PIONEERING IN NEW GUINEA

JAMES CHALMERS

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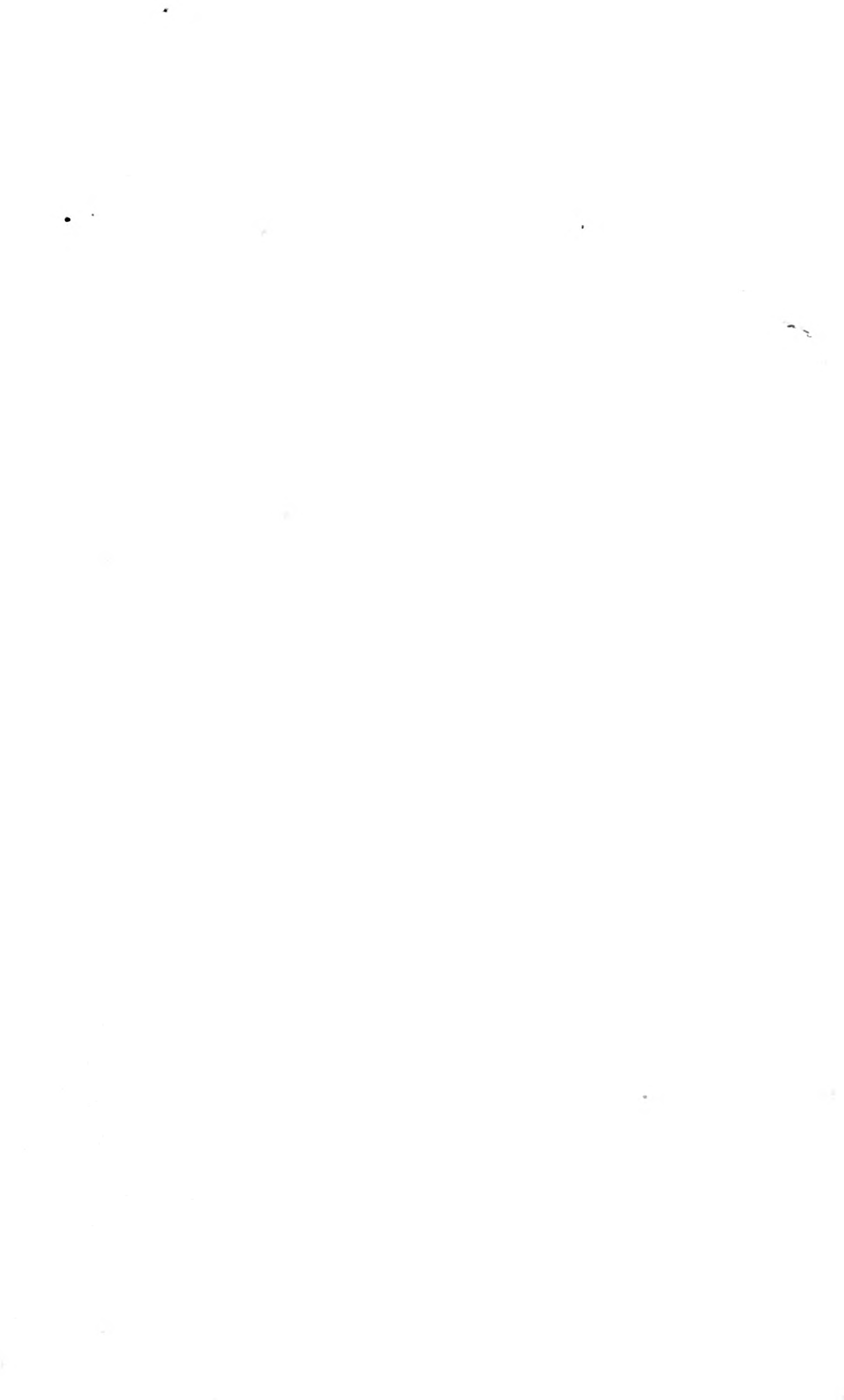

A PORT MORESBY GIRL.

Pioneering in New Guinea

By James Chalmers

Author of 'Work and Adventure in New Guinea,' etc.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS volume contains sketches of travels and labours in New Guinea during the years 1878 to 1886. The author made no effort to work them up into a finished book. Had he attempted to do so, they would have never seen the light. He was more at home in his whaleboat off the New Guinea coast than in his study, and his hand took more readily to the tiller than to the pen. Hence the bulk of this volume has been made up of journals somewhat hastily written while sitting on the platforms of New Guinea houses, surrounded by cannibals, or while resting, after a laborious day's tramp, under a fly-tent on some outlying spur of the Owen Stanley Mountains, or while sailing along the south-eastern coast in the Ellengowan. Writing thus, liable to manifold interruptions, the author sought to preserve only what was essential to his purpose, viz., to record exactly what he saw and did; how the natives look and speak, and think and act; what in his judgment New Guinea needed, and how her needs could be best supplied. Solely for this end has this volume been printed, and he hoped that, as some compensation for its roughness, the narrative might be found both vivid and accurate.

The circumstances of the author's work gave him a unique position in the great Papuan Island. He was well known to many of the tribes, and he was the personal friend of many of the chiefs. He travelled up and down in all its accessible districts, so that both the villages and their inhabitants became more familiar to him than to any other white man. The influence of the Gospel of peace is already so marked, that it is working rapid changes in the thoughts and habits of the natives. Hence it is more than probable that no white man of this generation can possibly see New Guinea and her people under exactly the same conditions as the writer. Succeeding missionaries and observers can never see these people in the same stage of savagery as when he acquired their friendship; and another reason for printing these rough sketches of the life and habits and beliefs of New Guinea is that they may be on record, and thus serve to measure the progress which is now being made in New Guinea, and will continue to be made in the upward growth towards Christianity and civilisation. When, twenty or thirty years hence, the workers of that day give their descriptions of the great island, it may be both instructive and interesting to have on record an account of what she and her people were like in the decade when Christian work began upon her shores.

With regard also to the Proclamation of the Protectorate, the accident of our influence and reputation with the natives gave the missionaries a unique position. They accompanied all the Government Ex-

peditions along the coast, and may fairly claim to have done a good part of the work of making thoroughly clear to the natives the meaning of what would otherwise have been to them dumb show. The natives now comprehend what the hoisting of the flag and the reading of the Proclamation meant. At the same time, we are bound to say that unless Great Britain does her part in the way indicated in the chapters devoted to the Annexation, British influence in New Guinea cannot fail to be hurtful.

The annexation is accomplished, and the author had no doubt that the native rights would be reserved, and that for once we should attempt to govern a savage race in such a way as best meets their needs. It is open to hope that for once we may not exterminate a race in the process of ruling it. At the same time, he had grave fears that if New Guinea were handed over to Queensland there would be a repetition of one of the saddest and cruellest stories in Australian history; the weaker race would go to the wall, and might be substituted for right. The young colony has not readily admitted that the savage has any rights, and it is altogether too fond of the doctrine that the day of the savage has gone, and it is time that he made way for the robuster, so-called civilised race. The Australian pioneer of the nineteenth century had more faith in physical than in moral suasion, and it will need careful watching to see that England's annexation promises are not like pie-crust, made only to be broken.

These pages, moreover, will have been written in

vain if they do not show that the New Guinea savages are men *worth* saving, that they are worth the sacrifice of life which the Polynesian Church has already made on their behalf, and that 'New Guinea for Christ' is not only a dream, but will at no distant time become a reality. Christianity alone can protect and civilise these people.

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PIONEERING IN NEW GUINEA

CHAPTER I

PREPARING FOR THE TRADING VOYAGES

In September, 1883, the village of Hanuabada (Port Moresby) was a scene of life and animation, a spirit of activity pervading the whole crowd, from the oldest man scarcely able to crawl to the youngest bairn kicking in its net-cradle, rocked by an elder brother or sister to still its impetuous cries. Who could sleep amidst the thud-thud of many native hammers (long sticks) used in shipbuilding, or the slap-slap of native wooden trowels used by women in the manufacture of pottery?

Port Moresby is a village of 1000 inhabitants, 700 pure Motuans and 300 Koitapuans. The former are seamen and great travellers, coming in past ages from the distant west, and settling first at Taurama (Pyramid Point), notwithstanding its barrenness, and living principally on fish and wallaby, not objecting to an occasional dog, or, better still, a pig. Generations passed away, and then the tribe thought a better place could surely be found than that barren rocky hill, so they struck camp and came to the most commodious harbour, and perhaps the most central spot in New Guinea. Plantations were made

on the barren hillsides and in the somewhat more fertile valleys on land belonging to a once powerful tribe of sorcerers known as the Koitapu tribe.

Now this Koitapu tribe to the present day is of note on this coast. Once they lived well back near the Koiari or mountain tribe, owning then, as now, all land back to the Larogi River, the Koiarians claiming all on the other side. These Koitapuans are much feared because of their supposed wonderful power over sun, rain, heaven and earth, north-west and south-east monsoons; specially do the winds belong to them. Only yesterday one old chief, an arrant blackguard, from Padiri, about four miles distant, marched through Hanuabada, and some occupant from nearly every house came out to meet him with a present—a stick of tobacco, a tomahawk, an arm-shell, or some other article of value, so that he might be friendly to the proposed trading expedition.

They are no doubt the real owners of the soil, and, it may be, some day in a land court with a British Judge they will have much to say. By no conquest do the Motuans live here, but simply because the Koitapuans allow them, saying, 'Yours is the sea, the canoes, and the nets; ours the land and the wallaby. Give us fish for our flesh, and pottery far our yams and bananas.' What a power these Koitapuans are supposed to possess—midnight spirits travel at their will, strong men are laid low by them, canoes on distant voyages because of their anger never return! They are the cause of the burning sun, cracked earth, dried-up bananas, harvest-time, and famine. Who will not try to appease their wrath, to gain their favour? He is dead now, my old friend Taru, a Koitapuan, of Redscar Bay; but I remember well how all along this coast he was feared, and how

from far and near they came with offerings to him. But, worse than all that has been said, they often murder, or cause murder, to carry out their dark designs. To hang a few of them may yet become necessary, although, since the missionaries have come here, they are not so exorbitant in their demands, and the others are not so blind.

The Motu tribe number about 2000 only; their dialect is spoken by about 5000, and they being the people of commerce—the Britons of New Guinea—through their dialect it is possible to communicate with nearly 20,000 people.

The Koitapuans are to be found tacked on to the Motu tribe at all their villages, as well as on the east side of Redscar Bay; also at Padiri, and at Kevana, about thirteen miles inland of Caution Bay. They number about 2000, very much divided amongst themselves. I have never heard of the two tribes fighting, but often the Motu tribe has helped the Koitapu against their enemies; especially have they prevented the Hulans making raids on them.

The Motu natives are the traders; theirs is the sea, and from Bald Head in the west to Kerepunu, Hood Bay, in the east, they have a clear coast, and will allow no interference. Now it is interesting to go back to the origin of things, and just as interesting for these natives as it is for us. With all gravity they tell how yams first grew from bones, how of a family of Motuans, five sons and a daughter, the daughter married a man far away, given to cannibalism, and four of the sons were eaten by him, the sister preserving the bones. At last the fifth visited this cannibal brother-in-law, and when he was about to be murdered he rose to the occasion and murdered the cannibal, looked round and found the bones of his

brethren, wound them up, and returned to his father and mother. After weeping over the bones, they were buried. Some time elapsed, and the grave was visited, when, lo! a peculiar plant had grown from them, and on digging down the bones were found no longer bones, but large and small yams, the large bones producing large yams and the small bones small ones. The yams were of different colours, and were so because springing from bones belonging to different parts of the body.

Everything has an origin, and this yearly trading voyage to the east is no exception, and, myth, or whatever it may be, here is the native story :—Away in the hoary ages (or rather, young ages) a canoe, with several men on board, went out fishing for turtle; they cast their net, and all dived. One, named Edae, dived near a large rock, in which there was a cave, and into which he looked, when one of the spirits of the deep seized him and kept him down, only leaving his toes above water. His companions wondered what had become of him, and on looking around saw his toes, and at once tried to pull him up, but could not succeed. Letting go, he disappeared entirely, and they returned home disconsolate, and weeping all the way. When the sun was near its dipping, and the tide was low, they again returned, and found Edae's whole feet above water, and had no difficulty in getting him on board. They laid him on the canoe, crying bitterly over him as dead until near the shore, when he opened his eyes and told them what he had seen, heard, and been told to do. He told them there was a large cave, in which a great spirit dwelt, who caught him and kept him down; that when they tried to pull him up by the feet the spirit just pulled him right in, and told him not to fear, but wait patiently, and hear how the hungry north-west

monsoon season might be got over. He was told to have a season of sacredness, then to cut large trees, dig them out, and when finished lash them together, then get mast and sails, and when all was finished take all the pottery the wives and daughters had been making on board and sail away to Elema.

On his arrival at home he told the same tale to his wife, and at once became sacred. His brother-in-law, Nobokinoboki, a Koitapuan, opposed his going, and said, 'Why leave us? I have plenty of yams, some in the house for the north-west season, and some to plant;' but Edae would go and get the food the spirit had praised so much. He told his wife he should be long gone, and on no account to despond or give him up. All was made ready according to instructions received from the spirit in the cave, and the day of sailing arrived. Edae had not seen his wife for a long time, and lest at the parting when the lakatoi was leaving he should be tempted to look, he covered himself in a large mat, his wife remaining in the house doing the same.

They sailed far away towards the setting sun, to the many rivers about Bald Head. They were in the midst of plenty, but the friends left behind were not so well off. Anxiously they waited for Edae's return. Months passed and he did not come, and on every hand it was said never again would that lakatoi come back. The men who accompanied him left their wives, hoping to be soon back; and because they did not return when expected the wives were wooed by and married to others, and began to forget Edae and his large party; but his wife never gave him up, and she encouraged her daughter-in-law to hope on. At length she had a dream and saw Edae, who told her he was leaving Elema on his return

journey. She waited a few days, and then early one morning sent the daughter-in-law up the highest hill and instructed her to look away towards the place where the sun set. The young woman did as instructed, and on her return reported something on the horizon beyond Varivara (islands in Redscar Bay), but could not say what it was, perhaps only drift-wood from the west. Later she returned again, and after sitting awhile saw it larger, and came home to report. The wife felt convinced it was Edae, and was up next morning long before the sun had climbed the hills at the back. The daughter-in-law again ascended the hill, and this time returned with the thrilling news that it was Edae, and the lakatoi was near. Both took sticks and beat them on the floor and shouted for joy. The people came running to know what was the matter, when they were told Edae was coming, was near, and that very day would anchor opposite the village.

During all the time Edae was gone, his wife never allowed the fire to go out, did not go to other houses, had nothing to say to other people, and never bathed. Now she swept the house, set things right, and had a bath; then she anointed herself with oil and dressed in her best. The lakatoi was nearing, and she gave orders for a canoe to be got ready, and getting into it she was paddled off. When alongside the lakatoi she beat on the bulwarks, and shouted, 'All your wives are married again; I only, with our daughter-in-law, waited faithfully until now.' The men were struck dumb, and felt much pained. Edae was full of delight, and on seeing his wife broke forth in song. Receiving some sago, the wife returned and set to cooking, preparatory to her lord's landing. Great was her joy on landing, and rehearsing all she heard

and saw; sago in indescribable quantities, and everybody on board looking well.

As soon as the lakatoi anchored, and after the visiting was over, Edae landed amidst the plaudits of the assembled villagers—another Columbus returning from unknown regions. The Enoch Ardens were full of sadness, and had no heart for merry-making. Some took their faithless wives back, others sought new ones. The first part of the night Edae spent in rehearsing in a loud voice from his own house the incidents of the journey, the people he had visited, their kindness and anxiety to have uros. He wound up his discourse by an attack on the faithless wives, who were terribly ashamed. In the morning his sister-in-law, Nobokinoboki's wife, came to get some sago, but he sent her back to her husband to live on their yams. Day after day she returned, until at last he relented, and told her to tell her husband not to be so bumptious in future, and gave her sago. When Nobokinoboki tasted the cooked sago, he could do nothing but praise Edae and condemn himself.

This journey to the west for sago has been continued ever since, with all its accompaniments, and at present great are the preparations. Long before daylight may be heard women making their pottery, and a walk at any time during the day through the village is indeed interesting. Some women are just returning from the clay pits with heavy burdens of clay of various kinds—black, red, yellow, and brown. These pits are very deep in some places. A few years ago a number of women were busy digging clay in a large pit, when it fell in and buried all alive. Some are spreading the clay out to dry; others are pounding with a stone the dry clay;

some are damping and kneading it, mixing it with very fine sand. Salt water alone is used in softening. Others have a lump of clay, and are beginning to make various kinds of pottery; some have theirs half finished, others quite finished, whilst others are burning theirs in large fires and staining them when hot with a dye made from mangrove bark. Every woman has her private mark, and marks everything she makes. Here is a list of their pottery:—

Hodu—water vessel.
Uro—cooking vessel.
Nau—dish for serving food.
Ipuro—large cup.
Keikei—small pot.
Ituru—small cup.
Kibo—basin.
Kibokibo—small basin.
Kaiva—pot with rim.
Tohe—large vessel for holding sago.

The men have nothing whatever to do with the manufacture of these things; the art belongs entirely to the female portion of the community. They are, however, busy getting their canoes together, working all day and at night poling them well out, where the man who is captain sleeps with a few others. There are six officers in all—one fore and one aft, two for the mast and two for the sail. For a long time the captain has been sacred. In the morning at sunrise the lakatoi is brought in for construction. Four large canoes are lashed together, then bulwarks are made from leaves of the Nipa palm, sewn together, well fastened with long strong mangrove poles, and caulked with dry banana leaves. A stage is made all round, so that the sailors can work her without getting inside of the bulwarks. Masts of mangrove with the roots are stepped on to the centre, and large sails, made of mats all sewn together and shaped like crab toes, are fixed for working with ropes made from the bark of the large yellow hibiscus.

The anchor is a large stone made fast with long canes, sometimes 100 fathoms in length. Fore and aft are small covered-in houses strong enough to withstand a very heavy sea, where the captain, mates, and boatswains sleep and smoke. There are strong divisions of wicker-work in each canoe, into which pottery is put, each division having an owner. The pottery is well packed with dried banana leaves, and only when thrown ashore in a gale do they have much breakage.

A day or two before leaving they sail about the harbour racing,—with all the young swells, male and female, dressed in the height of New Guinea fashion, on board,—and then they have a hearty song with drums beating and bodies and grass petticoats swaying —altogether making a very pretty picture.

At last the cargo is on board, and the wind being favourable, the crew pull out a mile or two to windward, then set sail and away, with a fine breeze following fast, whilst friends at home remain to weep. The men most worked are the steerers. Of these there are several, with large paddles standing aft, whilst the others are drum-beating and singing. One of their songs is the following, taught Edae by the spirit :—

Bokibada oviria nanai,
Ario viriu na bo veriauko ;
Bokibada eraroi nanai,
Irope umanai ela Dauko,
Ela lao nauaore diaia ;
Pinuopa diaia uruero nairuovo,
Ela lao melarava memeru.

Here is another :—

Edae Siabo hidia daquai
Ba negea dobi,
Edae Siabo, Edae a Siabo,
Edae tu mai,
Bava hadaquai balaru dobi,
Edae Siabo, Edae a Siabo,
Edae a Siabo, Edae Siabo,
Hidia hadaquai.

For hours it is gone over with drums beating. There are many others, but the above are sufficient.

When the port whither the traders are bound is reached they are received with great delight; pigs and dogs are killed for the reception feast, after which they distribute their pottery, to be paid for when they are ready to take their return journey. They sleep on the lakatoi, the shore friends cooking them food and taking it to them. The first month they do nothing but enjoy themselves; after that they ascend the rivers, cut down large trees and make canoes of them, to take home on their return journey laden with sago. When they return they will have as many as fourteen or fifteen canoes for one lakatoi, making it very cumbersome. In rough weather they labour fearfully, and often they have to cut all away but two, in which they save their lives; sometimes they are never heard of.

Now they go in these trading voyages much better equipped than formerly, taking with them tomahawks, knives, beads, looking-glasses, red cloth, and tobacco. They return with many tons of sago, which they dispose of to Tupuselei, Kaile, Kapakapa, Hula, and Kerepunu, these paying them in arm-shells and other native articles. They keep very little for themselves, so little that often about a month after they are quite out. During the time they have it the whole settlement smells of nasty sour sago. They put it away in tohes, and keep it damp, as they like it best in its 'living' or fermenting state.

A list of the places they visit for sago may not be out of place—namely, Oiabu, Jokea, Lese, Motumotu, Moveave, Karama, Uamai, Silo, Pisi, Kerema, Keuru, Vailala, Herau, Orokolo, Maipua, Ukerave, Kailiu, Koropenairu, Kaiburave.

