South Sea Letters

Mary V. G., and
John G. Woolley

The dedication of books is out of fashion. All the more reason for this.

The travels here recorded brought us into such contact and relation with the heart of things in nature and society, as we had found no analogy for in our experience. And we should grossly cheat ourselves, not thus to celebrate the sweetest, finest, deepest element in the most informing and inspiring journey of our lives.

And so we dedicate this little book to the homes that received us, as though by kin, or life-long love, entitled, in Hawaii, Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia.

Hawaiian Fisherman.

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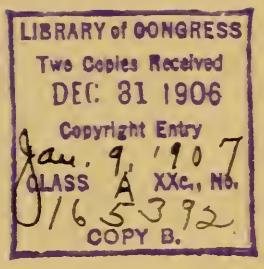
by

Mary V. G., and
John G. Woolley

Chicago
The New Voice Press
Hyde Park



FOREWORD

We two went Maying in March, 1905. We had eaten the fruit of a good many kinds of trees of good and evil, and at last had taken voluntarily to the Pacific ocean, to get away from the postman and cool down the hot flues of our altruism, cruising in the South East trades.

We had for years, fairly fought rest as little children fight the sandman, but at last in utter weariness, had surrendered to an open debauch of utter selfishness.

Once beyond the Farilones, we opened every door and window of our souls to take in the power of the sea, the quietness of the sky and the healing of the South wind, in mighty gulps, regardless.

We knew the course and the ship. Four years before we had gone that way, younger and lighter hearted. We had had just a tantalizing dip into the charm of the Islands on the way, just touched and left behind. But now we were going straight into the hearts of them to live awhile and make ourselves at home.

That siren story that Penelope believed so

sweetly, was no great stretch of her good lord's imagination. These South Sea islands still sing the siren songs to passing mariners, who once they land, would gladly stay forever.

We got well and got rested, and got rich in friendships that will never fade, and had the "best time" of our busy lives. Before and since the journey here recorded, we have traversed many lands and many seas. New Zealand, from the standpoint of political science, is the most interesting country in the world. Tonga and Fiji are melancholy monuments of British exploitation. But for human scenery, Samoa is the Garden of Eden, and for beauty, Honolulu is the capital of the earth.

I.

Honolulu, April 20, 1905.

HONOLULU is indescribable. From the harbor bar where great green waves of the Pacific Ocean beat themselves to snowy foam upon the jagged coral, back and

up to where a line of spent volcanoes notches the horizon with records of old earthquakes and pours cool rainbows down the rocky sides

where red-hot lava rivers used to run, the man behind the pencil feels himself going into captivity to the balm of the trade winds that never go to sleep, the fragrance of perpetual spring, the songs of birds, the witchery of a land whose people, instead of "Howdy do," or "Good day," or "How are you," or staring silence, when they meet you say, with a bright smile, "Aloha" (which is, being interpreted, "I love you"), until at length, hopeless of distinguishing between matter and spirit, he dares not undertake to separate what he actually sees from what he only feels.

To one ascending from the water's edge the place runs to rainbows, as London runs to fog-landscape as well as skyscape. Heliotrope, lantana, nasturtiums, poppies, coffee, guava, tea roses, and calla lilies grow wild. Orange blossoms, rhododendrons, passion flowers, wistaria, and begonias are everywhere. Trees the size of New England elms bear masses of bloom, their own or that of vines that cover them, too gorgeous for belief, even if description were possible—spikelike trumpet-creepers, bunches like locust blossoms, showers like the acacia, yellow as sunshine, red as sunset. Lilac trees are as big as English oaks. One may see ten thousand Amaryllis lilies in a single garden, and as many night-blooming cereus on a single

wall. The marshes shine with lotus flowers, and climbing roses thatch the cottages. The hedges are of yellow and red hibiscus, and every variety of palm is at its fascinating best. I have no doubt that from a balloon five miles above the gardens these would look like scrambled rainbows.

The same appearance runs through everything. The aquarium and the fish markets

"Too gorgeous for belief."

look like the prismatic spectrum on a strike. The fish are marked like tropical birds, and seem far too beautiful to be eaten. The population shows the same impossible color schemes. The natives, down to the bootblacks and commonest servants, wear wreaths of exquisite flowers on hat, or neck, or breast, or shoulders.

Best of all, the rainbow atmosphere permeates the people's minds. There is no lack of piliki (sorrow) in Honolulu, but the psychological temperature is simply quiet happiness. Dr. Deems' little poem written for Mary Woolley years ago comes to my mind again and again:

"The world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide.
Then do not hurry

"That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest.
Then do not worry."

The scripture, too, is fulfilled climatically: "The sun shall not smite thee by day." In Honolulu nothing smites. Everything is tempered down to rainbows, and no case of sunstroke was ever known.

Our hostess has a beautiful baby boy. It

is too good to be true, and can shine more kinds of heaven from its lovely face than anything terrestrial I have ever seen.

One dare not even generalize on Honolulu.

"* * *kinds of heaven.*"

To call it "beautiful" would be to libel it with faint praise. To call it "more beautiful" would be to use comparisons which are futile as well as odious. To call it "most beautiful" would

A Honolulu Home.

be ridiculous, since no writer has been every place. One can only say with the log-book of the steamship, it is "Honolulu."

II.

Hilo, April 25, 1905.

SOMEONE has wondered if we could go from island to island in a rowboat, because the islands seemed so near each other on the map. When I told them it took twenty-four hours to go from Honolulu to Hilo. and that the distance is 229 miles through rough seas, they quite seemed to doubt my statement.

It takes five days to make this trip to Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world. It is in the island of Hawaii on the slope of Mauna Loa, which is 13,675 feet high, at an elevation of 4.000 feet.

We left Honolulu Tuesday noon, April 18, and reached Hilo Wednesday about 4 p. m. That night we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Severance in their beautiful home overlooking the sea. To describe this home is simply impossible, for, with the ferns, and fruits, and foliage of these islands. gathered in and about it, the colors of the rainbow in all and everything, the

Hawaiian Lei Women.

splash of the water on the rocks below, and the full moon sending its light across the sea, and into the great lanai (veranda), it is something we may experience, but not describe.

The specimens of tropical plants we see in conservatories are very poor representatives of these growths in their natural homes. They require the warmth and rain and generous sunshine of the tropics for perfect development. There is a saying among the sailors, "Follow the Pacific shower and it leads you to Hilo." There is a heavy rainfall here, which shows in the luxuriant vegetation of this island. When we were shown to our room, we were horrified to see a large spider, the size of a man's hand, moving across the floor. In terror we called our hostess, who calmly explained that they kept these pets in the house, and found them perfectly harmless, and very useful, as destroyers of moths, cockroaches and similar pests. We have heard since, that it is customary for good housewives always to keep spiders in their closets.

We slept in this quiet haven—doors and windows wide open. The verandas are so deep and shaded, they render window-blinds unnecessary, so there is never a stuffy feeling about these houses, which makes indoor life a trial in the closed houses we are accustomed to.

Early in the morning, at the first break of day, we were called to look at Mauna Kea (White Mountain), 13,805 feet high, wearing its rose-tinted cap. We stepped to our door, and there before us was the beautiful mountain, covered with a tint the color of peach blossoms. It was surpassing beautiful, and is always so, for a short time in the early morning, fading gradually, until the snow-white cap appears, which it wears all day.

At seven o'clock in the morning we left on the train, which carried us nineteen miles up the mountain. Then a stage ride of twelve miles more brought us to the "Volcano House," about noon.

The terminal wall of the crater is only a few yards from the house, and until lunch time we explored the region about, finding many curious flowers and berries. The volcano had been active a week before our arrival, but now seemed only smouldering—columns of smoke appearing from time to time, but no fire.

After lunch we mounted horses and descended 465 feet into the crater. We always think of a volcano as a cone, but this was a different thing. It is an abyss in the side of Mauna Loa, at a height of 4,000 feet. It is nine miles in circumference, and the lowest area covers six square miles. We rode single

file, following the guides carefully, for much of the way was full of danger. There were deep cracks from which hot, sulphur vapors escaped. Through some of these cracks you could see the fire, and at some we stopped to

"After lunch we mounted horses."

singe and set fire to paper. In some of the crevices we picked a curious and beautiful film of lava, called "Pele's hair." It resembles

coarse spun glass of a greenish or yellowish color. It occurs during eruptions when drops of lava are thrown with great force in all directions, and the wind spins them out in thin threads, which catch and adhere to projecting points.

As we stood on the brink of the cone and

"and descended into the crater."

looked over into what seemed a veritable "bottomless pit." of bubbling, seething, groaning, rumbling lava, words cannot express what we thought. It is indescribable, a sight to be forever remembered, but not described. We

The Edge of the Blow-hole.

were a very sober, tired party who rode back to the Volcano House ready for a hearty supper and early bed.

The next morning we were called at five o'clock, and at 6:30 were on the stage going down the mountain, through miles of jungle, tree ferns, vines, and great trees in blossom. I could not have imagined anything so beautiful as this endless variety of trees, ferns and lianas. Palms, bread fruit trees, ohias, candlenut trees of immense size, Kava, bananas, bamboos, papayas, guavas, Ti trees, tree ferns, climbing ferns, intermingled and entangled and gently swaying in the breeze.

For an hour we rode through heavy fog like rain. By eight o'clock the fog had gone. We were going down the mountain, and passed through coffee lands and the great "Oloa" sugar plantation. At ten o'clock we were in our boat to make the return trip to Honolulu.

There are five landings, but no harbors, before we reach Honolulu—two on Hawaii, and three on Maui. At all of these the passengers and freight are taken to and from the land in boats rowed by natives. It was always a wonder how they could make the trips, the waves were so rough and the boats so unsteady. The captain told us that at some of the ports it was often impossible to land.

At one place we saw them bring four horses aboard, and long before we saw their heads, we heard them snort, and sneeze, as they swam

by the side of the boat, being held by natives. When they were alongside of the ship a sort of life-preserver harness was thrown around their bodies. This was attached to a windlass in the ship, and the poor, half-drowned beasts pulled aboard. This is the way all the cattle are carried from island to island.

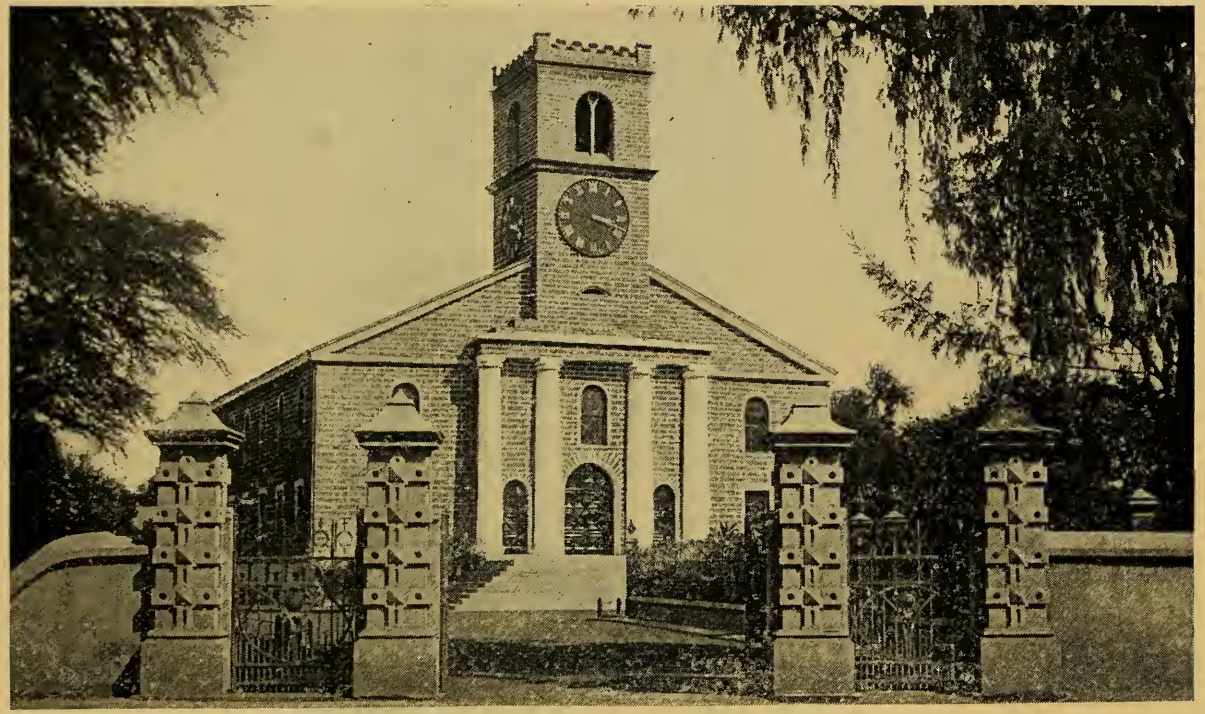
The Devil's Picture-frame.

The whole trip was most interesting, but the shores of Hawaii particularly so. This is the largest of these islands, and gives its name to the group. It is ninety miles long, and seventy-

four broad, and has three great mountains on it, the two I have named—Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, and Haualalai, 8,275 feet high. This island was the home of Kamehameha I., who conquered all the other islands, and brought them under his own rule, making his capital at Honolulu. It was in this island that Captain Cook was killed in 1778, and a monument has been erected by the English people to his memory.

Hilo is much more beautiful from the harbor than Honolulu, because it lies close to shore, and its homes and gardens are plainly seen from the deck of the steamer. It is a city of wealth, being the center of an enormous sugar production, and very large freight ships trade between it and San Francisco, as well as English ports. In it, as in all the island cities, the white population is not to exceed one-fourth, but as in all the other cities, the white people who have been here a long time, are of splendid quality both as regards business and character.

In the harbor, near the shore, is "Cocoanut Island," an ancient place of refuge, or sanctuary, for the natives. It remains exactly as it was, but the stone altar has been thrown down. In the city, there is a large sacrificial stone, where human victims were sacrificed under the



Kawaihao Church, Honolulu.

old regime. One hears a great deal in disparagement of the worth of missions, and undoubtedly the opening up of a barbarous country is attended with many hardships to the natives, due to the white man's vices, and the white man's thrift, but the most superficial study of these islands is enough to show that the work of the missionaries has been of untold advantage to the natives.

On our way to Honolulu we saw the great tablelands and slopes, covered with sugar plantations, coffee trees, forest and pasture. The cliffs were bold, and high, washed by the ocean, and streaked with waterfalls.

We passed Maui, with Haleakala 10,000 feet high—the largest extinct crater in the world —within its shores; also Molakai, where the leper colony is situated. The side of this island, one sees from the ship, is utterly barren and deserted, and suggests the awful isolation of the people compelled to live there.

Saturday morning at eleven o'clock we reached Honolulu, and sailed into the beautiful bay, with its opal-tinted waters, and felt as if we were home again, so much do we love this place.

III.

At Sea, S. S. Ventura, May 6. 1905.

IF I were a rich pagan instead of a poor Christian I would build a temple to the Sea. It is so strong and deep, so patient, merciful and gracious, to ship or soul laboring and heavy laden, that stanchly and faithfully casts loose upon its mighty promises; so shallow, variable, and cruel to the unpiloted and unseaworthy.

It is a great burden-bearer. It cannot be overloaded. It cannot be broken down. It never wears. It never gets out of order. It never needs repairs. It never shuts down.

It is a great physician. It rests the eye by the overpowering vastness of its outlook. Groans of care, and hisses of enmity off shore, are lost in the sound of many waters. All the long range senses surrender at discretion, and Restlessness, thus cut off from its supplies, abdicates its throne of nerves, and Peace runs up its flag as lord and conquerer.

It is a great teacher. It lays its mighty law upon its pupil, and says: "Stop sputtering and guessing; be still and know."

It is a month to-day since we set sail. It seems like a year, so full the days have been of novel happenings, and I have rested indescribably—like a tired old body rolling a gray head

from side to side of a great soft, sweet-smelling cradle, with mother's foot, unseen, upon the rocker of the universe.

The "Ventura" arrived southbound, at Honolulu eight hours late on May third. She had to discharge cargo, and take on six hundred tons of coal, in baskets, on the backs of coolies.

We went aboard ship at ten p. m. The stars were shining. There was not a cloud in sight. The dust was blowing in our eyes from the coal baskets, and it was raining. That is right. Good and ill are so mixed in Honolulu that it is hard to tell fair from foul.

At six o'clock in the morning we cast off, and ploughed through the surf into the South Pacific. The ship was light and the long swell rocked her like a log. This operated as a very coarsening influence on the company at breakfast. All the fine passengers stuck to their cabins. Only a few brutes turned up at the cook's galley, and I was one of the number, being a sailor sans peur et sans reproche.

To-day we cross the equator and the northern heavens will be lost to us for many months. We took a last look at the big dipper last night, as it dropped down in the north, with its two "pointers" showing where the Southern Cross will rise to-night.

Sunday, May 7.

We have had an ideal Sunday. The weather is perfect. The crew had its weekly fire drill. The Southern Cross hangs over the ship's bow, and a new moon is rising over my right shoulder as I write.

Mrs. Delaport, a missionary to the Island of Nauru, in the Marshal group, is one of our company, on her way home from a six months' visit to the hospital at Honolulu. She is an object lesson to the good woman and a rebuke to the frivolous and whining. She and her husband live on an island that is only twelve miles in circumference, under the equator, with a population of sixteen hundred naked blacks – not all naked now, for they have got nine hundred into clothes and attendance on religious services, and two hundred and four into church membership. Three times a year a ship puts in with mail and supplies of canned goods. The island is too dry for gardening or stock raising. Cocoanuts and fish are the only products. Mrs. Delaport has to go to Sydney, and then back partly over the same course, ten days' sail, to get home. She is as cheery and hopeful as if she were a queen in ease and luxury. Two children are with her, and one other is with the father in the island.

The rest of the ship's passengers are just

about the regulation crowd of travelers. An Australian ranger with his wife and son going home to visit the old country; an astronomer from Lick Observatory; a Ph.D. from Germany, going to Somoa to settle; a botanist from Australia going to the same place with his new wife for study; Mrs. Kellar, wife of the magician, going to Tasmania for a visit to her people; several bright Yankee commercial travelers, and sundry incidentals.

May 8.

We wondered as we bore down from the equator into the eye of the "South-East trades" whether the harbor of Pago Pago (pronounced Pango Pango), would be so impressive to us as it was at our first visit four years ago. We have grown familiar with tropical scenes and peoples since that time, older too, sadder maybe, less impressionable, but the sea and sky have never seemed to me so beautiful. Last night the new moon, just turning its first quarter, rode down to its harbor in the west on a perfectly even keel, like a great war canoe of burnished gold. This is a sight only to be seen at the equator, or near it. The sunsets are gorgeous. About sunset the whole ship's company gathers on the westerly side of the deck, to watch the color riot break out at the horizon.

The Pacific is a lonely ocean. We have seen

no sail since leaving Honolulu, nor much animal life, for that matter. Some flying fish, an occasional shark, a school of porpoise, now and then a lonely whale, and always the great sea birds wheeling aimlessly.

The Pacific Ocean had a tantrum yesterday. All day long it was like a carpet of gray silk. At six we watched a glorious sunset, but the sea was uneasy, foretelling, the captain said, a strong trade wind below. At seven we had a "capful of wind." At eight the old thing was working like an ocean of metheglin, and the passengers who were not good sailors began to look pensive. At nine the whole equatorial orchestra was playing for a marine hospital. At eleven every port was shut, and the head sea was tumbling over the ship's bow, and sounds of—say revelry, were issuing from stifling staterooms.

I am writing this on the hurricane deck with the wind still roaring, and the beautiful, magical, unrealizable island of Tutuila looming nobly two or three miles away. In an hour we shall be settled in a grass hut in the heart of the Pacific, ten thousand miles from home.

IV.

Pago Pago, May 11, 1905.

WE were not to be disappointed. The same old enchantment enveloped us as we passed the heads into this harbor, which is simply the crater of the volcano which some millions of years ago spouted and blazed, and which is now the island of Tutuila.

The Heads, Pago Pago.

The water and the sky are the same color. If

the sky is gray, so is the sea. If blue, the sea is blue. It was blue yesterday as we steamed slowly into port and made fast to Uncle Sam's new buoy. Native villages succeed one another as the eye follows the curving beach. Back of the villages, with their enormous thatches of

The Rainmaker, Pago Pago.

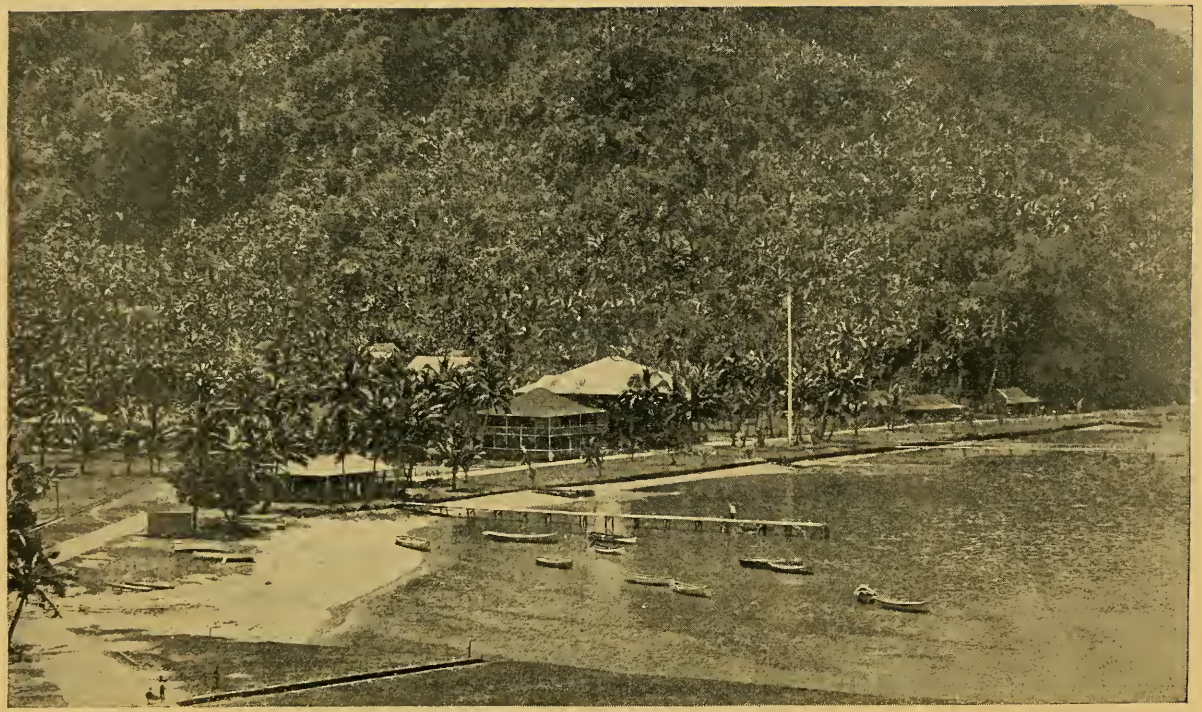
grass, and palm branches, the mountain rises almost sheer, but with slope enough for trees and vines to get a foothold, and fertile to the summit.

At the water's edge cocoanut trees loaded with fruit, wave their proud plumes, and bear the whole year through. Back of these and beneath them, bananas, bread fruit, papaia, alligator pears, pineapples, guavas, and everything else of which a seed has ever been blown hither, or carried by some migratory bird, grow in the same profusion. In the marshy places taro is cultivated, or rather is not cultivated, and even on the mountain side an excellent variety of taro grows.

