to pass an object; when he gracefully squatted on the mat, her eyes observed him with satisfaction. A fine perfume seemed to emanate from his clean skin as well as from the flower wreaths he wore. For a long time she was cautious, aware of her obligations as a virgin and a queen. But the more she realized that she was being imposed upon, the more she felt the desire to meet one stratagem with another. Besides, she had noticed that a deep sorrow weighed on the young man. If she had to wed Tapumanaia, which judging by Levalasi's remarks and for political reasons seemed unavoidable, at least she did not intend to be entirely their dupe. She tried to still the desires that suddenly flamed in her heart, but soon after she discovered her yearnings to Iao, on whose discretion she could count. The young lady paled when she learned the queen's intentions. Indeed, it was a matter of life and death. When Salamasina saw the effect of her word, she hesitated. For herself, the queen, there was no danger; her position was too high and secure, but it would be the undoing of all who assisted her in such an affair.

"Why shouldn't I live with him whom I love?" she exclaimed. Iao replied. "Remember that the faleupolu would kill him if he touched you." "I am the queen," Salamasina retorted; "I would not permit him to be harmed." "Great are your power and dignity, o Queen," Iao said, "but no one sees what happens on a dark night. Was Levalasi able to

protect her husband Matautia and your father? It is difficult to obstruct the malice of the orators."

Salamasina replied, "I shall reflect what is to be done. In the meanwhile keep your own counsel. I suppose I can rely on you?" Iao assured her of her unwavering fidelity and devotion.

Oft and long the two sat together during the following days and Iao had to listen to the effusions of her enamored friend. She saw the apprehension in her eyes and when Levulasi spoke of her home town Satupaitea and made allusions to an early marriage, her heart sank.

One day, after the evening meal, which as usual had been excellent - they had wild duck with coconut kernal - Tusi spoke about the beautiful Savaii. He explained how, at palolo time, the little igaga fishes left the briny deep and climbed up the waterfall Puleia into fresh water and, like a man in search of a wife, recoiled from neither effort nor pain to achieve their objective. Satupaitea is rich in food and noble chiefs, he said. That was clear enough. Salamasina was silent.

Shouts were heard from the beach. A malaga party had evidently arrived. Inquisitively everybody ran into the semi-darkness. Salamasina, too, had arisen. As she looked about, she noticed Alapepe sitting alone in the back of the house. She went and sat beside him. He was alarmed when she asked, "Alapepe, why do you keep silent when Tusi speaks of Savaii? Haven't you, too, come from Satupaitea as a matchmaker?" He replied, "I am supposed to speak but I cannot." "Why do you pretend to be a cook when you are much more skilled in other arts?" the queen continued. "I am not doing my own will," he said. "Would you like to see me the wife of Tapumanaia?" Salamasina asked again. Trembling, the young man replied, "This rests with you, my Ruler." Will you come to me whenever I call you?" she quickly inquired, as she saw some of her ladies returning to the house. He looked into her fiery eyes and whispered, "Though it cost my life, I will come."

Next day Salamasina had a long talk with Iao, who had been touched by the mental suffering of the queen and had resolved to help her in the realization of her desires. They resembled each other in build and features and on this they based their plan. At night the queen slept in the midst of her ladies-in-waiting in the guesthouse where the traveling party had been accommodated. Iao was to take her place. The great number of strangers favored their plan.

In the vicinity of his house Iao's father had an old hut, where sunrises and rain had free access. It stood near his plantations and was never used at night; besides, a forest aitu was supposed to haunt it. Here the couch was to be prepared. Iao told Alapepe that he was to meet Salamasina the following night near a broad milo tree, whose thick foliage offered complete security.

The evening came. There was a big dinner for the guests, followed by songs and dances. The fun was kept up until everyone was tired and sleepy. It had been a windless, hot day. The air hung heavy over the houses and the long coconut leaves drooped in the still night. In the heavens twinkled the little stars and deep peace enfolded the village. Even the breakers on the distant coral reef seemed to have gone to sleep. O Night, how much weal and how much woe you cover with your soft wings. You are the faithful keeper of the secrets into which only man's inconsiderateness and the sun's inquisitive rays strive to pry. How much better, were they all covered with the cloak of charity.