Now as to trade. The great trade on the coast and inland is pottery, the natives very seldom making a native oven, like the Maories of New Zealand and the South Pacific. In the east most of the pottery is made on Teste Island and the islands of the Engineer Group, and that is traded as far west as Orangerie Bay. Their pottery, I think, looks nicer than that made west, but is not so well liked. Travelling west, we find the next pottery-makers in Aroma, chiefly at the large village of Maopa. They supply as far east as Mailukolu (Toulon), and send a little to Kerepunu on the west; but the great supply for Kerepunu and Hood Bay comes from the Motu tribe. The Hula natives (Hood Point) bring cocoanuts to Pari, Port Moresby, Porebada, and Boera, and in exchange load up their canoes with earthenware of various kinds. Pottery is made at the above-mentioned places; also at Lealea, in Caution Bay; Manumanu, in Redscar Bay; and Delena, in Hall Sound. An article of very great value to the native is the tola, or arm-shell, made from the *Bonus generalis*. A few small ones are made on this part of the coast, but the best come from the east, as far away as the d'Entrecasteaux Group. They trade them for pottery, and to the natives of the Dahuni district, whilst the Dahunians sell them again to Mailukolu for sago, dogs, etc., and these to the Aroma natives for pigs, dogs, and canoes. The Aroma natives trade them to the Hood Bay (Kerepunu, Kalo, Hula, Papaka, and Kamara) natives for birds, plumes of various kinds, and these to the Motuans for sago, whilst the Motuans carry them to the far west, and trade them to the Elemaites for sago in bulk. Another much-prized article is the taotao, a long shell necklace, made from

small shells ground down. This manner of making necklaces and frontlets was only discovered a few years ago by a cripple at Kerepunu, who got all the information one night in his sleep from a spirit. The following morning he went out at low tide and collected a large quantity of the small shells, rubbed them down on a stone, and then sewed them all together. They are much prized to the westward, but I have never seen them east of Kerepunu.

From the time of the return of the trading canoes the Motuans keep collecting things until the next season. The most industrious woman is the one who attends best on the plantations, and so arranges her work that she makes the most and best pottery. She is sure to have her husband's praise, and she 'has of the fruit of her hands, and her own works praise her in the gates.'

CHAPTER II

AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF THE GULF

In the last chapter we have described the preparations for a trading voyage to the West. In this we shall, by means of brief extracts from the journal of a voyage undertaken in 1883, endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of its most interesting incidents. The extracts are given at length, and it may not be amiss to point out that this is the only voyage that has yet been made along the Papuan Gulf by a white man with natives in their lakatois.

Oct. 5, 1883.—Long before daylight, sounds of weeping and wailing came from the village, and we knew that at last the sago traders to the west were really going to start. Long have I had a desire to take a trip in one of the lakatois, so yesterday I took my passage on board of the Kevaubada, commanded by Vaaburi and Aruako, and was, therefore, early astir this morning. A few tears and a little wailing awaited my exit. Saying good-bye to friends, I took the whaleboat and followed the canoes, which had left some time before, and joined mine at Kohu, about two miles from Port Moresby. Many friends were there to bid farewell to the adventurous spirits who for at least four months would be absent from their homes. Wood

and water were put on board, sails were squared, and then began a terrible scene, weeping, howling, tearing hair, scratching faces until the blood flowed, clasping dear ones in long embraces; wives their husbands; children their parents; and young ladies their future husbands. It was enough to melt a stony heart.

At Idler's Bay we parted with the last of our friends, and there tears were dried up and the ocean-singing began in right earnest. The laughing and joking was, however, strained, and not the hearty outburst of joyous hearts. We were thirty-five all told. Our lakatoi consisted of four large canoes lashed together, with good bulwarks made of leaves strongly bound together with mangrove saplings. We had two masts of mangrove, stepped on top of the canoes with stays and backstays of rattan cane. Our sails were made of mats and shaped like the large crab claw. Fore and aft were good-sized houses, made of wood, and packed full of pottery. Running right round was a platform two-and-a-half feet wide. The canoes were full of pottery, and in the centre, between the masts, was a large crate also full. On the top of the crate were two planks covered with a mat, and on these I slept. Close by me was Vaaburi, who seldom or ever spoke, and who, until we passed Idler's Bay, kept himself covered with a blanket; and on the other side was Keroro, a lad of ten years, who was acting for Aruako, and who was also considered helaga.[1] Hanging close by each was a small pot, in which was good-wind and favourable-weather medicine, consisting of burnt banana leaves. They told me although it was a good breeze it was impossible for the lakatoi to sail well to-day, as there was too much feeling with

[1] =sacred.

the friends left behind, but to-morrow I should see what could be done.

We went about four knots an hour. We had several boys on board; each had his station, and was kept pretty constantly baling. About eleven P.M. we anchored eight miles east of Hall Sound. All were tired, and throats were very sore from singing so much, so there was no need to drone to sleep.

Oct. 6.—Not early awake, as when we rose the sun had already appeared in his gigantic striding over the high mountains of the Stanley Range. We have on board several church members, and before turning-to we had morning service, and then breakfast, when we poled in towards the shore reef, where all the young men landed to get wood, cane, and a large stone, to be used as an anchor. They did all heartily, and seem to have got over the parting of yesterday. We have four cooking-places—two on the platform, and two inside, close by my quarters. The latter belong to the two chief men, and they being sacred can only have their food cooked there, and each has a man to cook for him. The food must not be touched with the hands, and when they are eating they never speak. The former belong to the crew, and only there may they have their food cooked. The food in its uncooked state is first presented at each mast, when something like a prayer is offered to the spirits of their ancestors. On this voyage, a church member engaged in prayer to the only living and true God.

I was showing them some pictures in the *Magazine of Art*, and the one that struck them most was that of 'The Miser.' They seemed at once to see his bad qualities. A portrait of Leon Cogniet pleased them, but did not strike them in any particular way; and that of Keeley Halswell seemed to them as that of a

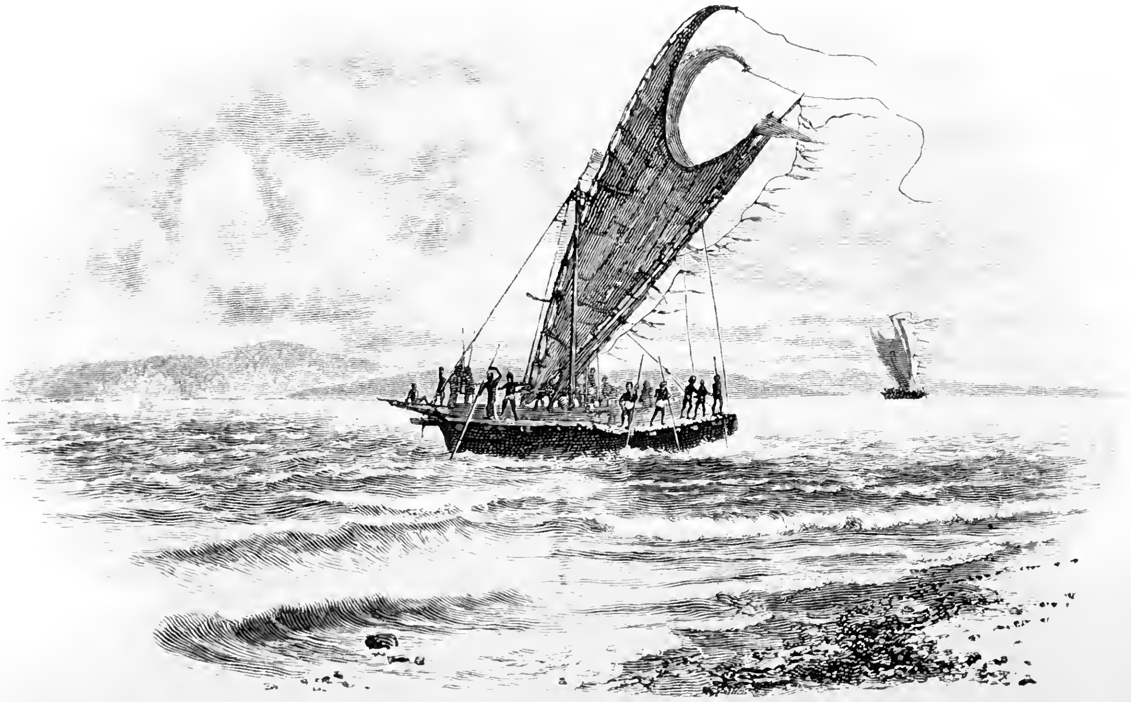
pleasant man. The miser had to be seen by all, old and young.

The other canoes are anchored close by, and we are having frequent visits from friends, who return with food and tobacco. A Maiva canoe on the way to Cape Suckling, in quest of wallabies, pays us a visit. They give me a present of food and cocoanuts, and say they are astonished to find me on board of a Motu lakatoi.

All ready; but we have to wait for wind, so the time is spent in going over their wealth. What a collection! Arm-shells, large and small; tomahawks, old and new; beads, foreign and native; cloth of all colours, nose-jewels, frontlets and breastplates. All exhibit, and in rotation.

I am anxious to press on, as I fear wind will fail in a day or two; but other canoes suggest our spending Sunday here. I am decidedly opposed, and propose spending Sunday at sea. Some of our crew are busy lashing the anchor—*i.e.*, a large stone about three hundredweight—and they say they will soon be ready.

Noon.—I insist on leaving, so up sails, in hawsers (canes), and we clear away, soon followed by others, who are growling all the time they are getting ready. Everybody seems master, and I fancy all do as they like. Orders are given with great hesitancy, and in such a manner as if doubtful whether they will be attended to. Some wish to return and wait, and I fancy would be glad of an excuse to go back. To them this journey of 200 miles is something awful. The excuse is that the wind is not strong enough. I am asked to give orders for a short time, but decline, as I am anxious to see how they will act. All I insist on is that they keep on, and on no account dilly-dally



LAKATOIS IN FULL SAIL.

so as to lose the wind. They have become very scrupulous about Sunday, and are anxious to put into Delena; but I explain to them the day can be more quietly and profitably spent at sea.

We were quite away, and I was standing on my deck bunk—dinner being spread for the crew—when Aruako, an old robber-chief, who was the cause of much suffering in past years, said, 'Tamate, would you sit down for a little until I ask God's blessing on this food, that my boys may eat?' He lacks knowledge, but from all I have seen of him he means well.

When in front of Hall Sound entrance, the lakatoi was brought right up in the wind, and the robber-chief took his little nephew by the hand and handed him two wisps of cassowary feathers, stood in front shaking them with a peculiar motion of the body, and turning to the foremast did the same, then came aft, and turning to the mainmast went through the same performance. When breaking her off again all shouted, as if driving something away.

Long ago, it seems, the Motuans, to keep an open coast, killed many Loloans, who had interfered with one of their canoes, and since then the Lolo spirits have been troublesome in that one place, detaining the lakatois; hence the above incantation to drive them away. We were successful, and got beyond the passage all right, the tide being on the slack at the time.

Immediately after, several bunches of bananas were brought to each mast, which formerly would have been presented as a thank- and peace-offering to the spirits of ancestors, and I doubt not were so in many minds now, only the church members sought blessing on food from Him whom they profess to love and serve. How busy all are scraping bananas, cleaning pots, and getting water. Nothing is thrown overboard; the banana

skin is carefully kept, to be thrown into the river we enter. To throw anything overboard now would be a terrible crime, and cause the spirits to oppose us in every way. Unfortunately, I cannot remember, and so often offend with banana skin and cocoanut-shell.

At sunset we were off Maiva; the other lakatois put into Delena.

SUNDAY, *Oct. 7.*—During the night there was very little wind, and at daybreak we were only off Oiabu, round Cape Possession. All night long the singing and drumming were continued, so now that it is morning all are quiet and many asleep. In the singing Vaaburi coaches them. We are nearing Iokea, and hope to have communication. The wind has entirely failed, and after pulling for two hours we found we were going back with the strong current; so out anchor, with about thirty fathoms of cane rope. The cane is made fast to the mast. After anchoring, all are assembled; and we have a very pleasant service, conducted chiefly by the Motuans. It was short, but I think to the point. Many of the Motuans have a tendency to exceedingly long prayers, but to-day, having been told beforehand, they were short and precise, not wandering over many fields. The Iokeans seem to be away from home, possibly hunting.

Afternoon.—We have been anxiously waiting for wind, but, alas, that commodity seems scarce indeed, so we are still at anchor, and have another short interesting service. I fear there is no chance of a start to-day, and some are now talking of a hunt to-morrow. I did hope to see some old friends from the shore with cocoanuts and some cooked food.

In the evening we heaved anchor, and dropped down with the tide nearer the village, to be ready to get wood and water in the morning.

Oct. 8.—Very early in the morning we saw the other canoes very far out, and bearing away for Maclatchie Point. The Porebada and Tatana canoes have just anchored close by us. A small canoe came off from the shore, and in it three old friends with cocoanuts. I landed at Iokea, and met my old friend Rahe Makeu, of Motumotu, who is here planting. He is very pleased to meet me, and wishes I would go now to Motumotu. The people were all very kind, and were anxious to have a teacher. I have selected a fine piece of ground for a teacher's house, and think this village about as healthy as any we have or can get. We got some sago cake and cocoanuts, also some water; so we got on board for a start, to prevent any hunting. I tell my crew if they remain here I shall land and return *via* Maiva. This is the beginning of Elema, and the beginning of nose-rubbing. Sharp noses would soon be flattened in this district, and it would be as well to carry a small pocket-looking-glass, as the face-colours are varied.

Eleven A.M. — I hope soon to get away. The Motuans are in no hurry, and would remain, if only to get a pig. They were much disappointed. An old chief, Sirio, wished me to have a pig; but I knew better, and told him I could not accept it, as I was anxious to get on. The wind is increasing, and the other canoes alongside are getting under way. I must stop giving tobacco, as I find when they have plenty to smoke they do not care how long the journey may be.

About twelve we became alive, bade farewell to our friends, up sail, in anchor, and away. We have a fine breeze, but a strong current against us. Near sundown we were off Motumotu, and saw the Tatana and Porebada lakatois enter the river. Our sail gave

way, so it had to be lowered for repairs, which were soon executed. All the food to be cooked for the crew is first placed close by the masts. To-night several bunches were so placed and presented to the spirits, that we might get along quicker. The current is very strong against us, and the wind is light. Instead of following the old customs, they consent to one of the church members engaging in prayer. The singing and drum-beating continues, and hopes are great that we shall anchor to-morrow at Vailala or Perau, on the Annie River.

Oct. 9.—We have had the strong current all night, and a light easterly wind. This morning the wind is so light that the long paddles are out and several are pulling hard. Last night, about nine, we were close alongside a large schooner beating to the eastward. I had turned in, thinking the light we saw was one of the other lakatois, so we kept away from her, but not long after there was a terrific shout, 'Nao, nao' (foreigner), so I sprang up, and found we were close under the schooner. I hailed her, but all we could make out was that she was from Thursday Island.

Soon after, I went to sleep, but not for long, as I was aroused by those on duty, who must have thought the bay full of foreign vessels, as they reported more lights. This time the lights were from the lakatois we had seen far out in the morning, and who, finding the current too strong, stood in. We were then close to the Cupola and near to Uamai and Silo. We spoke the lakatois, and then instructions were given for no more lights to be shown and no more singing, as the natives from the shore might see us and come off in canoes and take us, simply for the sake of the pottery.

It seems that about midnight one of the canoes put about and bore down, wishing all to turn back to

Karama and Motumotu, because of the strong current. Our people said, 'No; pull away till morning: we have Tamate on board, and must do our best to get to Vailala,' and stood on, when the others followed. Had I not been on board, the whole party would have gone back to the above places.

We are this morning in sight of Maclatchie Point. Pisi is on our starboard beam; right ahead are the Searle Hills, and away at the back the Albert Range. After a bit of breakfast, I was sitting aft with some of the seniors, and as Keaura (Cupola) was not far astern, I heard the following:—

Long, long ago Keaura and Taurama (Pyramid Point), eight miles east of Port Moresby, lived together. They were both males, and had wives. One night Keaura committed adultery with Taurama's wife; it was discovered, and there was a terrible quarrel. Taurama took his kareva (long wooden sword), and striking hard he rent the two hills asunder. He again took his kareva, and, using it as a lever, he upraised Keaura and sent him flying to the west. But Keaura did not leave empty-handed—he carried with him cocoanuts, sago, betel-nut (areca), pepper (piper betel), taitu (sweet yam), and yam; leaving for Taurama arm-shells, beads, wild yams, and bananas. Keaura, travelling west, left at Kabadi, a district inland of Redscar Bay, cocoanuts, sago, and yams; and at Naara, the district near Cape Suckling, betel-nuts, sago, and bananas; and at Lolo, the district around Hall Sound, as well as at Maiva, the next district to Lolo, bananas, yams, cocoanuts, and sago; and at Kevori, the district near Cape Possession, sago and cocoanuts. The further west he went he grew more lavish in his gifts, leaving at Oiabu wallaby, sago, cocoanuts, yams, and bananas, and at Motumotu, Moveave, and Karama, wood for large canoes, a pro-

fuse supply of cocoanuts, sago, betel-nut, pepper, and yams; and at Silo and Uamai the same, only no wood for large canoes. To the west of Silo he settled, and having still a large supply on hand, he scattered to the west of him an abundance of all good things. Then turning to Taurama he called out, 'And what now have you got to eat, Taurama? I have taken the best and only constant supply of food. In harvest-time you can eat a little, but in Lahara (north-west season) what will you eat? Will arm-shells, &c., be sufficient for you? Will these appease your hunger? Come, now, bring your arm-shells, &c., to me, and get my cocoanuts, my sago, and my betel-nuts.' Taurama listened and held down his head for shame, for really the best had gone. Taurama then asked Keaura, 'If I go to you with the things I have got, what will you give me?' Keaura replied, 'Come and see my sago, and for one arm-shell a large supply of sago; and for your pottery, sago in abundance.' Taurama again asked, 'May I cut canoes, and when finished will you see they are filled?' From that to this the trading has been continued. Taurama was the first-born, Keaura was the second, and Hieupe, west end of Searle Range, the third.

We have no wind, and make little progress pulling. Some canoes came off from Pisi and Kerema, and tried hard to persuade us to go to them; but no use, we are bound further west. They are gone to try their fortune with the other canoes.

Eleven A.M.—No wind; we are pulling, and only just able to hold our own against the current. A large fighting canoe is coming towards us, and our folks seem much concerned; they ask Johnnie, my boy from the east end, to get his old fowling-piece charged, so as to be ready; but he takes no notice, and they are afraid

to appeal to me. We have been boarded by a noisy, impudent lot. Before they approached, our boys hid all their valuables. As they neared I saw they were making for the bow, so I ordered them aft, and called out that they must not come on board. They seemed prepared to fight; bows and arrows were all handy on the platform, fighting armlets were on, and a few had their clubs hanging on their backs. They said they had come for us, and Tamate and the lakatoi must go with them. I told them, 'No, Tamate must go to Vailala, and I intended going to Namau.' They replied, 'You will not go on; we shall keep you;' and their canoe getting close, two of them stepped on board, giving orders to make for their place. One of them seized me, and rubbed noses, and begged of me, as his friend, to land. 'No, I will go on; I shall not go in here.' They were very excited, and looked nasty; but our people were beginning to look as nasty, especially Aruako, the robber-chief. I was anxious to avoid a collision, as this would make it unpleasant for me afterwards. A piece of rope fell into the water, and was picked up by them. Their canoe being close enough, Aruako stepped into it and took it from them, when one of them seized his club. Aruako looked black and fierce, and asked if they wanted to fight, for if they did just say so, and they would have plenty, for his first action would be to break up their canoe, and then with arrows to shoot them down. 'No, no, we do not wish to fight; but, great chief, your lakatoi must come to us. Our wives say we are weak and worthless, hence we have no lakatoi, and they have sent us off.' We insisted on their leaving; and, anxious they should do so without a threat, I addressed my new friend, and told him they must not press on us, as I must go to Vailala. Again we rubbed noses; he asked me for an uro, and as I

had none he begged for a piece of cloth. I took off my shirt, which wanted washing, and gave it to him, and so saved myself trouble with soap and water. Again we rubbed noses, spoke of sincere friendship, they got into the canoe and left us, saying, 'It is good; Tamate go.'

Another lakatoi, about two miles from us, was then made for, joined by two more canoes from Pisi; and whilst I write the three are alongside. I do hope there will be no trouble. We cannot help them, so they must make the best of it. The plan they adopt is to board the lakatois, and if strong enough take everything of value, and so compel their victims to go with them. They will pay well for everything taken. If the Motuans resist, of course a fight takes place. They will be ashamed to return if they do not succeed, and will probably visit Kerema, on the other side of the harbour, where two lakatois have already gone, and quarrel with them, to show their wives they have done their best. Their one cry is for pottery to cook their food, and that they may have hot water (gravy) to drink.

A light breeze is coming up, and we are beginning to move from their vicinity. The sun has been hot, very hot, all the morning.

We are moving on. It seems what brought Aruako aft was a remark he overheard from some one in the canoe, 'What can Motu do if we use our weapons—will they live?' He then came aft and said, 'What do you say? Are you ashore, that you speak so? Say more, and you will have to swim ashore.' And seeing the piece of rope, he stepped into the canoe; and the man in front, fearing he was going to carry out his words, drew his club. Of course all our boys

are now the bravest of the brave. I fear the other canoe is in much trouble, and they are now making for Pisi. We are nearing Vailala, and for the first time yams have been cooked—a sign they hope to get in to-night.