The transcendent beauty of the Samoan Islands is mainly due to their fertility. Other mountains are as finely moulded, and other seas and skies as fair. But these mountains are literal masses of verdure with never a barren space of so much as one poor inch, and in the trade winds that enter the narrow gateway of the bay, the hills do seem literally to "clap their hands" as the trees that clothe and glorify them smite their green palms together in the ecstasy of existence that fills the air.

The Hawaiian Islands are not surpassed by anything here, but they are towering brown and barren rocks and lava, treeless save for the lower benches and in the valleys that have been weathered out by centuries of storm.

After the ship was at anchor we remained on board an hour or so to say good-bye to friends



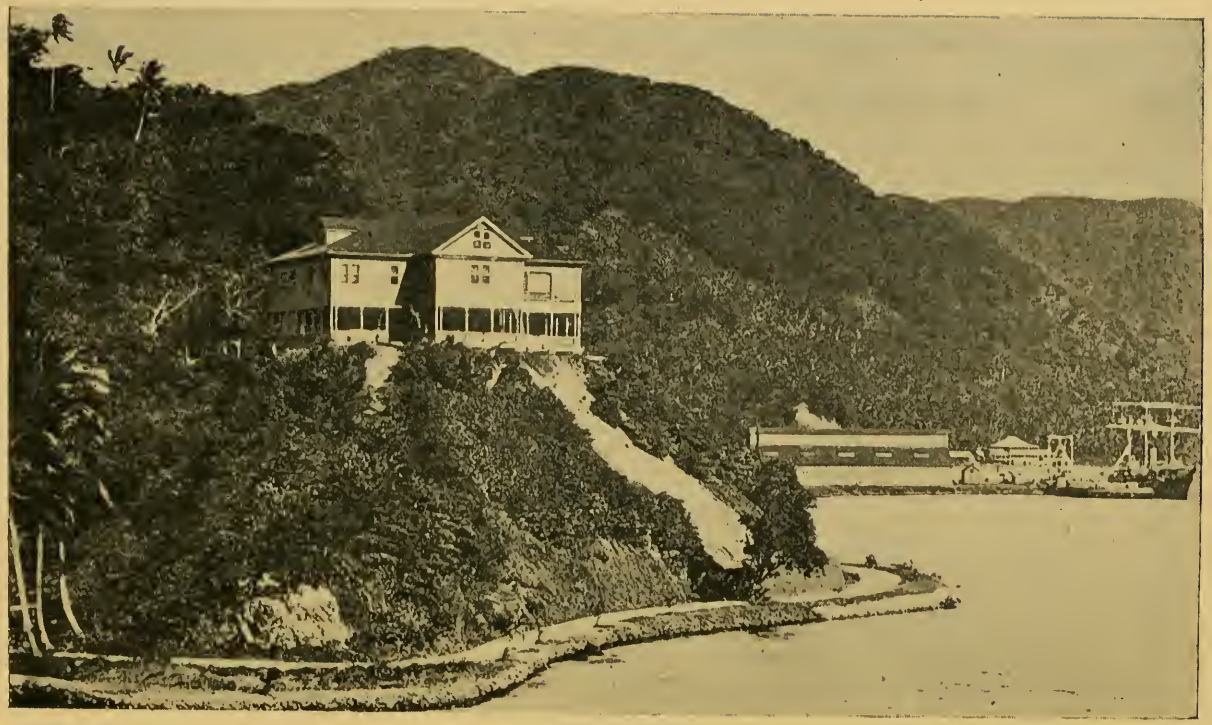
"literal masses of verdure."

who were going on to the south, and to renew our acquaintance with the lay of the land before going ashore.

Change has been busy since we came this way before. A large brown mansion for the governor, an ample wharf and coal shed for the navy, an administration building, and a little custom house have been built by the government. Quite a number of pretty bungalows of officers and other white residents peep out of the palm groves that line the bay. The French Catholics have a pretty chapel, so has the London Missionary Society, so have the Mormons. The bush has been cleared in little frequent patches, and its place set with oranges and lemons, with here and there a rose garden. The Navy Department is building an observatory on the headland to the left of the entrance to the harbor.

We went ashore at noon and took the whole hotel, about twenty rooms, in a wilderness of cocoanut palms, within fifty feet of the sea. That is, we got permission to lay our mats on the floor of any room that pleased our fancy, the hotel being abandoned for lack of patronage.

We found it easy to get mats, but the problem was mosquito bars, without which there was no hope of sleep. We were too infatuated with



"A large brown mansion for the governor."

the novelty and beauty of the situation to reck much as to the necessities of life, but the Japanese restaurant took hold upon our carnal natures presently, and we ate the eat of the very hungry with some shipmates bound for Apia, and some young gentlemen of the government.

On our way back to our hotel we met a divine providence in the way of Judge Gurr, the judicial head of American Samoa. He introduced himself by saying he had just called on us to offer furniture for our rooms during our stay. Meanwhile he led us up the shore to his own beautiful cottage, which was in the hands of decorators, painting and polishing, he and his wife—a charming and noble native woman—occupying a native grass house farther up the mountain.

Soon a small regiment of natives were carrying a full supply of linen and mosquito netting, towels, and other household needs and comforts, down the hill to the hotel, and when we got there at length we found ourselves set up in luxurious housekeeping. The linen smelled of sandalwood and was as white as snow.

In the gloaming we took a long walk up the beach under an archway of palms whose waving branches to our enchanted senses seemed playing wonderful music. The trail was thronged with natives, naked but for a strip of

Edwin R. Gurr, chief judge of Tutuila.

tapa cloth, or Yankee calico, about the loins, all smiling and saying to us "'Talofa" as they passed.

A little boy hailed us to stop and eat some cocoanuts, and as we turned into the pretty grass house he ran up a tree and threw down two half-grown nuts, husked them, opened them with a few deft blows with the knife that serves every purpose from opening cocoanuts to mowing grass and chopping wood, and handed them to us to drink the water.

We visited with the woman, a handsome mahogany-colored young mother sitting on a mat on the gravel floor holding her baby, with a little sewing machine beside her on the ground and a huge kerosene lamp shining down from the center of the roof.

I am not going to write about the natives in their homes until I know them better. Indeed I despair of giving an idea of what we are experiencing, but I shall do my best in subsequent letters.

It is sufficient to add that the governor and naval officers have shown the most gracious kindness, and the native chiefs are the perfection of kindly, stately hospitality. Invitations have already come from several villages for us to visit them and be received at native feasts and dances. Every day is filled with experiences

that are sweet and natural as the sea or the wind, but at the same time positively startling in their strangeness in the midst of this world of greed and grief and graft.

We slept like infants in the glorious serenade of waves and palms and the trade wind, and at sunrise I was awakened by a woman's voice calling, "O John, come and see! Isn't it too beautiful?"

V.

Pago Pago, May 15, 1905.

UP to date the most remarkable experience of this remarkable journey was the feast given by Mauga, high chief of the Island of Tutuila (pronounced "Maunga." In the Samoan language "n" is always sounded like "ng").

We had twice been entertained by Mauga and his beautiful wife, Faapia, once to spend the evening, and once at "afternoon kava."

It will be better to open this strenuous social drama with some brief description of the actors.

In a former letter I have told you how Judge Gurr, chief judge of Tutuila, took us to his home and presented us to his wife, a native Samoan. Fanua is her name. Before her mar-

"Isn't it too beautiful?"

riage she was taupou (queen) of the village of Apia in the island of Upolu.

Some who read this will remember that in 1899 and 1900 there was civil war in Samoa arising out of the claims of Maleotoa and Mataafa to the throne. The high chiefs were

Mrs. Gurr and Mrs. Woolley.

divided between the claimants, and the little kingdom was shaken to pieces. The three great powers were equally unable to adjust the rival claims and ultimately partitioned the group of

islands between America and Germany, giving England certain satisfactory privileges elsewhere; so that on April 17, 1900, our flag was raised in Tutuila, and our sovereignty accepted gladly by the natives, who afterward voluntarily ceded us their islands. The leading chief of the Maleotoa party was Seumanutafa. Powerful and famous in time of peace among his own people, he had achieved international fame by his humane and Christian statesmanship in dealing with both friends and foes at the time when the American and German warships were wrecked by a hurricane in the harbor of Apia, March 16, 1889. Instead of killing or imprisoning the sailors and the troops as they were escaping from the wrecked vessels to the shore, and securing victory for his king and glory for his army, Seumanutafa turned the war into a rescuing party, saved friends and enemies alike, and gave them shelter, clothing, and subsistence until their governments could supply them.

In consideration of this noble conduct the American government presented to him a gold watch suitably inscribed, and a fine boat such as no chief in these parts had ever owned. He has since died; the boat has come back into the hands of the government, and is doing duty to-day in this naval station; and Judge Gurr,

his son-in-law, carries the watch given him by the old chief on his death-bed, with affectionate pride.

Fanua is the daughter of Seumanutafa in spirit as well as by blood, and she with her husband shared in the exciting and perilous events out of which this wonderful island came under the stars and stripes. This letter is not about her, but I must add that she is a beautiful woman, bright, amiable, and educated far beyond any of her fellow countrywomen, the happy wife of a noble husband, mother of two handsome children, and was during his life a neighbor, daily visitor, and indeed the intimate friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, of pathetic memory.

Sergeant Cox, of Portage City, Wis., in charge of the native body of troops on this station—the Fitifiti Guard—and every inch an officer and gentleman, charged himself from the first with seeing that we should have a good time. With these, and Mr. Parks and Mr. Gaskell, secretaries respectively of the chief judge and the governor, we went to Mauga's house about eight o'clock in the evening, and found him, and Faapia absent, and the house dark, but for a swinging lamp turned very low. We entered just the same, and found the taupou (queen of the village) sound asleep on

a pile of mats. After much shaking and merry shouting by Fanua, she was aroused, and Venus-like sprung full-dressed (full-dressed for a Samoan) from the gravel floor, good-natured and cordial, turned up the light and made us very welcome and very much at ease.

Any Samoan house may be entered by anybody at any time, for rest, food, or a visit, without presuming or intruding. There is no signal for admittance. One simply goes in. If the family be awake so much the better. If they be asleep, they wake up and take a hand, whatever is going on.

The taupou immediately proceeded to make kava. Servants sprung out of the dark outside, as if by incantation. The kava bowl was placed opposite the center post of the house, on a mat, in front of the taupou. The dried kava root was brought, and the two native women broke it with stone pestles in a hollow stone. The broken roots were placed in the bowl—a large wooden dish hollowed out of a solid block of hard wood with cutting instruments of shell and stone—water was poured over them, and the brew proceeded. The taupou resigned her place to Fanua who, laughing and talking, stirred the mixture with her hands and strained it thoroughly through a bundle of fiber, like flax, called a fau. Then all who were

present clapped their hands to signify that the kava was ready, and also to notify any who were outside that we were about to drink. Fanua deftly tossed the liquid into a polished cocoanut shell and we were served in turn, with our backs against the posts, facing the center.

Kava is made from the dried root of a shrub of the same name—a member of the pepper family. It is the beverage of ceremony in all the South Sea Islands. The bowls in which it is made and the cups in which it is served are the precious things of every household. The most punctilious etiquette appertains to the serving of it and many a war has convulsed the islands because somebody blundered when the cup was going round. It looks like soapsuds after a hard day's washing, but I should think, tastes better. It has a slight ginseng taste, with a peppery hereafter, and, to my own notion, is by no means bad. I am drinking it in full cups with some pleasure, and the cordial approval of the natives. It is, of course, absolutely free from fermentation, being made fresh for every drinking, and it is considered by the white residents perfectly harmless, if not beneficial, in this climate.

After the kava, while the taupou was dancing for us, Mauga and Faapia came in and greeted us most cordially. The chief is a giant,

stately and intelligent, wearing only his mahogany-colored skin, a breech-cloth about his loins, and tennis shoes.

He sat on his mat and made his welcome in a speech praising America and giving thanks to God that the Samoans were to be taught by us the ways of civilization. This was given us

"The chief is a giant."

by an interpreter who in turn interpreted our thanks. Then we had more dancing; and it was late when we sought our lodgings, charmed with the Samoans, and quite in love with some of them.

The next afternoon we called to pay our respects. Our favorable impressions of the night before were confirmed and strengthened. Delicious oranges peeled and with the ends cut off were served, and sucked with grateful unction, followed by vaisami served hot in cocoanut shells fresh opened for the purpose, and this followed by green cocoanuts, opened for drinking the milk.

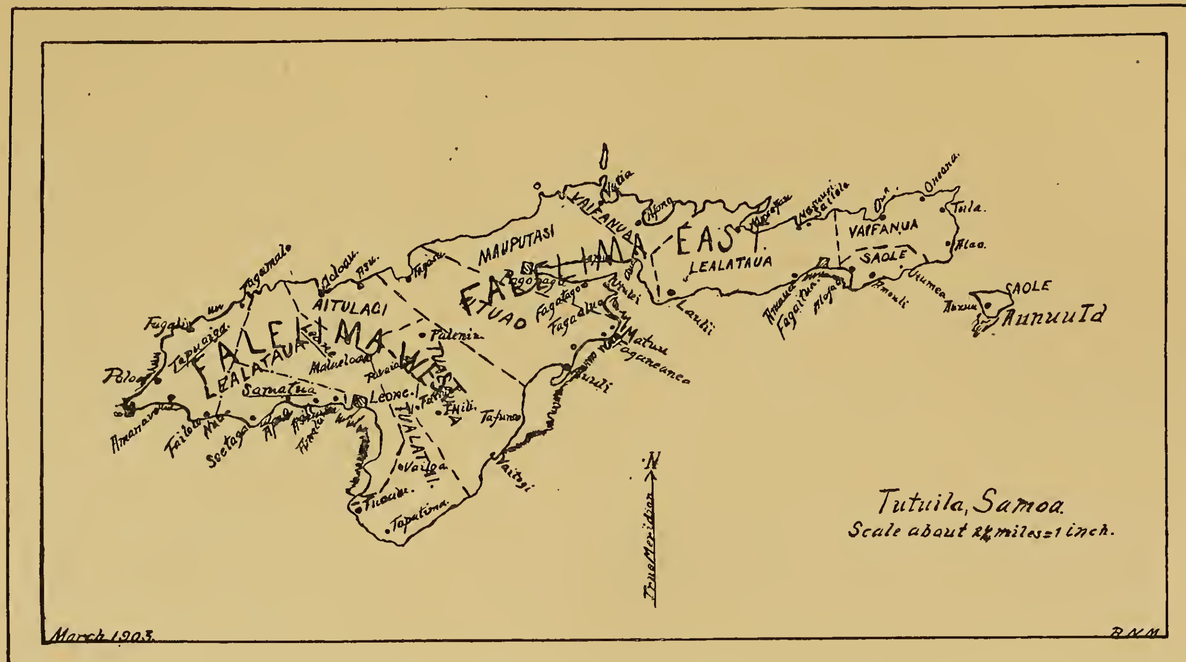
Cocoanut milk is always served in the nut, for drinking water. Vaisami is made of the milk of green cocoanuts, heated with hot stones in a calabash, and thickened with fresh arrow-root.

After the refreshments, a ring of tortoise shell, inlaid with silver, was put on Mrs. Woolley's hand and a table cover of tapa cloth presented to me.

Faapia is of royal blood, the daughter of a real chief, very handsome and of most engaging mind and manners.

It is worth a trip around the world to know the best of these Samoan women, and we are conscious that some of them have already ceased to be mere curious acquaintances, and have become fast friends. The next day was the feast, and now my trouble begins.

Look at the accompanying map; and by the way, this map is worth preserving. It was


Tutuila, Samoa.
Scale about 2¼ miles=1 inch.
True Meridian
N
March 1903.
B.N.M.
FALEALIMA WEST
FALEALIMA EAST
LEALATAUA
AITULAGI
MAUPUTASI
ITUAO
TUALATA
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SAOLE
Aunuu Id
Tula.
Alao.
Oneona.
Laulii
Amouli
Pago Pago
Fagatogo
Fagaalu
Matuu
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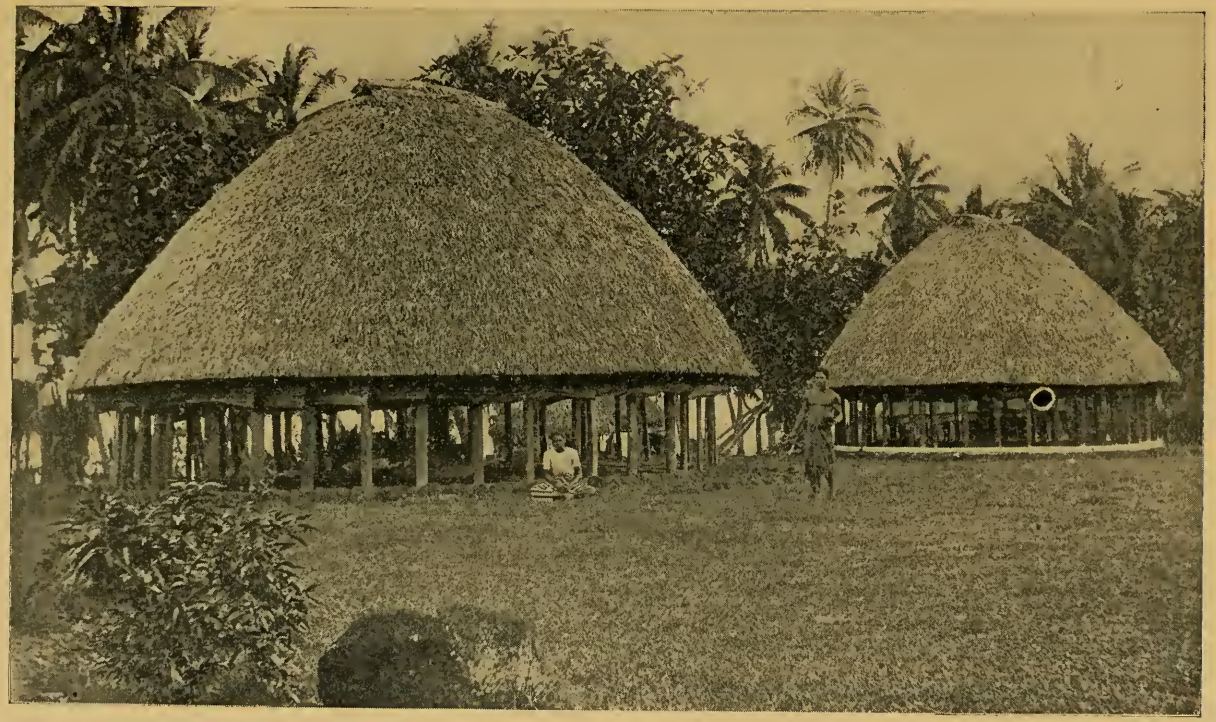
Nuuuli
Tafuna
Leone.
Vailoa
Taputima.
Fagamalo
Aoloau
Asu.
Poloa
Amanave
Failolo
Nua
Seetaga
Afao
Samatua
Malaeloa
Tapuaiga
Fagalii
Vaitogi
Iliili
Fatumafuti
Aua
Auasi
Aoa
Masausi
Sailele

given me by Judge Gurr, and has never been printed until now. Pago Pago is situated about the center of the island at the head of the Pago Pago bay, an oblong body of deep water set in coral in the heart of the mountains. This bay is the limit of beauty in scenery, so far as I know scenery. From the edges of it the mountain sides run up for say, a thousand feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, and from that, fifteen to eighteen hundred feet at an angle of anything from eighty degrees to sheer.

The thousand feet next the water is a wilderness of cocoanut palms towering over a nether wilderness of bread-fruit, orange, lime, papaia, rubber, cocoa, nutmeg, and in general all the vegetation known to the tropics.

Observe the numerous villages along the shore. These villages consist of from six to fifty grass-houses each. Each village has its chief and its taupou. The chief is an absolute monarch locally, and the taupou is his official entertainer—that is to say, in the main, his dancer. The grass-houses are all alike in form and plan, but differ as to size and workmanship and furnishings.

A Samoan home is only an enormous roof of woven sugar-cane leaves, supported by three center posts, set abreast, and a row of shorter



Samoan homes.

posts at the eaves. Between these outer posts screens made of woven palm leaves, fastened with cords of cocoanut fiber somewhat like Venetian blinds, are provided for lowering on the rainy side, but practically they are always up, leaving the roof standing like its owner—on its bare legs.

There are no rooms. The floor is bits of broken coral. Here and there on the floor, or on a kind of a loft easily reached, are piles or rolls of mats. These mats serve for chairs and beds and clothes and money. They vary from coarse ones made of cocoanut leaves, which sell for a shilling each, up to fine ones of pandanus fiber as fine as the finest weave to be seen in the finest millinery, which are unpurchasable, being used only as gifts and marriage portions, bridal dresses, and burial robes. The greatest gift possible in Samoa is a "fine mat," and the wealth of a family is measured not at all by lands or houses, but by fine mats. In the best houses the gravel floor is covered over with loose mats and everything is scrupulously clean. The natives themselves leave nothing to be desired as to odors, owing to their anointing themselves with cocoanut oil, but they are very cleanly. There are three hundred and sixty-five wash-days in the year.

The framework of the houses is of bread-

fruit timber made into arches by beautiful dovetailing and tied with small cords of platted cocoanut fiber. No nails are used, nor metal of any kind. The high vaulted space is open mostly, but one often sees a precious family boat slung up there for safe keeping, and bales of mats and tapa cloth, and dozens of bottles of cocoa oil used by the taupou. As I have said, every house is absolutely open day and night to anybody for lodging, rest, or food, and the departing guest is perfectly welcome to take away such food as he requires or wishes.

In humble homes cooking is done just outside, or just inside, the house on an open fire of fagots, but in the homes of chiefs or "talking men" it is done in an oven, or hole in the ground, at some distance away, the heat being applied by means of hot stones.

The cooking of course is very simple—taro, baked or boiled, fish, fowl or pig roasted, and all served without salt or pepper, or crockery or nappery—save, for company, a basin and towel which go from guest to guest when the meal ends—a large finger bowl.

Mauga's house is the finest on the island. It is almost exactly circular, and about forty-six feet in diameter, twenty-six feet high in the center, and six feet at the eaves. The timber in the arched roof, as before stated, is from

the bread-fruit tree, well seasoned, and completely wrapped with platted cords of cocoanut fiber. To call it beautiful is well within conservative description.

Imagine, then, in such surroundings, on a perfect tropical afternoon, some fifty guests assembled for the feast. Up the bay from the naval station at Fagatoga comes the governor of the island—Commander C. B. T. Moore, of the United States navy—in his boat rowed by twelve native guards, naked but for their blue breech-cloths and crimson turbans. Chiefs and their talking-men from neighboring villages, bare as to feet and legs and trunk, with a white cloth about their loins, move slowly along the shore. The boat of the native band of the Fitifiti Guard (eighty-five young chiefs selected for their physical perfection, glorious to see, and loyal and intelligent) really quite equal to the ordinary military band, comes fairly leaping on its mighty oars. The officers and secretaries of the station and their wives, all in white, sauntering along under the palms —nobody hurries in Tutuila—Mrs. Woolley in a jinriksha—sent her by the governor's wife because she had chafed her foot tramping—drawn by a husky native, has the only equipage on the shore.