Salamasina lay awake on the soft mats in the midst of her women, but a little apart from them. A white piece of tapa served as her cover. She had studied the way to Iao's bed. The fire had gone out and the dim light of the rising half-moon showed the long rows of sleepers whose heads rested on bamboo pillows. Now and then one would turn over or mumble in his sleep. She knew that it was past midnight. The moon now hid behind a tree. This was the propitious moment. She got up and walked stealthily to Iao, who arose immediately. They stood together for a few moments as if they were conversing, then Iao tiptoed to Salamasina's couch. The latter lay down for a little while, then softly left the house.

Had they been discovered, they would have explained that the queen suffered from a headache and was asking for a remedy. The leaves of the milo tree, plucked and chewed by the sufferer in the moonlight and their juice dropped into nose and ear, are a wonderful cure. Lest they disturb the sleepers, Iao had waited in the queen's place to treat her upon her return. Besides, a little walk to the beach during the night is sometimes unavoidable, although a taupou should be accompanied by one of her ladies. But Salamasina was too considerate to trouble anyone. She knew what she wanted and everyone trusted her. Whatever the queen did was right. Everything went as planned. Alapepe was waiting under

the milo. Sleep sometimes threatened to overpower him, but the inner excitement helped to keep him awake. The moon had just appeared from behind a cloud, when he saw a white form approach his hiding place. Like silver gleamed the leaves of the milo and its blossoms nodded with pleasure at the lovely couple. Under the cover of bushes and trees they quietly walked to the hut where, with some shaggy mats, Alapepe had prepared a soft couch.

Cover, o Night, the happiness of two young people whose hearts beat as one and who, having forgotten the harshness of destiny, would like to be united forever. Gentle, perfumed tropic night, keeper of many secrets, do not reveal the raptures of this happy hour. When the impudent moon peeped through the roof and showed Alapepe his sweetheart's lovely face, he rubbed his cheek on hers and inhaled the aroma of her tender skin, more velvety than the gardenia. He held her head between his hands and looked into her eyes, unfathomable like a forest lake. But the moon warned him of the flight of time. Dawn was at hand and he had to think of the safety of the queen. Soon two shadows crept through the trees. Here and there other young couples were on their way back to the village, but we know nothing about these. He who is happy finds joy in the happiness of others.

Salamasina cautiously entered the house and lay down on her bed if nothing had happened. She laid her arms around Iao and sank into blissful dreams.

The traveling party stayed the usual three days and the lovers had three happy nights together. The nightly change of beds, however, could hardly remain unnoticed. On the second night, one of the old ladies had already become suspicious and next morning she told Levalasi about it. The two resolved to be watchful, but to keep their own counsel, for discovery would have endangered the lives of the queen's whole retinue. Levalasi immediately suspected an affair with Alapepe. She was not surprised; but she was prepared to take advantage of it for the realization of her own ends.

On the third night their suspicions were confirmed. All happened as before, but they did not interfere. When the visitors had departed, Levalasi took Salamasina aside and said, "My child, you have caused me great pain. During the past nights you have had illicit intercourse." Very much alarmed, Salamasina was going to reply but her mother, lifting her hand, said, "Don't make excuses; I know everything. That you love Alapepe I noticed long ago; but con-

sider where this will lead. You, the taupou, the queen, to have intercourse with a commoner." Salamasina blushed violently and lowered her eyes. "Are you quite aware of the gravity of your conduct?" Levalasi continued. "Fortunately no one knows about this except old Pilo and myself. Should the faleupolu get wind of it, your lover would have to pay with his life; besides, it would cost his and Iao's relatives dearly. Not even the queen's power could protect them. Alapepe came here as the matchmaker for Tapumanaia. A fine matchmaker, indeed. As a punishment he shall go home this very day and tell his master that the queen is well disposed towards him." "Impossible," exclaimed Salamasina; "I hate Tapumanaia; he is a wicked man. Why shouldn't a queen live with a commoner, if he is good and virtuous?" Levalasi knitted her brow as she replied, "I'll have to talk seriously with you. Get these foolish ideas out of your head. You, the daughter of Tamalelagi and all the noble families, the four-titled one before whom heaven and earth tremble, to marry a stinking pig. Under you Samoa has for the first time united; the country enjoys peace; the villages flourish and grow. Remember that you hold the title by the grace of Nafanua and that she has announced through her high priest Tupai, that you are to marry a member of her family. Her relatives have decided that Tapumanaia shall be the one. He is a handsome man and a great chief. It is true that he has loved many daughters of Samoa, but what does that matter? It is the custom of the manaia and every gentleman acts thus. Only the commoners sleep alone or on strange mats. By your alliance with Tapumanaia, Nafanua's servant will receive the fine mats that will bind Savaii to Upolu. If you follow your own inclinations you will ruin your kingdom, your family, your lover and yourself. It will be the end of good manners and moral. Therefore, heed my words. It is the advice your mother would give you. Let Alapepe go to Tonga and serve her. It will save his life and he will be a member of your family."