Oct. 10.—Two canoes got in before us yesterday. We got in about seven P.M., making the passage after dark. What excitement! We hoped for a clear sunset, but the sun disappeared behind a thick covering ere taking his nightly bath. When nearing the passage, orders were many, and great were the preparations made. We must go in on the other tack. ''Bout ship,' and all young fellows were warned to keep to their stations, fore-and-aft men stand with paddles, the hawsers (canes) are all got ready to be thrown to the crowd standing on the point, who are to pull us over the bank and up the stream. The deep passage is avoided, as the wind is light and the river-current strong. When I heard that the hawser was to be handed ashore, I thought immediately of getting my books and a few things I wished to keep dry together, and if possible get them ashore, for I expected nothing but a general smash-up in the great white surf. I looked steadily ahead; on she goes, up, down, all around terrific breakers. Ah! there it is now; one sea has boarded us; we are right in the breakers; shore-lights are guiding us, everybody is shouting; one man is calling on his ancestors and talking to the wild seas, and saying, 'Oh, my lakatoi, my lakatoi; oh, my lakatoi will be broken.' Well done, she is on the bank. I now see all know what they are about. Hallo! a terrific sea; she swings, is soon righted; a loud voice calls, 'Boys, don't be afraid, keep to your stations;' she is away, sails are drawing, excitement getting greater; shouting fore

and aft, some calling, 'Pray, oh, pray!' On we go on the tops of seas; nearer, still nearer; the men on the shore are close by; what now?

The hawser is left, we are aground; one rush on to the platform over the bulwarks, fore and aft, regardless of lakatoi coming to grief; about 150 men have boarded us, shouting, yelling, and rubbing noses. What is it? In the dark one might think a certain region had opened wide its portals and the imprisoned got free. Oh no, they are all excited friends; joy overflowing at meeting us. All right now; majority step overboard into the surf, seize the hawser, and soon walk us away into calm water, and up the river to the village. We are all right; no damage, not even a wetting.

I have friends innumerable who claim me. Alas, alas! I cannot say I like this nose-rubbing; and having no looking-glass, I cannot tell the state of my face. Promiscuous kissing with white folks, male or female, is mightily insipid—but this! Ah, say you, well; but this! When your nose is flattened, or at a peculiar angle, and your face one mass of pigment! Cover it over and say no more.

In getting near the village a canoe comes down to us, and there is soon on board my old friend Avea, calling out, 'Tamate, where are Misi Lao and Misi Haine?' (Mr. and Mrs. Lawes). 'I thought they were to have been here long ago.' I could not see the face in the dark, but I knew the voice well. 'Let me go, Avea; this hugging business on an empty stomach is bad.'

The excitement is something terrible—shouting, bawling, screaming, kept up until ten P.M., when I land and make myself comfortable on the roomy verandah or platform of a large dubu.

The people in the dubu receive many instructions concerning me, and are warned to be quiet and treat me well.

So ends my trip on board the Motu lakatoi, Kevau-bada. I enjoyed it much; it was unique, and I shall not soon forget the kindness of all on board. They managed their cumbersome craft well, and would do so, I doubt not, in much worse weather than we had. I was more comfortable than I could have been on board the whaleboat, in which I have often to make long voyages.

We had not been in long when it blew hard from the east, and about one A.M. it began to rain, and continued until daylight, a true torrid zone downpour.

When it began, Keni, a Motu celebrity from one of the other lakatois, came to me, saying he was going to keep me company and see that all went well with me; but the rain was too much for him, and he soon disappeared into the more sacred and warmer precincts of the dubu.

This morning, at prayers, Keni, who never comes to church at Port Moresby, and is the cause of all the quarrel, stood up and told the people they must be very attentive, not speak, and when praying bend their heads, for at Port Moresby they always did that, and there was only one true God; the One we were now worshipping was He.

What a day! These people need much to be taught, constantly taught, that 'the merciful man is merciful to his beast.' On board of the canoes, goods were early disposed of; toeas (arm-shells) large and small, tomahawks, native beads, shirts, &c., were given away, each going to his own particular friend. And now the slaughtering or murdering is going on. Several dogs have departed this life. They were caught by

the hind legs and their brains dashed out against the canoes. Horns have been blowing, and pigs, some large, others of ordinary size, have been brought in well bound, and hanging on poles have had their skulls smashed with pieces of wood or stone clubs. It is so horrible that I dare not taste pork, but my expostulations are only laughed at. They seem drunken with dogs and swine, and care for nothing. Hanging all round the lakatois, and in numerous pots ready for cooking, are large supplies of the above. Inside of the bulwarks a terrible mess—betel-nuts, pepper, cocoanuts, old and young, and sago, cooked and uncooked, with natives squatting everywhere. Now is feasting time; after some days canoe-cutting will begin, and in return for the things now given the natives will help, and when the new canoes leave give payment in sago over and above that received all the time the lakatois are here. The pottery is disposed of last.

Old friends I had quite forgotten are here entreating me to go to the other side with them; but I am comfortable here, and near the Motuans, and do not care to leave until I go west to Orokolo and Namau.

My quarters are not at all bad. The dubu is large, about fifty feet in height in front; the platform I am on is about ten feet from the ground, and one with the flooring of the dubu. I am outside, preferring it for light and air; and hanging all round there are charms large and small, nets used for river and surf fishing, and fish-traps made like foolscaps of the spines of the sago frond, bows and arrows, and a few clubs. Entering by a small aperture, we are quite in, and when the eyes become accustomed to the darkness many are the charms, masks, bows and arrows, to be seen; and running along on each side places like stalls, inside of which are fireplaces, with pieces of rope hanging over

—on these the sleepers hang their feet. During the day very few are about, but at night the building is well filled with men, who come tumbling in at all hours. My compartment is seven feet by three, with room for my goods and chattels, and for Johnnie to sleep alongside. I have slung my hammock between the posts on the platform. Over my head in the thatch are numerous arrows which have been shot there. The custom is, when the warriors return from a successful fight, to fire off arrows that will stick in the thatch.

Afternoon.—One of the lakatois has begun disposing of cargo. All the pottery belonging to a man is arranged on the beach, and into each two small pieces of wood are put, and when finished the owner returns along the row, takes one piece out, and the purchaser follows, taking the other. Both parties tie the tokens carefully up, and put them away in a safe place, then the purchaser's family and friends come and carry away the pottery. When the time arrives for the lakatoi to return, the purchaser and all his friends set to work and get the sago required, one bundle of sago for each piece of wood. When the sago is finished he sends for the Motuan, who enters the sago-house with his small parcel, counts the tokens, and then counts the sago, and if all is right he then carries them on board; if one or more bundles is short, there is a lively disturbance.

In front of every dubu to-day are numbers of bows and arrows, all ready for action in the event of a disturbance over the trading.

I have had several applications that I should get out all my barter, especially my tomahawks, and divide amongst my old friends; but it is of no use, I am proof against all their entreaties.

A friend from whom on my last trip I bought a pig has been telling the Motuans sitting beside me that I did not pay for a pig I got two years ago. I tell them to tell him I always pay at once for the pigs I get; and, pointing to a man close by suffering from elephantiasis, said, 'That's the man that brought the pig to the vessel's side, and I paid him.' 'Yes, all right; but we want you to take a pig now.' 'No, friend, not until my work is done and I have been to Namau will I taste pig.'

Evening.—Crocodiles floating about. Johnnie shot at one and turned it over, but it disappeared. Keni, as of old, quarrelling about a pig; the owner took bow and arrows, and for a few seconds a serious quarrel seemed imminent, Keni threatening all sorts of things; but my being here, he says, prevents him, and he must be quiet.

A little while ago the horrible cruelty in murdering the pigs, as done by the Motuans, called out expressions of disgust from the Elemaites. I have had Keni to visit me. He told me the man to whom the pig belonged was dark—very dark, and knew no better.

'And, Keni, what are you?'

'I? I am light—very light indeed—and feel sorry for their darkness.'

I had just before been telling him he was all darkness and horribly cruel, and if there were more pigs to kill the Elemaites should do it.

Oct. 11.—One night, the lakatois being close by the large platform on which I live, I gave instructions that when they saw my lamp burning brightly all should be quiet, and we would have evening prayers. So about seven P.M. quietness stole over the immense Gulf-sailing crafts and the usually noisy Vailala natives about me. I read from St. Matthew's Gospel, and

then gave an address. The audience was large and seemed to be deeply interested.

A so-called friend has just been here to say he is very angry because I have not given him a tomahawk. I tell him I give nothing and want nothing until I return from the west, and then I shall buy a pig for the expected boat's crew from Port Moresby, but no sago.

This morning I wanted a dish to wash in. Keni at once supplied me with a basin, and a few minutes after came for payment. He is now sitting close by me, holding forth in eloquent terms concerning his valued friend Tamate, and styles himself Keni lohia bada (Keni, the great chief).

The pottery is now distributed in large quantities along the beach, and it is indeed interesting to see the order with which all is carried on.

I gave Avea his present from Mrs. Lawes late last night, and he left, telling the people it was a present from his mother, not from Tamate. He was early here this morning, getting wood for my coffee. Strangers from inland and along the coast are arriving.

For my western trip I must go to Orokolo, and to my friend Apohe. There is a Maipua man here, Kunu, who will accompany me. He says he will go with me to other places. The people here are too busy, and will be so for a long time. They say now they are afraid; but the first night they were not so, promising heartily to go with me.

A crowd of Orokolans have come in, and with them the chiefs, Mama and Apohe. When I asked the latter to accompany me to Namau, he at once willingly consented; but my angry friend of the morning said something, and all was changed. He found that he could not go—that he had killed people belonging

to each place. I stopped negotiations at once, and went away as if terribly displeased. We shall see how this ends.

Elephantiasis seems very prevalent; there are many swollen legs and scrotums. The sufferers are from the banks of the river. I have found on all my travels that elephantiasis prevails on the banks of the rivers; yet I believe that the most healthy localities to be found in New Guinea will be the banks of the rivers, at the mouths. Twice in the twenty-four hours there is a general cleaning up by the tide, a constant supply of fresh, good water, and no unpleasant smells, and the villages are all built on the sandy spits where no water can rest.

I have just seen a woman with her hair done as at the east end, in long ringlets, terribly matted and clotted. I think the Dahuni natives come from the west, at all events from Motu Lavao (Yule Island).

All the stranger natives are armed, so that bows and arrows are in abundance, and all the men have their fighting armlets on. All the bows and arrows belonging to our dubu are ready and, I notice, particularly handy. The trading goes on apace.

Going through the village a little while ago, I met my friend Avea spoiled; yes, spoiled completely. He was dressed in a 'sark,' and marched in the presence of crowds as if he were a man of great importance.

Things are shaping. I am to go by Orokolo, and one or two men are to accompany me, only I must put off the start for a day or two.

There are chiefs in from several places, and all wish me to visit their districts. I tell them I have come for one object, and that I must accomplish, before I undertake anything else.

The crews of the lakatois close by insist on my accepting a present of pottery. I am doubtful, but yield and say, 'All right.' Now what am I to do with the pottery, and then what am I to give the crews for the articles? Will they ever be satisfied? Presents from natives are not so easily accepted, and I fancy are never paid for, as the givers ever remind you, although you may have made presents in return a dozen times the value.

The finest show of pottery I have ever seen is now being handed over. It belongs to an old one-eyed man. He has only one wife, and she may well be praised and spoken of as a master-hand at the business. Seventy pieces in all, and each one good and shapely.

I have told the crews they shall have tobacco for their dishes, and they can also have the sago when it comes, as I have distributed all amongst friends.

We are having good north-west winds, and had we not got in that night we should have had to put back.

I have just had to assert myself, and show them I must not be hampered. Having given Mama and Apohe of Orokolo presents, our dubu chief in coming up was very angry. He scowled, shouted, and talked much. Having leather belts, I thought I would try him, and went to give him one, pretending to think he was angry with some one else; but he gave me his back. All right, friend. With savages I do not give up soon. I put the belt in his bag, when he looked black as a dark thundercloud, and again began shouting and talking loud, and on my approaching him would have none of me. Now, I must have liberty to do as I like, give to whom I like, and go where I like.

It is now my turn to look black and to speak loud, so in Motu I tell the crowd to stand out of the way, and then I call on boys from the lakatoi to come at once and pick up my things, and turning round roll up my mat and blanket to tie up, when the old fellow came, saying, 'Oh, Tamate, stay, stay. I was not angry with you, but with others. Do stay; do not leave me;' and insisted on rubbing noses. The boys came, and I got them to explain that I came for one object; and if not attained, I return with all I have got, and that I must be allowed to do as I like, to give what I like, and to whomsoever I like. The old fellow says, 'All right,' and I must not be vexed; just so, and I am not.

It is really pleasant to see so many old men and women about. Some have seen many, many years, indeed, and have their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren about them. This cannot certainly be an unhealthy place, and there is always a constant supply of good food. The great blessing of the ancient city may be seen here—old men and women, and the streets echoing again with the noise of children. May it long, long continue!

I hope to start on Saturday for Orokolo, spend Sunday there, and on Monday morning away for Maipua. Delay is dangerous with natives, and the work of to-day left until to-morrow, to-morrow, the everlasting to-morrow, which never comes, and wearies the soul out of all strength and doing. I would get rid of to-morrow, if to-day were only long enough.

Oct. 12.—Rained, thundered, and blew all night. My blanket is rather heavy this morning. The dubu was well filled. The natives must have been packed sardine fashion. This morning at prayers on the platform Aruadaela prayed that their young men

might be saved from the devil's power, 'and, if fishing in the river by-and-by, be preserved from these devils (crocodiles) floating about.'

Great is the demand for fish-hooks. They are preferred to anything else, except tomahawks. I wished to get a fine carved pipe, and offered a knife, but was refused. My boy, Friday, got it for three fish-hooks.

Here comes a swell in the most fashionable dress. His woolly hair is tied well back, and round it is a circle of bright red hibiscus flowers, backed by a coronet of beautiful feathers, and enlivened in front with a chain of white shells. On his forehead is a frontlet of shells; between the eyebrows a round shell, with a finely cut piece of tortoise-shell something like a large watch-wheel, and on each temple the same. In his nose is a large piece of round shell, and hanging from his ears are various fancy pieces of tortoise-shell. His face is one mass of red ochre, and round his neck is a large necklace made of small shells, and hanging underneath are a crescent-shaped pearl-shell and a large boar's tusk. On his arms are arm-shells and wrought armlets and new bowstring guards, and round his waist a large carved belt made from the bark of a tree and coloured red and white; his trousers consist of a narrow stripe of native cloth of various colours, and ends hanging down in front, and under his knees and ankles are very nicely knitted garters and anklets. He feels himself handsome, and knows that he is now being admired.

We have just finished our first school, held on our platform. When teaching our pupils 'A' they were convulsed with laughter, but, after a time, repeated well, one old handsome gentleman remembering so as to repeat several letters alone. A few years ago

we prepared a sheet of sentences, the Commandments, and Lord's Prayer in their dialect, and now begin teaching it here.

We sung A B C to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne'; all tried to join, and it was like a thunderstorm between two hills, or over a city.

Afternoon.—I have been trying to translate two hymns, but I find the Motuans do not know a word of the true Elema dialect. They have a trading dialect, understood well by both parties, but neither can tell whence it came, or who first used it, and it is only used by the Motuans and themselves. They say it is from ancient times, and friend Keni suggests it was taught to Edae by the spirit, in the ocean cave. With Avea's help I have finished two hymns, which, when read over and sung, are pronounced good by the people. Sitting in front of me is a man busily engaged in carving a spoon, made from the shell of the cocoanut, and his only tools are a small shell and a piece of flint brought from the east.

Three Maipua lads, who live across the water, have arrived, and they say they will accompany me to-morrow. I hope they will. The crews of the lakatois are busy sewing the leaves of the Nipa palm together for houses in the lakatois, and so make themselves comfortable for the next few months.

To-day it is blowing from the south-east, but the set to the eastward must be strong, from the large quantity of fresh water now entering the Gulf from all the rivers. There would not be much difficulty in a vessel beating from here to Port Moresby now.

Oct. 13.—Hoped to have left to-day for Orokolo, but now raining very steadily, and likely to continue. Should it clear away, I will do my utmost to start.

The natives have Kaevakuku here also. We saw

the men wearing the masks first on the other side, and, taking a canoe, they crossed, paddling themselves. When coming along the beach from their canoe some of the men and all the lads in our dubu began shouting, sprung down from the platform, and away to the bush. The shouting informed the people in the village of the arrival, and the place was soon cleared of all women and children.

The Kaevakuku are connected with a sacred festival, and they hold the power of taboo over cocoanuts and food required for the coming feast. All the men engaged in Kaevakuku are sacred for at least three moons before the feast, not seeing wife or children, and not living anywhere near their own houses. They have large masks, two, three, four feet in height, which they wear when going about. Eight of these masks are now deposited in the Sydney Museum. These masks are generally shaped like a fool's cap, and the face represents some animal with a very long mouth and teeth. The hat is made with small branches, wickerwork covered with native cloth, painted white, red, and black.

They wear a cloak about two-and-a-half feet long, and a petticoat or kilt about eighteen inches long, both made from the fibre of the large yellow hibiscus. They are not nearly so imposing as the Maiva Kaevakukus, who look like walking haystacks with large masks on the top.

Before coming up to our platform they danced and rushed about, brandishing a stick held in the right hand. When finished, they ascended and went right in, where they undressed for a breathing spell. I tried one of the masks on, but it was too small for my large pate.

So as to get away easily and quietly this morning,

Johnnie and I packed last night in the dark. Our friends here are afraid I shall take away everything to Orokolo and Maipua. This is one of the difficulties of travelling amongst natives, the people you are with will do all they can to prevent their neighbours or neighbouring tribe getting anything. I have a borrowed iron box, a splendid article; it locks, and into that I have packed everything of value. We have only one basket and my swag, everything else is left here.

How interested they are in my writing! Every day when at it I have admiring crowds to witness, and when new arrivals come on to the platform it is the one thing most spoken about, and I am generally pressed to do a little. Having cleared up, and 'the pride of the morning' departed, we had breakfast and were away by nine o'clock. Passing through the village on the other side I met my friend Meka, who insisted on my visiting his dubu and drinking a cocoanut. It is a very fine building. On entering, it was very dark, but after a little I could see better. There were eighty masks arranged down each side, forty a side, and alongside of each mask a stick. There were drums; pretty small ladders, made of cane, and used to ascend when beautifying the dubu; spears, clubs, bows and arrows, and many other things. Outside there is a splendid platform at present, because of Kaevakuku surrounded with cocoanut leaves, so that impure eyes may not peer into the mysteries. Overhead, very high up, is the long peaked roof, in which many arrows were sticking, and small pieces of wood ornamented with feathers representing the spirits. Anxious to get away, I bade my friend 'stay,' and promised, if I had time on my return, to spend a night in his dubu.

The tide being low, we travelled along the beach in a broiling sun; no wind; and although by this time I ought to be accustomed to it, yet I did indeed feel it hot. We passed several fishing parties, men with nets about nine feet square attached to two sticks, which they lifted up and down in the water. The women had bag nets on a long stick, and used them much in the same way. They had also small bags hanging from their heads down their backs, and into which all fish caught were put. The young lads had hand-traps made of the ribs of the sago frond, with which they ran about and placed over fish, putting their hands in from the top to catch them.

It was thirsty travelling, and I longed for a cocoanut, but was told to wait. So wait I did, until about half-way, when I was told that friends from Orokolo were coming to meet me. Soon I could see a white shirt with red trappings in the bush, and I knew my good friend Apohe was awaiting me, and with him about fifty young men. The native 'champagne' (cocoanut water) is all ready in dozens, and soon the necks are flying, and serving-men are rushing around handing it to all new-comers. When all are finished, I say I should like another bottle; and orders are at once given to ascend to the cellar, and in a few minutes we have more in abundance, cooler far than the former, and cooler and better than all the champagne ever produced in the wine countries of Europe. We drank it under the beautiful shade of a splendid hibiscus, with a magnificent grove of wine-cellars behind. Feeling refreshed, we rose up and started, accompanied by over a hundred armed men, who have come out to do honour to Apohe's friends.

Our Maipua friends from Vailala come on behind,

and say we had better go to the most westerly village of Orokolo, as being nearer Maipua. All right, friends, so we will; and Apohe is quite willing. This dubu is falling to pieces; but Apohe says, 'Ah! when you return you will see a splendid dubu. I will soon begin a new one that will surpass this.'

We left Kovara (Apohe's village) about three P.M., came inland for some distance over splendid land, and then on to the beach. I have never anywhere seen children swarm as here; boys and girls in crowds accompanied us, shouting, laughing, dancing, and running with all the hilarity of happy youth. Side by side Apohe and I walked in state, until we arrived at Mama's dubu, where his lordship was dressed to receive us. There was a very large crowd on the platform. Mama was standing up in the centre with a short lady's jacket on, and on his head for a cap a small coloured bag I had given him two years ago. On my ascending the platform, he came forward to meet me, to shake hands, and rub noses.