Mauga and Faapia, rising from their mats,

Governor C. B. T. Moore.

greet all as the guests enter, with the salutation "Talofa" (Good day), shake hands, and sit down cross-legged on mats at the outer edge of the house facing the center. When she of the jinriksha arrives Mauga advances to meet her and conducts her to a raised seat—to spare her possible pain from sitting on her feet on the ground. The governor, a stout man, and his party are similarly favored when they arrive. The rest of us thoughtfully fold our legs and sink on mats. The interpreter seats himself in front of the host and then the "talking-man" (every chief has a "talking-man," or as we should say perhaps, a general attorney) opens the ceremonies in a long speech descriptive of the occasion, the guests, and the general condition of the country. He quotes scripture freely, giving chapter and verse, and closes with a peroration of hearty compliment to the United States government and all the guests.

Then Mauga speaks more briefly, and more especially to the guests of honor, in a vein of deep religious feeling, and expressing a strong desire to be rid of the "heathen customs" of Samoa, and to see the people take on American ways and American civilizaton.

The governor responds for our whole party. and then the feast is fully under way. The kava bowl is brought and the taupou and her

assistants brew the inevitable drink that neither inebriates nor cheers.

The preparation of the kava occupies some twenty minutes which are for the most part gravely silent. The roots are brought by the guests—each a little, not so much with the idea of providing the supply, as with the mere compliment of presenting a bit of the commodity.

When the kava is ready, the taupou claps her hands and the whole company joins. Then the tulafale, or toast-master, calls in a loud chanting tone, in Samoan of course, "The circle of chiefs is complete; I am about to serve out the kava. Bring the cup to ——." Faapia springs lightly to her feet, whirls three times before the chief, takes the ipu (cup), holds it high above her head until she stands immediately in front of the person named to be first served, then swings it in a graceful curve almost to the floor, and up to the level of his face without a word, but with a most gracious smile. He takes it, raises it to the chief and says "manuia" (here's health) and everybody answers "soifua" (may you live).

So the cup goes round until all have been served. Samoan ladies only touch the cup to their lips but do not drink, as a rule. The

Samoan chiefs.

commoner people are not allowed to drink kava at all. It is a chief's beverage.

While we have been drinking kava there has been a procession of native men with wreaths of red berries and green leaves about their heads going to and fro, carrying, in pretty green kits of cocoanut leaves, the substantial viands, and laying the table in an adjoining grass-house as large as the chief's dwelling, but not so fine. The table is a long, new-made mat of huge banana leaves, laid on cocoanut palm branches, placed end to end in pairs upon the ground. On this beautiful table are laid great yams, bulbs of taro, chickens, ducks, pigeons and other fowl stuffed with young taro leaves, and roasted whole pigs, fish, shell fish and various forms of dishes made of taro, arrow-root, cocoanuts and so forth. For everyone there is a green cocoanut broken open at the top with the pure, cool, delicious cocoanut milk ready for drinking.

When all is ready Mauga so announces, and we go to table—white women with native men, white men with native women. The taupou named Siutu was given me for a partner. She was dressed gorgeously in beads, and a single piece of tapa cloth about her middle. She took me by the hand and led me to the banquet. The sharp stones hurt my feet through the

soles of my shoes, but she set down her big brown, clean, bare feet as firmly on the chipped and broken coral as if it were the nap upon a Turkish carpet.

In absolute quiet a blessing was asked upon

Mauga's feast.

the food, and the great nation, and Samoa, and then we fell to. My queen seized a roast chicken, tore it into fine pieces—the wings car-

rying all the white breast with them, the legs and second joints the remainder. She handed me a wing which I tore cheerfully, while she picked here and there for dainties to ply me with. She would scoop up a handful of shrimps, shuck them swiftly, and feed them to me, laughing at my slow movements, but on the whole pleased with me, for I went right through the menu.

Everything to be eaten was wrapped in taro leaves, and everything suggested cleanness. The dessert was viasami, a pudding made of young cocoanuts and arrow-root, served in a half of a cocoanut shell and eaten with an orange leaf with its stem bitten off, and held by the outer edge curled up between the thumb and two fingers. Finally a tin wash basin of water was passed around, with a towel, for a finger-bowl, and the meal was over.

While the feast was going on, the native guests from time to time found some article of food that pleased them, and calling their own helpers, would pass it back to them to be taken home, in cocoanut kits or baskets, with which they were all provided for the purpose.

As we retired from the table, the villagers closed in, and in the twinkling of an eye the remnants vanished.

Then came the siva (dance). Twelve young

chiefs sat in a double row upon the mats and "danced," with arms and heads and legs and swaying bodies shining with cocoanut oil, and garlanded with vines and flowers, to a wierd, sonorous chant. Their rhythm was perfect and their movements bewildering in complexity, suggesting every action of savage craft—rowing, leaping, fishing, fighting, courting, hunting, and the like.

Then the taupou and her girls came on, and danced their savage but fascinating dances with movements similar to those of the men, only exhibited on foot, and in terms of grace and beauty rather than in terms of strength and skill.

Many of the girls of high families are beautiful and all of them seem ingenuous, modest, and sweet-tempered. The well-bred young men are magnificent in their strength. At six o'clock we took our ways home. We had been four hours at the feast.

Since Mauga's feast, we have been at many feasts, equally splendid and curious, notably one at Tufele's, a high chief of the island of Manua, a district judge and the leader of the Fitifiti Guard

Yesterday we dined with Naoteote, chief of Vatia, on the north coast, rowing ten miles up the coast and back. Each boat had twelve row-

ers, and was canopied with vines and palms and flowers. The Fitifiti Guards fairly carried the ladies of the party over the mountain and quite carried us all through the serf to the boats, embarking and going ashore. It rained torrents, and the sea was rough, but if there is anything worth while in the world for the mere joy of living, a row in a twelve-oared native boat in a rough sea, with another just like it alongside, and two crews of brown-backed giants, equally matched, pulling with Olympian spirit and incredible endurance, singing their thundering boat songs that outroar the ocean waves, is close to the top of the honor list, or I am no judge.

It appears impossible for these men to work without singing. This island runs by song-power. Every crew, no matter how severe the toil, sings constantly, and in the evening and early morning the shores of Pago Pago bay are vibrant with a running melody of native songs gathered and orchestrated by the trade wind in the palms, and the swish of the South Sea on the shore.

I have been here a week and have got used to my own enthusiasm so that there is no danger of its fooling me, and I say it is a remarkable race that has ceded its homes and committed its destiny to our government.

Only think of it, these people are as primitive as Adam and Eve. As I sat yesterday and heard Chief Naoteote exhort his people to get up out of heathen ways and follow the light of America, I felt as if I were back in the time of Abraham hearing the old friend of God tackle the darkness of his day and propose to his people to get up and get out.

Here is a race just catching the light of the world. I am so thankful to have seen it in the raw material. It gives one a shock to realize, as one does here in this little island where the transition from primitive to modern is so sudden and so visible, that the progress means an awful loss of the simple joy of the forest. The history of Samoa is the story of say five hundred thousand years of absolute liberty from care. The tribal wars have really been athletic sports. The people grow like the palm trees and drink the sun and rain, and bear, mature, and pass on painlessly. There is not an unhappy home in Somoa, nor a jealous wife, nor a stingy husband, nor a pauper, nor a debtor, nor a money lender. Because the climate is so perfect and the whole environment so soothing? Yes, but for another reason—that the moral ideas are so crude and low.

Christianity comes like a sting of death in an enlightened moral consciousness, and these

people, heretofore so happy and careless and innocent, begin to be dissatisfied with their country's customs, their homes and themselves; begin to wish their daughters were other than what they are, and that their sons were different. It is inspiring to look upon, but it is most pathetic. Eden is a picnic. Civilization is going home in the rain.

V.

Pago Pago, May 20, 1905.

IN this letter I want to sketch briefly, but as comprehensively as possible, the daily round of common life in Tutuila. We have been here long enough, and have visited enough among the natives to know a good deal, superficially, about the day's doings in the main thoroughfares of existence.

I have described a Samoan house as well as I could, in another letter. It is like a hollow hayrick set on stilts six feet high. It is open on all sides, but screens of small mats made of braided cocoanut leaflets are provided for lowering on the rainy side, or sunny side, in case of need. The people being almost nude—the children quite so, as a rule—are sensitive to cold winds and rain; hence the screens.

The floors are broken coral, covered with mats.

There are no partitions, no closets, no cupboard, table, chairs—nothing that we call furniture but a lamp. Whatever provisions are on hand are kept in a kit-basket on a kind of bracket or crosspiece on the center pole. There are in fact little or no provisions in advance. At every meal everything is eaten, or taken away by the guests, who in that case would have a little something ahead for the next meal. The rule is that every day and every meal looks out for itself, except Sunday, which is rigidly kept as a day of rest; no cooking, no visiting, no traveling, no fishing, no boating is done on Sunday. Food for the day is prepared on Saturday.

The only dishes are the half shells of cocoanuts, and they are never used twice. There are no dish-rags in Samoa. Water is rarely used for drinking—only the juice or milk of the green cocoanut. But for making kava, water is carried in empty cocoanut shells tied together in pairs with platted cords of sinnet, made from the husk of the cocoanuts by the old men, who spend their waning years in making it and winding it into balls for family use. The boys returning from the spring will have half a dozen pairs of these water bottles swung over the end of a stick carried on the shoulder.

The bread of Samoa is taro, or breadfruit, baked or boiled or prepared in little cakes; the

meat is fish, fowl, or pig. Pig is the great delicacy.

Washing is done—and very well done—in streams or waterholes, or in the sea when fresh water is not at hand, by using plenty of soap, and beating the clothes on a smooth rock with a mallet or a short club of ironwood. Cleanliness is a distinguishing characteristic of the Samoans. The day begins and ends with a bath, and no articles of clothing are worn two days in succession without having been washed. Mingling with the natives, one's olfactories are more or less offended by the smell of cocoanut oil with which they smear the exposed parts of the body, but the odor of sweat or dirt is never encountered.

Every Friday the heads of those not initiated into the uses of the fine comb are covered with a plaster of lime. This white-lime dressing for the hair is so pleasing to some of the natives that they keep it up as a matter of style, without reference to its original purpose.

So far as I can discern there is no sense of disgrace in Samoa. The prisoners on the "chain gang"—chainless, however—are as cheerful and sociable as anybody, and the station prison fairly roars with music of native songs the whole evening through.

The houses are as tidy as the inhabitants.

Every morning the mats are put out in the sun for cleansing, and the graveled floor thoroughly swept with a broom of cocoanut twigs which not only turns the pretty coral fragments but brushes from among them any bits of grass or crumbs or anything untidy. When the mats have been aired and sunned they are put back in their places, but always at right angles to the way they lie at night. The whitest suit of clothes is in no danger of being soiled in a Samoan house unless one leans against the outer posts where some native in full dress of cocoanut oil has recently been leaning.

Meals are eaten from small individual mats of cocoanut leaflets closely woven. These mats are say 12 x 24 inches. They are kept clean by having fresh banana leaves over them when in use, and they are forthwith thrown away upon becoming soiled.

There are no beds in Samoa. The people sleep on mats upon the gravel floor. The pillow is a joint of bamboo with no covering. The coverlet, if any is used, is a piece of tapa cloth, made of the inner bark ofthe tutuga tree beaten into sheets and ground with the natural paste of the arrowroot, and more beating. Sometimes a chief sleeps on a pile of mats and some have mosquito nets; everybody ought to, for while there is no great number of mosquitoes they are

"There are no beds in Samoa."

of the dangerous kind that carry yellow fever and elephantiasis.

Elephantiasis is the prevailing disease. It is a very common sight to see a native with an arm or a leg grown to enormous proportions, and almost unbearable weight. There appears to be no cure for it but surgery.

On the floor of the house, which is in shape an ellipse, say 40 x 50 feet, those who would sleep lay themselves side by side, without regard to age or sex, or relationship, lying down or rising at will. The white guest is provided with one of the older women to fan him all night if he will permit it, or to rub his feet or massage his body anywise which his comfort may suggest. He need have no concern about his money or his watch or jewelry. There are no thieves in Samoa. As I write this I am sitting in my room at the governor's mansion and my mose valuable baggage is in an empty hotel a mile away, with every door and window open, and I have not seen the place for four days.

Every chief, in addition to his own home, has near it, and usually in front of it, a "guest house" presided over by the taupou, or village queen. She is elected by the people and is their official social representative. She is sedulously guarded as a virgin, is implicitly obeyed as to all social matters and held in jealous

pride by her people. To sound her praises and to procure for her a distinguished marriage is the chief ambition.

It may well be imagined that in general the paternal line of ancestry is elusive, but in a land of everlasting summer and unfailing food supply, the care of children sits but lightly. All are cared for. The mothers have the warmest affection for them in their infancy, and later some one is pretty sure to take a fancy to them and adopt them with the mother's prompt and full consent, and the father's too, if he be known. Thus everybody has somebody else's child, but one selected after full inspection, and therefore fondly nurtured, not for duty, but for love. If one meets in any family a child or a lot of children which the man or wife introduces as his or hers, there s not even a suspicon raised that they, or any of them, are the fruit of the "'father's" and "mother's" marriage. If one introduces the son of his own mother and father, and cares to explain fully the relation, he says, "This is my true brother."

Until the American occupation marriages were as temporary as parentage; the relation of husband and wife continued simply during the mutual pleasure of the parties, but very great changes have taken place as to that during the last four years. The relation is rigidly

guarded by the law, and divorce allowed practically on the basis laid down by the Catholic church. The new arrangement seems about as satisfactory as the old, to the persons concerned. I shall have more to say on this subject in another article, but it is safe to say now, that radical improvement is taking place in regard to sexual relations in Samoa.

The picturesque costumes of the natives are rapidly giving way to American fashions, expressed in brief "Mother Hubbards" for the women, and shirts for the men. The gowns are usually of hideous patterns of calico, and the shirts are worn outside, the whole garment flaunting brazenly. Worst of all, the women who belong to the church are required by the London Mission Society, the strongest body in the islands, to wear hats on Sunday. The order is of course obeyed with alacrity—and fearful transformations of appearance.

The men are as fond of dress as the women and one may see now and again a strapping young man dressed in a white shirt hanging straight-away, and Boston garters without socks or shoes.

Boys coming to maturity are tattooed from the waiste to the knee in black pigment in conventional and really artistic design. The operation is attended with great suffering covering a

space of several weeks. The youth is laid full length upon a mat, and the artist pricks in the color with a rake-like instrument tapped with a small mallet, while his girl friend sits upon him wiping away the blood and sweat, and singing songs. This tattooing is the toga virilis of a Samoan, proclaiming him a man, and entitling him to a place in the councils of his family.

There is no money in Samoa. Evil there is, but not from that root. The native currency is "fine mats" which are legal tender at five dollars each. A pig costs not thirty dollars, but six fine mats, and so forth. These fine mats constitute the dowry of a bride. A Tutuila chief has recently brought his bride to Fagatoga where we are now living, from the Island of Upola, with a marriage portion of 280 fine mats, and two bales of tapa cloth. That of course, is riches, for it must not be understood for a moment that these mats can be bought for five dollars each. Many of them are heirlooms which have been worked upon for generations, and are unpurchasable at any price. In cases where the owners are willing, or compelled to sell them, the price runs from five dollars for the poorest quality up to a hundred dollars for the best. The mats are as fine and as durable as damask, and represent incalculable hours of expert labor.

The staple of Samoan agriculture is copra—the meat of the full-ripe cocoanut dried in the sun. The natives are very expert in opening the shell and removing the meat. The full-ripe nut has no milk in it. It is treated by the copra cutter as a head. The nut is held with the face toward one side, the two eyes upward. In that position it is struck with a stone on the back of a large knife exactly on the "crown of the head," when it falls apart in two smooth halves. Then the copra is quickly and easily removed.

The origin of the cocoanut is kept in a clear and rather pretty tradition. The story goes that a chief courted a maid and was rejected. He asked in view of the facts to be granted a slight request—that on his death he might be buried in her village near her house. This was granted, and he explained that his body would come out of the earth in the form of a tree that would supply her and hers with a nut which would be food and drink forever, and that whenever she sucked the sweet contents from the mouth of the nut he would feel her lips press his own.

The amusements of the children are such as all children know—games of marbles, slings, darts, boats, etc. Cricket is played by men and women alike, but dancing is the sport par ex-

cellence. The siva or native dance is done sitting, for the most part, and consists of simply a remarkable series of arm and body movements in imitation of the various industries and pursuits of native life, or of things that the dancers have seen done by soldiers, marines, or tourists. At a church dedication the other day they sung that American classic, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye," with great gusto accompanied by an imitation of a military drill that they had seen in its company.

The dead are tenderly buried close to the houses where they lived. The graves are bordered with stones, and covered with broken coral, and are treated as sacred spots not to be trodden on or disturbed in any way.

There are no servants in Samoa. One whom at home we should call a "servant" is here a "son" or "daughter," or simply au'auna—one who does an errand. Each member of the family works and does his share, or her share, of the household enonomy. The women do the fishing, in the main. The men do the cooking. The women make the thatch. The men put it in place.

Cooking is done by villages, in a hole in the ground where stones are heated on a bonfire. Then the food is piled on the stones and well covered with green banana leaves to keep it

clean, covered with earth, and left for many hours. The various articles to be cooked are platted up in cases or pockets of cocoanut leaves or ti leaves. A vessel very like a demijohn is made by covering a bottle with a network or husk of rattaan. Then the food is always clean and even inviting to Ameirican eyes, if one be hungry enough.

Women in all respects are on an equallity with men in Samoa. They have an equal voice in the family councils, and an equal vote in village affairs.

The tools in Samoa are stone adzes and hammers, cutting instruments of shells and a large knife. The weapons are clubs of hardwood, spears of tough wood pointed with sharks' teeth, and heading-knives, but the most dangerous weapon is a match. Only a few weeks ago the houses of the head men in a village near where I sit writing this letter were fired and burned to the ground by the men of another village angry because one of their number had been rejected as a suitor by one of the village girls.

They are all Christians in Samoa, and relatively to Samoan ideals and environments, quite equal in quality to the American article. They are kind, easy to be entreated, hispitable to strangers, in honor preferring one another. Long before any missionary touched these

shores the Samoan had the custom of grace before eating.

The only musical instruments in Samoa are the human voice, and the drum—a boat turned bottom side up on a hollow log of hardwood. There is also a bamboo flute, but it is a mere toy not worth mentioning. But song is the Samoan music, and the Samoan history as well. The islands have no records but the songs. Yet there is not the slightest notion of musical values as civilization estimates them.

There is no trace of the pictorial art in Samoa. The people are as careless as birds, as perfect in their little knowledge, as feeble in desire for change.

VII.

Pago Pago, May 24, 1905.

SOLEAI, chief of Nuuuli, invited us to spend two days in his village on the occasion of dedicating the new church just erected by the natives under the auspices of the London Missionary society. The invitation came through the governor of the island who was to make the dedication speech, to be followed with a brief address by myself.

On Wednesday morning, May 24, we set out —the governor, his wife, and her mother, Mrs.

Johns, of Decatur, Ill., Mrs. Gurr, the "Fanua" of my former letter, and ourselves. Stout native soldiers were in attendance to carry our baggage and assist the ladies over the steep places on the trail. Others of the station, officers and their wives, were to follow later in the day.

It had been planned that we should go part way by boat, but the sea was rough and the fears of a few condemned the legs of all and we walked.

The distance is not over four or five miles, and the trail follows one of the most picturesque coasts in existence, but the way is over broken stems of coral and up rugged hills, slippery from frequent rains, so that a rate of about two miles an hour is very good speed indeed.

All Samoan trails, on the shore or in the interior, are marked by lines of cocoanut trees. When a trail is broken out the workmen throw cocoanuts, more or less at random, in the bush as they proceed. These spring up to define the road and provide a never-failing food and drink supply for travelers ever after.

There is a certain penalty involved in this arrangement, however, for there is need for the traveler to watch out lest a ripe cocoanut fall on him as he passes or some loosening palm

Church dedication, Nuuuli.

leaf fan him away to everlasting bliss by dropping on his head when he is out for a day's pleasure.

The villages are invariably set in cocoanut groves, and long before its houses come into view a village announces itself and its unbounded hospitality by the waving tops of its palms towering as much as a hundred feet or more against the sky or the darker green of the mountain side.

This is the height of the copra season, and all the villages are busy opening the fallen cocoanuts and cutting out the meat, which spread on mats in the sun is dried for three days and sold at about sixty dollars a ton under the name of "copra." It is used for making soap and candy and sundry cooking products. All the copra produced here is shipped in bulk to the states. Copra is to Samoa what cotton is to Alabama, corn to Illinois, or wheat to Minnesota. The crop never fails and the demand is always good.

Samoans never eat ripe cocoanuts. The half-ripe ones furnish the universal drink and an important part of the food supply.

We reacher Nuuuli at noon and spent the rest of the day in rest and visiting. Kava, of course, was served immediately on our arrival and a bounteous supper in the evening. After

kava we took our lunch in hampers and crossed an arm of the sea to visit the "iron-bound coast," so called from the black volcanic cliffs that form the shore, where no boat can land, and where ten thousand miles of Pacific ocean hurl themselves, century on century unhindered, and almost unseen.

The ocean siege is winning, too. Long tunnels have been driven far beneath the towering fortresses and have forced great blow-holes upward to the surface far inland so that one looks across a field of spouting geysers which are of course not geysers, but only the escapements of the terrific hydraulics by which the sea is forcing the black cliffs to their fall. Ages it works boring a shaft into the face of the palisades, then on the shaft of water so inserted, the whole Southern ocean pounds, to the trumpeting of the southeast trade winds, until the walls fall in, little by little perhaps a foot a century.

In the evening there was a bounteous supper and more kava in the chief's house and finally a native dance. Nuuuli is the second village in size in the island, and the dedication of its church was an affair of first importance. The villages of the Eastern district were fully represented in the preparations and some of them had moved in, bodily. Those villages that had crack teams of dancers were in the intensest

competition and many a time during the tournament we were on the eve of an explosion such as under the old regime, which the United States government supplanted four years ago, would have meant bloodshed and burnt villages. This was the most barbaric siva we had seen. Modesty, which is surely gaining a foothold here, albeit slowly, seemed at times about to be forgotten, and the glare of one or two lanterns lit up as fierce and stark and terrible festivity as it is possible to conceive—all the more striking because an hour before the whole village, chiefs, visitors, children and dogs, had been gathered at prayers about the little square fire holes. one of which in the floor of every house is lighted morning and evening with a little bonfire of cocoanut leaves as an altar to the Most High.

We had already become more or less acquainted with the visiting chiefs, their wives and their taupous, and very fond of some of them, so the evening was full of warm--hearted greetings and visits and Judge Gurr had joined us in time for supper.

We went to bed at eleven. Mrs. Woolley and I slept in the house of the missionary. on the only floor in the village—about ten feet by fifteen in the end of the school room, kept for visitors and provided with a beadstead and a

mosquito net. The mattress was a smooth board with a grass mat on it, and it seemed to give the natives some pleasure to see us prepare for the night. There are no doors or windows in Samoa and the uses of privacy have entered into the mind of no native. The Pacific ocean was our wash-basin and the light of the southern moon was our only counterpain.

It must not be gathered from this that the natives were impudent or stupid or that any quality of good hospitality was lacking. The natives are gently curious, always clean, and never impudent, and we did not for an instant resent their wide-eyed innocence of civilized forms.