Salamasina stared before her. Finally she said, "Leave me time to think this over." "There is no time to be lost," Levalasi replied; "we must act quickly to give the lie to possible rumors. I pray heaven and earth that they may show you where your duty lies. Your wedding must not be delayed, lest your indiscretion be discovered." "Very well," replied Salamasina, in whom a spark of hope remained; "dispatch the messengers. Do what you think right. I shall live and die for my dear Samoa."

SALAMASINA'S WEDDING

After an interview with Levalasi, Alapepe, accompanied by Tusi, left the same afternoon for Satupaitea, where they delivered the lady's message. Salmaasina had not met Alapepe again; she had retired to her sleeping quarters and remained there for many days. All the blinds had been lowered and it was said that she was ill.

Only when a big matchmaking party arrived from Savaii, did she appear again. The party which counted many noted chiefs among them, had come in a fleet of boats. They brought mountains of food, particularly pigs. As the queen welcomed her guests she looked reserved but radiant with beauty. Solemnly she accepted the food and with it, her suitor's hand. Tapumanaia himself arrived the following day. Levalasi and Tupai urged that the wedding take place at the earliest possible date and thus, as soon as the preparations were completed, it was celebrated with pomp and ceremony in the presence of all the high chiefs of Samoa. The villages near Leulumoega were filled with guests. Immense quantities of food had been provided and the game and dances surpassed in beauty and wantonness all that had been seen before. It was a feast worthy of their beloved virgin queen. The proof of virginity was not required as the sacred bride was immeasurably above her husband in rank, family connections and repute; furthermore, she was a descendant of the king of Tonga, where this strange custom is not observed.

Tapumanaia lived with the queen in Leulumoega. At first nothing disturbed their married life, to which Salamasina had resigned herself with dignity and grace. As soon as there were indubitable signs of pregnancy, she retired to the houses of the Tuiaana family, whilst her consort enjoyed himself with other women. The queen went so far as to offer him girls from among her own relatives, lest family and political feuds result from his promiscuity. One duty Tapumanaia fulfilled faithfully, namely, supplying the large quantities of food on which prestige and renown are based in Samoa.

Although Salamasina was of a robust constitution, her delivery was most difficult. For hours and hours she suffered terrible labor pains. Many expert midwives surrounded her, but their efforts were in vain. Useless also were the prayers to the house god. "Moso, Moso," cried Levalasi who had returned from her retreat in Satupaitea, "let my daughter live. Have pity on her and on us. If you give us aid, we will celebrate a feast in your honor."

It was all without avail. The night passed and another day came, but the child would not be borne. Salamasina then remembered her transgressions. Convinced that the gods were angry with her because she wanted to impose an illegitimate heir on her country, she had Tapumanaia called in and confessed her fault. He was greatly surprised but resigned himself to the inevitable and prayed to the gods to save the queen. When this also proved fruitless, he began the recital of his own offences before and after the wedding. Salamasina was prepared for many revelations, but her expectations were greatly exceeded. It may have been the excitement or Moso, perhaps, would not wait until her husband had ended his confession - be that as it may, the child was suddenly delivered. It was a girl. Moso was chosen as her protecting deity and, in memory of her mother's free avowal, she was called Fofoa-i-vao-ese, "Hatched in a strange bush". Salamasina's relatives brought her splendid vaisalo soups and a fleet with provisions arrived from Satupaitea when the umbilical cord had fallen off. The Tuiaana family honored the husband's relatives with a large number of fine mats. Thus both parties were highly satisfied.