His dubu is a new one, and inside is nice and clean. I soon entered and selected my sleeping apartment, and then went out to be seen, examined, and scrutinised by the crowd of old and young. My heavy black travelling boots were the wonder of all, and certainly the majority thought I had peculiarly black feet. The unlacing of one caused mouths to be opened wide; but on taking it off, how shall I describe that terrific shout? 'twas as of a mighty host, and beggars all description. I removed my sock, and then another shout, and those not too much afraid pressed round the platform to have a nearer look, and some to feel. I exposed my breast, and that, too, excited great wonder. What seemed to astonish them much was the softness of the skin, especially of the sole

of the foot, which was carefully examined. I thought I was safe enough here, but it may be as well not to do so at Maipua, as they might take a fancy to cooked feet and breast.

Mama and the natives were anxious to hear a shot, and Johnnie, having an old fowling-piece of which he is very proud, was asked to fire. He appealed to me, and I said he might. He seemed to be taking a very long time about it, so I inquired what was up, 'I have no powder, it is at Vailala.' 'Ah, well; it is good, leave it there.' Worse far than forgetting powder, he has left all my beads behind, although the night before I several times asked him if he had got them. I am sorry for the beads, as they are much sought after here, and will be more so next week.

About sundown I walked through the large scattered village, with many good houses and many wretched hovels. They seemed to throw all their strength into building dubus. Everywhere near the houses I saw small plantations of tobacco strongly fenced. Men, women, and children, pigs and dogs, all seemed terribly excited. On my return it was getting dark, and my host having entered the gloomy precincts of his dubu, there I went too. Sombre it was indeed, and only here and there a small flicker of light from dying fires, with natives asleep close by, breathing heavily.

SUNDAY, *Oct.* 14.—Last night in the dark we had evening prayers. The deacon gave a short address. I, through him, another, then he engaged in prayer. It was a strange, weird meeting. There were about a dozen present, and we taught them to pray, 'O Lord Jesus, give us light, save us.' Nothing more; it was quite enough; and will He not answer

them? Long the deacon spoke to them and told them of God's love. A few small fires were lighted, and, stretched alongside of one, I tried to pry into their past history. Their most sacred man is Avea, who not very long ago lived here. He possesses Kanitu (god), and when he left he carried it with him. I saw him two years ago. Pigs, arm-shells, and other valuables are given to Avea, and all seek to be friendly with him. There are three real chiefs, Avea, Mama, and Apohe. Avea is greatest, but he has gone to Vailala, and the two here are about equal. All travellers from the east go to Apohe, and he brings them to Mama, and all from the west come to Mama, and he leads them to Apohe. There is no god but that with Avea; heaven, earth, sea, &c., are all his. The first man, Ikauvape, came out of the earth far away inland; the first woman came down from heaven; and these two living together their first-born was a son, Herema, and their second named Haiabu; then there came a daughter, and she was named Hoitapu. Both sons took the sister, and from them have sprung the whole Orokolo tribe.

The Motu tribe ancestor also came out of the earth at the same place, and he went away towards the rising sun, keeping inland until he reached Keaura, and then away to the hungry land: he has been ever since the custodian of arm-shells, &c.

The white man's ancestor came out of the earth also at the same place, and he travelled away to the west over the sea, and was never again seen until the present, when he first appeared to some old men who had seen him in their youth. One of them says: 'Long, long ago, I and others saw a large ship off

Vailala, and we took a canoe and pulled off to her with great fear, and when near we saw men in strange things and waving their hands for us to approach. We held a consultation, and decided they were spirits, so we pulled back for the shore as quick as possible. While on the way back the braver ones insisted on returning and going to the vessel; the frightened ones objected, but these being in the minority, we put about and pulled towards the ship with fear and trembling. When we got alongside steps were lowered, and those who were brave ascended, and sold their bows and arrows for pieces of cloth, such as you see now, for these two handkerchiefs came from that ship, and have been carefully kept ever since in bamboos, being only brought out on very great occasions. The foreigners treated us kindly, taking us by the hand and leading us about. When finished, and we had seen all over the ship, they signed to us to depart, as they were going. No more vessels or foreigners did we see until we met you.'

Such is Kāve's story, an old man with one eye. He seems an Apohe man all round; he says, in Mama's presence, Apohe is the real chief of Orokolo; his ancestor was the first-born, and Mama's was the second.

This morning, long before I was ready to get up, the crowd appeared, but, having been disturbed during the night by some too lively bed-fellows, I rolled myself up in my blanket and stole some sleep.

Last night in the dark one old fellow got up and spoke: 'Tamate, we are glad you have come again, that we all might see you, as we heard so much of you; we thought you must be a spirit,

now we see you are a man like ourselves, only white.'

We have just had service, a hymn, a few verses of St. Matthew, and prayer by the deacon in the Elema dialect. The deacon also gave an address on God's love to man, and His desire that all might be saved. Some are very attentive, others chew betel-nut or smoke; we are all squatting tailor-fashion. They soon tire, so we finish.

I forgot to mention that when these people want a good light at night, they take a dried young cocoanut shell and put on the fire, when they have a splendid blaze for a few minutes. They preserve the shells and string them together; there are several strings of them hanging over the fire-places.

Aruadaera (the deacon) and Aruako have been away for a long time, and have just returned. They have, on the platform of the neighbouring dubu, been telling the story of Divine love as expressed in the gift of Christ. Again and again had they to go over the good old story. The people, they say, were much astonished, and very attentive.

I hear Mama has sent on to Maipua to inform the natives there of our arrival here, and that to-morrow they are to come with their canoes to this side of the river, Alele, and meet us. It is perhaps better they should know beforehand.

Several are busy husking betel-nuts, and stringing the kernels to dry over the fire. When dried they will keep for any length of time, but before being chewed they are steeped in water and well washed. One man is busy carving with a small piece of shell; another is smoothing a drum with a rough leaf; and

some are diligently examining the construction of my boots. A man from inland, called a Koitapuan, has just arrived, and is begging me to go with him. I find the Koitapuans here hold power over *vatavata* (spirits) and rain, not over sun, wind, and sea.

The great medium of exchange here and along this coast is the fish-hook; nearly every one, when he can muster courage, asks for one.

Five P.M.—One of the messengers sent to Maipua has returned. He says all rejoiced at the news he brought, and to-morrow the chief and a large party are to come and meet me. When the people there heard that I had arrived at Orokolo they said, 'You only deceive us'; so a piece of foreign tobacco was produced, with the question, 'Is that ours, or like it?' then they sat down and had a smoke, and all believed. Two messengers went, but the people insisted on one staying, so as to insure the return of the other with the party in the morning.

Oct. 15.—Not starting early enough, we had to wait for the ebb tide, and it was ten o'clock when we got off. We had a very large escort to near the river Alele, where we were to meet the Maipuans. We reached the river about noon, having crossed one salt-water creek. Our escort returned, they being at war at present with Maipua. A wretchedly small canoe, a dug-out tree without an outrigger, came over with one man. I did not care to risk myself in it, as the river is full of crocodiles, and we asked if there was not a bigger canoe, and on the reply being in the affirmative, sent Aruako and one of our Vailala boys over, making three with the man who brought the canoe across. On their reaching the other side we had not long to wait until we saw a much larger canoe, without an outrigger, approaching. On getting to the beach close

to where we were standing, a man sprung out and ran up to me with open arms, giving me a hearty squeeze. This was Ipaivaitani, the leading chief of Maipua. We were soon all on board, with swag, &c.: including crew, we were eleven altogether. The current was running strongly, and I felt rather dubious as to our getting across at all, but it was an unwarrantable doubt, as we got over without shipping a drop of water. On the other side we took more on board until we numbered twenty-three, and away we pulled through various creeks lined with the *Nipa fruticans*, palms, and mangroves, until we came to a splendid river, the largest I have yet seen east of Bald Head; it is the largest without doubt, for I know them all. I call the main stream inland the Wickham, after a dear friend. The current was swift, it being ebb tide at the time of our crossing, but our bark was handled so well that we got over all right. This is the Aivei on the chart.

We then came easily along from one creek to another, through stinking swamps, until we reached Maipua about five P.M. It is indeed a large village, with splendid houses and fine large temples. I estimate the population at from fifteen to eighteen hundred people. In front of nearly all the houses hang large representations of Semese. The houses are shaped like the temples, large in front and tapering small to back. But what a horrible hole! a real swamp, with miles of swamp all round. The streets are all laid with long large trees, and in front of many of the houses, as in front of the temples, long platforms of wood rise gradually from the streets. The village is intersected with small creeks, and these are crossed by very good bridges.

The temple where I am sitting is the largest, and it is the finest thing of the kind I have yet seen.

There are two large posts in front, eighty feet high, on which rests the large peaked shade, around which there hangs a graceful fringe of young sago leaf. The front is about thirty feet wide, and the whole length of the house is about 160 feet, tapering gradually down to the back, where it is small. Our compartment is about twenty feet high and ten broad. The front is a common platform floored with the outer skin of the sago palm, and kept beautifully clean. The whole is divided into courts, with divisions of cocoanut leaves, nine feet high, on which hang various figures, not at all good-looking. From the top to the cocoanut leaves hang graceful curtains of the young frond of the sago palm. Standing on the platform in front and looking down the whole length along the passage or hall, with the various divisions and their curtains, it has a wonderful effect. In each of the courts are numerous skulls of men, women, and children, crocodiles and wild boars, also many breasts of the cassowary. All are carved and many painted. The human skulls are of those who have been killed and eaten. The daintiest dish here is man, and it is considered that only fools refuse and despise it.

In the last court there are the same kinds of ornaments, and then a screen with curiously formed things of wood and native cloth hanging on it; also sihis (their only clothing), belts, small bags, and other things belonging to those murdered, which have been presented to the gods. Inside of that court is the most sacred place of all. Few ever enter there.

On my arrival, I had to stand up in the canoe, that I might be seen by all the people. On ascending the wooden steps from the canoe to the platform, I was conducted by the chief to the temple, where, sitting down each side of the passage, were many men ready

to receive me. They never spoke a word while I went down the centre and back to the platform, followed by the chief; then they all rose, and after giving a great shout gathered round me. The passage I walked along had the appearance of glazed cloth, with various figures carved on it; it was carpeted with the outer skin of the sago palm, glazed by the blood of the victims so frequently dragged over it and by the constant walking on it. After being examined and pronounced a human being, I returned with the chief through the various courts to the sacred place. I was allowed to enter, but the chief was too frightened, and he remained outside, and would only speak in a whisper to those near. I entered into that eerie place, where small bats in abundance flew about, and saw six curious-looking figures, made of cane. The mouth was like a frog's, enormously large and wide open; the body, seven feet high in the centre, and about nine feet long, had the appearance of a large dugong. Out of these mouths flew, in constant succession, the small bats.

The whole temple looks splendid, and although my new friends are cannibals, yet it goes to show that they are something beyond the mere wild savage: might I call them, 'cannibal semi-civilised savages'? In the various courts are fire-places, alongside of which the men sleep. The chief, Ipaivaitani, has given me his quarters, but I do not think I shall sleep in them.

I have just had dinner and breakfast all in one. I could have enjoyed it better if there had not been so many skulls in a heap close by, some of which were tolerably new. These skulls are at present down for cleaning and repairs, but when all is in order they are hung on pegs all round; no scientific collection could be better kept. I fancy each man who has

killed or helped to kill a foe has his own peculiar painting and carving on the skull.

Everywhere along the large creek that joins the two large streams running close in front of the village, and by the sides of all the small streams, are to be seen beautifully cut-out canoes. Many are very fancifully carved, but none of them have outriggers. On these the Maipuans do all their fighting, and for days travel up the river until near the Sir Arthur Gordon range of mountains, where they hunt the wallaby and wild boar.

Many women are making sago; and alongside the bank are rafts of sago palm brought down by the men from inland. They are hauled up on the bank as required, prepared by the men for digging, and then left for the women. The pith is dug out and carried to a raised trough, by which a woman stands with a long stick; she beats it well, then pours water on it and squeezes it, allowing it to run down the stem of the sago frond into a small bag, made of fibre. It passes through this and along the channel, when it is again met by another sieve made from the covering of the frond of the sago palm. Passing through this, it falls into a receptacle like a large basin, where it is allowed to settle. Lastly, the water is poured off, and the sago is taken out and packed away.

As in the temples in the Elema district, numerous arrows are shot off into the walls of the temple on returning from a successful man-hunt. They have some horribly filthy practices. One is—I can only describe it in part—that when a man is shot down a rush is made, and the first to bite his nose clean off and swallow it is looked upon as greater than the person who shot him; great is the glory attached to the act. On returning from the fight, and when near

the bank of the creek, the women come out and ask, 'Who are the killers?' 'Who are the nose-eaters?' and when the latter question is replied to, great is the singing, dancing, and rejoicing.

On asking them why they eat human flesh, they told me that the women first urged the men to kill human beings for eating purposes. The legend is that the husbands once returning from a successful hunt far inland, they began horn-blowing, singing, and dancing far up the river. As they approached the village the women went out to meet them on the bank. They had in the canoes wallabies, boars, and cassowaries. The women called out to them, 'What success, husbands, that you are singing and dancing?' 'Great success; plenty to eat.' 'Where?' 'Here, come and see.' They drew closer to the river side, and when they saw what was in the canoes they said, 'That dirty stuff, who is going to eat it? Is that your successful hunt?' The men began reasoning among themselves, saying, 'What do our wives mean?' One, a little more enlightened, said, after a little time, 'I know, it is man;' and throwing the wallabies, &c., ashore, away they started to a neighbouring village, and brought back ten bodies; returning without the horn-blowing, singing, or dancing. On drawing near the bank the women saw what they had: they shouted, 'Yes, yes, that is it; dance and sing now; you have something worth dancing and singing for; that is what we want.' The bodies were singed, cooked, and eaten, and pronounced good; and they have ever since been eaten and pronounced vastly superior to any other flesh.

This man-killing led to the building of dubus, in order that the men might be sacred and have a place to themselves; that they might have a sacred place

for Kanibu where to present the slain; and that they might have a place for rejoicing when they returned from a successful man-hunt. These are the reasons given me for the existence of dubus.

Oct. 16.—Slept outside on the platform, and had a splendid night. Aruako fulfilled his promise, given at Orokolo, and for long held forth on Adam and Eve, Noah and the Flood; and both he and Aruadaera spoke about Jesus our Lord and His love. It was a strangely weird scene. A large dark temple, lit only by flickering fire-lights; a crowd of savages, real cannibals, who pronounce man to be the best of all flesh, and whose wives also relish it; skulls in abundance in the various courts, and at the end, in the most sacred place, six Kanibus, who hold life and death, fighting and peace, within themselves; and in the centre of the crowd, Aruako and Aruadaera preaching Christ as the revealer of God's love and the Saviour of sinful men. It was the most attentive congregation of the kind I have ever met. They listened well, asked questions, and expatiated freely. Soon after sunset it commenced, and when I sought sleep it was still going on. Although not a prepossessing people, yet they seem kind, and would, I believe, listen to the Gospel and receive it as good news from God to man.

When I awoke, the sun, I found, had preceded me, and they were then, perhaps *still*, talking and listening. I went into the dubu, and looking my friend Aruako, who was now quite hoarse, in the face, I said, 'Arua, have you been at it all night?' He replied, 'Yes, and when I lay down they kept asking questions, and I had to get up, go on and explain. But enough, I am now at Jesus Christ, and must tell them all about Him.'

Yes, my friend had reached Him to whom we all must come for light and help and peace. When Arua had finished there was but one response from all their lips: 'No more fighting, Tamate; no more man-eating; we have heard good news, and we shall strive for peace.'

Anxious to start for other villages, I appealed to my chief friends; but they refused point-blank to take me on, as they want to go first and tell them they have seen me, and that I have stayed with them; but they say that when I return on a second visit they will take me everywhere. Natives always desire the honour of being the first to report any great event, and this one, the first visit of a white man, was of such importance that they wished to be the first to report it.

I encourage all who are with me to tell what they know of us and the Gospel, so Kunu, a Maipuan, who has been living at Vailala, and has accompanied us, held forth on what he has heard and seen. At prayers this morning we had a crowd, orderly in every respect, and when the deacon stood up to pray at Kunu's call, every head was bent low, and not a sound was heard from any one.

To the Kanibus the inhabitants of Maipua give offerings; pearl-shells, arm-shells, pigs, human beings, and skulls. The sick apply to them for healing, their friends presenting gifts. When wishing to fight, they appeal for direction and help to these wicker images; and they assured me they got the former audibly from the mouths, and the latter in success. For days before fighting all the men are sacred, and no woman must be seen or approached; and when one of their number is wounded, he is accused of breaking through the sacredness. All the bodies of the slain are dragged by the

heels into the dubu and up to the sacred place, where they are given to Kanibu.

Ipaivaitani, the chief, wished to give me a pig, but I said, 'No, friend, leave that for the present, and some other day, when you can take me to the other villages, I will have your pig.' I have but few things with me, and certainly not sufficient to give as an exchange-present for a good-sized pig.

A small vessel, that went without sails and had a big wheel aft, once entered the Alele. The Maipuans, who happened to be there fishing, were anxious to see this wonder, but on drawing near were warned away. Wood was wanted, and the natives were employed to cut it, but dare not go near the vessel. The vessel's boat took all on board, having first frightened the natives away by firing over them. The natives returned and found a few tomahawks, some beads, and red cloth. They again went off to the vessel, and this time the foreigners took their things, such as bows and arrows and long daggers, but, instead of paying for them, ordered the natives away, and even fired to frighten them.

Much useless fear and slaughtering of natives by white men could be avoided, if the latter would only keep calm and do all possible to avoid exciting the natives. They should only allow one trading party on board at a time, and remember that the natives come to the vessel to trade. Many white men fancy when they see a canoe with several bows and arrows that it means a fight, and the natives are treacherous, but it is not so. I warned these natives that when they went alongside a vessel not to go armed, nor talk loudly, but to go quietly and watch the white man's signs. They were not to be afraid, as no white man would willingly hurt them (was I right in that?), and not to

be over-anxious to get on board, lest they might be taken to other lands.

I have just returned from visiting the village and dubus. A good part of the visiting was done in a canoe. One dubu is 200 feet long, and has in its sacred place twelve Kanibus. The carpet of sago bark down the centre passage is really beautiful; it has figures of men, crocodiles, &c., carved along all its length. The men, as yesterday, sat in rows down each side to receive me, not speaking a word. The two Motuans with me are terribly afraid of going near the sacred place; they have heard some awful stories of the mighty doings there. In each dubu we preached Christ, God the Father's expression of love, and begged of them to give up fighting and man-eating, which they faithfully promised to do.

Near all their dwelling-houses they have small flower-gardens. A platform is made about ten feet high, surrounded with a fence, and inside earth, brought from far inland and the coast, is placed to the thickness of about two feet. Various kinds of plants are grown, but, in the majority, tobacco prevails. I think these gardens furnish further evidence that there is a kind of civilisation amongst these people; and this taste for the beautiful can surely be worked upon with much good result.

I grow weary of walking on the trees of their streets and bridges, and some of the latter are very shaky indeed. The tide is just now high, and it is simply water everywhere, not an inch of dry land to be seen. The houses inside are commodious, and each wife has her own compartment, with its fireplace and all necessary utensils for cooking. I was much pleased with the cleanly appearance of their houses.

They bury their dead close to the sea-shore. They keep the body a short time to weep over, then canoe it down the streams to the burial-place, where a small house is built, and friends remain there to mourn.

I asked them why they did not live on the coast, where there was good dry land, instead of in this swamp. They replied, 'Our ancestors lived here, and we cannot leave their place.' They told me that, long ages ago, a man with a boy and a girl, a pig and a dog, came to Kaipurave from Vaimuru, and when the boy and girl were old enough, the old man told them they were not brother and sister, and must become man and wife. They consented, he married them, and from them all Namau have sprung.

The principal villages of Namau are, Maipua, Kaipurave, Ukerave, Koropanairu, Kailiu, and Vaimuru; there are also several small ones built on the banks of the various creeks. Vaimuru I think must be on the Aird River. The Vaimuruans first came from Urama, which is far away (possibly the Fly River), to the setting sun, where the spirits of the dead now go. Their pearl-shell comes in large quantities from Urama, and long, long ago tobacco came to them from there. Before smoking they often ask the spirit's blessing, and sing such untranslatable songs as the following: they do not themselves know their meaning:—

'Arau mai e!
Io mariē!
Erere mai e!
Aueva e!
Io marie e!
Api amē!
Iau ē!
Aaumako e!
Iau e!
Kuku! Ueako!'

When the young people of these nations marry,

no price is paid, only exchange-feasts of sago are given. Widows must be bought, and cost much, the payment going to friends of the dead husband. Young women are more sacred than married women; the latter are often bought.

The dress of the men is exceedingly simple, the majority wear nothing at all, and the few only a small string or vine.

The women certainly do not wear much, and I am not astonished at it. They are very modest, and think themselves respectably and well clothed. Why savages should be always spoken of as immoral I fail to see. They are not so when compared with the more highly civilised countries of the world. I am sorry to have to say that it is contact with the civilised white that demoralises them, and they then become loose and immoral.

I am at last in the canoe on the return journey. When about to leave, a very old man came with a broken piece of an uro, saying, 'Will you not pity us, and get Motu to visit us? I have only this to cook food in, and others have nothing at all.' The last cannibal feast they had lost much of its relish from their not having large supplies of gravy!