There is no regular time for doing anything in Samoa. The people "behold the fowls of the air" and toil not, nor spin, nor eat, nor sleep, save when they feel inclined. The village grew quiet after midnight, but the light which burned in every house revealed in nearly all of them crowds of brown bodies sitting cross-legged on mats gravely visiting. In some were dancers practicing for the next day's competitions, and all about the ways and on the shore dark forms were moving whenever we looked out, and that was many times, for sleep was shy.

There are no "'nerves" in Samoa. Callers sit sweetly on their feet for hours saying not a

word. Nobody says a word unless he has one that he wants to say. When one wants to leave he says tofa and leaves. Nobody cares why he went; nobody wonders where he is going.

A dip in the sea, breakfast and kava installed the second day—the day of the dedication. At ten o'clock the procession was formed at the chief's house led by the native ministers with the governor and his party. To describe that procession is the impossibility which I now essay.

Back of the officials with whom by courtesy we walked, the line was formed by villages. Each village was led by its taupon, or virgin, dressed in gorgeous nudity. That is to say, in beads and wreaths, and fine mats about the loins, and garlands in the jet black hair; but naked from the knee down, and from the waist up, save for a dangling ribbon, or an infinitesmal bodice of some flaming colored silk.

The chiefs wore breech cloths and white jackets, except Mauga, high chief of the Eastern end of Tutuila, who had on a jacket of some dark stuff. The missionaries wore white breech cloths and white jackets, or white shirts, the entire garment visible and above board. The young men wore nothing but the usual lavalava or breech cloth. The other men, as befitted their sedater tastes, had the lavalava

and thin cotton undershirts worn plain and all outside, with the opening at the back. The women all wore upon their heads crowns or wreaths of small leaves, or of green banana leaves cut in fine strips and crumpled into a kind of curling fringe and on their bodies pinafores or chemises of figured print falling down over the lavalava. But the wives of some of the high chiefs, for lack of some timely American advice, were dressed in shirt waists and trailing skirts, greatly to the detriment of their natural charms.

Singing a splendid hymn, mostly bass and alto, owing to the men being most aggressive musically, we marched clear around the new church, the head missionary leading, bearing the keys. At the front door a prayer was offered and then the door and windows thrown open.

It took an hour to stow the congregation. Formality reaches its climax in Samoa. The governor, chiefs, and visiting whites were given chairs at the front with convenient interpreters at hand. The taupous were assembled on prominent benches in front of the pulpit. The seats were filled with the others by villages and the large altar space and all the aisles, with children and overflow sitting on mats.

The initial exercise was the financial state-

ment showing what gifts had been received and who the donors were. It appeared that the church had been two years in building, had cost, exclusive of the common labor, which is not counted, $6,750. The work was all done by natives, except the masonry and joining. They cut the coral and shaped it and carried it on their shoulders man by man and passed it to the masons on the rising walls. The money was all raised by natives by the sale of copra. The church was dedicated free of debt and the American hold-up which appertains to dedications was conspicuous by its absence.

Addresses were made by the governor, myself, and several chiefs and after three hours of initiatory services Nuuuli church was open for business.

This is distinctively and aggressively a Christian country. The Bible being the only important book printed in the Samoan language, everybody has it and everybody reads it, but mainly for purposes of "church." The Samoans, like the Americans, consider the church the house of God, and the business house and dwelling house and state house as belonging to somebody else or something else. Yet in every village the little church, or at any rate a grass-house with a bell in front, in the midst of carelessness and worldiness, rises to prophesy.

After service the feast was spread on palm leaves overlaid with banana leaves, under a canopy of other palm leaves, on the ground. The "table" was two hundred feet long by four wide, and loaded with Samoan delicacies, pigs, fish, fowls, taro and fruits, with cocoanuts "to drink." No knives, no forks, no spoons, no dishes—"nothing but leaves." I sat with the daughter of a famous chief of the island of Manua. She opened proceedings by picking up a roast pig, tearing it to bits with her hands and picking out of the wreck sundry tid-bits for me, and I ate them like a man and a Samoan.

After the feast, the food was apportioned among the guests. A chicken, a pig's head, a pile of cocoanuts and two sticks of sugar cane (to be sucked) were my share. Then the villagers gathered up the basketfuls of broken food.

Then followed, after an interval of half an hour, the tololo, which was performed with great pomp and circumstance. We were grouped in front of the chief's house facing the Malae, or main street of the village. From the further end of the street advanced the taupou of Nuuuli newly arrayed, attended by the young men and women all dancing and singing, and bearing gifts of cocoanuts, sugar

"After service the feast was spread."

cane, chickens, taro and kava. These were laid before us on a huge mat of palm leaves just torn from the trees for the purpose. Then while a young chief advanced and made the usual complimentary speech completing the gift, the taupou calmly removed her dress of tapa cloth and gave it to the governor. The "dress" was simply a piece of tapa cloth folded about the waist over the lavalava.

Finally came the siva, or dance, the culmination of the day's doings. It was now four o'clock and the torrid sun was steaming down the west. Mats were spread in the Malae. The taupous were dressed again in finer—fewer clothes. Then they came on, by villages. Young men nearly naked, with glorious physiques, sat on either side of their taupou and went through their dances with wonderful precision and utter savagery. It seemed impossible that these were the same people we had seen devoutly following the service, Bible in hand, for three solid hours that morning.

After several "numbers" sitting, they stood to dance and then the absolute wildness of it all came out in full relief. They do not touch each other except with the finger tips upon the shoulders, and that only for completing the figure which they are executing. When they

stand, they do not touch at all and they never touch the taupou.

The scenes are lewd only so far as seminudity and certain pointing and grimacing may make them so.

The missionaries would be glad to put an end to the siva. but they might as well try to put an end to the equator. They are succeeding in a moderate increase of the drapery and in time no doubt will succeed in abolishing the dance altogether. But nothing can be done quickly in Samoa.

When the sun was setting the last siva had been done and the dedication or the orgy was over and we had been actually and absolutely back to nature for two days.

VIII.

Pago Pago, May 30, 1905.

THE bachelors of the war-ship "Adams," stationed in Tutuila, gave a party on shore in the village of Fagatoga; and away out there in the middle of the ocean, precisely as would have been the case in Washington or Chicago, the burning question among the feminine invitees was what to wear. Mrs. Woolley, who had been helping Fanua and

Faapia design and make a costume for Siutu, the queen of Pago Pago, got an idea. It was new. It was daring. It was giddy. She asked Fanua to dress her as a taupou for the party. She was told that no white woman had ever dressed in that costume in Samoa, but the native friends were plainly delighted at the proposal.

So when the festive hour arrived an innovation might have been seen moving in full dress —but not so very full—along the shore from Judge Gurr's house to Fagatoga; but not alone. Besides Fanua, the judge, and myself, there were others. Nothing escapes the eye of the natives. Soon there was a crowd of villagers at our heels inspecting the new taupou. The crewd grew until we entered the palm-embowered bungalow of the bachelors.

The verdict seemed to be favorable. The new queen had made a hit, and from that time until we sailed, she was greeted with a perceptible increase of native cordiality, and the judgment of the whites was equally favorable, or at any rate equally kind. When Tufele, a magnificent chief from the island of Manua, entered the room with his equally handsome wife, a little after we arrived, he went straight up to her and took her hand in both of his, ejaculating with evident approval, "Ha, the American

taupou," and the name stuck to her as long as we remained in Samoa.

The new taupou served the kava to the bachelors' guests, giving in the operation an excel-

"The American Taupou."

lent imitation of the genuine performance; and when we left for our lodgings at midnight the footpath on the beach was populous with

natives waiting to say "talofa" to the suddenly exalted queen.

The dress that did the business was made out of black tapa cloth—that is to say, the inner bark of the mulberry tree beaten into sheets with mallets of hard wood, and died with vegetable dyes. The waist was low-necked and sleeveless; the skirt had its citizenship some eighteen inches above the earth, at the lower side, and had the tapa cloth cut into a fringe around the bottom. The neck and sleeves—or rather arm-holes—were fringed in the same way. Over the skirt a Samoan fine mat trimmed with small red, yellow, and green bird feathers, was fastened with a long narrow sash of white tapa cloth. A garland of fine ferns and red hibiscus blossoms completed the neck of the dress, and the finishing touches were chains of bright red seeds, in many strands, worn around the neck and shoulders, and a wreath of gorgeous hibiscus blossoms in the hair.

After the party the entire costume was presented to the debutante to be taken to America. She confidently looks forward to having her beautiful Samoan friend, Fanua, as her guest at 5535 Cornell avenue, Chicago, at no distant day.

If in these letters I have seemed to slight

the white friends who were so good to us and so good to be known, the explanation is that our visit to the islands had from the first plan of it, and kept to the end of it, the emphasis on the natives, whom to know as we know them in the naive unconcern of "civilized" conventionalities was and is yet like an enchantment.

We have often marked when on our travels how small the world is, how certainly we are akin to everybody, and how rapidly the ends of the earth are becoming knit together by many ties. Samoa furnished another example. When we called on the governor, and in course of the conversation it appeared that we were of Chicago, he said incidentally: "I was born at Paris, Ill." Then in answer to my question he said that his father was the Rev. Jesse Moore, my father's friend, and that his wife was Miss Johns, of Decatur, whose father I had known by reputation in my boyhood. Later, when we had "moved in" to the governor's house and spent the long tropical evenings talking of everything, Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Moore's mother, recalled having visited in Delaware, O., in her youth and having met Mrs. Woolley's family there. So the great web of human life is weaving on; the human threads run together, interweave, part, seem lost, come back,

Falls at Fagalu.

come together, and only One knows what the pattern is to be when all is done.

Mrs. Johns is a wonderfully interesting woman, whose early life was cast in intimate relationship with Lincoln, Trumbull, Davis, Douglass, Edwards, Usher, and that galaxy of giants in the early days of Illinois. Her father's house in Piatt county was their home at intervals for many years when they were "on the circuit."

I say, if I have seemed to touch lightly on our attachment and obligation to these charming friends, and to have given Judge Gurr's wife, Fanua, precedence of himself in this correspondence, it is their own fault, or their own misfortune, for not being Samoans, bare-footed, bare-armed, bare-headed, with hibiscus blossoms over their left ears.

When the "Sierra" steamed up Pago Pago bay on the morning of May 31, our hearts were heavy, and we grudged the hours that remained. We stowed our "stuff" on board and spent the time in rapid-fire visiting with the dear friends that came on to wait with us until the hour for sailing. Fanua had robbed her own rose garden for our cabin. Judge Gurr had given us a copy of Carlyle from the library of Robert Louis Stevenson with memoranda in his own hand and his name on the fly-leaf.

At noon we cleared for Auckland, and as the ship headed for open sea we looked our reluctant good-byes to the idyllic bay and the familiar villages, while the palm trees from water's edge to mountain summit waved to us "Talofa," "Come again," which, God willing, we shall surely do.

Just as we got in motion Professor Rutherford, of McGill University, the great physicist, made himself known, and so reminded us that the old human loom was weaving right on at sea no less than on the land. The whole world of science knows who he is, but to us at the moment he was only a gifted young New Zealander who married Miss Newton, of Christchurch, daughter of our dear friend and the head of one of our New Zealand homes.

For two days out of Pago Pago the sea was like a pond and the air almost too sweet, cooling the Winter. But two days out of Auckland we encountered a terrific head sea, telling of nasty weather down below. We plunged on into the storm that leaped upon us with a yell, and our hopes of making port early on Monday, June 5, went glimmering. For two days the ship seemed fighting for mere life, the dining-room was all but deserted. I was alone at the chief officer's table for most of the time. The poor taupou was in a state of utter col-

lapse in her cabin, and the sea was breaking across our bows and drenching everything. But the great eight-thousand horse-power engines pounded right on, and at 9 o'clock Monday night we made fast to Auckland pier.

C. H. Poole was on hand to meet us, with Wesley Spragg, of the New Zealand Alliance, our host of four years ago, and our friend after the order of Melchizedek, without beginning of life or end of days.

Our baggage passed the customs without being opened, and with a politeness on the part of the officials which made us blush internally, remembering some experiences with our own customs inspectors at home.

IX.

En route South Island, July 20, 1905.

THIS letter ought to contain something about the beauty of Auckland, but I am not good at that. In fact, however, this harbor is one of the "sights" of the world, and is certainly magnificent. I do not now remember any other city that has a great ocean on either side and the approach coming from America is on a scale of magnificence which promptly eliminates me as an artist in plumbago. The parks of Auckland are old volcanoes,

and the fences are slabs and chunks of scoria. The landscape is green, is as constant and as persistent as the blue of the sea and sky, and the trees are everything that belongs to the tropics, including the Australian eucalyptus, which scattered sparsely through the fields, as it is here, is really beautiful.

It is midwinter now and a "hard winter"—so the old inhabitant says—"very exceptional," but camelias, gladiolus, calla lilies, lemon blossoms, heather, acacia, gorse, and broom are blooming everywhere, people are planting gardens, and the smell of garden fires is in the air. The children are bare-footed and heated houses are unknown.

The people of New Zealand are "our folks" —that is to say, they are homey, and hearty, and hospitable, in the superlative degree. They are not as elastic a people as we are, not so sudden and wide open. They live behind hedges and blinds. They have no roaring, crackling fires; they get no coddling with steam pipes; they are somewhat rigid in comparison with us. But on the other hand, their homes are sacred to home things, business gets locked up in the shop at night, and the big dining-room, which is the social exchange of every house, sparkles with running conversation.

But when these people come out from behind their hedges and stone walls and window blinds and get together in a public meeting they are simply glorious in their sturdy, open honesty and codiality. If a speaker has a good time they cheer to the echo. If he has hard sledding they lift with might and main. If he is ill natured they sit on him. If he makes an error they challenge him. But the whole thing is as open as sunlight, and as antiseptic.

Politically, New Zealand is by far the most interesting and inspiring country I have ever seen. Just as Japan, in these days, stands first in war, this colony stands first in peace. Just as Japan is just now the greatest killer, this country is the greatest maker-alive. Absolutely any respectable and respectful proposition can get a hearing on its merits here. The referendum secured by the Prohibitionists in 1896, under which, automatically, the liquor problem comes up every three years, has worked out the greatest peaceable revolution of modern times, in making the people conscious of themselves. Mistakes are made here as everywhere; there are grafters and there is dirty politics; but this is actually what the United States is not as yet, a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

The railways of New Zealand, strange as it

may sound to American ears are operated in the interest of the people. Freight is classed somewhat the same as in America, but the rate fixed for each class per pound, per ton, or per car, is as fair and as invariable as postage. The man, or corporation, that posts a million letters pays at the same rate as those who send one. New Zealand freights are like that, honest, decent.

Strange to say, too, the goods are handled promptly and carefully. A poor man's table and chair, sent by freight, is handled on the theory that it is important for him to get it delivered in good order and on time. A carload of silk and diamonds would fare no better.

The freight cars—"goods waggons," as they call them—are funny little flat cars. When they are loaded with perishable goods they are covered with tarpaulins. Shunting makes allowance for the possibility that the property is worth keeping together, and that the cars may be needed for another trip.

The station agents do not despise a small transaction, nor take it as a personal insult to be asked a civil question.

In consequence, the small shopkeeper has a chance to develop his business and himself, and the incorporated hog can't eat him up, nor root him under.

Passenger traffic is on the same simple, honest lines. One pays a penny a mile if he rides in a second-class carriage, or towpence a mile first-class. There are no passes save for public officials on public business, and distinguished visitors. A second-class carriage is like an omnibus, only much bigger. It is the democratic vehicle. In it one may be crowded, or may be annoyed by a drunk man or an unwashed one, or hear himself discussed, if he is a public speaker, in ways that do not tend to edification. The double price for first-class carriages makes them quiet, roomy and cleanly.

There are no sleeping cars in New Zealand, nor need of any. Through trains carry dining-cars, very primitive from our point of view, but serving excellent meals—soup, meat, two vegetables, tea, bread, butter, jam and cheese, all two shillings. Tips are all but unknown.

Baggage is carried in "the van." The checking system is in operation, but practically unused. Every one sees to putting his own "luggage" in the van, labelled for his destination, and then lets nature take its course. At any station the train will be held any length of time to enable one to identify his things if by any chance they should not have been put off regularly.

Trunks, etc., are carefully lifted off, and set

down on the platform without a jar. A good trunk goes down the generations in a family like an heirloom.

Only one man accompanies the train. He is called a guard. He tries to accommodate the travellers, is plainly dressed, puts on no airs. He carries a book of blank forms of tickets, with carbon paper for copying, and in case any passenger has failed to "book," he is supplied without a murmur. He seems to think it important that his passengers be comfortable and get to where they want to go. It does not seem to occur to him that the train is run for him.

The passenger cars are various in style, since the department is always ready to try new ideas. The train in which I am riding as I write this, for instance, consists of the engine, a second-class carriage, two first-class carriages, a van for mail and one for baggage. The second-class carriage is thirty feet long. One of the first-class carriages is somewhat like an American car, only much smaller and with a row of seats for two on one side of the aisle and a row of single seats on the other. The car in which I am riding has six compartments for six passengers each, opening on an outside corridor fenced in with wire. All first-class cars are provided at this time of the year with

hot water cans for the feet. These cars are made in America, but the department is beginning to build cars, in a small way.

Trains stop long at stations, for nobody hurries.

The station agent is a quiet man, in uniform, who rings a dinner bell five minutes before the train is to start, and again when it is time to go. Even after the last bell he walks the length of the train, saying: "All seats, please," and if there is any reason for it he holds the train a little longer.

At the station everybody gets a cup of tea freshly made and served politely and quietly. The prices, fixed by the Government, are posted in large type, and all the food is clean and perfectly prepared.

The station agent also sells the tickets, and does not feel it incumbent on him to snub the ignorant or awkward, or steal the change.

No liquors are sold at railroad stations, and hereafter the seats on trains are to be numbered and sold like theater seats, each passenger owning his seat and holding a coupon for it.

The policy of the Government is to regard the railways as adjuncts to the settlement of the country and look upon the earning of a large profit as of minor importance as compared to the benefits which accrue to the State

by giving to the settlers a convenient and cheap means of transporting the produce of their farms to the markets; and any surplus which may accrue after the payment of 3 per cent on the capital cost of the lines is returned to the users of the railways in cheapened freights and increased facilities.

The present milage open for traffic is 2,371 miles, and the policy of the Government is to distribute the increase of railway facilities fairly throughout the Colony at no more rapid rate than the conservative management of the finances will admit.

The present condition of railway development is extraordinary when one remembers that the Colony is barely sixty years old. But it seems to me two things ought to be done without much delay.

The present narrow gauge, with its appropriate light rails, ought to be changed to standard gauge with heavy rails and about double the present possible speed.

There ought to be trunk lines north and south through both islands, from Auckland to Wellington in the North Island, and from Picton to Invercargill in the South Island. That would give a coherency of plan for extensions which is now absent and impossible.

The length of time now required to go from

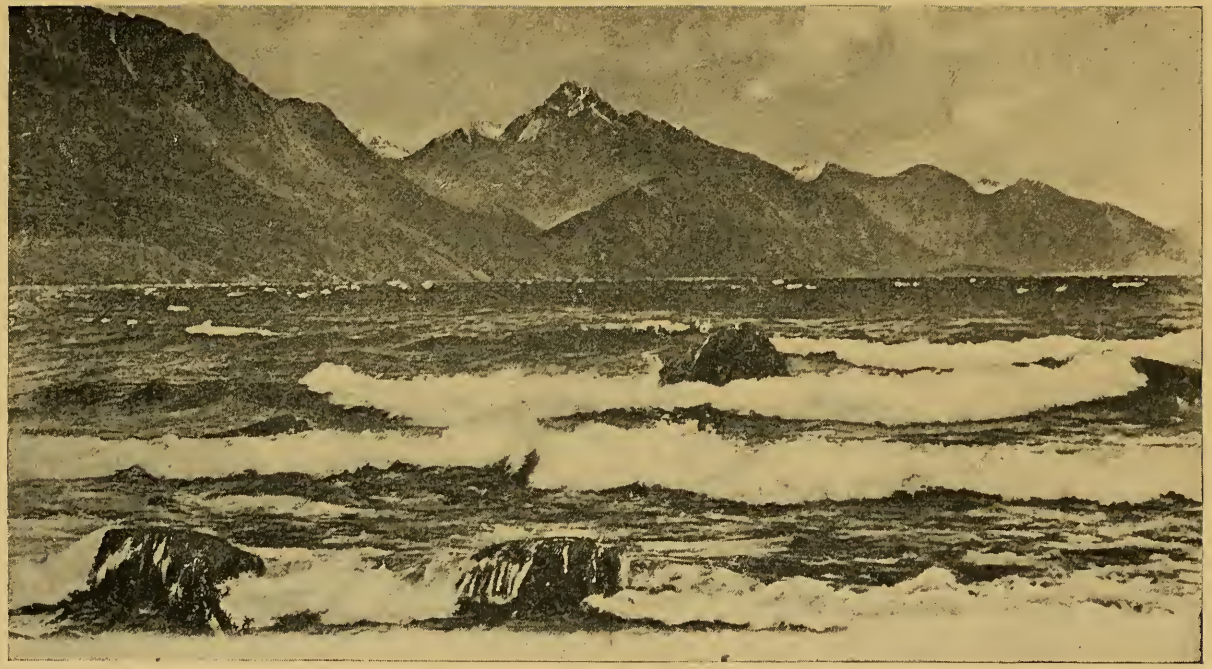
Auckland to Invercargill is ridiculous in an up-to-date State like this.

The same assiduous attention to details that marks the railway servants is to be seen also in the matter of stage routs and wagon roads, and steamboat service on the cold lakes that are an important feature of scenic New Zealand.

I have just been into the heart of the Remarkables, the finest mountain range in the Colony. The sail up Lake Wakatipu, between the crowding, beetling mountain tops, is grand beyond words. I know nothing finer in Switzerland, and here the Government has a neat, clean little steamer, the "Mountaineer," which gives excellent accommodations at a fixed and very reasonable cost, and no tips expected or allowed.

And how one can eat, sailing in that blue water, thirteen hundred feet deep with snowy summits towering over him, and ozone from the glaciers filling him with a sense of wings and eloquence and rich and glorious health and love of eternal life.

This country is the magnificent object lesson in the world as to the inner, finer meanings of democracy, and in no department does it appear to better advantage than in a railway service that, instead of skinning and defying the



"Up Lake Wakatipsu."

people, serves them faithfully, efficiently and impartially.

X.

En route South Island, July 10, 1905.

WHILE Mrs. Woolley is recuperating among the geysers at Rotorua, I am swinging down the east coast of the South Island, to leftward, feasting my eyes on the boundless blue Pacific, which matches the heavens so completely that there is no visible sky line where they meet, and to the right, on snowy mountain ranges, that form the backbone of the richest province in Australasia.

One who has drunk so deep as I have of a nation's hospitality can scarcely be expected to write critically of its customs---much less to make a dissection of its homes. At the vitals of them, good homes are much alike the world over. The differences are trifles, but they are interesting. Some of them I jot down here, almost at random.

Remember, that generalizing always means inaccuracy. What one gains by it in faculty he loses in exactness. Every kind of home life is to be found in New Zealand, save that which sqeezes itself into an American flat. I have while traveling here looked into a dainty

A colonial home.

American home, with warm rooms and pretty furniture and crockery and bic-a-bac, and into every kind from that down to an ugly, drafty English country seat. But there is a typical colonial home wherein is the ark of the covenant of New Zealand progress. It is that I seek to show you in this letter, very sketchily and roughly, but affectionately and, as far as I go, truly.