After the festivities, village life resumed its ordinary course. Salamasina nursed her baby for almost a year and during this time the husband kept away from her, as is required by custom. After that they lived peacefully together. Their mutual confession had resulted in a more tolerant and sympathetic attitude towards each other. Sometimes their conversation was quite lively.

When Salamasina was expecting a second child, she sent messengers to Tonga, begging her mother to come and be with her. Vaetoe accepted the invitation. She brought the sad news that her servant Alapepe had been murdered. Salamasina was deeply affected, but maintained her self-control. She and her mother were quite certain that the fale-upolu had thus revenged themselves upon the poor boy for violating their sacred queen.

In due time Salamasina gave birth to a boy who, in honor of his father, was named Tapumanaia. The food which, to celebrate the occasion, was presented by the royal consort's relatives, surpassed in quantity and quality anything that had ever been seen before. Nearly the whole of Savaii sent the mother gifts - comestibles and the things which are exclusively made by the male sex. Aana compensated the donors by distributing large quantities of fine mats and tapa

and whatever else is manufactured by the women. It was a perpetual giving and receiving but without the vexations and jealousies that usually accompany such occasions. Dances and games filled the days and most of the nights; in brief, it was a feast that greatly redounded to the honor and glory of the beloved queen.

However, the festivities came to sudden end. When, on the third day, the mother's milk had proven wholesome and she was about to nurse her baby for the first time, it was found that he had disappeared. The gathering dispersed in consternation. Before long it was ascertained that the orators Talo and Ofoia of Salani in Atua, had stolen the child so that their village might have a great chief - just as Ape and Tutulila had once done with Tamalelagi. The queen was at first outraged at this violation of her dignity and feelings and was going to punish the village severely. After some reflection, however, she gave up all thoughts of revenge, in fact, she was pleased that her orators, the detested House of Nine, had lost a source of revenue. The news of Alapepe's death had caused her intense grief. Although the improved relations with her husband had helped to make her forget the past, the old sorrow now came back with renewed intensity. The child of the man she had never loved and never would love, would have been only a burden to her. Now she could devote all her time to Alapepe's daughter. Furthermore, her foster-mother Levalasi had advised her to leave the boy in Salani, so that the Salevalasi clan - the queen's protectors - might be strengthened in Atua.

In defiance of the House of Nine, therefore, she decided to settle in Atua and separate from her husband, who, she knew, was anxious to return to his dissolute life in Satupaita. Even though she herself had failed, she could be justified as she had been driven by true love and the force of circumstances.

She now intended to use all her power and influence to ameliorate woman's lot by giving more permanency to the married state. Particularly, she was going to curb the arrogance and licentiousness of the manaias, the high chiefs' sons. She hoped that in Atua, where the good old customs were held in honor and life was less complicated, her endeavors would find some assistance. Before long she departed for Salani.

On the south coast of Atua, the eastern part of Upolu, there are three large villages - almost small states: Lepa,

Falealili and Lotofaga. Whilst the north coast is rather rugged and impassable, there are in the south gentle mountain slopes, fringed by a coastal plain that affords room for the large settlements. The district somewhat resembles the northern side of Aana with the difference, however, that it is well watered. Exposed as it is to the south-east trades, it has ample rainfall and is blessed with many large rivers and innumerable springs. The wind-swept seas often dash against the narrow coral reefs with such force and din that the land quivers and conversation is almost impossible. It is a land for active men. In Salani, particularly, the raging waves often tear big coral slabs of the encircling wall and crush them into a thousand pieces from which the place derives its name.

Here Salamasina settled down and took care of her son, that he might become her family's mainstay in Atua. The district which until then had been of little importance, now gained in prestige and attracted many visitors. Tapumanaia, too, came to see his son, but the queen eclipsed him to such an extent and his influence was so circumscribed, that he quickly returned to Savaii.

CONCLUSION

The story of Salamasina is ended. The evening of her life she spent peacefully, caring for her children and looking after the welfare of her country. Wars were a thing of the past. Land and sea provided amply for the people and nothing disturbed their idyllic existence. The villages organized and saw to the maintenance of their institutions. The communities that lacked prestige tried to strengthen their position through marriage or the bestowal of special privileges. Friendliness and good fellowship reigned everywhere. Visits between village and village were the order of the day. The smoke columns from the cookhouse climbed above the coconut trees and song filled the air. Life was one long holiday.