We have made a splendid start, in a larger canoe than yesterday, and have an escort of nine other canoes. Leaving the village, the tide being now on the ebb, we float gently down stream, questioning and being questioned.

Our Vailala friends are glad indeed we are off, as they were terribly afraid of being killed, cooked, and eaten! Arua tells me it was near daylight when he sought a little sleep. They spent the whole night going over and over the grand old story of God's love.

My friend, Ipaivaitani, has nine wives living, some are dead. He has often eaten human flesh, and pronounces it good; but he says, 'Enough, you have come, we shall give it up.'

The sun is frightfully hot, but fortunately we have frequent shade. I have to sing constantly for them; and just now, two large canoes of women have gone by another creek, and *nolens volens* I must sing, 'that when Tamate's face is lost they may hear his voice, and weep that he so soon leaves Maipua.' How delighted they are with my sewing gear! My pocket knife they will not soon forget.

Now for the last time, 'Would you mind undoing your shirt and showing us your chest, that we may have one look and feel before you leave?' Mute astonishment; the other canoes close round, and I allow all to put their hand on me, which gives great satisfaction; and then it is, 'Tamate, come back soon, very soon; do not disappoint us, and we will bring you everywhere on the rivers.'

OROKOLO, *evening.*—We spent an hour on the west bank of the Alele with our cannibal friends. They gave us cooked sago and cocoanuts. Our friends seemed, and no doubt were, very sorry to part with us. They are to be at Vailala soon, to meet the Motuans, and secure if possible a few uros. Before entering the canoe the chief knotted two strings with nine knots; one string he kept, the other he gave me, so that I might know that he will be in Vailala after nine sleeps (nights), if the weather should be fine.

As a people they are kind, and if well-treated can be easily handled. They are small in stature, some of the women being remarkably so. Taking them all in all, they are very like the Koiari tribe at the

back of Port Moresby. They wear wisps of cassowary feathers behind, many have beards and moustache, and many of the old men are very like some of our Koiari friends.

Maipua and Orokolo have been fighting for some time, and only very lately the former had a feast of Orokoloans. They told me to tell the Orokoloans they were for peace, and hoped there would be no more fighting.

We arrived at Orokolo about three P.M. Coming along the beach the deacon asked me if I drank a bitter cocoanut yesterday. I had, in the dubu, and told my boy, Johnnie, it was very bitter. It seems to have disturbed Johnnie much, as in his land (Heath Island) when a bitter cocoanut is drunk there is sure to be fighting, and he was very much afraid the Maipuans would attack us. I wish I had known this sooner, and so found out if our new friends had the same superstition.

We hope to leave for Vailala very early in the morning, so as to have the beach walk in the cool. I have a dread of old nocturnal enemies, so will sleep in the open, under the great roof (sky).

Oct. 17.—About four A.M. we were ready for our start, and walking along the beach in the cool, accompanied by Apohe and others, we arrived at Perau about eight. Johnnie and I crossed the river in a very rickety old canoe, in which I got soaked for the first time during the trip. The soaking came all right, but I was in terror of the 'devils' (crocodiles), and felt really happy when the canoe touched shore.

We found all well, and all right glad to see us back. Our things were just as we left them. The old chief put a taboo on our division of the dubu, and so prevented the intrusion of stragglers and thieves.

My experience amongst savages is that, when trusted with entire charge, they do their best to see that all is right, and no one is allowed to meddle.

How pleased the old man was when I told him I was glad to get back, and that I was also glad to find everything as we had left it! 'What, did you think any one would touch anything belonging to you in my charge whilst you were away?'

'No, friend, I knew you would care for my things.'

All able-bodied Motuans, with many Elemaïtes, are up the river cutting down trees to make new large canoes. To-morrow all able to go from the various villages ascend to drag the trees into the river and float them down. The Motuans have hard work before them now for the next few months.

Oct. 18.—Last night, after getting to sleep, I was aroused by a noisy crowd returning from tree-felling. They squatted close beside me on the platform and talked incessantly of the day's doings, until after midnight. When they went to sleep I soon followed suit, up to four A.M., when I was aroused by the party returning to the river. I am short of food, and dreamt last night of friends, of feasting, and of plenty. The weather is very dirty; strong S.E. wind all night.

Oct. 19.—Feeling that a house was necessary to hold services and school in, this morning I set about building a simple house, yet one suitable for the climate. It is thirty-eight feet long and twenty broad. We have nearly finished, and hope on Sunday to open it. The natives assist willingly. God grant that light may enter the hearts of these poor natives, and that in this new house some may learn to know Christ as the Light, and their Saviour from sin and superstition and all their consequences!

Johnnie shot three pigeons yesterday, which came in

well to-day, as for some days we have not had too much to eat.

I have to go to a large feast at Kaevakuku. A large crowd has assembled from the villages round, and many from Orokolo. Everywhere there is food, cooked and uncooked, in heaps and hanging on poles, chiefly sago prepared in every imaginable way. Betel-nuts and pepper also abound. On the platform of my friend Meka's dubu is a large quantity of cut-up pork, and all around the platform streamers are flying, made from the young sago frond. I stay down with the crowd, as I have a better view than from the dubu platform.

I have not long to wait until there comes a man dressed in a tall hat, or mask, resembling some strange animal with peculiar mouth and sharp teeth; his cloak and kilt are of yellow hibiscus fibre, and a small stick is in his hand. He has come from some distance back in the bush, where, I am told, many are assembled, and that all the masks and dresses I saw the other day in the dubu, with their owners, are there. He danced about for a short time, when an old man came before him with a large piece of pork, gave it to him, and he went away, followed by two young men carrying a long pole of food, sago, cocoanuts, betel-nuts, and pepper. Another Kaevakuku followed and did the same as the first, this time in the dubu; the conch-shell is being blown as for a pig, and soon a live one appears on a pole between two men. It is placed on the ground, Kaevakuku dancing round and over it, when a bow and arrow is presented to him, and he backs a little, says something, lets fly, and the pig soon breathes his last. The two men pick the pig up and all leave, followed by two youths carrying food. More Kaevakukus come, this time five; and all dance until they receive presentation of pig, when they too clear

out. So on it goes until the whole eighty have been. Some get dogs, whereupon they catch them by the hind legs and strike the head furiously on the ground. Not a few are displeased with the small quantity given, and persistently remain until they get more.

I walked into the bush about a quarter of a mile, where there was a large crowd of men, some armed, and everywhere I turned weapons could be seen. Some were cutting up pigs, others dogs, putting the pieces into uros and upon the fire to cook. Some distance back was a large representation of Semese. It was a mask, fully ten feet high, and three broad: it was surrounded with feathers of various kinds, and down the middle was curiously painted. I was anxious to secure some of the masks, and especially the one representing Semese, but was told that they all had to be burned. I saw some of my friends, who assisted me in securing seven, but neither love nor tomahawks could obtain Semese. Soon, all round, fires were lighted, and masks, cloaks, and kilts were blazing. I could not remove the masks I had obtained until dark, that no one might see them, and especially lest a woman should, as, according to tradition, she would soon sicken and die. I collected them and set sentries to watch, as I feared in the burning mania they might be seized.

After a walk about in the bush and in the village, I return to find that all the masks had been burned except my seven, so I asked Meka and his brother to carry them into the dubu at night, and leave them there until the schooner comes for sago, when she will take them.

The helaga is over, and all the men go to their homes, from which they have been separated for some months.

When I first showed these natives pictures they

took not the slightest interest in them, but now they are beginning to show some appreciation. I have had an interesting gathering going over my magazines, the natives looking at the pictures, and passing remarks on each. Singing they like much, and a good singer, with life and heartiness, would be to them as one divine. My singing, I fear, will never steal their hearts away.

Here, in front of me, is a man making a spoon from a cocoanut. His only instrument is a piece of fish-skin, which he has on a stick and uses as a file.

Night.—I have had a crowd on the verandah, and have been singing to them and teaching them to count up to twenty in English. Not to be outdone, they sung a most peculiar song in two notes, and in parts. I tried them with the sol fa gamut, and they followed me well. They will, I think, with a good teacher and patience, make capital singers. I wish I had not neglected music in my youth. I sung up to twenty, as the children are taught to do at Port Moresby, and then they outdid me by singing their numbers. Beginning with the small finger of the left hand, they count as follows :—

1	Harohapo	... ...	Small finger of left hand.
2	Orahoka	... ...	Next finger.
3	Irohiho	... ...	Middle finger.
4	Hari	... ...	Forefinger.
5	Hue	... ...	Thumb.
6	Ukōva	... ...	Wrist.
7	Para	... ...	Between wrist and elbow.
8	Ari	... ...	Elbow.
9	Kae	... ...	Between elbow and shoulder.
10	Hero	... ...	Shoulder.
11	Korave	... ...	Neck.
12	Avaku	... ...	Ear.
13	Ubuhai	... ...	Eye.
14	Uvira	... ...	Nose.

It is then continued down the right side to the small finger of the right hand. All the prominent parts of the body signify a certain number.

I was much interested in my afternoon assembly. Aruadaera, speaking of peace, life, and love in Christ, was frequently asked to thoroughly explain it all. One old chief wondered if he should send his son to Port Moresby to be taught, so that he might know more of these things. He seemed afraid that he might starve, being so far away from home, with a raging sea between. I hope our explanations and assurances were satisfactory, and I shall then obtain two boys to add to the number of students at Port Moresby.

This is indeed a splendid field for missionary labour. Will the Church of Christ in the South Seas give the men, and the Church in Britain and the Colonies the money, with a few more missionaries? How niggardly we act in everything for Christ! We speak too much of sacrifices for the Gospel's sake, or for Christ. I do hope we shall for ever wipe the word sacrifice, as concerning what we do, from the missionary speech of New Guinea. May there never be a missionary or his wife in this mission who will speak of their 'sacrifices,' or of what they have 'suffered'!

Oct. 21.—This morning, when the bell was ringing for early service, there was a terrific shout, then cries of 'Sail ho!' in the native language could be heard. On crossing to the beach I saw it to be our boat, the Rarotonga. It was still far off, and so we went to service. Our new house was packed; and outside were as many more. The noise and confusion were truly awful; everybody was trying to quiet everybody else, and nobody was to be shut up by any other body. The women were much worse than the men, and I think I almost wished there were no women

in creation. We had quiet at times, and especially at the close. Altogether we had a good service.

I like these first services; and it is most interesting, years after, to visit the people and see the change. I spoke in Motu; Aruadaera and Gabe spoke in Elema. When the service was finished all rushed for the beach; and what a shout! it was that of a mighty host.

About eight A.M. the Rarotonga got in, being nearly swamped crossing the bar. Fortunately, Charlie Oahu, who knows the passage, and can handle a boat skilfully, was in command.

Many came and sat round me in the evening, and with them Avea. They tell me fire was first brought from the bowels of the earth, but, after some generations, it went out.

Oct. 22.—Very early this morning we were all roused by loud horn-blowing, calling on all able-bodied men to get up and make ready to go inland to assist the Motuans in dragging their large trees into the river. Soon large canoes were full of men, paddling away up the Annie.

We had a fine lot of children at school this morning (112). They seemed much interested, and I do hope the Motu boys will interest them sufficiently to keep it up. To pronounce six, I think, will beat them hollow; pronounce it they never will, their nearest is 'shekist'; and, feeling its impossibility, they give one great shout.

They returned again in the afternoon, willing to learn, but full of mischief and fun; and I should be sorry to see them otherwise.

Oct. 23.—The large trees are being floated in, and soon every Motuan will be busy making canoes. What a difference between the Motuans and Eastern

Polynesians! The former lack energy: go into our school, and you will see them apparently almost dead, asleep half their time; and yet they do hard work, but not with that zest which the Eastern Polynesians manifest. They are very selfish, and scarcely ever help one another. They will take all given them, and look for more, but never think of a return present; and for everything they give or do they look for payment. Even here the people seem more lively, and certainly are much more generous. As a tribe, the Motuans are hard, close-fisted, sharp traders.

I was in great hopes this morning that the weather had broken, and we should have a spell of variables, but the south-easter again set in strongly. I fear we shall be detained some days longer.

Yesterday we had very few people about, to-day we have numbers lying all around, tired after yesterday's exertions up the river. Pigs are scarce; we cannot get one for the boat's crew, as the lakatois had all available ones.

Oct. 24.—Blew hard from the south-east all night, but now quite a change; I hope to get away to-morrow.

We went early to church for service, but no big folks came: we had over 100 children, so had school. In school-work I am disappointed with the Motuans, who, I hoped, would take up the work more zealously.

My friends, knowing that my time for leaving draws near, are beginning to come in with presents of food, cocoanuts, betel-nuts, and pepper. I have had to warn them against bringing too much. I am in tolerable health, and should like to get away, so as to be at Port Moresby about the end of next week.

Oct. 25.—This morning there is no wind, but until cock-crowing it blew hard from the south-east. Will wait to-day and see what comes of it: if settled, will leave in the morning.

The Motuans have begun digging out their canoes, so that close by we have the constant chop, chop, chop of adzes.

This afternoon the children went over the alphabet in all manner of ways. They are highly delighted with their progress.

Oct. 26.—Blowing strong from the south-east all night, and this morning a deluge of rain greeted us. When ebb-tide set in the rain left off, and we made a start; one of our crew deserting. Notwithstanding all my care yesterday, we were very heavily laden. I gave orders again and again to carry nothing for any one, and that the crew should only be allowed to take a few buataus (betel-nuts). It is a long journey to take in an open boat, and in a nasty Gulf sea. Before getting to the bar we shipped a good deal of water, and as we got nearer it was evident the boat would never ride the heavy seas running. I fancied I might be of some use another day, and as to attempt to cross the bar undoubtedly meant death to all, I gave orders to put about. In doing so we shipped a large quantity of water, and, oh horror! close by us was a huge, ugly crocodile. Imagine my feelings—for describe them I cannot—on seeing the monster. We had to keep baling, and found it difficult to make headway against the strong current.

I felt very anxious, as I have a horrible dread of crocodiles. 'A long pull, a hard pull, and a pull altogether,' brought us right in and up to our landing, where we were met by a sympathising crowd, who feared when they saw us near the bar that we should

never be seen again. We have landed everything, and I have spoken seriously to the Motuans about sending things in a small boat to their friends. It is difficult to say now when we can get away, but, if possible, we shall try again to-morrow. Kaikai and trade are low, and but for that I could stay contentedly here for any length of time.

Last night, after turning in, Avea came with his mat, saying, 'Oh, Tamate! oh! you are going away; let me lie near you to-night.' 'Yes, certainly, friend Avea.' He went over the story of his Motu trip ten years ago, and of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes then — which he never will forget. He was talking with enthusiasm, when all of a sudden he began chanting from the throat in a very low mournful manner. I said, 'Avea, what are you doing, and why have you left off your story so suddenly?'

'When I see these two stars' (pointing to two in the North) 'I always do this; my father taught me, and I know Kuriau' (one of their spirits) 'hears me. May I go on?' 'Yes, Avea, go on;' and he continued singing in a pleasing, plaintive manner for some time. He tells me the great spirit, Harai, lives in the heavens. He sung again a plaintive chant, and told me Harai hears him when he sings it. Kuriau, a female spirit, lives in the sea: once Harai, going along where some caves were, heard the low murmur as of singing. He stopped and listened, and then looked in and saw the most beautiful object his eyes had ever looked on. She signed to him to go away, which he did, returning to the heavens; but it was not long before he revisited the cave. This he did several times, when the two spirits became friendly, and finally cohabited. A son was born named Inami, and when he grew up he took a wife, and from them

sprung Avea's particular part of the tribe, of which he is now the acknowledged chief. The great earth spirit is Emara.

Oct. 27.—Good sea, fair wind, and I was getting ready to start, when I found the Motuans up to their old trick, filling the boat, through the crew, with buataus (betel-nuts) and cooked sago for their friends. I stopped all, and ordered the boat to be unloaded and anchored.

After a great amount of talk, and seeing that I was determined to walk, the Motuans begged of me to take the boat, promising not to send presents of any kind by the crew. This being what I wished, we again got ready, and were soon out, followed by a large crocodile. There being a calm, when we got out we pulled seaward for several miles, until meeting a south-west wind we gave sail and stood away for Motumotu. We had good wind and a smooth sea, and by sundown were three miles to the west of Motumotu. We anchored, and three of the crew swam ashore, and walked over to the river and got information about other canoes.

Oct. 29.—At it all night, getting to Iokea about six A.M. I landed and had breakfast, and intended spending the day there, but the crew being anxious to get home, and the sea being smooth, I gave orders to get ready, and we soon stood away for Maiva. We got a nice fair wind, and by one P.M. we were ashore, where we found all well, and glad to see us.

At Cape Suckling we experienced a stiff south-easter and a very heavy sea, and had to put in for shelter. We remained two nights and a day on the beach, when, the wind and sea moderating, we started again, arriving at Port Moresby on November 1. When we landed and reported all well, great was the rejoicing, and

the feat we accomplished has remained the wonder of all along the coast.

Another Trip West.

In January, 1884, I was away on my restive New Guinea steed again; hot, panting, excited, dreaming, moaning, groaning, burdened, sick, weak, tired of life and all its belongings, down with fever, in a word, and finally, nursed back by kind hands to convalescence; the first act of which is to scribble a few notes of a late trip to an old place.

I have been west again as far as the Annie River, Maclatchie Point. Sickness having overtaken part of our company, we were unable to travel as far as we had proposed; so found the days drag wearily on. But what life there was round the Motu encampment! Young and old were all occupied; huge unwieldy dug-out logs were brought together, and soon three large lakatois lay calmly floating on the bosom of the placid stream — one numbering ten canoes, another twelve, and the other fourteen, all strongly lashed together with large, long, straight trees and cane. The making of these three was one day's work; no sound of hammer or nail to be heard, no whirr of machinery, but steady hard honest toil under a burning sun, with no cooling wind. The following day the platforms all round were made with small saplings tied on to the ends of the crosstrees used in lashing the canoes, which stretched out on either side; good strong platforms, but not at all comfortable to walk upon. The work went on apace till all was completed, masts stepped, and streamers straining their weird song all round; finally, the houses fore and aft, and underneath the various dovecots to receive the smaller parcels of

cooked sago, are ready. At last the order goes forth, 'Get the cargo shipped,' and there is life everywhere on river, sea, and land. Sago, areca-nuts, and peppers, in tons, are being carted in; canoes are flying about with the large ends of the sago-leaf nicely dressed and stitched together, forming large receptacles, resembling sugar-loaves, to be placed in the canoes, small ends downwards, ready to receive sago. These are called gorugoru, and contain, the largest size 4 cwt. of wet sago, the medium about 2½ cwt., and the smallest about 1 cwt. Morning, noon, and night, in canoes and on shoulders, sago is being carried along to the lakatois. Hundreds of kokoaro, smaller bundles weighing about 40 lbs., fill up all the spaces. The dovecots are filled with dikeas, long sticks of cooked sago, some of which will be used on the journey—the greater part taken home to friends. These dikeas are very tasty when newly cooked, eaten with grated cocoanuts. The average cargo on each canoe is 31 tons of sago, besides areca-nuts, cocoanuts, sugar-cane, and bows and arrows. The total amount of sago arriving in Port Moresby this year from the west will be about 190 tons.

All is now ready, cargo on board, canoes deeply laden, the medicine in place. The men in command of each lakatoi, who are sacred, and who eat accordingly a particular kind of food, have long ago taken their positions; the young men are out in search of scented plants and various kinds of crotons; the women of the village, assisted by the men, are busy getting firewood, and, finally, the loose warps are nicely arranged, the anchor is on board, and the lakatois are made fast to strong poles. To-morrow morning at ebb tide all moorings will be cast adrift, and then away will the Motuans be bound for their own homes.

The rosy light of morning finds all lively and pre-

pared; and soon the lakatois, surrounded and accompanied by hundreds of canoes, clear the bar and are out to sea. There must be much anxiety, for often these huge craft, so heavily laden, when overtaken by dirty weather have to be abandoned; two of the best canoes, perhaps, being cut adrift, lashed together, emptied of their cargo, and manned by all hands, make for the nearest land. Sometimes they have gone down bodily with every soul on board, and are never heard of again; others have been driven away, possibly, out of their course, on to new islands, their living freight peopling them, or on inhospitable coasts have fallen victims to the people already there. It may be, before the Northern Queensland natives are finally exterminated by the whites, that a tribe or two may eventually be found who may tell from whence they came, and prove that they are descendants of Motuans long ages ago cast on the Australian coast.

When at Perau, on the west bank of the Annie River, two years ago, I saw two idols, and a large peculiarly shaped stone, and now again met my old friends. Epe and Kivava are the wooden idols, and the stone is named Ravai. They were made long ago, and are considered very sacred. At present they are located in an old house, until all the arrangements necessary for their removal to the splendid new dubu prepared for them are completed; when amidst great feasting, and in strict secrecy, they will be placed in their new position. Offerings are made to them, and in cases of sickness they are often appealed to, seeing that Kanitu,[1] the Great Spirit, is represented in them. Women and children are never supposed to see them, the former especially, as dire consequences would immediately result. They are more particularly addressed

[1] At Elema the Great Spirit is 'Kanitu'; at Namau, 'Kanibu.'

in times of fighting, and before setting forth offerings are presented, with food, and they are entreated to precede the warriors. Success will ever attend their arms if these gods only assist them—disaster and death if they refuse.