It is one story high—in view of possible earthquakes—painted brown and roofed with corrigated iron. You may easily miss it if you don't look sharp, for it is all but hidden behind a hedge of laurel, thorn, privet or cedar, pierced with high arched loopholes for the massive doors or gates that open with true British non-committalness into a garden of uncompromising rectangles shackled with box borders, where plants in great variety and beautifully tended, but destitute of ease, or grace, or liberty, keep lock step, as in penal servitude, going nowhere but to the biennial pruning, when the cedars are shaved like peg tops and the holly bushes are squared up like a wall. I think I have seen the black birds wipe their feet before entering these gardens, and the thrushes shun them as they would a trap. I have seen nothing here like our restful little 16 x 25 American wildernesses that are so free and easy as irre-

sistibly to suggest a roll or a somersault alike to limber-legged lads or stiff-backed old boys that come under the spell of them.

All this, of course, refers to town houses. In the country, houses are flanked with exquisite paddocks shut up in stone walls built of volcanic scoria.

The house is, say, 40 x 60, with a veranda on two sides and a hall straight through the center front to rear. One of the front rooms is the drawing room and is dedicated to "company." The other front room is the dining-room and it is the hub of the family life. The great table is never out of commission; if it is not occupied with food and drink then it is with books, or work or games. It is the only room where there is regularly a fire, in cold weather, and at the coldest its small grate has but a handful of sticks or coal, and a psychological blaze. In this room the family and the familiar friends do all their visiting. The preparations for the four meals a day go right on in the midst of the work or play. When the meal is over the table is cleared for the heavy cloth that serves between meals, and the gentle, genuine, generous family life goes on its quiet way, without a break.

The kitchen is located away to the rear, without any reference whatever to its normal rela-

tions with the dining-room, and is quite destitute of the attractiveness of its American contemporary. There are no swinging doors or butler's pantries, but the New Zealand kitchen "gets there just the same," for it is thoroughly clean, thoroughly ventilated, the food is carried to table under pewter covers, the kettle of hot water is always steaming on the trivet in the dining-room, and bad cookery is unknown.

The bedchambers are small and square and open only from the hall. There are no chests —only wardrobes—and no attempts at luxury or beauty. The sleeping room is for sleeping in, strictly and severely, and the bed is soft and warm and clean and loaded with blankets.

The whole house is carpeted with linoleum, with small rugs beside the beds and before the sofas and fireplaces.

The meals are indoor picnics, where the partakers are as free as sparrows. The food is as delicious as it is in Maryland, but without the Maryland profusion. New Zealand housekeepers lead the world in bread, butter and mutton, and in the other staples they are not second to any. The colony is run by tea power, and water is used for cooking and the bath. Fish is eaten with two forks, puddings with a fork and spoon, fruit with a knife and fork, and napkins are called "serviettes." Everybody

looks out for everybody and the spirit is that of flawless hospitality and good fellowship. There are four meals a day, besides afternoon tea at 4 o'clock, breakfast, dinner, tea and supper at bedtime. The family life is lived aloud. Everybody talks about everything. Conversation flows as brightly and unaffectedly as meadow brooks. Peevishness and palaver are equally conspicuous by their absence.

From a Yankee standpoint the absence of fires is the only drawback. I am writing in mid-winter. The old inhabitant says this is "a bitter day." The mercury is about 38 degrees. It is cold, however. The humid air and the south wind reach one to the marrow, and the houses feel like wells. I am writing this on the train near Invercargill. I have my overcoat on, a scarf round my neck, a heavy rug over my knees and a hot water can at my feet. Next month spring begins, and before we leave New Zealand it will be mid-summer.

The language of New Zealand inclines to have what is called the colonial accent, but the voices are soft and free from any nasal tone, and good American slang passes current at face value. The vocabulary is much smaller than ours, but much exacter. Both in conversation and in more formal speech the language has less twilight, half tones, light and shade, after-

glow—than ours, and is therefore less stimulating, but as I say, it is more "certain to a certain intent in particulars," as Chitty says.

Some of the names of common things are such as we use rarely, if at all. "Treating," as we use the word, in connection with the drink habit, is called "shouting;" a sidewalk is a "foot path;" a church festival is a "sale of work," a field is a "paddock," a "section" of land is not a square mile but a lot of variable size, from a quarter of an acre up to five acres.

All these generalizations with regard to the people are completely astray, unless it be kept in mind that they apply only to masses of people and only very broadly, even to them.

New Zealand is far more like America than it is like Great Britain, but it is far "slower" than America. There are no "nerves" here. People sleep late. They do not hurry to business. The trains run slowly. The shops close early. There are many holidays. A day's work is eight hours. Nobody sputters. Nobody gets left. The marked difference between the two countries is the same that exists between us and the old country, but in a less degree. The difference is in rigidity. Everything American is put together loosely. Everything British is put together tight—jokes, clothes, sermons, locomotives, and in consequence American things

are nicer than British things, but they don't last as long. An English engine is as stiff as if it were cast solid; its Yankee relative is as limber and adaptable as if it had a soul. An English speech does not get itself misquoted, beacuse the speaker leaves nothing to a nod or a shrug or a grin or an inflection. English conversation does not exaggerate and the positive degree of a Yankee is a Scotch superlative. British words are as assorted and definite as the types in a printer's case. They are inconvertible. They have no fringe. It follows that the people get the credit of being honester than we. They are not, in their purpose; in their expression they are. John's word is not better than Jonathan's, but it is less apt to get damaged in transit. The reason John seems to us dull to our humor is that exaggeration upsets him and a job lot of meanings to the same word make him gasp.

Sincerity, stability, solvency, these are the tall traits of New Zealanders. What they say they mean. What they say, they stand to. What they say is all there.

Beauty to them is ninety per cent. ability. They know nothing about luxury, their homes are not as pretty as ours. Neither are their clothes, or their shops, or their vehicles. Their children are taught to keep away from the fire.

The hardening of life, to keep it independent and dependable, is almost Spartan in its grimness. Steam pipes, soft fabrics, beautiful ices or candies, and the whole sphere of things like these, make slow headway here; but they make some.

These are the most satisfactory people I have ever known; the fundamental lines of character show up so plainly in them. They never keep you guessing. They do not pretend. They bow the head to British law. They bow the knee to God alone.

As an experiment station for showing how Christianity and what Christianity will grow and bear in practical politics, it is the most interesting and important bit of land on earth. More than ninety per cent of the people are professed Christians.

The judges are appointed for life, on the ground of character and learning. The lawyers are men of scholarship and pride in their profession. They still wear wigs and gowns and hold up the fine old sense of honor among themselves as officers of the court. It is a hardy land of elementary ideas. It is a great debating society with power to act. Conveniences and danties and luxuries have not yet caught the public attention. The barber shops sell tobacco and walking sticks and shear men as if

they were sheep. There are no bootblacks. There is no such thing known as "a shine." Boots are only "cleaned." Of confectionery, as we know it, they have none. What they have is called "lollies," and it is as bad as the name. To be sound, to be square, to be successful, these are the three cardinal doctrines in New Zealand. They have not yet considered how to be comfortable.

XI.

Rotorua, July 16, 1905.

ON my arrival at Rotorua, the volcanic wonderland of New Zealand, and the chief center of the Maori population, I found the native part of the community in a state of great agitation. The cause of the agitation was the death of a great chief, Kepa Te Rangipuaawhe, at Whakarewarewa, the Maori village, which stands near Rotorua in the midst of the geyser district.

I had attended native funerals on our former visit to this country, but none of such great general interest as this. Chief Kepa was the last of the old Arawa tribe, and a distinguished man, even measured by British standards. In the war of 1868 between the Maoris and the British, he had chosen the British side and

Maori chief.

bravely and faithfully, served the Queen against his own people. On this account he was held in high esteem by the present government, and on his death, accorded full military honors in his burial.

Thirty artillerymen were sent from Auckland, accompanied by a military band, and arrived at Rotorua on the morning of the 14th of July.

Meanwhile, from all sections of the King county (the territory set apart for the exclusive use of the Maori people), natives were arriving in large numbers. The Tangi, or "crying ceremony," over the body, lasted three weeks. This tangi embodies practically the same idea that the Irish wake embodies, only in cruder expression, and covering a much longer period of time.

The visiting natives are entertained by the tribe in which the death occurs, and the feasting and wailing and lauding of the dead continue until every scrap of provisions has been eaten. As the visitors arrive the Maori salutation of rubbing noses, silently, is used with every evidence of affection and the greatest grief. Meanwhile, at intervals, great feasts are provided, and kept up day and night, until the funeral obsequies have been accomplished. Hundreds of pigs and fowls and fishes, with

"The Maori salutation of rubbing noses."

vegetables, and many mixtures, are gathered, and unfortunately there is no lack of beer and whisky and tobacco. All the natives—men and women alike—smoke, and nearly all of them drink to excess, if they get a chance. As the ceremony proceeds, the intervals between the feasts are given up to wierd chants and wail ings, with improvisations upon the virtues, history and deeds of the deceased.

On this occasion the Government appropriated two thousand dollars toward the expenses of the feast, and another five hundred dollars toward the erection of a monument over the grave.

On the arrival of the artillery company, the native warriors received it with the royal Maori honors, in the dancing of the Haka, on the bridge spanning the stream which divides the "King county', from the lands of the whites.

The Haka, or war dance of olden times, is most grotesque and even horrible. Some fifty young men, sons of reigning chiefs, with tattooed faces, dressed in short skirts of flax, and fully armed, engaged in hideous contortions and grimaces, intermingled with threatening gestures, harsh cries and shooting of guns. The cries were answered from the hill, in front of the late home of the chief, by the Maori women,

in similar cries and wailings, and dances and contortions.

The women were dressed in black with wreaths of green laco-podium on their heads, and about their waists, and green branches in their hands which they waved as they danced.

The Haka lasted some fifteen or twenty minutes, and was responded to by the artillery with a salute of forty-eight guns. Then the warriors divided in two lines and a gun carriage was drawn between them across the bridge, and up the hill, to the whare (house) of the deceased, where the Haka was repeated.

The coffin was then placed upon the gun carriage, and the funeral procession was formed. Back of the gun carriage, a tall Maori bore wrapped up in a sheet, the personal apparel and belongings of the chief, followed by the bands with the flag which had been presented to the chief by Queen Victoria, in recognition of his distinguished services.. The procession moved up the hill to the music of the "dead march in Saul," toward the burial place on a high point overlooking the road. The wailing of the women, far and near, filled the air with the deepest, weirdest melancholy. The grief of the natives seemed thoroughly genuine, and quite undiminished, although it had gone on, in the same way, for three weeks.

The Haka.

At the foot of the hill, where the grave had been prepared, the procession was met by the clergymen of Rotorua. The coffin was removed from the gun carriage, wrapped in the Union Jack, and borne to the top, followed by the clergymen, the artillery company, and the native warriors. Impressive addresses were made by the clergymen; the band played "The Prince of Peace," and "Abide With Me," and the body was lowered to its last resting place. The flag, having been removed, was thrown about the shoulders of the young chief, who was thus designated as the successor to the old chief.

Three volleys were fired over the grave, and the bugles sounded "The Retreat," bringing the remarkable ceremony to an end. The personal belongings of the old chief were lowered into the grave with his body. Everything he had worn, or used about his person, was "tabu," and had to be buried with him—his clothing, his arnaments, bedding, rugs, fans, feather mats, green stone weapons, jewelry—nothing omitted.

The death of this chief marks the end of an epoch. He was the last chief at whose christening, over eighty years ago, human victims were sacrificed, when he was eight days old. The custom of sacrificing human beings has never been practiced in New Zealand since that time.

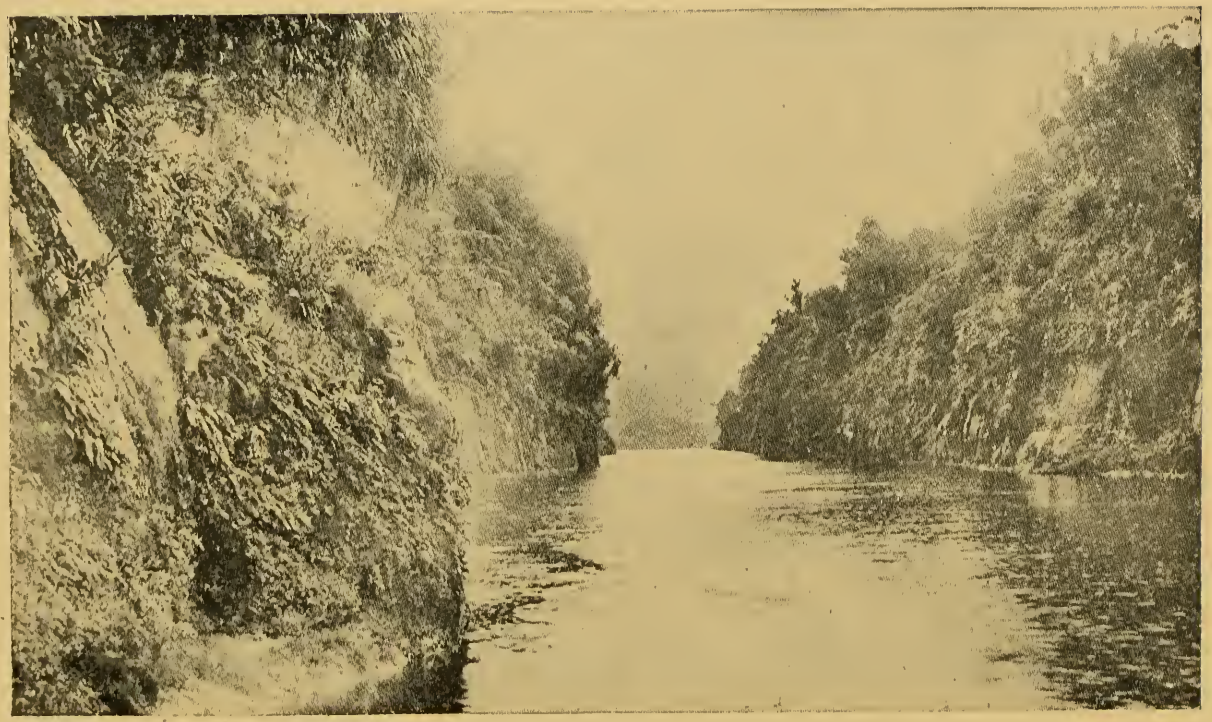
XII.

Christ Church, August 4, 1905.

IN a country so filled with charming scenery as New Zealand is, it is difficult to make any comparisons, but it seems to be the unanimous opinion of tourists and residents alike, that a trip down the Wanganui river is the climax of natural beauty in these islands. The Wanganui river is becoming famous throughout the world as the New Zealand Rhine. This is, of course, high praise, since it has the aid of no history, or ruined castles, or ancient villages.

I have just sailed the whole length of the stream, from Taumanarui, to the sea. It is thought to be not the best season in which to make the journey, this being mid-winter. But there is more water in the river at this season of the year, more water coming over the high banks in the hundreds of waterfalls along the passage, and the bush is always green the year round. So, inasmuch as the upper reaches of the river are not always navagable in summer time, the winter passage is not without its compensations.

At Taumanarui the stream is a mere creek, narrow, but deep and very crooked, flowing between low-lying hills, and filled with dangerous rapids, only navigable by small boats;



The Wanganui River.

Taumaranui.

and Maori rivermen are the only safe pilots.

We made the first ten miles in a small naptha launch, which at times had to be turned about so as to drift through the rapids while the engine was pulling with all its might up stream.

The windings of the stream were so abrupt that progress was necessarily slow. At the end of this difficult ten miles, we were transferred to a larger boat, which continued the journey the whole of the first day and tied up for the night at Pipiriki. We had luncheon at midday in a house-boat, tied in the river, in the midst of exquisite scenery.

From this house-boat, the most magnificent of the views begin. The low hills have here grown to mountainous proportions, and the boat proceeds in utter solitude, between vast piles of wooded hills 100 to 500 feet in height, which drop sheer or at sharp angles, to the waters' edge.

Every variety of native growth is to be seen, untouched by the hand of man. Water fowl in the river, and native birds in "the bush" are living, as they have always lived, unscared.

The most wonderful things to me were the enormous tree ferns, which ran up to a height like that of palm trees, but glorious with the fronds and lacy folliage of true ferns, their trunks covered with brown velvety cloth of gold.

"Filled with dangerous rapids."

They are more beautiful than the palms of Samoa and Hawaii, but far less sympathetic and social, so to speak.

Native trees are like the natives themselves. The Hawaiians and Samoans are affectionate, entreating, alluring, they meet one at the shore with outstretched hands and words of gentle greeting. So the palms are always speaking and beckoning.

The Maoris, on the other hand, are a stern, silent, martial people, dignified, rigid, of haughty bearing. So, the tree ferns are splendid in their glorious taciturnity, but unmoving, unbending, unsoftening in their grandeur. Their boughs make no noise when shaken by the wind, and their brown clothes are stiff as coats of mail.

The same peculiarity characterizes all the trees, and indeed all the landscapes. I have not yet seen New Zealand in summer time, but the impression made upon me, so far, by the scenery, is that it is less responsive and cordial than in the islands toward the equator.

At Pipiriki I spent the night at a very good hotel, situated on a high point overlooking the river. The landlord met me by appointment and rendered most valuable and courteous assistance. I was the only woman on board the boats during the voyage, except native women.

That first day's journey is quite beyond any descriptive powers of mine. The Wanganui differs from the Columbia in being on a far smaller scale in every way, but it is more comprehensive. It differs from the Hudson in presenting a panorama of continuous grandeur.

The trip, so far as my mental attitude was concerned, was in the nature of an exclamation point two hundred miles long.

From Pipiriki, which we left the second morning, we had a third and much larger boat, for the river had now become a large stream, whose shores were more or less inhabited by Marris. Their villages drew down at intervals to the water's edge, vocal with dogs and fragrant with unnamable odors, where the boat landed to put down take up passengers. The names of these villages gave one a shock—"Jerusalem!" "London!" "Judea!" "Canaan!" etc.

We arrived at Wanganui, a handsome little city, at the mouth of the river, on the west coast, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I was still the only white woman on board, friends were expecting me and I was delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Carson. Mr. Carson is editor of the Wanganui Chronicle, one of the most influential papers of the colony.

It depresses me to close this letter with a feeling of such utter inability even to put on

Wanganui.

paper my own impressions of the Wanganui river scenery. But I trust to the pictures to tell of the beauties I have been unable to write.

XIII.

Graymouth, Westland, Sept. 22, 1905.

THE South Island, or, as it is sometimes called, the Middle Island, of New Zealand, presents an extraordinary panorama to the lover of natural scenery. The east and west coasts are very dissimilar. They are divided from each other by a range of snow-capped mountains, called "The Southern Alps." The eastern slopes of these mountains dip gently to the Canterbury plains, and from there on to the sea, presenting to the eye fine grazing lands, and cultivated farms, broken by mountain spurs, and forests, here and there.

The western slope carries one to rough coasts, through mountain ranges, on whose foothills millions of sheep are grazing, and from whose snows innumerable water-falls descend to gold, and coal, and iron mines, and countless flax fields in the coastward marshes.

We left Christchurch early Tuesday morning, September 19th, to cross the mountains, by the Otira gorge, to the west coast. This journey is considered one of the finest in New Zealand,

Staging on the West Coast, New Zealand.

and we counted ourselves fortunate in being able to make it. By noon we were at Springfield, where we took the coach, and it was not long before we were off. Our seats were box seats, and as the coaches are the old-fashioned kind, with their clumsy bodies swung on leather belts, and giving one great jolts every roll of the wheels over any obstruction, the feeling was like a continual falling down. My mind pictured David Copperfield going to London, and I feel sure the coach was the same pattern that Cruickshank drew in his pictures of that time. These coaches have six horses, and can carry nine outside passengers, and crowd ten inside.

Though it rained and snowed all the first day, we like Casibianca, never left our post, by faith preferring to suffer from the elements outside, rather than enjoy the pleasures of steaming, hay-scented, moist air inside.

The rain here in New Zealand does not mean a quiet, gentle shower, but clouds opening, and pouring down in streams and sheets. The Colonials do not seem to mind the rain or weather, and well it is for them that it is so, for they would be very unhappy if they fretted about rain-water. There is a legend of the west coast which affirms that all the children are web-footed. I do not know how true this is.

but think it would be an advantage, from my experience of the weather over there.

I have seen a countryman come into town in a pouring rain, leave his horse standing for hours, come out to get into the water-soaked saddle, and with his hand brush off the drops, calmly jump into his seat and ride twelve miles to his home, as if it were a perfect day.

We were wrapped in all the clothes we could manage to put on, and sat under umbrellas, and tried very hard to enjoy the rain and snow, mixed with low hills, and high hills, and valleys and gorges. Only one thing really comforted us, and that was the assurance that the fine scenery was to be seen the second day, and we hoped the sun would then be shining.

At four o'clock we had a little rest, and really enjoyed the Scotch scenery of Craigie Burn, where we stopped for the inevitable scons and tea, and a good toasting by a great open wood fire. This was the first time I had had hot scons, and right here, I want to ease my conscience and tell the friends that "scons" are simply cold baking-powder biscuit! I have often spoken of scons in a very lofty and superior manner, and now "the murder is out." They are just cold biscuits, that is all. Another confession I will make while I am about it is that "pikelets," which are served cold,

with butter—are only cold batter-cakes! Think of a plate of cold batter-cakes passed around at an afternoon tea! Yet these people always say: Fancy you Americans, eating hot biscuit and batter-cakes! How indigestible!" It is all a mere matter of education, I suppose.

After we had eaten our scons and drunk our tea, and were warmed and refreshed, a relay of six fresh horses were put to the coach, and we were off again for "The Bealey"—the hotel we hoped to reach by seven o'clock, and where we were to stay all night. We were there on time, and found a hot dinner and wood fires in great, old-fashioned fire-places, and enjoyed both, after a ride of fifty-four miles in the cold and wet.

The next morning dawned fair and bright, and after an early breakfast, we climbed into our high seats, fully expecting to enjoy the day, as the finest scenery was between "The Bealey" and Otira. Between seven and eleven o'clock we crossed Arthur's Pass, which divides Canterbury from the Westland, and then the wonderful view opened to our eyes! Mountains, five thousand and ten thousand feet high, snow-capped, and the sides covered with the everlasting dark-green foliage to the very base, met our eyes at every turn in the road. The snow-capped mountains, precipices of great heights,

Otira Gorge, New Zealand.

From Castle Hill, west coast road.

with cascades, feeding glaciers, canons and ravines, bush-clad valleys, shelving coasts, flax-fields—all made an ever-changing panorama of great interest.

The dark-green foliage gets tiresome in its sameness, for it is the same the year round. No delicate spring greens and autumn coloring like our eyes are accustomed to look at, at home, but frigid, unchangeable—owing to its being mostly evergreen. The trees on these slopes are covered with heavy grey and green moss, and look like they had just been upholstered in green plush. This is springtime here, and yet it had no sign of spring, as we know the season. In fact, to be frank, the scenery cannot compare with that of our White Mountains in color, nor with that of Colorado in grandeur. Things are on a small scale here, but are condensed, and one can see a great many kinds of landscape in a short time. The whole of New Zealand is about the size of California, so you can imagine how packed with interest and beauty the country is.