Many malaga parties called on the queen. When the communities of Falealili and Lotofaga found it difficult to supply food for all the guests, Aana and Atua would come to the rescue and send boatloads of taros and pigs, with special dainties for the queen whose mana grew ever more. Her greatest pleasure, however, she found in the company of her children. Those were wonderful days when, with her cherished daughter and her son, she wandered along the banks of the Fanatoloa to the big waterfall Fuipisia, where

the children would amuse themselves with bathing and diving and hunting. Occasionally they would climb the mountains to the legendary village of Vaigafa, so named because the water, here, dropped upon a tinkling stone. In the days of yore it used to be the favorite resort of forest sprites and kings. Here the latter would engage in pigeon netting and try to capture a certain magic bird whose possession would bring the hunter boundless good fortune. In the vicinity there stood a certain old sandalwood tree which was a sanctuary for pursued lawbreakers.

Frequently Salamasina would call on Levalasi in Lotofaga. There the children had great fun climbing about the rocky coast and peeping down at the roaring waters through the clefts in the cliffs. There was nothing more enjoyable for the growing boy than standing on a jutting rock and shooting at the fish with bow and arrow.

Still in his youth, Tapumanaia was given the name of Satele from which the neighboring village has its name of Salesatele.

One day Salamasina lay ill in eastern Lotofaga. Talo and Ofoia, the orators who had stolen her boy, called on her. The queen said, "Go to my son Satele, he shall give you food when you sit in the assembly of the chiefs." The orators delivered the message and gave the son news of his ailing mother. "I thank you," Satele said, "for bringing me tidings about my mother. Do so again and you shall have the right of distributing the food at the gatherings of the chiefs." This privilege holds good to this day.

The Salesatele clan, owing to their close connection with the Salevalasi family, were made the leaders of the kava chewers at the royal kava ceremonies in Leulumoega. Thus Salamasina succeeded in strengthening the ties that bound those villages to the throne. She conferred still more honors and privileges upon them when her son was made one of their high chiefs.

When Tapumanaia was of age he married Tatini, the daughter of Tailua of Salani. Their son Tapumanaia III, in due time, wedded Fenunuivao, the daughter of the mighty Leutele of Falefa. Through this alliance was laid the foundation of a new royal family, the Safenuivao, which in prestige and fame was to surpass even that of the Salevalasi.

It is remarkable that Salamasina's first born, the daughter of Alapepe, should have married into the Tonumaipea family, for her husband was a son of Levalasi's brother Tau-

iliili. This marriage was to be the last link between the Tuiaanas and the Tonumaipeas.

Fofoa-i-vao-ese, who had given her mother many a cause for anxiety, was still her favorite child. It was she who inherited the Tuiaana title without, however, being able to acquire the other three titles as well.

Salamasina, the adored queen of Samoa, had the satisfaction of seeing her family becoming ever more revered and influential. Her people were gradually laying aside the reprehensible practices their forefathers had picked up in their wanderings from the west and acquiring the charm which still graces their lives.

The maintenance of peace and a newly awakened love of country led towards the union of the group which alone could give it standing and guarantee its safety. Thus, in her old age, Salamasina would look with satisfaction on a country which, though not spared all the bitterness of life, had enjoyed many blessings. Oft she was seen sitting on the cliffs of the south coast, where the winds blew strongest and the waves roared loudest, her gaze directed towards Tonga, the birth place of her mother and the land where her beloved Alapepe lay buried. Then she would sing an old, old song:

I slept and the tradewind wakened me;
I failed and deserve punishment.
How wicked and depraved I am.
The tradewind blows and strikes the strand;
The land is dark while the tradewind blows.
It smites the towns; the ocean roars.
The people come to see the trades,
To see them scourge and bend the trees,
To see them scatter the pua blooms.
My poor heart yearns while the tradewind blows.

Here far from her native Aana, she spent the last years of her life and here, beneath the white coral of Salani, was laid to rest the unforgettable queen of Samoa—
SALAMASINA.