During our stay in one of the dubus a peculiar feast took place. A lad who had never been initiated, never seen the inner precincts of the dubu, and never looked upon the wonderful fetish of Semese, was to receive his introduction. His father's pigs were dying fast of some unknown and incurable disease, and though his son was over-young he determined to stretch a point, so gave a feast at which the initial processes of the entering-in would take place, though years would elapse ere the final mysteries were disclosed. A pig was killed, and a large quantity of sago prepared in various forms. At midday a portion was brought, a dish of cooked sago was placed in the centre of the temple, and near the centre post an old cocoanut, over which a man stood with a stone axe. Inside, in the dark, was a lad with the fetish attached to a piece of twine, swinging it. As soon as it began to give forth a strong, burring sound, from the velocity of its motion through the air, the man said a few words, split the cocoanut in two, and a great shout was given by all present. Those sitting by sipped the sago and ate the cocoanut. All the afternoon the fetish was kept swinging, and the burring sound given out could be heard nearly a hundred yards away. About five o'clock the father and three children arrived, the eldest, who was grandly adorned, being led by the hand, while all carried food. They were preceded by an elderly man, who placed over the entrance to the dubu a neatly-arranged young leaf of sago, and on the centre post another, at which the

offerings that had been brought, consisting of food, arm-shells, tomahawks, bows and arrows, were placed. The young lad was then led by the hand and shown the inner precinct, and had presented to his gaze the Semese fetish.

He looked frightened, and seemed glad when he again stood by his father. Friends then gave him presents of bows and arrows. The lad's uncle, his mother's brother, then came and gathered up the food and presents and carted all away. All left but the boy, who seemed now more at home and walked about. He slept that night in the inner dubu.

Overhead, near the centre, carefully wrapped, hangs the most sacred of all the representation of Semese. Only old men have seen it; and various are the initiatory steps before it can be seen. I tried much to have a look, but innumerable excuses were made, and I had to leave without attaining that higher knowledge. There was great feasting on dog and pig that night until late.

We had a visit from the cannibals. Two large canoes came in, with an average of fifteen men in each; they were in quest of cooking-pots. They say it is very annoying not to be able to cook their man and sago in pots, and being without them a lot of unnecessary waste occurs, and the gravy escapes; they have drunk none for a length of time now. They visited us, and we visited them; they were from a large village further west than I had been last trip, and were extremely anxious that I should accompany them to their home; but it was out of the question. In the evening they all paddled out into mid-stream, and, with the exception of one or two in each canoe, all sat quietly in the bottom. Kanitu was addressed as to whether they should proceed further in quest

of pots or now return home: if the canoes rocked they would proceed to Kerema, if not they would return. Having rocked, they all left for Kerema, where they were more successful. On their return they again called, and after landing, one of them helped himself to a water-pot lying by one of the houses, when there soon was a row, a rushing for bows and arrows, and a run to the canoes. Bows were soon strung, and the canoes plying cannily about. If they had been so minded, they could soon have taken our village and killed every soul left in it, as the majority were away, getting sago. One old cannibal was about to draw and shoot, when I signed to him, which he noticed, returned my signal, gave some order, and they paddled away. Peace was made, and that night they left for home. My old cannibal friends also came in, but remained for a very short time indeed, disgusted that I could not accompany them, and wanting to know what was to be done with my pigs.

Sitting writing one day I was astonished at the sight of people running in the village, and a woman came near our platform, calling out, when a man who was sitting by sprang up and rushed towards a neighbouring house. His child was reported to be dead, quite dead. He seized it, his wife handed him his charm, which he hung round his neck, then went to a thick tussock of verbena grass growing close by, took a little and chewed it, held the child over his head, handed it then to the mother, who rushed with it to the river, breathed all over it, from the sole of its foot to the crown of its head, plunged in, bathed, and returned with the child, alive and apparently well. The father had fallen down like one helplessly drunk, rolled about in the street, got up and staggered away to the sea, requiring a broad path indeed on which

to travel, and tacking much. He returned quite well.

Another day a Motu child, who had been very ill for a long time, was brought to our dubu dying. Two sorcerers dressed themselves in their large figured belts, hung on their charms, made from very small cocoanuts, and, chewing pieces of some kind of wood, each took a piece of red burning charcoal, chewed that, swallowed all, and then both, breathing heavily, rubbed the child all over with their noses. Soon both were lying, like drunken men, on the platform, a crowd standing round and seriously watching all. No one attempted to raise them up, each had to roll and crawl about without help; and finally, as though dead, they rolled off, and, sitting up, staggered away, throwing their arms about, and, scarcely knowing what to do with their legs, fell again, rolled, got up, and at length reached the river, tumbled in, and floated about for some time. Soon they were all right again, and reappeared in the dubu. The child was taken away, and I went over to the Motu camp to see it. I was told it was dead, so returned and informed our sorcerer friends of the fact, a statement which they received with scorn, saying, 'No, the child is not dead; they lie who say it is.' They re-dressed and started again, and, I believe, went through their performance; the child was still alive, and they thought they had scored a point; but it died the next day, to their terrible chagrin, and was buried close by the camp. I felt sorry for the poor old grandfather, at whose urgent request the child had been brought by the father on the trip: the old man said to me, 'I thought it would comfort us when away from home and friends to have my pet grandchild with us; you know it is so lonely.' Poor old man! his grandchild lies far away from him

now, and only a night of two ago I heard him, since his return, bewailing his folly in having taken it with them.

We spent some time on the western side of the harbour, and when there had a scene of a different kind—with spirit-men. We had a splendid arm-shell with us, and with a tomahawk we wished to secure a pig for our party. None was forthcoming, so the arm-shell was put away, with smaller ones, in a small bag and hung up in the dubu. The following morning we were leaving for the other side when we missed the bag with all its contents. I said nothing, leaving it to the man who had it in charge to make the charge. My time had not come, but I determined to have all restored ere I should leave for the east. I allowed preparations for departure to proceed, notwithstanding the entreaties of several to remain till the following day. I told them I had never before been robbed in a dubu, and always considered it too sacred a place from which to have things stolen. A deputation then waited on us and begged us to remain, and possibly before next day all would be restored. I consented, and so squatted for another twenty-four hours. It was amusing to watch the peculiar expression of the various groups, and hear the whisperings and surmisings. I was asked if I had any idea of the thief; seeing I was a great chief, possibly I knew from my familiar spirit who had taken it. Soon after missing the bag, I thought I knew the culprit or culprits, but said nothing. During the day my impressions deepened, until finally I was almost certain; and if they were not returned during the night I felt sure that I should be able to recover them after I crossed. About eight o'clock the scene began. Fires were lighted on each side of the dubu, crowds sat about

inside and on the platform, and soon three wild excited men came out, breathing heavily, squirting betel-juice about ; and, repeating in a hurried manner some words, they pointed up, then right and left, said they now knew, and that the bag and its contents were buried. The spirits were angry, terribly angry, because a great chief was robbed in their dubu, and perhaps he would never return. They rushed in, then out into the bush, searched about, returned, danced, shouted, stole quietly in and out amongst the crowd, pointed as before, chewed betel, and went through, over and over again, the same dramatic acts. About ten o'clock we had quiet, and we were all requested to retire to sleep, which we did, and enjoyed our rest. The next morning, after daylight, I was requested to look amongst our things, which I did, and there was the bag and its contents: it had been buried. I said nothing, leaving it for them to say how sorry they were for the disgrace brought upon their dubu and themselves.

We left, but we were daily visited with large presents of food, and in a few days the Ellengowan arrived and took us back to Port Moresby.

CHAPTER III

TRIBAL WARS

I. *The Doura.*

TOWARDS the end of 1880 I arrived at Manumanu, intending to proceed up the Edith River, hoping thereby to reach Doura, and thence advance to the spurs on the western side of Mount Owen Stanley. The old chief of Manumanu, Naime, on my arrival told me it would be madness to proceed, as the Koitabuans of Lokurukuna, a district in Redscar Bay, had gone up the day before to revenge the deaths of several of their people, killed years ago by the Dourans, and that very morning several Douran bodies had floated down the stream.

Several months afterwards I visited the Dourans, going in from Caution Bay, and found them living away from their villages, still keeping a good look-out for the Koitabuans. On my return to the coast I found that the Koitabuans were quite satisfied with the 'payment' they had given, and were now willing to make peace, and be in the future friendly with the Doura; but the latter, although pretending to wish for peace, really meant revenge when the suitable time came.

Time wore on, and we were in hopes things would

take a favourable turn, and from the long silence thought it possible the Koitabuans might move first in proposing peace and invite the Dourans to an exchange of presents, or the Dourans even might sue for peace; but a few weeks ago showed that the savage's feelings of revenge are not decreased by length of time.

For a long time we hoped to occupy Kabadi, a district inland of Redscar Bay, with a fine, kind native population; and, having new teachers, we decided on placing two amongst them as soon as we returned from Maiva; but we were disappointed.

I must here explain the relation in which the Kabadi stood to the Doura and the Koitabu tribes. They were one with the former and very friendly, while with the latter they were at bitter enmity.

Many years ago, when the western sago trading expedition had gone, the Kabadi, to revenge the murder of one or two of their youths, attacked Lealea, a village in Caution Bay, and killed a large number of women and children, carrying away one man, whom they burned alive on one of the small islands near Redscar Head, just as you enter the bay from the eastward. Several Koitabuans living at Lealea suffered in that attack.

On the return of the trading canoes, great was the sorrow of the crews. Some men returned to find an empty home, wife and children all killed; others to find their aged parents, whose hearts they had hoped to gladden with a plentiful supply of food, long since cruelly murdered. Many, when they first heard it, wished for death, and several attempted suicide. The custom is, when the trading canoes are reported as near at hand, for those at home to go off in small canoes to receive and impart news. A small canoe approaching

very silently is a sign of bad news. On this occasion all was silence, and sorrow was visible on every face; and when the first overwhelming feeling of grief—heart-rending, maddening grief, in which every heart-cord seemed snapped—had subsided, the Koitabuans, with the Lealeans, resolved on signal and terrible revenge. To the savage, above all men, revenge is sweet. For years he can live on the hope of it.

Some time after, both parties arranged to attack the Kabadi on the same night. The Koitabuans assembled in great force. They came from Badili, Barune, Lealea, and all the villages of Lokurukuna, and were led by the real Lealeans, who knew only of one village in the Kabadi country, Matapaila. They surrounded it very early one morning when the inhabitants were fast asleep, and killed men, women and children, plundering the village and setting fire to it. A very few escaped, and they made good use of their time. The victors, satisfied with their victory, remained on the scene of their morning's bloody work, dancing and full of glee, not thinking the very few who escaped could do them any harm.

There are several other villages in the district, and to these the refugees hurried with their tale of woe. It took only a very short time to arm, and as short for a word of encouragement and a terrible vow of vengeance. Soon fresh, strong men, full of wrath and revenge, surrounded the rejoicing victors, and the work of death began. A terrible morning it was, as only two escaped to tell the tale. Since that time there has been constant war between the tribes, each killing individuals as occasion offered.

So a few weeks ago the Dourans, wishing for revenge, knew well where to apply. They went to the Kabadi with pigs, &c., and found in my old friend

TUPUSELEI.

Naimearua of Keveo a glad and willing ally; but all the other chiefs objected, saying that they had made peace with the missionaries, and soon they hoped some would live with them. Our old staunch friend Naimeru was the leader of the peace party. For both Naimes we had teachers, and were ready to start with them.

The Manumanuans had hitherto kept out of the whole affair. They had grievances against the Dourans and the Kabadis, but waived them all for the sake of peace and friendship, and perhaps because they were afraid of the Port Moresby natives, who looked upon the Kabadi country as their winter market. Although the Manumanu were one tribe with the Port Moresby natives, should the former punish the Kabadi by killing a Kabadian, the market would be closed, and the Port Moresby natives might wipe them out, relations or no relations.

The Dourans arranged the night of attack, and selected two small villages of the Lokurukuna district for their revenge. The Kabadi joined them in the river, and in two large canoes the united forces proceeded stealthily down one of the creeks of the river, landed, and surrounded both villages. It was early morning, before the sunlight appeared over the great Owen Stanley Mountains, that the work of murder and rapine began.

The Koitabuans, finding themselves hemmed in, seem to have thought of revenge rather than defence, and the men seized their arms and shields, cut their way through the enemy, leaving the women and children to their fate. In the rush, fifteen Koitabuans were killed, the others escaped. The Dourans, led by my big friend Adu, and the Kabadis by Naimearua, began their horrible work, and killed all the women and

children they could get, in all forty. Little children they caught by the feet, and dashed their brains out against cocoanut trees or large stones. When the work of blood was over, they began to loot and burn, then prepared to leave, happy in their morning's work. They had triumphed, and before leaving the scene of their victory they gave expression to their joy in horn-blowing and dancing. When the sun appeared well over Mount Owen Stanley, all embarked in their canoes. They returned by the same creek to the river, and, as they ascended, those not paddling were horn-blowing, dancing, and singing; but, to their horror, some distance up, the river was blocked by a large fleet of Koitabu canoes, packed with men wild for revenge, consisting not only of the warriors who escaped, but numbers from other villages. The conquerors put about, and paddled back, to get into the bay and pull up to the mouth of the river at Manumanu.

All night a strong south-east wind had been blowing, and by that time it blew a gale, causing a heavy sea on the bar of the creek entering the bay. A few got through, but other canoes went adrift, and had to be abandoned. The warriors returned to the shore determined to walk overland to Manumanu. They were hotly pursued by the Koitabuans, who before had sent on two messengers to inform the Manumanuans of the morning's work. When at the point near the village, the latter, after having wept for the dead, came out and met the conquerors of the morning hard pushed by the pursuers: several Dourans had already fallen, and the flush of victory had quite gone. The Manumanuans joined in the fight, and assisted the Koitabuans. The Kabadis who were successful in crossing the bar landed, hoping to help the Dourans, but they soon saw it was of little avail

to contend against the combined forces of Koitabuans and Manumanuans, and rushed for the village, a hundred yards off, and secreted themselves in one of the houses. Two young chiefs, Seri and Taera, Manumanuans, arrived from the other side of the river, and at once set to work to save the secreted fugitives. Two had been killed in the fight, five ran and took to the river, and were there drowned or carried off by crocodiles; all the others were landed safely on the other side. The Kabadis, however, say none were drowned or taken by crocodiles, but that the whole seven were killed by the Manumanuans.

The Dourans held out long and well. For them there was no hope of escape, and they fought to the bitter end. Four got to the village, and secreted themselves in one of the houses. Three youths of Manumanu mothers were saved by their relatives, the others were seized by the strong men, and the youths and little children were called upon to take spears and despatch them. Children just able to carry a spear were tattooed, and will in future boastfully speak of having slain a man. Those secreted in the house were burnt out and then speared. One poor lad who entered another house, hard pressed, from the back, rushed on to the front platform, put his hands to cover his eyes, and threw himself down on the spears below. Another Douran boy was tomahawked in the river. My big, good-hearted, savage friend Adu fell wounded with many spears, and was finally despatched by a beggarly Koitabu boy. Close by Adu lay two of his sons. I remember them well—fine, light-coloured, strapping youths, who accompanied me many miles when returning from Doura on a former journey.

Except two men, all the Manumanu men and

boys claim to have killed, or helped to kill, one or more; several claimed the honour of killing the same man.

On the report of this occurrence we decided to keep the teachers at Port Moresby, in the hope that it might yet be all right between the Manumanu and Kabadi, and after being perfectly satisfied that all was safe we would then settle them.

So many and varied were the reports that came to us, that I decided to go to Manumanu, and make inquiries on the spot. Great was the relief of the natives when they heard that the Motuans of Port Moresby were not coming to attack them.

I condemned them strongly for not acting as chiefs when the Dourans and Kabadians came to their village, saying that they should have told the Koitabuans there must be no fighting on their ground or in their village; that if they were anxious for revenge, it must be done at some other time and place. Instead of doing that they helped in the fight, and killed many. After some time they promised to use their utmost efforts to make peace with the Kabadi.

When at Kerepunu some years ago, just after they had killed a Papaka woman, I joked the chiefs, saying that they must be women, as I could only imagine women killing women. They indignantly replied: 'Tamate! What—leave women! But for them there would be no men, so we kill them, and prevent increase.' Everywhere I have been in New Guinea the same idea prevails—kill the women and children, and prevent future revenge. The Dourans and Kabadians were acting accordingly.

Native rumour gives alarming totals for the numbers killed, but the following is near the truth:—Koitabu men, 15; Koitabu women and children, 40; Dourans, 24; Kabadi, 7; Manumanu, 1: total killed, 87.

II. *The Kabadi.*

For some time after the events just narrated we had no communication with the Kabadi, as some of their party had been killed by the Manumanuans, a part of the great Motu tribe. From time to time we heard stories that the Kabadi were preparing a large fleet of fighting canoes, which meant vengeance upon Manumanu and the Koitabuans; that one dark night they visited the coast, but, seeing no natives, returned; and that the Motu boys adopted by the Kabadians long ago were murdered, and their bodies cut into pieces and burned. Such stories caused a good deal of unrest among the Motu tribe, and, although we discredited the murdering of the boys, many for a time believed it. To us it seemed too bad even for savages, and certainly not what we thought our Kabadian friends would do.

Would it not be better to go and see what these savage friends had to say for themselves? Months had passed, and the excitement abated, but the undying fire of revenge might still burn brightly.

When the idea was first mooted, there was a good deal of dubious head-shaking among the natives, and a boat's crew could scarcely be found; but when the project took form in action, and orders were given to get the boat launched and ready for sea, our old and valued friend Heni, one of our Motu chiefs, consented to accompany me, and, after some trouble, five others were got to pull.

'On the evening of February 6, 1882, just as the sun was setting, we stepped into the boat. I happy that I had secured a crew, but the crew unhappy, as they had just left their wives and children, who

tried to detain them and keep them from what seemed sure death. 'No,' they said, 'we must go, and if Tamate is killed, then we shall be killed with him; if he lives, we too shall live.' My old friend Heni we called for and took from his verandah, where he was surrounded by many weeping relatives who were trying to keep him. He entered the boat, saying to them, 'Do not weep for me; if he lives, I live; if he is killed, I too shall be killed; but it will be peace and sure friendship.'

We sailed first to Boera, where I was going to pick up our teacher Piri and a chief, both great friends of the Kabadians. When near Boera I was asked by the crew, 'You will stay at Boera until the return tide, and then go on?' 'No, just land and get Piri and Daro, and, if possible, one more man to assist you; then we are off, as I want to be at Manumanu by daylight and ascend the creek Abisi (on chart, Galley Reach), with the morning tide, meet the Kabadians, and return by the night ebb.' All the reply was—'He thinks it's nothing; just hear what he says!'

We got on to the Boera reef about eleven o'clock, and the tide was falling. I at once landed, leaving the rowers in charge, with orders to back the boat into deep water. In about twenty minutes I had my friends ready, but, on returning to the beach with them, found the boat high and dry. I did not feel pleasant, and they knew it, only it suited them, for they hoped I might be disgusted and change my plan and return from Boera to Port Moresby. Turning in, dragoon fashion, I slept lightly, determined to catch the morning tide, and have a start by cock-crowing. At three A.M. the boat was reported as not afloat, but I insisted on rousing everybody and getting ready. By four A.M. we were in the boat and away, pulling through Caution

Bay towards Redscar Head. Meeting a strong north-wester, we ran out to sea, in the hope the wind would west more, and then we could round and weather the Head. But it would not shift, so there was nothing for it but to put back to Boera. Joy was on every countenance as we sped back with a free sheet and water flying in curves from the bows above the gunwales.

'Shall we go right back to-day?'

'Where?'

'Hanuabada, our homes.'

'No, certainly not; wait at Boera for the evening tide, and then away.'

When at Boera the crew tried to get Piri and his wife to persuade me to return, but they both advised them to say nothing to me about it, as we should be all back safe and well in a day or two.

As six P.M. we again started, and with a light land-breeze sailed across Caution Bay into Redscar Bay, and on towards Manumanu. When about two miles from the village we anchored, to await the daylight. During the sail down, the crew told horrible tales of murder and cruelty by the Kabadians in the past; of natives being burnt alive, others having their limbs cut off and thrown into the fire; of their terrible treachery, taking a man as a friend by the hand and leading him into their houses, placing food before him, and then, when engaged eating, making a pretence of rising to get something, in order to come behind and spear or tomahawk the victim.

'Tamate, do you hear and believe that?'

'No, I don't care; out oars, and pull away.'

More horrible stories followed, and a fish sprang across the boat from the seaside to the coast, which caused some of the crew to give a long-drawn sigh.

Soon another fish sprang into the boat, then another and another. I said nothing, and pretended to be paying no attention, as I was anxious to hear what they would say. For some time it was silence—a peculiar silence—and then old Heni spoke.

'What do these fish portend? I fear the Kabadi have descended, surrounded Manumanu to-night, and killed many.'

'Father,' said another, 'no, 'tis our boat: one fish springs right over the boat, and three are here before us; it is not Manumanu, but we. Who of us will return?'

With a long sigh all together replied, 'Who?'