At Otira, which we reached about noon of the second day, we had more tea and scons, and the best gooseberry jam I ever tasted. After an hour's rest, we started for the gold fields on the west coast, at Kumara, over the ranges. This drive of forty-five miles from Otira to

Kumara was through the virgin bush, or forest, as we would say, and though the trees were much the same as we had seen on the hills, on our way over, we saw them nearer and they seemed larger. There was the red and white pine, totara, black and red birch, tree fern, cabbage tree and rata, with vines weaving in and out of the branches, uniting trees and bushes with garlands of delicate green, making an almost impenetrable forest. The rata is a very interesting and curious tree, and there is nothing like it anywhere else in the world, I believe. The wind carries the seed of the rata vine into a fork of some tree. It takes root there and sends shoots down to the earth, where they fasten themselves. Then the wind blows them against each other, and against the tree, and they are grafted into it, and grow into it, winding their shoots around and around the tree. In years they become the tree itself, the original having been killed in the meantime. These trees are very large and very old, and are the most noticeable and picturesque of all the trees I saw.

At three o'clock, the afternoon of the 20th, we rolled into the main street of Kumara. We had ridden ninety-nine miles, and were very weary, and hungry, and fond of Chicago. Westland, as this district is called, is all gold and

Mount Egmont, New Zealand.

Road through the virgin bush.

coal mines, and is as isolated from the rest of the island as if it were in another country. It is almost absolutely cut off from the rest of the land by ice-fed rivers, precipitous mountains and its long, harborless coast. There is no such thing as luxurious travel in these parts, and one is appalled at the many discomforts and perils of expeditions to this coast. Too much rain, bridgeless rivers, dripping bush, make every trip dangerous. There is a coach twice a week, if the rivers are not too swollen to be forded, otherwise there is no way out, except by sea, and a very long way round. Often, for many days at a time, the ships cannot come over the bars to the wharfs, and though in plain sight of the harbor, no one can land, and no ship can venture out. It gives one a lonely feeling to be so helpless as to transportation, and I was relieved when we reached the north island again, and could look out into the open sea, northward—toward home.

XIV

At. Sea. S. S. Manipouri, Jan. 15, 1905.

IT rained all forenoon. A New Zealander would not have called it a rainy day. He would have said, "Oh, well, it is a bit showery." It certainly was all of that.

We were to sail at noon. By 10 o'clock I

had our goods, wares and merchandise safely stowed for the voyage. At a quarter past ten I was addressing the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session in St. Andrews. At 11 that splendid body of men were cheering me, homeward bound. At 12 the ship did not sail, but the hour to cast off was set for 2 o'clock.

At 3 the engines started, and the "Manipouri" of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand twenty-three hundred tons register, turned her fine bow towards the heads of Auckland harbor, due in five days at Nukualofa, in the Friendly Islands, the capital of Tongatabu, and the home of King George, Second, the only reigning king in Polynesia.

The sky cleared as we left the wharf and Auckland harbor was a perfect dream of beauty, as the panting little ocean grey-hound nosed her way among the islands, fretting for the open sea; and now, as I begin this letter, we are under the lea of the Little Barrier, with the Great Barrier on our right, looming long and gray, and the sun like a celestial bomb, is tearing the whole western sky to tatters of unspeakable beauty. The compass shows our course to be north, north-east, and the "Manipouri" is fairly leaping before the fair wind,

bound for the coral reefs and caves of Tonga, eleven hundred miles away.

Our hearts are tugging many ways. Gracious, lovely, sturdy New Zealand hangs to us like a

Corner of a Maori whare.

chain of its own coromandel gold. We may sail to the end of the world, but we shall never get away from it. Dunedin, Christchurch, Welling-

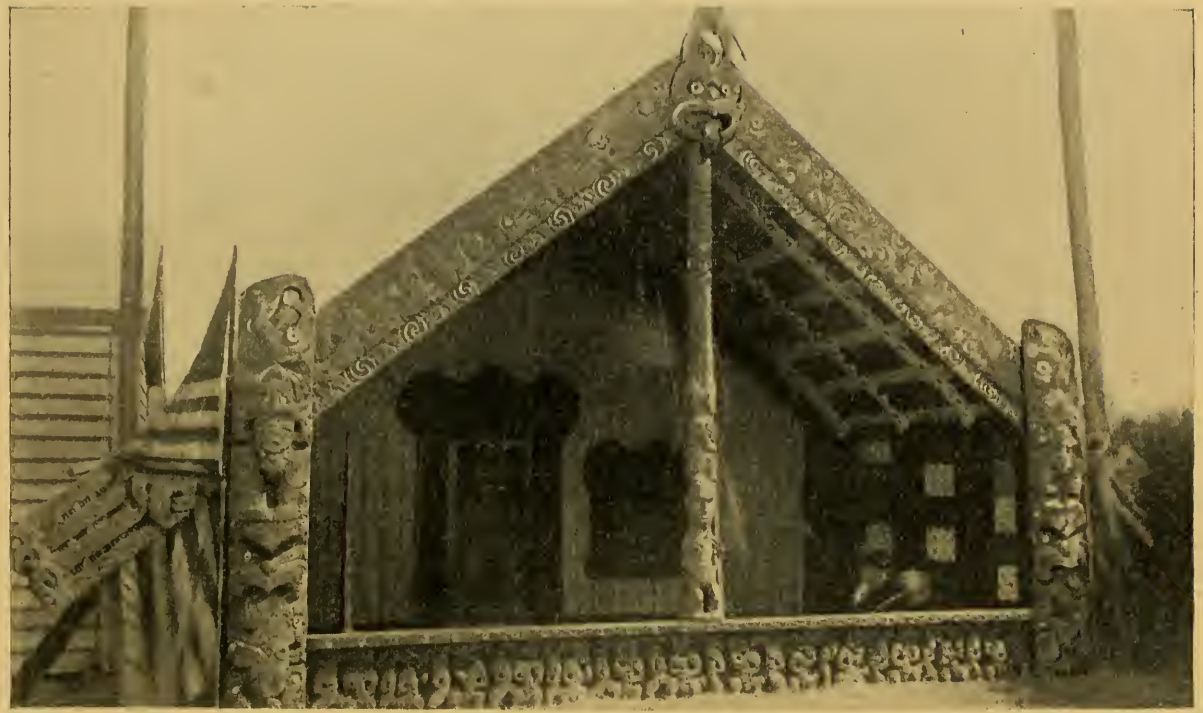
ton, and Auckland, are written on our very souls and ineffaceable.

It is the rainy season in the islands, and the tourist traffic is at a standstill. We have this ship almost to ourselves. We have a bride-elect in our care, going to Nukualofa to meet her sweet-heart and be married on our arrival there next Sunday. Then there is a missionary with his wife and baby, and three men.

The ship is beautifully clean, although not new. The food is excellent, and the service all that could be desired. The sea is as smooth as a pond, although the south-west monsoon is blowing. Tomorrow we shall cross the 180th meridian and be in West longitude, recrossing on our way to Fiji, some three weeks hence.

Our second tour of New Zealand has confirmed every good opinion formed in our former visit. We have been in every nook and corner of the colony, have seen its home life from the highest to the lowliest and become familiar with its thought and work, from the parliament house to the tents of the navvies on the new railway lines.

Considering its age—about half a century—it is a beautiful country. The population is religious, intelligent, industrious and British to the core. The country is suffering from over-prosperity. The process of freezing beef and



A Maori whare.

mutton and butter for shipment has made New Zealand one vast meat market for the British Islands, and made poverty unknown. The first generation of farmers got the land very cheap and joined farm to farm, until they had vast holdings; sheep multiplied on the cheap and plentiful pasturage, but there was no market for them. Then came the discovery that the dressed carcasses could be frozen and laid down upon the butchers' blocks of London as fresh as the day they were slaughtered. The sheep growers stepped at once from land poverty and sheep poverty to riches. Dairying, too, sprung into great importance. There is, so far as grass-growing is concerned, but one season in New Zealand, and when the problem of a market for wool and meat and butter and cheese was solved by the installation of freezing works the colony began at once to roll in ready money. Ships multiplied in the New Zealand trade, of course. The ports got busy and a high protective tariff did the rest.

Meanwhile immigration kept up steadily and every immigrant wanted land. He came from the northern country, where rents were high, and the freehold all but unpurchasable. He was ready to pay extravagant prices, and the land owners accompanied him. The result has been a land boom of tremendous proportions,

A Maori girl.

but without the boom penalties, for the purchasers were greedy for work as well as land, and even at the shocking prices that they paid, were able to make good, and the boom continued and still continues, the government being ready at all times to furnish cheap money to worthy settlers.

So the Switzerland of the Pacific got rich, and is getting richer, and steering straight for trouble.

There is no poverty, but there is an absolute despotism of poverty legislation. While the farmers and merchants have been piling up their bank accounts and adding field to field and flock to flock, the labor agitator has built up a political machine which now defies control and laughs at counsel.

Not all of this class legislation is bad. Some of it, much of it, is good, but the spirit it has engendered in politics is saturated with selfishness and scorns the very name of fair play. The selfishness of capital is doubtless quite as bad as that of labor, but it is no worse, and less repulsive. Nobody in New Zealand has any rights that organized labor feels itself bound to respect. Maids of all work are costly or impossible luxuries, and handy men are rare. Thus a bitter feeling is growing between employer and employee, which in the near fu-

A Maori girl.

ture will make trouble in the wonderful little reform country.

If nothing worse were happening than the gathering of a conflict between two classes of citizens, there would be less to fear. But the worst is that this aggressive and dominant selfishness of labor leaders has corrupted the government under which it has grown to its present ominous proportions. So that what passes for statesmanship in both government and opposition at present, is the merest and boldest playing for safety on the one hand, and for an opening on the other. The honesty of the ministry is generally doubted and often openly questioned. The premier is kept fairly busy defending himself against charges of personal corruption, and the prevalent impression seems to be that he gets himself acquitted by his tremendous cleverness in avoiding trial on the merits. He has risen from being the keeper of a small gin mill on the west coast to be prime minister of this colony—and in some respects a very able prime minister, but he has brought along with him to the mountain top the slippery locomotion of the ooze from which he started. He has surrounded himself with parliamentary small fry to work the portfolios at his will. While he has actually learned to play

patriotic airs on the bass string of the colonial life.

This present unfortunate condition is certainly only temporary. New Zealand, as I have said, is a Christian country, and while the mad race for wealth and power has been going on, the pastors have worked faithfully, teaching the old ideals, biding their time.

XV.

Vavau, Friendly Islands, Nov. 22, 1905.

ELEVEN hundred miles north-east of Auckland, as the bird flies, in about 175 degrees west longitude, and about 20 degrees south latitude, the Friendly Islands lie. There are about a hundred of them, big and little, assembled in three groups, called respectively Tongatabu, Taapai and Vavau, Waving thick with feathery palm trees and to northern eyes giving at a distance, low, lying at the surface of the ocean, a sense of mystery and unreality, like what remains of scenic dreams, on waking.

The first land sighted after leaving the New Zealand coast is the island of Pylstaart, where, as late as 1891, a ship put in and anchored, and the curious natives flocked about it in their canoes, let down its ladders, which soon

Nukualofa, capital of Tonga.

swarmed with trustful brown men, coming over the side, on the suave captain's invitation. The hatches were standing open, and below were spread upon the ship's bottom, beads and mirrors, and guns and gaudy-colored cloth and fishing tackle, and when the natives had feasted their eyes on the tempting objects thus displayed, they were told to descend and help themselves each one to a present from the captain. They were not slow to go, and while they chattered over the tinsel glories in the hold, the hatches were clapped shut and the slave-ship sailed away to South America and sold them. Only the chief refused to take the bait and plunged overboard and swam untouched amid a shower of bullets, to the land. The enormity of such a crime can only be realized, and then only a little, by those who know from personal contact what gentle-hearted home-lovers and kindred-lovers these Polynesians are.

About eight hours sail from Polystaat lies Nukualofa, the capitol of Tonga (which is the short name of the Friendly Islands), a pretty little town loitering along the beach without regularity or form and far too modern for its setting in groves of cocoa palms, oleanders, hybiscus and brilliant coleas.

To see the Tongan native life, one must pass

beyond the town into the villages at the back, and on the shore remote from the harbor. The native is at his worst on the wharf.

The approaches to these islands are through breaks in the coral reefs, which enclose them every one. It is rarely safe to make one of these ports at night. The coral is deadly for ships' bottoms, and it is everywhere. Day or night, the larger reefs are marked by lines of surf, combed into white spray breaking above them as the swells of the deep sea pass over, and when the sun is shining, the presence of the deeper reefs are clearly shown by the color of the water. To my mind, nothing is more beautiful in nature than the flat sea scenery of coral reefs. I shall write of this again, later.

We arrived at Nukualofa on Sunday morning and remained two days. The crowd of natives which gathered on the wharf to receive us was pleasing by the absence for the most part of civilized dress. There were few women and children, for it was Sunday and the hour was early. But the men were magnificent specimens of physical development, tall straight, strong-limbed, brown-skinned, black-haired, stately in movement, soft-voiced and cheerful. Save here and there a short-sleeved Yankee undershirt, the lava-lava or breech cloth, was the only garment in evidence.

Wesleyan church, Nukualofa, Tonga.

Mrs. Woolley and I slipped away immediately after breakfast to explore. We plunged at once into the bush in search of unspoiled native life, not even pausing to inspect the king's palace—a stiff, white verandahed, summer-resort-looking dwelling, enclosed in a large square, with a fence of squared blocks of coral and huge gates, partly off their hinges, with the king's chapel near, in the same enclosure.

We were diverted from our purpose, however, by the streams of natives coming out of their villages to the church, which stood on the highest point on the island. Following the crowd, we found ourselves presently in the premier's pew on a dias, near the high pulpit, in the Wesleyan Church of Tongatabu. The building was a study in sacred architecture, oval in shape, and thatched in the most picturesque way. The roof, or thatch, is supported on a scaffolding of unsawn, unhewn beams, in turn supported on two rows of solid tree trunks of large size, denuded of their bark, running the entire length of the house. No nails, nor any metals are used in the construction, the parts being lashed together with cords of various colored sinnet (twine plaited by hand) of the fiber of cocoanut husks, and wrapped about the joints of the timbers in such a

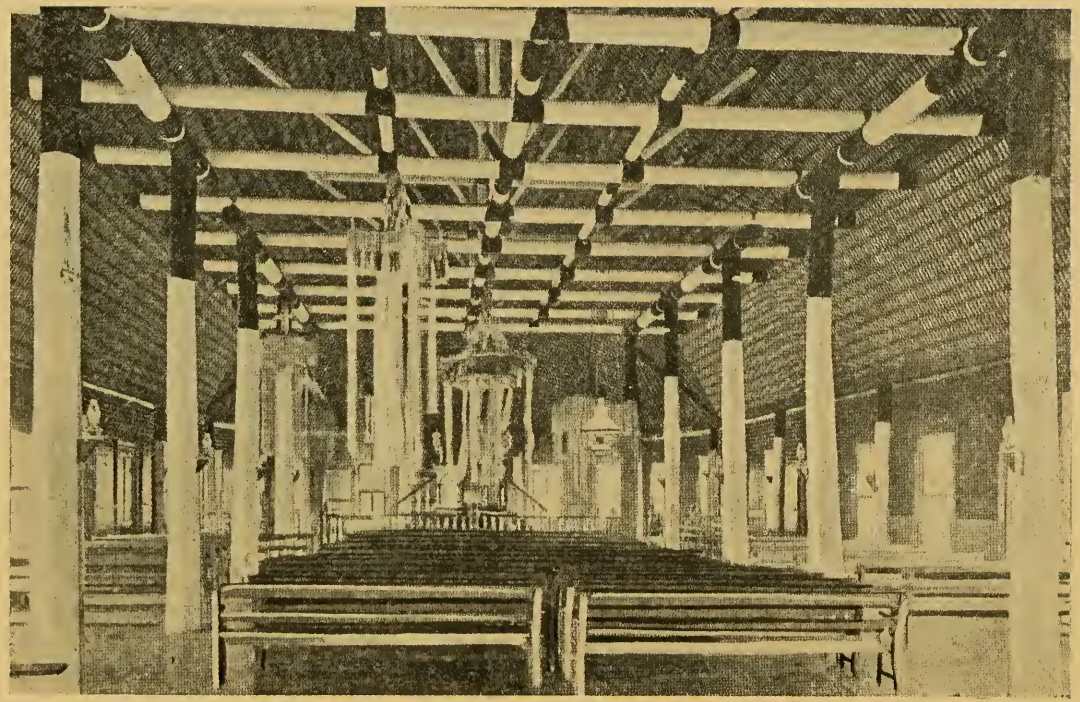
way as to make handsome capitals of various geometrical designs and many colors.

Unfortunately church quarrels follow the flag of missions, and set even these affectionate people by the ears. A bad split in the Wesleyan Church of Tonga has for its monument a splendid "Union" Church, farther back from the sea, upon a lesser eminence. So. the Protestaant forces and resources are divided, while the Marists fathers push the solid Church of Rome hard by.

We went to the Union Church in the evening. The congregations were of splendid appearance; quietness, cleanliness and grave solemnity marked them both. The people, the adults, wore clothes, mostly; the men two garments. the lava-lava, surmounted by a short jacket of drill, with, in rare cases, an undershirt. The premier wore a full white drill suit. but was bare-footed. The women, as a rule, wore the lava-lava and a Mother Hubbard gown of colored calico, and a hat from London or Chicago. Here and there in the crowd could be seen a native man or woman in native costume, as of course, were all the children.

The singing was in the nature of a revelation. There are. for instance, five choirs in the Union Church; that is to say, parties of friends that practice singing together. The competi-

Free Church, Nukualofa, Tonga.



Free Church, Nukualofa.

tion is strenuous, but good-natured. And how they sing! Each choir sang a hymn or an anthem, and if it had been a prize competition, it would not have been easy to award the palm. There is no instrument of any kind, no organ, tuning fork or pitch pipe. The leader raises the tune in just two or three notes alone, then the rest come in, like the breaking of a reservoir of song. As nearly as one can judge by hearing them altogether, some of the individual voices seem to be of great beauty and power, but how they might sound in solo parts nobody can find out, for they scorn to sing solos. A magnificent basso in one of the choirs is often begged by visitors to sing alone, but he says: "What I do that for, that not music?" The choruses would number, I should say, one hundred voices each. They keep well nigh perfect tune and time, and altogether I have heard no choral singing equal to it, save in Wales, and there (in Wales), the choirs had all the aids of organs, conductors, etc.

There is a college in Nukualofa, but the natives refuse to study anything but music and short-hand. A college where the pupils fix the curiculum to suit themselves would make a strong bid for patronage in any country.

All day Sunday the ship swung silent at the wharf. Two hundred tons of copra waited on

the landing to be put on board, but no native can be hired to work on Sunday. Service, Sunday school, and choir practice fill the day. Of course, these tropic islanders don't like to work at all, but they can be got to, on week days.

Monday, by six o'clock in the morning, the steam winches were clattering, and fifty or sixty natives with a laugh and song were carrying cargo to and from the hatchways. The weather was hot and the work was hard, but these great-muscled, "nerve"-less men did not seem to realize that they had been doing anything, or had anything yet to do. At the noon spell, they ate their handful of ships' beef and biscuit in ten minutes, with a cup of coffee, and then danced and sung songs until the gong sounded. At five o'clock, when the last load was shouldered to the deck, they gave their three cheers and had another dance.

Early Monday morning we resumed our march upon the native villages. Very soon after we passed from the main street, we began to hear the booming of the tapa mallets, beating out the native cloth on hollow logs, smoothed for the purpose. We went from house to house and sat with the old women who do that work, to watch them in the curious process. Strips of the inner bark of the mulberry tree

are placed in a vessel of water, to be kept pliable. The old woman seats herself near it, beside a smooth log, and with a heavy hard-wood mallet, beats one of the strips out thin and long, and broad as possible, then another and another, joins them edge to edge, and beats them on and on until she turns out a sheet of yellowish-white paper, or cloth, tough and pliable. Then, with dyes of her own gathering in the bush, she dyes the sheet in figures of her own designing.

The tapa is the only native cloth, and serves a very useful as well as ornamental purpose in dress of men, women and children, and is also used for screening and dividing off a part of the single roomed dwelling in case of need.

The first requisite of Polynesian hospitality is a bowl of kava. I have written about it in former letters, but am sending with this an excellent photograph of the process and elements in its kava-making. The bowl is cut out of solid block of hard-wood; the cups are polished half cocoanut shells; the water bottles are whole cocoanut shells; the strainers are wisps of hibiscus fiber; the grinders are a hollow stone, with another for a pestle. The kava is the root of a kind of pepper tree. The liquor is clean, wholesome, not unpleasant, and of course, free from alcohol or any poison. It is a chief's

drink; the common people do not drink it. The ceremony of making it is always the same, and the most important function of South sea social life.

We wandered like children, full of the joy of mere existence, glad to own and forced to own close kinship to these half-naked brown people, who looked so calmly into our faces, with their dark, quiet eyes, and greeted us with "Maliolei," (good life). There are few horses on the island and the roads are grassy. Tall palms incline their graceful trunks above our heads and whisper: "Want not, here is shade and food, and drink." And the young cocoas, not yet arrived at fruit-bearing, wave their enormous fronds about our heads—the most beautiful of trees. We lose ourselves in groves of bananas in full fruit. Hedges of citron trees line the paths, and oranges drop at our feet as we pass on. The flowers are gorgeous; most beautiful, perhaps, is the hibiscus, red, single and double, or yellow with a red stain at the heart. The morning glory riots everywhere. Chilli, or small red peppers, give their crimson color on every hand, the light green of a sugar-cane patch suddenly changes the color scheme, and yam vines and cotton trees abound. If there is anything more beautiful in its color or more soothing in its peacefulness, or more satisfying

Tongan bananas.

in its yield of sweet, soft-voiced welcomes to a stranger. I don't know where it is.

By five o'clock the ship was loaded. We had to get beyond the reef before the sun set, so as to have open sea during the night. Several of the residents came on board to say goodbye to friends who were embarking, or to send messages to the other islands.

At six o'clock we were under way, steering for the narrow opening in the reef. All about the island, varying from a few feet from the shore to a mile, the white surf marked the coral as with a long sun-lit snow drift, from which the cool sea breeze was blowing. The western sky was gorgeous with its masses of impossible coloring, and from the pier came the fine, deep, resonant chorus of the native laborers singing.

XVI.

Apia, Samoan Islands, Nov. 24, 1905.

A CRUISE in the Southern sea! The mere thought of it is delightful. Cruising is idling; it is rest; it is play; it is liberty —everything that lets off strain.

Cruising is education in education's most charming aspect. These islands are little nations, miniature civilizations, that can be seen in seed, and bud, and fruitage all together.

A Tongan girl.

How altruism wakens in savage wilds, how tribes break up into families, how the hare, vice, skips in the front of progress. and loses by over-confidence in itself, while the tortoise virtue labors on, and wins by faith in God. These, and much else, not to be written in a hasty letter, show up in striking clearness as one sails and sees and dreams under the blue shine of tropic skies, and to the music of lapping waves on a ship's side.

I feel a pair of grey old temples throbbing with the inspiration of a post-fifty-graduate-course in the great elemental university, where the chemistry of world-making. and the pottery of man-making go on in fact, not theory, before one's very eyes. I hear a grey old heart shouting for joy at being permitted to see the wheels of creation going round.

Polynesia has been well called "The Milky Way of the Pacific," and to traverse it, as we are doing, awakens something like the awe one feels on a clear night at home, gazing up into the celestial mysteries. Here long arcs of snowy spray, curling up and over the enormous plumes, show how the coral insects are connecting up archipelagoes into bigger islands or, maybe. continents, with their exquisite pink-white masonry. There, flames out against the night, a volcano, pouring its grist of lava down

on barren coral reefs—to become rich soil after some ages, waving with palm and vine. Now, the indescribable quiver of earthquakes goes through sea and shore, and wonder and worship and wisdom thrill the docile soul. Here, on the shore, where our good ship makes fast for the night, a whole race of men lines up, clad in brown nakedness, and cocoanut oil, and everything from that to Manchester print and American shoes. Yonder a native church, high-thatched, on trunks of trees, nailless and paintless, lashed tight with ropes of cocoa fiber, thunders like an organ, with the glorious choral singing of a people as songful and light-hearted as the birds that gleam in green and yellow, black and white, and brown among the trees of candlenut and palm.

Having cleared the coral reef while the sun was setting, we stood straight out to sea, and at daylight the next morning anchored off Haapai. There is no wharf, nor indeed any harbor, save that which the coral insects have made, and so we anchored in the little bay of Pangai, some five hundred feet from shore, safe from the sea, but unprotected from the wind, and this was the hurricane season, the sea breaking over the outer reef in miles of snow-white "beach-combers" was magnificent and the day was perfect.

Levuka, Fiji.

After breakfast, we went ashore in the ship's boat, and while the winches were rattling at the cargo, looked about us. The island is called "Lefuka," the other two of the Haapai group being called "Fua" and "Haano."

King George, whose palace at Nukualofa was mentioned in my last letter, has a residence at Pangai also, where, being a native of the place, he prefers to live mostly.

Lefuka is very much like Nukualofa, but smaller and less spoiled by "civilization." The natives met us at the beach and bade us welcome, offering us pretty shells and bits of coral. Back in the bush we could hear the tapa mallets booming, and the songs of family worship rising in rich melody. The picturesque thatched huts were very quiet otherwise. Nothing was doing at that hour, save that the old women were early at their tapa. Some families were still at prayers, and the crowd was on the beach watching the white men and their ship.

In company with the captain of the ship, we set out for a walk across the island. It was not far to go. A quarter of an hour brought us to the reef on the opposite side. The beach was thick with curious shells and corals tempting, but of course impossible to be carried away, except a few souvenirs. We did gather a lot of them, and a native boy made us a pretty basket

of a single palm to carry them in. We took them to the ship, but later had to throw them overboard for lack of room. Beautiful things are so abundant here that we should need a ship all to ourselves, if we were to carry away all that we should like to, and that can be had for simply picking it up.

When the sea is smooth, a trip over the submerged reef in a rowboat is a wonderful experience. Leaning over the gunwale one can look down into acres and leagues of coral groves, stone gardens and forests of exquisite shapes, and every possible color, and darting among the incredible beauties of the place fishes as many colored and as brilliant as the tropic blooms upon the shore.

Our way across the island was through dense bush, where cocoa palms in every stage of growth, bananas in full bearing, yams, sugar-cane, cotton, chillis, oranges, lemons, pineapples —everything—were growing, not exactly wild, but in a way that looked wild to us, accustomed to neater habits of cultivation. The fact is, that in these tropical regions things grow better in these wildernesses. Under such cleanly cultivation as we should give in Illinois, for instance, this vegetation would be parched and ruined by the sun. So, one always finds here, even where white men and corporations work

the land for the greatest profit, all the crops growing together, like a jungle. Of course, the natives care nothing about producing large crops. There is always enough food. They care for little else. They eat what they require and leave the rest. The falling cocoanuts, to be sure, are opened, and the copra cut out and dried and sold in vast quantities, but the money does not greatly interest the producers. They frequently give it all to the church, and if not, their relatives and friends, who think they need it, are welcome to it, as if it could be picked up in inexhaustible quantities upon the beach.

At noon we weighed anchor and sailed for Vavau, the most northerly group of the Friendly Islands, and at sunset made fast to the wharf at the exquisitely situated little town of Neifu.

Tongatabu and Haapai are both coral groups, and therefore low—little above the sea-level—and at the mercy of the hurricanes that are all too frequent in these latitudes. Vavau, on the other hand, is a coral group, which has been heaved up by volcanic action, so that the mountain tops are strewn with broken coral.

The port of Vavau is one of the finest in the world, perfectly land-locked, very deep, and large enough to contain the navies of the world. The entrance is surprisingly beautiful, and more like the passage of an inland sound than

Vavau.

an ocean port of a South Sea island. The approach is a winding course, among out-lying islands, passing which we come to a succession of bold cliffs, deep bays, wooded headlands and beaches of yellow sand, with open, grassy intervals, and groves of palms and bananas running down to orange groves and citron groves at the shore, and back of all, a spine of jagged volcanic hill tops, not over two thousand feet high, but very curiously formed.

We remained on board until morning, and at 6 o'clock, the captain and I, each with a pocket full of apples, started for an ascent of Talau, the highest mountain, standing about a mile inland.

The path wound up through native villages and tangles of hibiscus and frangipani. At almost any point of the journey we could have helped ourselves to oranges, dead ripe and luscious, and we did carry some green cocoanuts to the top for drinking purposes. It was a hard climb, but we made it in a little over an hour, and were richly paid for our labor, in the scene which lay about us. The mountain seemed itself an island, so far inshore, the winding fiords extended on the landward side. Seaward, the view was like enchantment. The tide was low, and the thousands of acres of reef were scarcely covered, though the depth varied, of

course. The sun was rising high in the east and the different depths of water over the many-colored reef. patched the sea into streaks and masses, and touches of color, such as one sees in the sky sometimes in September sunsets at home. These against the yellow beaches, the gray cliffs, everything in bloom and foliage, and the blue-black of the far sea line. made a picture which beggars description and defies comparison. We sat upon the top-most rock, and in the sweet, cool milk of our cocoanuts, drank silently to the transcendent beauty of Vavau.

We were back at the ship in time for breakfast at 8:30, and at 11 sailed for German Samoa 350 miles due north.

Five miles down the bay from Neiafu, the ship stopped. and we were given a crew, in charge of the second officer, to row us to the wonderful cave in the face of a cliff. We entered a narrow cleft, just wide enough for the boat, and found ourselves in a great natural cathedral of noble dimensions, lighted by the reflection from the sea, and by a small opening at the top. The light was soft. as if it came through the most beautiful stained glass; the great dome swept up on giant pillars and buttresses, creating gothic arches, hung with glistening stalactites, and colored with amaz-

ing natural frescoe work, doubtless the effect of minerals deliquescing, through centuries. The bottom of the cave was plainly visible, and was strewn with masterpieces of coral building. Near the center of the entrance chamber a high stalagmite stands alone, projected upward from the mother rock above the water surface. This, on being struck with the butt end of an oar, gave out a tolling, bell-like roar, and went sweeping out over the sea to the ship and beyond, like the long moan of a signal buoy upon a dangerous coast.

The dome was thick with bats which, startled by our entrance, swarmed above us, flapping mutely and hideously.

We were back on board in time for lunch.

And now, with a long stretch of sea ahead, I have time to think a little. Seeing these people and these islands, gives me very mixed emotions. My first experience among them was unqualifiedly delightful. Such simple living, such natural courtesy, such lavish hospitality, such boundless liberty, such immunity from care, such innocence according to their lights, such physical beauty, such quiet joy of existence, gave me a sense of unmixed pleasure. But on more familiar knowledge of these scenes, I realize what "blessed god-mothers" are care and toil and rigorous climate.

These people have everything. If they are hungry, they pick a pine-apple, or a banana, or a mango, and eat. If they are thirsty, they pick a young cocoanut and drink the milk, which is always cool and sweet, and abundant. If they are too warm, they go into the sea and lie down and get cool. If they are cold, they lie down on the sand in the sun under a piece of tapa cloth and get warm. If they feel like going to bed, they lie down on the fern and sleep. If they don't feel like getting up in the morning, they lie still. If they see a baby that they like better than their own, they ask for it, and they are not refused. If they have an enemy they kill him, or get killed by him. If they weary of their wives, they send them home and get others. Faithful missionaries are trying to change what is bad among these customs, and with more or less success.

But it is a soil in which hope cannot grow, things are too easy, too present, too temporary. Hope grows in lacks and hardships, and necessities. The Polynesian is a striking illustration of what a poor thing mere sensuous life is. Character is like a persimmon; it needs frost to make it fit.

To want something and have to scheme and wait and labor to get it; to stick to a bad bargain; to brace up against disappointments;

these and such are the frosts that bite the greenness and the pucker out of life and make it bread of other life.

The islander is the easy victim of any rogue that goes against him with "white" rascality. He does not grow. He does not thrive on difficulties. This is the saddest thing to be seen in the islands—the helplessness of the natives in contact with "civilization." They go to pieces with the stress of competition. They cannot stay and wait and work. They have no future, only the present.

Property ideas, also have to have frost too, to make men appreciate the mine from the thine.

Tonga is the only remaining kingdom in Polynesia. British protectorates are in force in all the islands nearby—and practically also in Tonga. And British rule is good rule, generally. Nothing is perfect in this world, but the best civilizer by and large upon this planet is British law.

XVII.

Suva, Fiji Islands, Nov. 28, 1905.

BOUGAINVILLE, the discoverer of the Samoan group, named it the Navigator Islands, from the fact that he saw the natives sailing their canoes far out at sea. And

the people of these seas are certainly wonderful navigators, as one can realize by looking at the map and reflecting that probably all of the islands, from Hawaii to Taihiti, and from them westward, were settled by Batavian sailors in dug-out canoes.

Upolu and Tutuila, the largest two islands of Samoa, are eighty miles apart, but it is not an uncommon thing for a family or a party of friends to make the trip in a boat no bigger than those which one can hire in the lagoons of the parks in Chicago. Too often it happens that such a crew, that set out singing on such a journey, is never heard of again. Stories of such tragedies are common here. But they seem not to deter anybody from going when the impulse comees to make a visit to another island.

Dr. Imhoff, the German judge of the court at Apia, told me that his regular circuits of the islands, holding court, are all made in an open boat with native rowers. He said that at first it seemed a frightful peril, but he had grown to such admiration of the seamanship of his crew that he now had lost all fear. Of course, not all the voyagers that are lost to their friends, are lost in fact. Doubtless many, if not most of the Pacific islands, were populated by such parties that had been swept thither and cast up by storms. There are legends which

clearly show such origins of Polynesian settlements, and, at any rate, the intrinsic evidence in the language, manners and appearance of the islanders themselves, of a common origin, whatever admixtures may have entered in, in course of ages, is very convincing.

American Samoa consists of the islands of Tutuila and Manua, together with some other very small islands. I have written of it pretty fully in former letters.

German Samoa, which we have just now been visiting, consists of the largest two islands of the group—Upolu and Savaii. The latter is just now the scene of a splendid volcano, which furnishes tremendous scenery on sky and sea and land, and sends the indescribable shiver of earthquakes almost daily through the group. We passed within a few miles of it, and as it happened, we were in Tutuila some eightmonths ago, when a tidal wave came rushing in on a calm clear evening, telling of some seismic outburst far away.

We anchored in Apia bay late in the afternoon of a glorious day, with a strong northeast trade wind blowing. There is no proper harbor at Apia, only low reefs of coral with a wide roadstead, through which a southerly wind can play havoc. No matter how fair the day may be, if the wind shifts to southward,

every ship heaves anchor and runs out into the open sea for fear of being swept to wreck and ruin on the coral that lines the shore. Sorrowful tokens of the perils of such a place of refuge lie bleaching on the inner reef today.

The ship's course from Tonga to Apia is around the eastern end of Upolu, and in leaving Upolu for Fiji, around the western end, so that we got an excellent view of all the bold and exquisite scenery of Upolu, and much also of Savaii. In rounding the eastern end of Upolu, we passed close to two most curious and beautiful island rocks, evidently half-craters of small volcanoes, long extinct. One is called "Nuutele," and the other "Nuulua."

From the deck of our ship we could get good views also of the rugged mountain scenery of the interior, but where everything is so beautiful, it is impossible to describe.

Apia harbor, in my judgment, is no more comparable to that of Pago Pago for beauty than for security, but it is beautiful certainly. It is crescent-shaped, and from Mulinuu on the west to Matautu on the east, about two miles wide. It is a maze of coral, cruel as death to ships' bottoms, but with enough deep water between reefs to give room for the largest ships.

At any rate, the view of the island from the harbor is unsurpassable. The chief street runs

round the crescent beach from Matautu point, near which the American consulate is situated, to Mulinuu, the home of the old king, Mataafa, deposed now and pensioned by the German government. Backward and upward from the street the land rises in cocoanut groves, breadfruit and banana plantations, and endless blooms of

SVManning SY M C A Jun07

all the precious things we keep in hot-houses in America, shading and embowering multitudes of native houses, like those of Tonga, only far better in every way—cleaner, larger, airier and wider open on every side, and again back and upward, the scene extends to mountain ranges three to four thousand feet high,

covered to the summits with waving trees and shining here and there with waterfalls, and shaded with deep gorges, until they lose themselves in cloud masses, floating in evening splendor over all.

Against the mountain, half way up the first of the foot-hills, the white walls of Vailima, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, gleam in the sunlight, and farther up on the top of the first low range—at his own request—they have made his grave.

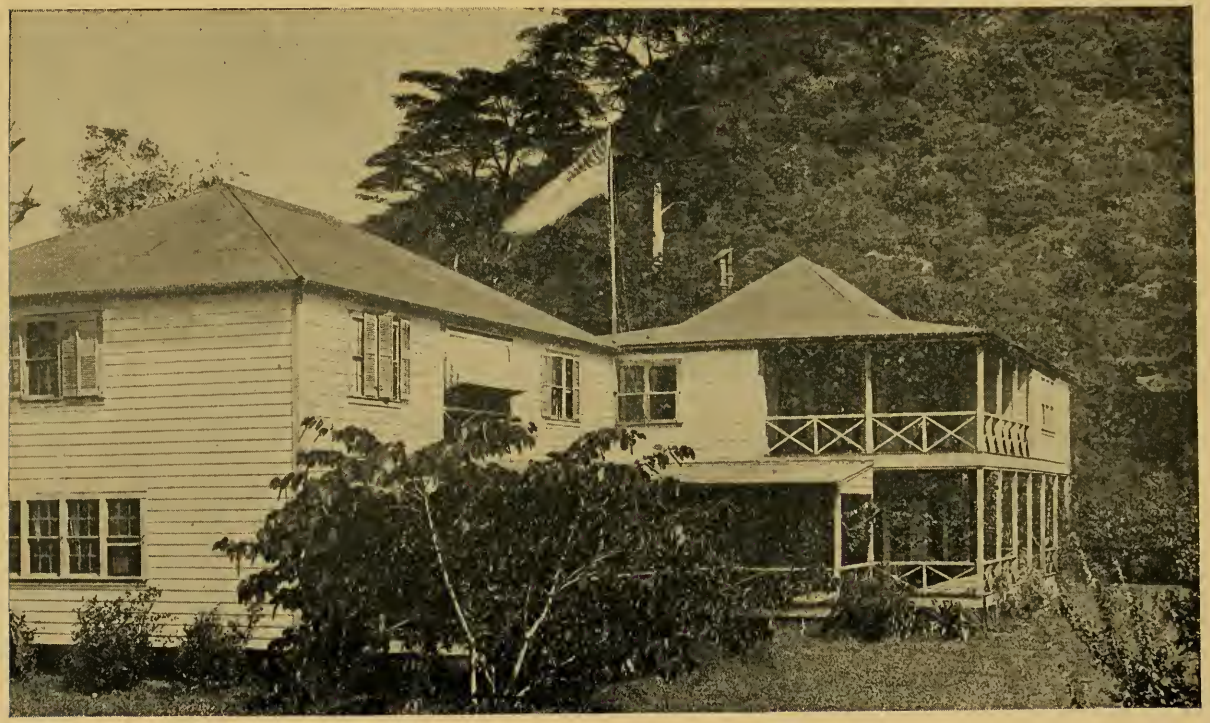
We remained on board for a long time after our arrival, watching our native passengers disembark. Throughout the Tongan islands we have been picking up native voyagers going to visit friends in Apia. In fact, by the time we left Vavau our deck was filled with them. They carried their mats and kits of yams and cocoanuts, and ate and slept and lived on deck, as cheerful as so many birds. It was impossible to walk on deck without great care, lest we should tread on little, brown, unwinking babies, sprawling on their pretty mats as naked as the day they were born; handsome women and girls, taking siestas at all hours of the day, precisely as they felt inclined, or stalwart chiefs, alike disposed. At night they all had prayers. It was curious to see and hear the two camps into which the worshipers fell, conduct-

ing the evening devotions, the Protestants singing their lusty choruses and then bowing in quiet, but fervent prayer, led by one of their number and then another; and the Catholics' wierd chanting, far less attractive to listeners, but equally earnest in manner. They would have kept it up far into the night had not the chief officer forbidden any singing on deck after 10 o'clock.

When we arrived at Apia, the ship was immediately surrounded by native boats, and the delight of the boatmen at meeting the visiting natives, or those returning home from visiting, was plain to see, although the greetings were very quiet. Messengers were dispatched to notify relatives and friends on shore of the arrival of their visitors, or the members of their families returning. Very soon other boats put off to wait their turn at the ship's ladder.

The most distinguished of the native passengers was the aunt of the King of Tonga, with her retinue of thirty servants, thirty pigs for presents, and baskets and mats too numerous to be mentioned. A twelve-oared boat met her, trimmed with vines and flowers.

There were several half-caste boys, just getting home from an eight or ten years' schooling in Auckland, well dressed, polite intelligent, and all sorts and conditions.



Vailima.

Next morning we set out immediately after breakfast to make a pilgrimage to the home and the burial place of Stevenson. Taking a trap with two horses and two natives—a fine old chief and his son—we drove to Vailima.

Our way was through a lovely avenue of tropical trees, past rich plantations of cocoa, oranges, bananas, cocoanuts and all the rest. We both exclaimed at the beauty of it, and our pride in Tutuila, our own island and our first love among tropical islands, began to have a fall, for Apia is far more advanced and cultivated than Pago Pago.

On our way we stopped at Miss Armstrong's school to see the children of our friends, Judge Gurr and Fanua, of Pago Pago, and a handsome little man and woman they are. We took a snap-shot of them and the school and hurried on, for we had a hard day's work ahead of us.

We passed up the "Road of Gratitude," made for Stevenson by the chiefs whom he had befriended, and whose opening was the occasion of a memoriable celebration at Vailima, and at 10 o'clock were at the house that the great master of English prose had built, almost with his own hands—enlarged now by its new owner, a German millionaire. We gathered flowers from the shrubs that he had planted, ate aligator pears and oranges from his trees, and entered at

Celebrating the finished road of gratitude.

once and fully into the spirit of the time and place.

We left our team at Vailima, and on foot climbed the almost impossible hill to where in a wilderness of wild vines and hibiscus blossoms, his beloved chiefs laid "Tusitala" to rest until the judgment day.

It was a terrible climb for two elderly people. The hill is very steep, almost precipitous in places. The path, cut by the natives to the summit, has grown over largely. Trees have fallen across it, and the earth has quite slipped away in places. It was only by the most determined and persistent labor that we reached the object of our journey. Again and again we had to lie down and rest. Again and again we would gain only a few yards before having to give up and take breath again.

However, shortly after noon we reached the top and threw ourselves on the gray concrete tomb, scarcely more alive than the bones beneith it.

The place is fast returning to wilderness. If Stevenson desired utter quiet, he has his wish. A splendid vista opens through the trees toward the harbor, through which Apia and the gorgeous coloring of the reefs fairly astound the sense, but it, too, is closing up with neglected bush.

Tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The tomb is severely plain, unornamented with anything, save two small emblems—a thistle, and a hibiscus flower, and two inscriptions—a passage from the Samoan translation of the Bible on one side of the tomb, and on the other this:

1850. Robert Louis Stevenson. 1894.
Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Gladly did I live and gladly die;
And I land me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Descent is easier. We came down from the mountain top and returned to the ship for a bath and a rest, and late in the afternoon visited the chief of Apia—Seumanatafa, son of that Seumanatafa who, on those awful days, the 16th and 17th of March, 1889, when six men-of-war, then riding at anchor in Apia bay, went to pieces on the reef in a hurricane, led his people with most noble and indefatigable daring to the rescue of friend and foe, and who for that day's work received a handsome boat and a gold watch and chain from the United States

government, besides presents for those who lent a hand.

Of the ships lost that day, three were American—the Nipsic, the Vandalia, and the Trenton—and three were German, the Adler, the Eber, and the Olga. The Calliope, a British battle-ship, was saved by her captain driving her under full steam, out from among the other disabled and breaking up, past the reef and out to open sea, in the teeth of the hurricane, to safety.

Seumanatafa received us warmly as friends of her sister, Fanua, and Americans. At parting, he presented me with a great kava root, a royal gift, as Samoans count royal gifts. His wife—Kaullaga—presented to Mrs. Woolley pieces of such tapa cloth as only nobles can give, and is quite unpurchasable at any price. Meanwhile, we sat on the mats and ate delicious slices of pine apple, such as absolutely no market can supply, for pineapples, more than any fruit, deteriorates after it leaves its native pine.

We called then on Judge Imhoff, the young German doctor of philosophy, from the University of Mannheim, whom we met on the steamer on our way to New Zealand in April, when he was going to his post as judge of Apia. He carried us away to his house on the hillside for refreshments, and then for a drive until night-

Memorial feast on completion of the Stevenson monument.

fall. He showed us the home of King Mataafa, the great war canoe of the Samoans, a huge catamaran decked over and accommodating fully a hundred men, housed now as a memento, for there is to be no more war in Samoa. He left us at the landing, where our boatmen were waiting to row us out to the ship. They pulled stoutly away into the somewhat rough water singing, "Good-bye my Flenny, I never will forget you." "Flenny," it will be noticed, is Samoan for "friend."

We went to sleep that night in Apia bay with the songs of the natives coming to our ears from the shore.

The next thing we knew, we heard the rattling of steam-winches and smelled the fumes of sun-dried copra. It was morning, and we were anchored at Mulifanua, taking cargo.

XVIII.

Sidney, N. S. W., Dec. 10, 1905.

IN the history of moral degradation, Fiji probbly leads the world. In early days it was called "The Hell of the Pacific." Up to 1835, when two Wesleyan missionaries took their lives in their hands and landed at Lakemba to preach the gospel, the darkest blot upon the earth was this group of 250 beautiful

islands. The people were polygamists; they were infanticides; women were treated as inferiors; wives were killed when their husbands died and their bodies were used to line his grave and make it soft. The feeble old men and women were buried alive by their own children; they were cannibals; human sacrifices entered into all of their important undertakings; victims who were to be eaten were bound and placed alive in the ovens; theft and lying were universal. When a chief launched a new canoe, the rollers on which it was made to slide down the shore into the water were living men. When the new canoe was ready for use, ten men were slaughtered in it, as a dedication ceremony. The gods of old Fiji were "the god of human slaughter," and the god "eater of human brains." This was the condition when Christianity was introduced, and the facts are not exaggerated. As late as 1840 the United States exploring expedition, commanded by Commodore Wilkes, and including such men as Dana, Maury, and Pickering, gave corroboration to the ghastly stories of former travelers, whose records were disbelieved, because they bore such strong internal evidence of extravagance in statement.