Just when the silver streaks of morning which follow the 'big star' appeared, and before the golden sun-rays were seen over the lofty Owen Stanley, and I knew day was near, I roused my crew. We soon had anchor up, and by six A.M. we were at Manumanu.

Here the natives did all they could to prevent our going to certain death, and my crew, I believe, taught them much to say when Piri and I were ashore. On getting to the boat, I was beset on every hand by the crowd: 'Do return from here; on no account go to Kabadi; not one of you will ever be seen again. Have they not spoken evil of you, Tamate?' I gave no answer, but only ordered the boat away. No notice was taken of the order, and the crew standing up looked sad indeed. I told them they were at liberty to remain if they chose, as Piri and I could sail across the river, anchor the boat, and walk inland, so that, being at Manumanu, we could now do without them; 'only,' I added, 'on your return, what will the Motu say?'

'Tamate, have you really heard what these Manumanuans say?'

'Yes, I have heard, but I do not believe one

word, and must leave at once. Pole off, or go at once.'

One old woman waded out to me. I was sitting aft, and she whispered, 'Go, Tamate, go; the Kabadi will treat you all kindly, and not injure one of you—they are only too anxious to see you.'

I laughed at the stupid fear my crew showed.

'Why do you laugh,' they said, 'when you hear what these people say?'

'Come, push off the boat, or go ashore to your friends and await my return, just as you like.'

'No, we will not forsake you, but go with you, die with you, or live with you.'

However, they felt that they must arm themselves; so they borrowed bows and arrows and strings from the people, and on the way up the creek our boat became, for the time being, an arsenal. There was great testing of bows, condemning strings, and refitting others, trying the sharpness of arrows, and laying plans for defence. Heni encouraged them frequently, saying, 'Do not be afraid, my children.' He was laughing at their folly; and they said, 'You are a great chief, and do not carry arms, and perhaps do not know what fear is; but we may carry arms, and if the Kabadi do not attack us they will think nothing of our being armed.'

On landing at the head of the creek, I gave orders to anchor the boat in mid-stream, and unship the rudder and place it with the tiller in the boat. 'No,' they said, 'leave the rudder as it is, to be ready.' I knew they were anticipating a rush for the boat, and the rudder being shipped would expedite matters considerably in getting away. Oars were placed so as to be easily handled, and the rowlocks were put together in a handy place. I told them if they liked they could stay in the boat, and Piri and I would go on alone.

'No, no, we have come thus far'; and again followed life-and-death protestations of attachment.

Leaving the boat, we walked into thick scrub and through swamps, where we sank in mud over the knees. I thought if there was any running back it would be all up there. After walking about three miles and a half, we came into very fine open country, studded with plantations and many patches of tall bush. We were travelling hard, as I was anxious to return that evening; and we soon sighted a village, but could see no one about. Coming through the long grass, we entered the village unexpectedly. Under one of the large meeting-houses a number of men were assembled. Near to us, in a hammock, was an old man who, on seeing us, looked frightened, but said nothing. Two dogs came close to us, and began howling in their savage way. We walked straight for the meeting-house, and when close to it were met by a man, who came and threw his arms round our Boera chief's neck, and both embraced by rubbing noses. All the others then went through the same performance. Piri and I thought handshaking enough. We then sat down on a log in the middle of the street, and were soon surrounded by the crowd from under the house. All were friendly, and glad indeed to see us, and wondered why we had not come sooner. About a furlong further on was another village, to which we were led, and there we met the two principal chiefs of the coast villages of Kabadi, old friends, and as friendly as ever.

Our party now thought all was right, and we should return; but I told them these chiefs and people had nothing to do with fighting, and I must go inland and see all the chiefs.

'No, it is enough; and we know that the Kabadi are right, peaceful, and kind.'

'How do you know? have you seen the fighting party who are said to be enemies?'

'These chiefs say it is all right.'

We received a present of a number of young cocoanuts, which were indeed refreshing after our smart walk. Having smoked all round, I rose to go, saying I was off inland, and got to the end of the village, when I found no one was following but Piri. I went back for explanation, when one of the Kabadi chiefs said, 'I shall be angry if you leave; wait and have food and a pig, and go to your boat from here.'

'A friend's anger soon passes away. Long ago we made peace and became friends, and you have not cut these; why should I stay here, when I know not how my friends inland are? You know well how angry they would be if they heard I had been here and did not go to see them.' Turning to my Motu crew and friends, I said, 'You stay here until evening, when I may return; or if you prefer it, go back to the boat, but Piri and I go inland.' Then I took the arm of the younger of the two chiefs and said, 'Now, friend, no getting away; march ahead, and show us the way.' So we started, followed by all our party.

We travelled for about five miles through level country, studded with cocoanut groves, banana plantations, and clumps of bush. On arriving at the river —the Aroa—we called on our friends of Kaukana to send the ferry canoe across. They, on seeing who we were, began loud wailing. A youth came to ferry us across, who on meeting us wept bitterly, as he told us his brother had been dead some time, and that his sister and uncle died lately.

On landing on the opposite bank we ascended to the chief's house, where he sat wailing loudly. Poor man, I deeply sympathised with him; since my last visit he had lost by death his son, daughter, and brother. All wept with him, and the house became a Bochim indeed. I had known the son well—a bright intelligent lad, whom I hoped we might get some day to live with us. When I first knew him, he and his brother were staying at Boera, having been taken there by friends. Piri and his excellent wife liked the boys, and encouraged them about the house, and the latter soon got to love them, and it ended by their leaving their friends in the village and coming to the teacher. I think the first time I saw them was after prayers one evening. The teacher's wife had them both bending beside her, and was teaching them the Lord's Prayer. It was with difficulty she could get them to repeat after her; they were convulsed with laughter; and when they did consent to repeat, it was with a roar of laughter at every pause. They stayed for some time, and then they were sent home. It was eighteen months after, that we visited Kabadi for the first time, and I then asked the boys if they remembered what Piri's wife taught them, and they repeated the alphabet. She was with us, and she asked them quietly if they remembered the prayer, and I heard them say, 'Yes, and every day repeat it.' She then made them both sit down beside her, and they said it reverently and correctly.

The old man wept bitterly, repeating something like the following:—'Alas! alas! Tamate, had you only come sooner, come before my darling son died, he might have lived; but you come along after to weep only at his grave. Oh! my son, my son, I shall never again see you. Why did you die? why leave me so?'

The women of the village and the old man's wife had already begun cooking, so, as our time was short, we left him and visited Keveo, Naimearua's village. Passing through one village the people insisted on our waiting and partaking of cooked food. Our followers were glad to have something to eat, and I remained with them. They begged of the Motuans and Boerans to return soon with uros (cooking earthenware pots), as they were in great need of them. I started ahead of the others, led by Naimearua's son, one of the fighters; and when nearing Keveo a young man, I suppose just hearing of our arrival, came running armed towards us, but he was soon sent back and ordered to put his bow and arrows away.

The chief was away in his plantation, and a messenger was at once despatched for him. During the time of waiting the son told us something to the following effect:—'We never thought of fighting until Adu, the Doura chief, came here with two pigs, and begged of my father to assist him to attack the Koitabu villages. My father objected at first, but, seeing the young men anxious to join the Dourans and pay off an old debt we had in memory against the Koitabuans, he consented, and accepted the pigs and presents. In the night we arrived at and surrounded the villages. On returning and trying to get through the surf our canoes became disabled, and we had to leave them, and were hurrying along the beach, when we were pursued by a strong force of Koitabuans gathered from other villages. We retreated fighting towards Manumanu, thinking when we got there we should be safe, and that we should get help from our friends the Motuans, who would ferry us all across. Instead of that, they joined the Koitabuans.

But for Daera (the only chief Manumanu has) we should all have been slain. He was on the opposite side of the river, and, hearing the war-horn blowing, he hurried across, called on all the Kabadians to come to him, and warned the others against touching us. He got us canoes, and with them crossed to the other side. None of our men were drowned, but the Manumanu killed seven.'

When he had finished, his father came hurrying along. He threw his arms around me, greatly delighted to see me, and to those with me he gave a hearty greeting. He insisted that we should wait until he got food and a pig cooked. I told him we were anxious to get back to the boat, so as to be in Port Moresby the following day. He assured me our friendship was unbroken, and although the Manumanu had killed his youths, yet he did not intend fighting. He begged of the Motuans and Boerans to return soon with uros, when their large canoes would be filled with food, and, on returning, they might pass close in to Manumanu, that people there might with their own eyes see the large supply of food from which they had cut themselves off, and so bitterly repent with weeping their action on the fatal day. I told him we had heard he was making great preparations for revenge. He said—

'No, it is all false; we have been long waiting, and with fear, to know what action Urobada (the Motu tribe) would take. You have come now, and as friends. It is enough. We have more food than we can use, so let us just renew our old system of trade.'

We received presents of food, and then left. Returning to Kaukana, we had placed before us cooked food sufficient for fifty hungry men, and plenty more

to take with us. Naime begged of me to stay one night, but I refused, though I promised him to return soon. His wife, remembering my weakness for a pudding she knows how to make well, had a number cooked, and insisted on my taking them with me. After dinner we crossed the river, accompanied by our host and several others from the village. Naimearua met us on the other side, where we had a long talk. Our natives there unstrung their bows and used them as bearers for the bananas that had been presented to us. It was now real peace and friendship, and all fear was gone. We started with a number of Kabadians carrying food for us, all presents from the chiefs and people. We passed through Matapaila,—a large village about half-way between Keveo and where we left our boat,—one of several villages close by. The people were very anxious we should stay and partake of their hospitality, and the chief and people begged our Motu and Boera friends to return soon. By sunrise we got to the boat, where I found that some of our crew after I left had anchored the boat in mid-stream, and, to prevent her coming near the bank, had made her fast aft to a long pole. This was to prevent the Kabadians, in the event of an attack, getting on board.

After a last smoke with our friends, and many farewells, we pulled away, leaving them on the bank calling on us soon to return, and that we must not think there was the slightest ill-feeling towards us amongst them.

Our men were now bold as lions, and laughing heartily at their friends at home, who ever since we left had probably been weeping, never expecting to see them again. The Manumanu came in for a good share of abuse. We arrived at their village about

ten P.M., and were soon surrounded by an anxious crowd, to know the result of our visit. Daera was greatly delighted when I told him how the Kabadi spoke of him, that he was their only friend, and the only chief they had at Manumanu. They were all warned by old Heni, our Port Moresby chief, to be careful in future, and never again to 'cut asunder' the peace. 'But for the missionaries,' he said, 'and long ago we should have taken everything from you, and burned every house in your village.'

These people are very badly off for food, but now they must not go near Kabadi in quest of any. They make large quantities of earthenware, and always previously had the Kabadi and Doura country as good markets, where they could buy a constant supply of all kinds of native food. Now they have no market, and live principally on the seed of a species of mangrove. They now repent, and feel that the tattoo marks gained by the slaughter are not sufficient to make up for what they have lost.

Sailing all night, we reached Boera just before sunrise. After a short rest and breakfast, the wind being strong and aft, we started for Port Moresby, where we arrived about eleven A.M., to the great joy of many anxious friends.

Already the Motuans are preparing to visit Kabadi, and so secure some of their abundance, and supply them with uros, &c. My old friend Heni, when in sight of home, addressed me: 'As the sun shines, so do you. Such a thing as has now been done has never before been done on this coast, and it is only by the Gospel of peace it could be done.' And the crew all joined in chorus: 'True, true, very true.' I close with the same, in reply to the latter part: 'True, true, very true.'

III. *The Koitabu.*

August 7 and 8, 1882.—We left Port Moresby this morning, with a good breeze, and by three P.M. anchored at Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, intending to pay a visit to the Douran country. Uncertain as to which branch of the river to ascend, we took two native women with us—one my old friend Adu's widow, and the other her aunt. After the fight of last year, in which so many were killed, and amongst them their husbands and sons, these women returned to the homes of their youth at Manumanu. We pulled all night, and by daybreak were near the first Doura village. It had long been deserted; the houses were falling to pieces, and long vines were growing over them. There was not a vestige of human life to be seen. We continued our journey until twelve, when we camped to cook and rest. I had camped here three years previously, and then there was much life and heartiness, and I had been well received by the chief, Adu, and his people. Now nothing was left but one old house, falling to pieces, and plantations choked with bush and weeds. We were near the last of the villages, and, being anxious to find natives, we went on board and pushed on, but, alas! only to find other houses, in which I had formerly been kindly received, all falling to pieces; while others were kept standing by vines growing round them and on to the tall trees. Broken cooking-pots lay everywhere about, and cooking-stones growing green. This is a terrible disappointment, as I hoped to secure help to reach the base of the range, so that we might pass from tribe to tribe until we ascended it. We pitched our camp on the river-beach, the highest

point of Mount Owen Stanley bearing N.E. by E. twenty-three miles.

9th.—I was the only one who slept last night, having a mosquito net; the others paced up and down all the time. After an early breakfast we started to find Kone, a village I had heard of when here before. We had to cut our way through the bush in many places, and, as we travelled, marked trees, to help us in our return, if unsuccessful in finding natives. Travelling N.E. by E. for twelve miles, we came across no natives or native tracks. Two of our party went on a few miles further, with like result. The prospect was certainly far from encouraging. We returned to camp, arriving after sundown, weary and hungry.

10*th.*—I decided to spend another day looking for a village or villages, where we could camp amidst natives. We divided our party, a portion being sent to return over yesterday's track and to continue it for some distance further, and then work more east. I started with a party to travel through the Doura district and well over to the sago country. It was another day of rough, nasty travelling, through thick bush, with an abundance of prickly palms. We were quite unsuccessful—nowhere could we find a trace of recent human occupation. We returned through the old back villages; some houses were still good, covered with vines, and surrounded by thick bush. At Adu's own village was a large grove of betel-nut palms, which had been long untouched, and were loaded with fruit. Adu's widow insisted on my natives helping themselves, wishing them even to cut the trees down. To this I strongly objected. One very tall tree she entreated me to cut down as his friend, adding, 'He is dead, his sons are dead, his brothers and sisters are dead, no one remains belonging to him; do cut it

down!' I consented to this, and soon two of my people were helping themselves to splendid bunches of the nuts so dear to all natives. The boys climbed the others, and in a short time all had burdens under which they staggered. I noticed that the widow, whose name is Apero, had several marks on her head, from one-and-a-half inch to two inches in length.

'Apero,' I asked her, 'what are these marks on your head?'

'Don't you know? All Doura men are terribly jealous, and when Adu was jealous of me he took a stick and beat me, hence these marks. If he went from home, I dared not leave the house until he returned, for if I did, others would tell him, and then I was beaten.'

'Do you intend to marry again?'

'I, a chief's widow, could never marry another Douran, but I might a Motuan.'

She herself, I may add, is a Motuan. Going on, I asked her—

'After the fight last year, in which Adu and his sons lost their lives, did the friends not wish to kill you?'

'Yes, at first, and I said they might; but the following day a friend of his came and took me in a small canoe, and when well down the river he went ashore, saying to me, "Find your way and live, or stay and be killed." Who wishes for death? I did not, so I risked the voyage in the small canoe, and got to my home.'

After last year's fight at Manumanu, in which the prowess of Doura was broken and all her best warriors slain, the Koitabuans made several raids on the crippled tribe, killing men, women, and children, and entirely

wiping out some families. Near to one house we found three uros (cooking utensils) behind a large tree, as if hidden away so as to be found again in peaceful times. Apero remarked, 'Not one of that family remains: one night, father, mother, sons and daughters were all slain, and there the uros remain, and will remain unless I take the two best.' She took the two best, and as I write they are on the beach before me. At one place we found a broken kareva (wooden sword), as if its owner had stood to fight till his kareva had broken. We vainly tried to discover whether he was alive or slain close by.

One attack by the Koitabuans last October was, even for savages, a cruel and mean affair. The Lealea Koitabuans, also some from Kevana, Baruni, and Euria, assembled close by where our camp now is. Two Koitabuans, the same who led us in three years ago, who were considered very friendly, and trusted by the Dourans, left the fighting party about mid-day, and, knowing the district well, searched for and found a party of Dourans in by the range. The latter asked why they had come, and the former answered, 'Peacefully, and to bring you messages of peace and friendship. There has been killing enough, and the Koitabuans are satisfied.' The poor Dourans were wofully deceived. Men, women, and children came down to the river bank and camped there that night. The following morning they were surrounded, and very few escaped. One villain from Port Moresby—a half-Motuan—killed three with one spear. He transfixed a mother with her infant, which she was pressing to her breast. Another Koitabuan killed six, and others like numbers.

We returned about five P.M. The north-east party will not be in until to-morrow.

Aug. 11.—We have been anxiously waiting all afternoon for the other party; now it is night, and there is no sign of them. I have just heard the reason why the half-Motuans joined the party that so treacherously attacked the Dourans. Some one told Bemo Raho Bada, an old Koitabuan, that the Kevana natives were going to wipe out the remnant of the Dourans, and advised him to join and pay off some very old score. He cried bitterly, saying, 'Alas, alas! I am old, and unable to walk so far, and have only two daughters, who are with their husbands. Oh, who can go? I have no one who cares for me. Who will take my spear and seek payment?' Long he wailed and loudly wept, and wished he had only a son. Some one came to Hitolo, the half-Motuan, who is married to one of the daughters, and said, 'Do you not care for your father-in-law's tears and loud wailing? Arise, take his spear, and go for him.' 'I cannot; we are now at peace, and the missionaries will be angry.' 'Ah, you are weak and frightened, and dare not go.' 'No, I am not; I have strength; I will take his spear and join the party, and wipe off the old score.'

Eno, a Manumanu woman, who has long been at Doura, and one of Adu's widows, was with the deceived party. Hitolo wished to kill her. She said, 'Yes, kill me, I know who you are; but, when you have killed me, where will you go? When Henikivau knows you have killed me, think you he will let you live?' The Koitabuans then surrounded her and prevented her being slain, afraid lest they should get into difficulties with the Motu tribe. Since that villainy was perpetrated, nearly all the Kevana natives who took the lead have died, as also many women and children. Now it is said, 'Just payment for their horrible crime.'

12th.—Ruatoka's party came in at ten A.M. unsuccessful, having found no signs of villages or of human life. The country they travelled through was covered with thick bush and very tall timber. They could see nothing until well in towards the range, when they came to a hill, which they ascended, and, climbing a very high tree, could see large extents of bush-land all round, but no villages, and no smoke. From their report, if we only had sufficient food, we could soon get on to the high land near the spurs, select one, and ascend. My party being weak, and not prepared for an uninhabited country, I decided to return and wait a better chance. We had a splendid run down the river, though in many places the snags caused us trouble. We left camp at eleven A.M., and reached the mouth at seven P.M., a distance, I should say, of about forty miles. Along the banks are thick vegetation and splendid soil. Back at some distance are several lagoons and many swamps. As we neared the coast we left the thick tall bush behind, and for a long distance had nothing but piri (Nipa palm), which is much used by the natives in thatching their houses, or taking with them in their canoes to shelter them from the sun or rain. They sew the leaves together into various lengths. When nearing the mouth of the river, we sailed through mangrove. There are several mouths opening into the one harbour at Manumanu, and between each mouth several large islands. The tracks of the crocodiles were visible on nearly every point of beach we passed. On arriving at Manumanu we landed our pilots with what to them was a good present, and plenty of betel-nuts. They begged of us not to make it known that there were plenty more, as they intended returning to-morrow night with a few special friends to fill up their canoes. The Manu-

manuans were in great consternation, having heard that afternoon that the Kabadi were preparing for an attack upon them. They begged of me to stay, and go to Kabadi, and prevent them coming; I told them they had brought it on themselves, and must abide by the consequences. I do not think the attack will be soon, if at all; at all events, I hope to be in Kabadi, or send, before the time comes for it. After a combined meal (breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper in one), we hove anchor, and stood away for Redscar Head.

13*th*.—At one A.M. we anchored under Redscar Head, as it was blowing too hard to proceed. At five A.M., the wind being lighter, we hove anchor, and reached Boera at eleven A.M. The trading canoes from Kabadi have passed, and report that it is true the Kabadi are going to attack Manumanu. One of the coast chiefs, whose younger brother was killed last year at Manumanu, will not consent to peace. The other chiefs, being anxious for peace, collected a number of valuable things to make peace, part to be given to the angry chief. The presentation was made; he looked at it, thought it good and plentiful, but replied, 'No, my friends, no; no peace until the blood of my brother shed last year at Manumanu is paid for in blood. I want no valuable property, only blood, and blood I must have. I do not wish to make war on all, only the man who has the bloody hand must be killed. Take your things back; I will seek for the bloody hand, pay the debt, and then peace.'

The Kabadians are delighted that trade is again opened between them, the Boerans, and the Motuans. They were getting very short of cooking ware, and had an overplus harvest of yams, sugar-cane, bananas, &c. Waiting for wind, I get my old story-teller, Vaaburi, to give me the following chant, used when

planting bananas. All the young bananas are placed round the plantation ready for planting, the planter takes one of the best, stands in the centre, and looks inland; holding in his hand the banana, he says:—

> Lariba dubaduba o
> Jaribari dubaduba o
> Jaribakeri dubaduba o
> Egu dui dubaduba o
> O egu oroua dubaduba o.

Lifts it up and looks at it; addressing it he says:—

> O Natuguo dobi haragaharaga, heau haragaharaga; oi lau tolalugumu.