But Fiji has been redeemed by the foolishness of preaching. As late as the fifties, Tanoa,

A pottery in Fiji.

chief of Moan, would return from a successful war expedition with his canoes loaded with carcasses of his enemies for the table, and his yard-arms dangling with the bodies of slain infants he had exacted from their parents, that he might devour them. If human flesh ran low in the royal larder, the chief's purveyors would hunt down his own people to supply it. When Tanoa died, his son and successor, Thakombau, who in his later life became a Christian, eloquent and apparently consistent and devout, began his reign with the ceremony of strangling his own mother with his own hands.

By 1870 cannibalism had ceased, and the Fijians were a quiet, kindly people, strict abservers of the Sabbath, and very attentive to the ordinances of religion.

This does not mean that these natives have become saints, but they have become Christians, and they average up as well in my opinion, as the general run in Europe or America.

For this transformation the missionaries are responsible. They, and none else. And that, in spite of the white traders and fugitives from justice. The census of 1891 gave 100,000 native inhabitants, of whom 90 per cent are Wesleyans, and 10 per cent Roman Catholics. Practically all are professed Christians, gener-

Fijian house.

ous, honest, hospitable and very observant of religious forms.

In 1874, at the request of our native chiefs, Great Britain assumed the government of the islands as a crown colony, and at this time Fiji is rapidly coming to the front as a field for important agricultural development.

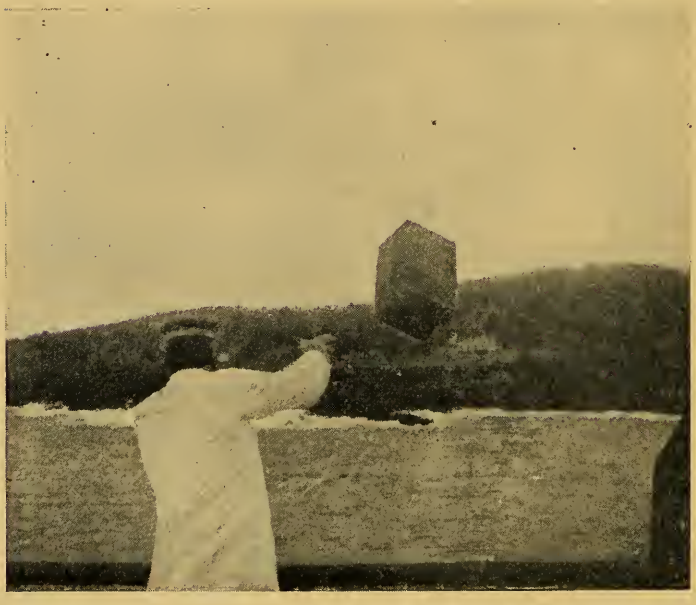
It is a fertile country, growing the very best bananas I have ever eaten, and pine-apples equal to those of any other place. Of course, the cocoanut is the staple crop in all tropical islands, and in that, Fiji is outstripped by none, while at present the sugar cane is rapidly taking prominence. Tea, peanuts, cotton and tobacco are exported also, but in no great quantities.

The labor is done chiefly by Indian coolies, at a wage of about twenty-five cents a day. The Fijians do not like to work, and unfortunately for them, do not have to.

We left Mulifanua on Saturday, the 25th of November, as the sun was going down. The volcano on Savali was lighting up the sky, and pouring its flood of lava toward the sea, not over twenty miles away. It broke out only a few months ago in a deep valley. It is now a mountain 4,000 feet high and growing.

Sunday we passed several small islands, but did not stop at any. In the afternoon we ran

near the island of Niufau, to deliver the mail. It—the mail—was soldered up in a kerosene tin (all kerosene in this country is sold in five-gallon cans, square in form. These cans are used for everything—pails, packing boxes, flower-pots,) and thrown into the sea, where a native was waiting to receive it and carry it ashore. The sea was very rough, and the cap-



The mail for Niufau.

tain supposed the native would not venture out, so he sailed as near the reef as he dared—about half a mile off—and when he got just opposite the cliff on which we could plainly see

the entire population assembled, there, bobbing up and down, like a burnt cork in the trough of the waves, was the black head of the mail carrier. When the can struck the water, he struck out for it into the wake of our ship, and it seemed as if he must be lost, but we saw him emerge from the tumbling waves and swimming in triumph to the shore. I was lucky enough to get a snap-shot at the chief officer, Mr. Benton, in the act of throwing the precious tin box overboard, and at the same time, the native in the water, waiting to receive it.

Soon after leaving Niuafou we began to see the crags of Fiji looming against the horizon, and steered for Levuka, the former capital of the archipelago, beautifully situated on the island of Ovalau, and at 9 o'clock we made fast to the wharf there. Bright and early Monday morning, and before the others were stirring, we were tramping along the shore, through the native villages far from the ship, but as safe as we should have been in any village in America.

The coral reef at Levuka is particularly beautiful. The harbor is a semi-circle, like Apia and the shore is far more rugged in its scenery. The reef lies between the deep blue water of the bay and the blue-black ocean beyond, like a veritable rain-bow, where the colors

Church of the Redeemer, Levuka, Fiji.

of the reef shine through the shallow water, and the sun seems to break them up as by a prism. As the tide rises and falls, and as the wind ripples the water, and as some cloud masses cast their shadows as they pass, the colors change and the whole effect is simply marvelous. We entered a pretty house, next to the little Church of England, attracted by a photographer's sign displayed on the front. The artist was out, but a fine old gentleman greeted us most kindly and entered freely into conversation. We found him to be the rector of the church, who has been in Levuka over thirty-five years and has built there the finest Church of England in Polynesia. Afterward he came to call on us at the ship and say good-bye.

As usual in these island towns, there is but one street in Levuka, and that simply a path on the beach, but there are one or two up-to-date stores, and many small shops, bakers, butchers, saloons, etc.

We left Levuka at midday, and at five o'clock were in Suva, the capital of Fiji, delightfully situated on the hillside and sloping down to a most charming bay, reef-bound, like the rest, and reef-glorified in color. The town has quite a modern air in the midst of the quaint native buildings and native ways. The government

house is quite an ambitious structure, and the stores and warehouses quite pretentious.

At six, nine, twelve, three, six and nine o'clock, a huge native stands in the public square next the post-office, and beats the hour on a "lalli"—an old dugout canoe turned up under a canopy to keep it dry. It rings loud and clear, and gives one a sense of very primitive conditions.

Seumanatafa, our friend, chief of Apia, was a passenger on our ship, going to Suva to fetch back to Apia, "Vau," taupou of Apia, who was visiting relatives in Fiji.

The first night we were in Suva, we were invted, Mrs. Woolley and I, to spend the evening with Vau, at the home of her cousin, the native Samoan missionary there. A native came to the ship to conduct us to the place, where Seumantafa and his sister and her attendants waited to receive us. We drank kava and enjoyed ourselves. Vau speaks very good English, and her brother, Seumanatafa, and her cousin, the missionary, speak it a little. Vau herself took us back to the ship.

Thursday, Thanksgiving day, we were at Likuri, taking on bananas, and later, at Lutoka the great sugar mill—the next largest in the world. At Suva and Lutoka the ship filled up with passengers returning to Australia for the

holidays, and comfort was at an end. Sick babies and well babies and bad babies in crowded cabins, with sea-sick mothers, beery men,

Vau, Taupon of Apia.

reeking with tobacco, sneering at the missionaries and the natives, all combined to put an end to the ideal days we had experienced up

Samoan women making Kava.

to that time. On the night of Thanksgiving day we put out to sea, bound for Sydney, eighteen hundred miles away.

The trip was without any marked event, until the fifth of December.

We had no wish to see a hurricane, having been in a terrific one on the Atlantic, but we did hate to leave the South Pacific without seeing a waterspout. We had almost begun to doubt if the marvelous pictures we used to see in the school geographies had not been pure fakes. But about twenty-four hours out of Sydney, we were sitting on deck watching the clouds idly, and thinking of nothing, when Mrs. Woolley said suddenly: "What a peculiar cloud! I looked and saw, about half a mile away, an irregular column descend from a mass of black clouds, which seemed to me about a mile high, until it touched the sea where it stood wirthing with the sea boiling at its base. At that nstant the captain came hastily from the bridge, bringing the ship's glass, and said: "There is as fine a water-spout as I ever saw."

With the glass we could see plainly the water curling up the long tube, and the sight was almost incredible. In a few minutes it broke and fell. But just as we were turning away, wondering, another formed a little farther away, and altogether we had a good chance to

study this most astonishing performance of the sea.

Early on the 6th of December, one of the stewards came to my cabin and said: "The captain sent me to call you, sir, to see the heads of Sydney harbor."

Loading bananas, Suva, Fiji.

XIX.

On board S. S. Taiyuan, Dec. 20, 1905.

WEDNESDAY, December 6th, at 5 p. m., the "Manapuri" steamed through the Heads into Sidney harbor, and the panorama, with the rising sun lighting up the many suburbs on the hills on either side "beggars description." They say the first question an Australian asks you is, "Have you seen Sydney harbor? and I no longer wonder, for it is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Anthony Trollope wrote: "I despair of being able to convey to any reader my own idea of Sidney harbor. I have seen nothing to equal it in way of land-locked scenery—nothing second to it. It is so inexpressibly lovely that it makes a man ask himself whether it would not be worth his while to move his household goods to the eastern coast of Australia in order that he might look at it as long as he can look at anything. The sea runs up in various bays and coves, indenting the land all round the city, so as to give a thousand different aspects to the water, and not of water unbroken and unrelieved, but of water always with jutting corners of land beyond it, and then again of water, and then again of land."

The city of Sidney numbers half a million people, and is more like London than any place

I have ever visited. The streets, the shops, the people, all remind me of England's great city, on a smaller scale. We were a day ahead of our scheduled time, so our friends were not expecting us, and we had ample time to see to our baggage, and store away the pieces we would not need, until we should take our ship for Manila. We were to be the guests of Canon and Mrs. Boyce, at St. Paul's rectory, Redfern, where we had spent a delightful week just four years before, and we found the home just the same hospitable place. We were to sail the 11th, so our days were very busy ones, calling on old friends and sight-seeing. The days were all too short for us to do, and see all we wanted, and Monday the 11th, found us settled on this delightful little ship of the China Navagation Company—the "Taiyuun"—than which no more comfortable ship sails the seas.

Mark Twain said: "If there is one thing in the world that will make a man peculiarly and insuferably self-conceited, it is to have his stomach behave itself the first day at sea." There is no doubt for the first time in my life, I resemble that man, for not only the "first day," but all days are happy days, and I bless the "Taiyuan" with my every breath. It is exquisitely clean, and free from smells. The servants all Chinese—except the quarter-masters,

who are Malays—are attentive and quiet. The menu is excellent and dainty as a home-table. The ship is small, only 2,300 tons, but most comfortably arranged for this tropical journey. The matting and rattan chairs, the

St. Paul's Sydney.

linen-covered punkas (the punka is a swinging mat, arranged over each table, with cords running on pulleys to the end of the dining-saloon. where servants stand during meal-time, draw-

ing the cord back and forth, fanning the passengers at the table), the awnings on all the decks, the electric fans in all the cabins, the servants in their long, cool, blue and white linen garments, all help to make one feel cool. There are only twenty cabin passengers—four ladies—and no snobs. Several go with us to Manila, the others to China and Japan. One young gentleman is from Cairo, and expects to go through America, back to Egypt. Several business men are aboard, who have often made this trip, and always by this ship, which speaks well for it, for there are some ships I have traveled in, that nothing would ever induce me to sail in again.

We left Sidney at 6 p. m. with many friends waving good-bye—and our cabin fragrant with flowers from them. We passed the Heads, and then went to dinner. All the evening we were in sight of land, and the first thing we saw in the morning was land, and so far, we have not been out of sight of the low-lying hills of Australia. It seems more like a lake trip than the ocean, and is much more enjoyable, for we seem in touch with the world. The loneliest feeling in voyaging is to be days and days on the great Pacific, and not see a sail or sign of life. The effect of such an experience is depressing in the extreme.

The journey of 1,000 miles from Sidney to Brisbane, and from Brisbane to Townsville, is interesting only because it is novel . It has no scenic attractiveness. We skirted northward along the Queensland coast, never out of sight of land, and with a sea as calm as an inland lake. The coast is historically interesting, for the many names Captain Cook in 1770 gave to the different places. "Endeavor River," where he beached his vessel for repairs; "Whitsunday Passage," where he arrived on Whit Sunday; "Cooktown," "Trinity Bay," "Moreton Bay,"—and so on. From Townsville to Cooktown is like passing through a chain of enormous lakes. Some of the islands are bare and rugged, others thickly wooded, while some are mere sand hills.

At Cooktown the great barrier reef, which extends 1,200 miles along the coast, makes in to the shore, so that we pass from Cooktown to Torres Strait in a kind of sound, only of vast dimensions. This reef—which is of coral formation—and increasing with every year—extends from Sidney, northward to the Straits, but is so far out in the sea, we are not conscious of it, until it begins to narrow down. At one period of the world's history, it probably formed the Queensland sea-coast.

Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, we were safely anchored at the wharf in Pinkenba,

where we took the train for Brisbane, 18 miles away. It was unfortunate we were there only a few hours, for this city of 50.000 people, the capital of Queensland, is most picturesquely situated on the banks of the Brisbane river, the finest waterway in Australia. Of this river Lawson. the New Zealand poet, has said, "I always thought it a kind of god—that Australian river. If all Australia were like the country near the river, Australia would be the richest jewel on the whole earth's bosom."

Australia is a great country—as large as the United States, but with less than five millions of inhabitants. The trouble is, that it has no interior—no back-bone—no mountain ranges—consequently no great rivers. nor lakes, and so only the shore is inhabited, the interior being low, arid, unsettled. and for the most part, uninhabitable.

Of course we could see but little at that time of night, but we carried away with us. "photographically lined on the tablet of our minds." a vision of a very up-to date city with fine railroad depot, substantial buildings. well-paved and well-lighted streets, and very good electric car service. At midnight, we were on board again. and steering up Moreton Bay for the open sea.

Saturday night, at 7 o'clock, we reached

Townville, and anchored in Cleveland Bay for two hours, while we took on a cargo of tallow and beche-de-mer, a sort of dried snail, or slug, caught on the reefs by the natives, and highly prized as a great delicacy by the Chinese. We also had several Chinese passengers. At every port we are "gathering them in"—for all who can afford it are going home for the new year. At 2 o'clock Sunday we stopped an hour at Cairns a little place where there is a famous sanitarium—then steamed on to Cooktown. All the way now the sea is in fact a landscape,for it is studded with islands, mostly uninhabitated, but frequently visited by the aboriginals in search of fish. We saw several dug-out canoes with natives in them coasting along the islands. We passed Cape Tribulation, where Captain Cook came to grief, and saw the horn-shaped peak—Peter Botte—look down from a height of 3,311 feet—the highest point on the coast.

Cooktown, of course, is named from Captain Cook, who landed here and beached the "Endeavor" in 1770, when he had been stranded on the Barrier Reef.

There are many interesting landmarks on this coast, and the number of coasters and steamers, and war-ships we have passed, has added much to our enjoyment. Besides, we have seen sharks, whales, and dugong—a large fish,

apparently a cross between a seal and sea-lion—and captured in great numbers for the oil.

The hundreds of islands situated in the Barrier Reef are luxuriant with fruit and vegetation. The mountains, or hills, are low and are

Ant Hills, Albany Pass.

within fifty to three hundred miles of the coast-line, and the whole coast may well excite the admiration of travellers.

Our course from Cooktown to Thursday Island lay through the famous Albany Pass. Monday

and Tuesday nights, as soon as it was dark, we lay at anchor, as it is one of the regulations of this China Navigation Company not to travel at night among these treacherous reefs. At 5 a. m., Wednesday, we were up on deck to see

The last of Australia.

the wonders of the land and sea. The pass is very narrow, with swift current, and the bank on either side green with the everlasting gum, and curious as to the giant red and white ant hills, which were from six to twenty feet high.

In the distance they looked like one of our Indian villages, and when we realized that these little insects—not over a third of an inch long—built these great tepees. the thought of men building sky-scrapers and great buildings, lost some of its wonder.

We were told that the sailors on the battleships, which put in at these ports, often take these ant hills on board, and the inhabitants of them not only thrive. but kill the mosquitoes and flies.

Our experiences and observations of this trip among these aboriginal islands, has a tendency to cause our pride of civilized advancement to grow small and beautifully less. There is less difference between the child-races, and those which fondly think of themselves as adult, than we have been taught to believe there is.

In a few more hours we were in view of Thursday Island, and the pilot came aboard. The scene as we approach, is very beautiful. saddened somewhat by our sailing near a leper colony, stretched along the beach of Friday Island.

Thursday Island is the most northerly township in Australia, and is the head of the Torres Straits' pearl fisheries. It is only a small place—now very parched and dry, for the rainy season has not begun—about ten miles in cir-

Pearling fleet, Thursday Island.

cumference, but very important as being the nearest point to New Guinea, and strategetically a very important British naval station, two men-af-war being in the harbor when we arrived. We went ashore and were fortunate in being invited to the home of the largest pearl fisher in the island. We saw boxes and bottles of pearls, big, little and indifferent, and heard about the trade, which was all news to us. The fact that only one fine pearl is found among a thousand, is much like people. This friend showed us boxes of beautiful jewels, among which was a beautiful ring, set with three black pearls. He told us it took him six years to match these gems.

The pearls are not the real trade here, as we had always thought, but the shells themselves, which are the finest mother-of-pearl in the world. Our ship took in forty tons of shells to be sent to China, Japan and London, to be made into buttons and other articles of commerce.

The diving is both in shallow and deep water, and the divers are of many nationalities—but the best deep-sea divers are Japanese. They have no fear, and can stay under the water longer than any other natives. To show the truth of their fearlessness, we were told of one man who went down into the deep sea, and

Pearl Fishing, Thursday Island.

when they brought him to the surface, and opened the dress they found he was dead. As the body was rolled out, another Japanese stepped in, and was lowered at once. The story is a grewsome one, but well illustrates the absence of fear among this people we have all learned to admire during the late war.

Thursday morning at 5 o'clock, we left the harbor and headed for the open sea. It is our last stop, until we reach Manila—nine days away.

XX.

On board S. S. Taiynan, Dec. 29, 1905.

I AM beginning this letter in the middle of the Maylay Archipelago.

We spent Thanksgiving in Fiji. The celebration was without the orthodox concomitants as to food and public worship. No turkey shed his giblets on our account. No preacher fanned our enthusiasm with a labored patriotic novelty. We feasted, though, on great golden bananas, fully twelve inches long, and with girth to match. Our fingers dripped with the liquid sunlight of pine-apples and mangoes. We drank the milk of young cocoanuts and dead ripe oranges. We took God for granted and remembered our native land with thankfulness that knew no bounds.

miner, and the Australian opals are the finest in the world. One stone which he is carrying to show Pierpont Morgan, is the tooth of a dynosaurus, petrified in opal of the highest quality and worth a thousand guineas, or $5,000. A life insurance agent from Sydney, going round the world to see it. A bank president from Melbourne, going to Japan for a rest—a fine fellow, a cousin of Andrew Lang, and like him, brilliant and cultured. A young man going to join his family in Shanghai, and a young woman going to the same port to join her sister. We are all good friends, as befits shipmates, and the discussions we engage in are better than any show. Like other discussions, they settle nothing, but they show off to good advantage the quality of the debators. The passengers are keenly interested in everything American, which makes it easy for me to get on with them, and by a good deal of eloquent silence, I keep them from realizing how much I don't, know. We have debated Judaism Catholicism, Christian Science, and all varieties of politics, as well as all the arts and sciences, from the beginning of history to the remotest future, omitting—well, hardly anything.

During the forenoon we entered Pitt passage, and later, having passed Mangola and Taliabu,

came out into the Molucca passage. The northeast wind continues, and the weather is delicious. Three waterspouts appeared on the starboard bow, but they were distant, and but a few drops of rain reached us.

Christmas sports, S. S. Taiynan.

The afternoon was spent in true nautical hilarity. The decks were cleared for action and reaction, purses were made up for prizes, and the whole afternoon was consumed in rough, good-natured games. I am no sporting editor, and cannot undertake to describe what hap-

pened, in detail, but it was superlatively funny, and I laughed until I felt like having hysterics. There were obstacle races, wheelbarrow races, sack races, blind-man's buff, pillow fights, individual tugs of war, ending with a grand finale in which the first cabin passengers pulled against the ship's officers—the captain umpiring. This gave a somewhat indefinite result, for before any judgment could be rendered, all hands were in full pursuit of the umpire, whose reputation being ruined, was doing his best to save his life. The "events" were all won by Malay sailors, and Mrs. Woolley presented the prizes.

At dinner there were turkey, mince pies and ice cream, but the barest courtesy to truth requires the statement that they were one and all a gastronomic burlesque, compared to an American Christmas dinner. But we were a jolly company and easy to be pleased, where good digestion waited on appetite, and health on both.

At 8 o'clock there was a "grand concert," wherein every number was encored and, at the end, every performer given three cheers. There were songs of all kinds from those expressive of sentiment too tender to be handled at all, and others which had to do with robuster passion, in good rag time, down to coster-mongery

and cake-walking. The captain mesmerized one of the passengers, solemnly calling the ship's doctor to be ready to resuscitate the subject if anything went wrong; but the young man did not hesitate when informed of the peril. We were a loyal company of cosmopolitans, and every one of us was willing to lay down his life for his ocean. At four bells, lights were out and the ship was quiet. It had been a good day, and tired merrymakers sleep well, and at midnight we crossed the equator without a jar.

Three days later.

I am continuing this letter as we enter the Sulu sea. We passed Zamboanga before daylight, which was a disappointment, but our course lay very close to shore and the harbor lights were shining. We knew our flag was flying there, or would be in the morning, and that the men in charge were our own soldiers. We peered long into the shadowy masses that we knew were houses lying up against the hill-side, hoping to hear or see something that was American, but there was no sound but the swish of the waves along the vessel's sides. As I write now, the sun is rising over Mindinao, and we are skirting her palm groves with a feeling of

having arrived, for in forty hours, if all goes well, we shall see Manila and our children.

Our passage through the Celebes was interesting, but without anything exciting. The sun-sets have been gorgeous, and as it happened, quite different from any we have ever seen, but why, or even how, is quite beyond me. All day Tuesday we were passing active volcanoes, and that would have been exciting if there had not been so many on this tour. The highest were Mt. Roang and Mt. Sian.

It has been a wonderful trip, this cruise. Sky and sea and ship and shore have vied in messages of peace, and rest, and health, and hope, and happiness. We have covered, since we left New Zealand, some ten thousand miles of sea, with the trade winds blowing constantly, but never a roll of the ship, or a moment of bad weather. A few hours of oppressive heat were all we could have changed for the better.

When we sighted the south-west extremity of Mindinao, this morning at 4 o'clock, we were on deck. For eight months we had seen only southern lands and southern seas and southern constellations and we had often longed for something familiar in the land-scape or the sea-scape, or the sky-scape. It was dark at 4 o'clock, and there was no moon, and Mindinao, anyway, was only vaguely and remotely ours;

but we were claiming everything that had an American flag over it, or under it. We had just crossed the bow of the hemisphere: the Big Dipper blazed on our left, pointing away over to the north; the Southern Cross hung over the "Coal Sack" on the horizon to our right. We were back. We had arrived.