When the bananas are bearing, and the time has come to cover them, he stands in the plantation and chants:—

> Egumigumi mo e
> Bamo be gumigumi e
> Oi aubeghasi a gumigumi e
> O bamo be aroberobe me aubeghasi
> Aubeghasi aroberobe moe e-e-e-e.

When finished tying, he stands and turns towards them all and chants:—

> E au mia e
> Sinahu lau mia e
> Daha rasenai e
> Sinahu lau mia e-e-e-e.

Used when planting yams:—

> Asinavari daudau (four times)
> Huevara daudau (ditto)
> Bedovari daudau (ditto)
> Naevari daudau (ditto)
> Eogovari daudau (ditto)

When the yams are just appearing above ground :—

> Sinari kenikeni (twice)
> Hueri kenikeni (ditto)
> Ruela kenikeni (ditto)
> Naera kenikeni (ditto).

I made many efforts to discover the meaning of these songs, but the natives themselves have no knowledge whatever of their purport.

CHAPTER IV

PEACE-MAKING AT KABADI IN 1884, AND AT GUBELE IN 1885

In 1884 I got a message from Kabadi that they wished to see me about teachers' houses, and they also hoped they would soon have their teachers living with them. I sincerely hope no one will think that it is because they wish to be taught the Gospel that they desire teachers, as they hope for tomahawks, knives, beads, tobacco, and clothing, and they see that those places where teachers live are at peace all round, and do not fear their neighbours.

The season when the Motumotu canoes come to the east to trade having arrived, we all knew the Kabadians would be dreadfully afraid. This year the visit of the Motumotuans was looked forward to with some interest all along the coast, as it was reported they were bent on pillage everywhere. I did not believe any of the rumours. But for a strong south-east wind we should have them in stronger force than ever, as eighteen trading lakatois had left; but most put back, and others put into Delena, Hall Sound, where they broke up two, and made more manageable vessels by lashing only two canoes together, and in these a large party travelled east. They told us of their anxiety to have teachers as soon as possible, and that now there

would be peace, and no more fighting. 'Why, Tamate, it is peace we want—north, south, east and west, and we wish to make peace with Kabadi.'

These left, and I got a letter from Piri, the Boera teacher, saying, 'Kahorera, a chief from Motumotu, is here, and desires you to come and make peace between them and Kabadi.' I was glad of the opportunity, and left Port Moresby on Wednesday night, sleeping at Boera, and the following morning met the Motumotu chief. It was arranged we should go on ahead, calling at Lealea, get the two old chiefs, Gaririu and Leana, on board, who some time ago begged of me, when I went again to Kabadi, to take them on, that they might make peace. Several generations have been left behind since Lealea and Kabadi became enemies; and up to the present they have ever remained so, the Kabadi committing some truly horrible crimes against the Lealeans.

About two P.M. we left Lealea, calling at Manumanu, and the wind being light, we did not get to Toutu until about seven P.M. We unexpectedly got on to the eastern end of the bar, and having mast up and sail set we were not long in filling. The water saturated everything, but fortunately we lost nothing. It only meant a damp night with hosts of mosquitoes. I lay on the sand inside my net and heard the din of the attacking armies. When I fell into unconsciousness they were in full force; and when in the early morning I awoke to life, it was still to hear their songs and shouts of vexation at being baulked of their prey. I wonder what Burns would have written had he spent one night with these fierce venomous 'beasties.' There would not be enough adjectives in the English language to suit him, and certainly his Italian would egregiously fail. I have had more to fear from these

pests than from all the savages New Guinea can produce.

After early coffee on the following morning we started up the River Aroa to the Kabadi coast villages, where we found only two old women and one lad, and they too were clearing out. Chiefs and people were inland or on their far-away plantations, hiding from the Motumotuans, and had done so ever since they heard the latter were on the coast. Our first duty was to spread out our wet things, and soon the village changed its appearance and became alive. Then breakfast, and a smart walk inland in a burning sun. The teachers' houses were nearly finished, and will be ready before we can place the teachers. A bathe in the river was refreshing, and after a short rest we returned to the coast villages, where we were to meet Urevado, the leading chief, and the owner of nearly all the land in Kabadi.

Hearing I had arrived, some returned to their houses. Nothing was heard of the Motumotuans, who were to have followed us, and I assured them they need fear no evil of them this time, and that teachers living with them would secure them from invasions in future. The night was calm, and it was impossible to sit quietly in one spot, as our foes of the night before, or their brethren, were in force. Urevado came in about eight o'clock. It was interesting to watch the meeting between the Lealeans and him. They rubbed noses, and threw their arms round one another, and each expressed great pleasure at this meeting. Urevado said, 'You have never been here before, because of our fathers. Enough, let their enmity now die, and here is Kabadi before you to buy yams, bananas, and sugar-cane, whenever you like to come.' The others replied, ''Tis because of these, God's men, we are

enabled thus to meet ; and we shall certainly come here in future for food. Often have we seen the laden canoes of the Boerans and Motuans pass our doors from here, and wished we, too, could only secure some ; but now we shall be as they are.'

Through the whole long night the two old men talked — talked of the past, their happiness in the present, and their hopes for the future. In the very early morning I sent a canoe down to the river's mouth to look for the Motumotuans, and whilst they were away, the Boera chief and a woman from one of the Gulf canoes entered the village, saying all were waiting to make peace, and to meet the Kabadians, and to get supplies.

To the latter I strongly objected, because it would entail my remaining until late, too late to get to Boera before Sunday, and because it would be a mark of too much subjection to the marauders, who would glory in the great fear they had created, and would insist perhaps in future on heavy charges.

Some of the Kabadians came into our boat and some in Piri's. We were alongside the trading canoe some time before Piri came. Naimo and his wife from an inland village were with us. On meeting these wild men they were staid and firm. The latter showed them much kindness, rubbing noses with them and rubbing them all over, exchanging betel-nut with them, and all sitting together chewing. Urevado was in Piri's boat, and when about a mile off stood up in the bow dressed in a white shirt, once the property of 'Misi Lao.' When near, I could see my old friend was in great terror, though trying to appear careless, chewing betel-nut. My friends Rahemakeu and Tore, from the Gulf, asked me to allow them to receive Urevado as their special friend, and, knowing it would be for the

advantage of Kabadi, I consented. They both stepped on board the boat, took him by the hand, and led him to their own canoe, where they rubbed noses again and again. Then they swore friendship in my presence, saying, 'Kabadi must never be touched again.' I followed Urevado on to the canoe, and kept close by him, lest his fear should overcome him and he should plunge into the river. So all the Motumotuans gave bows and arrows, and the Kabadians their lime calabashes and small net-bags, spending more than an hour with them. We took our friends on board the boats, and after many farewells pulled across the harbour, to leave them on their own side to await a double canoe. They were greatly pleased with their reception by the Motumotuans, and looked different men to what they did when they first met them.

I told the Motumotuans to clear out, as they were a bad lot, and there was no village safe whilst they were on the coast; that we should soon visit them to give them teachers, and I hoped they would then be better. They laughed, saying, 'Be quick and come; you know the house is ready, a large house, and well built.' They were anxious to know if their teachers were big men, and when I told them they were, they were greatly delighted. Not only do the savages look for physique in these teachers, but more civilised nations like appearance also. It is a grand mistake to send out men of small stature to these savages. Pick the giants, and they make their mark at once; the wild, kind, nobly-built savage will respect them.

Before leaving, I saw the Motumotuans outside on their way to the west. The villages along the coast will breathe more freely, and feel their food for this year safe, now that these wild fellows are gone.

At low water, about eleven A.M., we passed the bar,

and stood out until we weathered Redscar Head, when we ran in to Lealea, to the great delight of all the natives, who were somewhat doubtful as to the result of the visit of their chiefs to Kabadi. At eight P.M. we arrived at Boera, where we spent the Sunday, leaving about seven P.M. for Port Moresby.

On my return from the west early in 1885, I found that the *Age* correspondent had returned to Port Moresby somewhat cut up, everything lost, his party very sick, and he himself wounded by the natives.

Mr. G. E. Morrison had been sent out by the *Age* newspaper of Melbourne, in 1884, on an exploring expedition, from which great results were expected. I had great hopes that my theory of plateaus and inland lakes would be confirmed, and that Morrison would tell such a tale of New Guinea as had never before been told. But again I was disappointed. At great expense two leading colonial newspapers have sent representatives here, who have not done anything as compared with what some private gentlemen have done. The British flag has years ago been unfurled much further inland than either of the correspondents have taken it, and it has travelled over many more miles than they are ever likely to carry it.

We have always looked upon the inland tribes as good friends, quiet, and not given to stealing, and how to account for this present outrage we could not imagine. I was sick, and when better had to go east; and on my return, many thought it was too late in the season and impossible to go inland, as the rains were in, and all the rivers flooded; others thought it was impracticable, and could not be carried out with the party I was arranging. I got everything ready, articles of trade and stores suffi-

cient for a fortnight, as I felt certain I could manage it in that time.

Our party was large, consisting of Mr. F. Lawes (son of the Rev. W. G. Lawes), Messrs. Laurie and Horsley, two young Englishmen recently arrived, Ruatoka, native teacher of Port Moresby, Peter Lifu, one of the mission boatmen, and George Belford, late of the *Argus* expedition, besides carriers.

As far as the Larogi we had twenty carriers; eight left us there, and we took twelve inland. On the 4th December we started, and on arriving at the Larogi we found it was necessary to construct two rafts to get our goods across, we ourselves having to swim. We were soon over, and up the hill to Korohomuni, where we camped that night. This is certainly a very dirty, badly-built village, and in a miserable position, nothing but broken rocks, and suited only for goats and beings of their species. The following morning we were all up betimes, and after arranging stores and trade, leaving some at Korohomuni in charge of the chief, in case of accidents inland, and putting into bags what was required for the trip, we started with fourteen carriers and three women, the latter to attend to the cooking, and to show to the native tribes we might meet that we were friendly.

All the country travelled has again and again been described, and to do so now would be useless. We passed over very fine flat country until near the Goldie River, where we ascended a few hills, and then crossed to ascend a spur of Mount Elsie and round its west side to descend to Maruvari, where we came upon Morrison's camp. The tent sticks were still standing, and there was a piece of an old saddle, a pair of boots, and pieces of straps. On the hill above is the spot where he was robbed one night by the

A DOBO FOR WOMEN AT KOIARI.

natives of about £40 worth of stuff. The natives can scarcely be to blame, seeing the white men left the goods on the hill unguarded, went down to the valley about three-quarters of a mile, slept, and next morning ascended to find their goods gone or destroyed.

It rained hard all evening, but having a good tent we slept comfortably, and the next morning were early astir getting breakfast, and drying things which had been exposed to the rain. What a terrible muddle our camp was in! clothes drying, unmade swags all around, food cooking, and everybody attending on everybody else. I do like this camp life, of which I have had a good deal during these last few years, and I can remember long, long years ago envying the freedom and jollity of my old gipsy friends, of whom I know a good deal, and in whose tents I have felt the importance of a great man. I am a pure Bohemian, relishing the freedom of this non-conventionality. Never mind the little tiredness of the morning, a little leg-stretching, the first mile, will put all right; yet I would prefer travelling in a new country where no white man had been.

All being dry, we start. We wish to cross the river, but it is running too fast to cross with swags, and we keep close, rounding and following it for some miles until again we strike the main track, which was first made by Goldie and afterwards by the diggers. We continue for a few miles more, and then camp, rather than ascend the range, lest we should be seen. I found yesterday, when our carriers were coming over the spur of Mount Elsie (Nagila), they met some of the natives, who told them Morrison shot dead a lad, son of the Varagadi chief, Gomara Daure, and that they had better go back. To-day I find they also said, 'If you go, be careful, and do not sleep at any

one of their villages, as in the night they might come down and kill you all;' so all my carriers protest against going further, until I promise I will not sleep at any one of their villages, but make this our head-quarters, and travel in the neighbourhood. My object being to make inquiries, peace, and friendship, I have no fear of any trouble. A good night's rest is food and medicine, and the morning comes calling to new exertions. An early breakfast, and soon after we were on the tramp.

We travelled along a splendid spur until we reached an old village of Varagadi, where we had a good view for positions, which have been carefully taken by Mr. F. Lawes ever since we left. We continued along the ridge, seeing signs of Morrison here and there, in old tins, pieces of leather, and a leg of trousers. About five miles from what has been called the Junction, where Morrison had his last camp, we struck off and descended to Mosquito Creek, travelling along it for some distance; we then ascend a steep hill to a ridge, along which we travel for several miles, when we see a deserted village, where only lately Varagadians lived. We still continue our course to another position, where also life prevailed, but where now only the necessaries of New Guinea life are to be found, such as bananas, &c.

We have done our best, and seeing no appearance of life on the various spurs, I think it useless to continue longer in that district of rain, thunder, lightning, hills, valleys, and creeks. To search further and longer would not reveal them to us, so back to camp. What a return! Is it another deluge, or what? A terrible downpour, but there is nothing for it but to press back, and about five P.M. we are in the quarters of the night before.

The following day, after drying all wet things, we walk leisurely back to Maruvari, where we pitch camp and send to Nagila for old friends and some supplies. In the evening both come, only the native friends are too excited to give us a true account of all. In the main they agreed with what we heard the following day. On their leaving I asked them to send down Poroko, chief of Nagila, and an old friend, so that I might hear from him.

Being Sunday we were resting, and more, it was impossible for us to cross the river, so if it did not rain again in the afternoon we were losing no time. Early a party appeared at camp with presents of food, and amongst them an old Maruvari chief, whose people had been decimated by the Varagadians and whose villages (three) had been burned. He told us the following, namely:—Morrison had gone on until between Varagadi and Gubele, where he pitched his camp. The first trouble Morrison had with the natives was about a tomahawk, but that passed over. For some time all was agreeable until a knife was stolen, when the white man fired on the thief and shot him, not dead, but even now it is doubtful if he will live. The wounded man was Gomara Daure's son, who has always been friendly with the white men, and who now seeks nothing but peace and friendship. Gomara Daure warned Morrison back, and placed as a sign to the white men to return, a spear and a shield on the path. It also signified to those of his people who were about that they must not interfere with the white men, who were his friends. At the end of this chapter I describe the meaning of a few signs that it may be well for future visitors to New Guinea to know.

I asked an old friend if he thought it safe for white

men to travel inland, as in a few months a large party might be coming. He replied, 'It is perfectly safe; no one will hurt a white man.' I told him to tell all the tribes of our visit, and that we wished to bring them peace and friendship, and that they must be careful as to how they meet the white man in the future. He told us our inland journey and its object would soon be well known, that the natives had left Varagadi and gone to Eikiri, and the Gubele natives had also shifted, he knew not where. All Morrison's things were taken some time after he left, and were divided amongst them, most going to Eikiri, so as to keep them friendly.

Poroko, chief of Nagila, came in during the day and told us the same story as the above, and that Gomara Daure and Ikaukae, natives, would be down at full moon to see him, when he would report everything to them. I told them they must always treat white men as friends, and not be afraid, because no white man would wish to do them harm.

The following are the signs I have referred to, and which may be useful to know:—The spear and shield placed on the path, or against a house, or in a position commanding a village, or part of a village, means that the fighters must not disturb the place or its occupants, and that all others had better leave.

In going to a new place, generally one of the first presentations is a betel-nut, and, if presented thick end towards the receiver, it is done in a friendly manner, but if otherwise, means unfriendliness, and it is best to be wary. Sometimes a nut is given with the end as opened; it is safer not to eat it, as they often insert poison. This is well known by all the tribes. A few years ago a woman at the East End was poisoned in

that way. The best way is to take the nut and pocket it, saying nothing.

When first going amongst new tribes, we are always met by armed natives, and it may be threatening ones, but when the excitement has passed over and all seems quiet, a look at the spears carried may indicate unpleasantness. The sharp end down means peace and friendship, if pointed outwards it means fight, and the safest thing is to keep quiet and get away.

Sometimes a man will take a spear and stick it in the ground and work it to and fro with his itchy toes; this is a sign to others to get their spears ready for an attack.

When approaching by road or in a boat coming near the beach, if the natives advance with a branch waved in hand, it is friendship, but, as they sometimes do, with a spear, it means unpleasantness and threatening. Natives knowing these signs advance or return: if the latter, much quicker than under any circumstances they would care to advance. If met by a chief chewing betel-nut and his lime calabash in hand, it is good, and means real peace; but if a chief meets you with a spear, it is considered bad.

In all the various known districts, combs, with cockatoo's white feathers, are tied on end. These form a very prominent and imposing part of dress, more especially at dances and feasts, when very large ones are worn, and often then they are used by leaders to give signs. In front of the head, as generally worn, it is friendship, and there need be no fear. If worn on side or back of head, look out; they are signing, and trouble is near. Get away as stealthily as possible.

In a few districts, but especially in that round Hood Bay, bamboo knives are used in fighting. These knives are nicely figured, and have in the centre a bundle of variegated feathers, and when used in battle are carried in the mouth, so as to be ready to cut heads off. If carried in the mouth, there is nothing for it but to defend yourself. It is a bad sign if one is in the hair at the side of the head, also if hanging on the shoulder, or stuck in the hair at the back of the head. In either case it is meant as a sign which will soon be taken up by others, and the best thing to do is to keep near friends and get away as soon as possible.

If the knife is hanging loosely in front, or down the back, no danger need be apprehended.

There are also eye signs very numerous and much used, but these may not be noticed by strangers.

Murders, thefts, friendship, and enmity are all often expressed by the eyes.

There is another sign it may be well to know. Every foreigner arriving at a new place would most likely give a piece of tobacco, which is of course accepted. If any unfriendliness is meant, one or more will bite the end of the piece or pieces given, place it in the armlet on the arm, then close one hand and beat with the other as on a drum, and go through a mock dance. Get away as quietly and quickly as possible.

In new places it is safer, if there is a party, not to speak much to one another, and on no account make signs of any kind. After confidence is gained on both sides there will be no danger, but before—a laugh, a word, a sign, may be looked upon by the natives as unfriendly, they not understanding us.

CHAPTER V

WITH COMMODORE ERSKINE PROCLAIMING THE PROTECTORATE

I WAS in the Gulf placing teachers and visiting stations when I received a letter from Mr. Lawes, suggesting that I should return to Port Moresby, and so be in time for a grand display of British power. He said that Lieutenant Wilcox of the Harrier had arrived with Commissioner Romilly on board, and that the latter, because of instructions from the Colonial Office, had hoisted the British flag and proclaimed a Protectorate over the unannexed part of New Guinea, closing the country in the meantime against settlement. Anxious to see so grand a display as that made by the full Australian Squadron with the Commodore in command of the largest ship in the Pacific waters, and also to behold the pageantry of hoisting for the fifth time the British Union Jack on New Guinea soil, I hastened back to Port Moresby, our captain doing what had never been achieved before, viz., taking the Ellengowan into Port Moresby and to a splendid anchorage in the night-time, anchoring about 11.30 P.M. Nothing larger than a boat had ever attempted this feat before.

We found the Harrier and the Raven in harbour still waiting for the others, and daily expecting the Commodore with the Nelson. On Saturday, November 1,

1884, the Swinger came in from Cooktown, and on Sunday about midday the Nelson, and soon after the Espiegle, arrived, followed some days later by the Dart. It was a peculiarly busy and exciting time. Native chiefs from a coast-line sixty miles in extent were assembled to witness the hoisting of the flag. On the afternoon of November 5 all the chiefs were assembled on the Nelson, and after a feast, the prime essential in all transactions to a native, the Commodore, surrounded with his officers, read the official address. It was interpreted to the chiefs present by the Rev. W. G. Lawes, and when finished all were asked if they understood what was meant, and all said that they did. Another very important part of the palaver then took place, each chief being handed a suitable present by the Commodore. Several shots were fired from two of the large guns, which astonished the natives much. At night the electric light was shown, blue lights were burned and rockets fired, all of which were thoroughly appreciated by those on shore; but when the climax of the day came in the weird, fiendish, and altogether unearthly noise of the syren, man and beast became alarmed. Sometimes it sounded as if away back in the hills, then as if in the village, then from the reef, and finally from a long, long distance, only to shriek forth again uncannily close at hand. Dogs at first rushed madly about, but soon escaped into snug places where they thought themselves safe. Human beings asked one another what it meant, grew alarmed, fearful lest some fiends from nether regions had been exorcised to this sphere and to this particular spot, and they too sought the shelter of their houses. Thus for one night at least perfect peace reigned in the village of Port Moresby, although many strangers were in it.

November 6 was the day of days, and all who saw the grand sight when New Guinea, or rather its south-eastern portion, was taken under the very powerful wing of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors for all time coming, are likely ever to remember it. Although previous actions in taking possession were more complete, and to some seemed more statesmanlike, yet this deed is to supersede them all, and they are to be considered as not having taken place.

Soon after breakfast, boats with officers and men, blue-jackets and marines, were landed, followed by Commodore Erskine, who was met on the beach by a large number of his officers and the band of the Nelson. They marched up from the beach to the Mission premises, where the great act was to take place, the band playing all the way. The bluejackets and marines were arranged round the flagstaff, whilst the Commodore, his officers, and the missionaries took their stations on the verandah of the Mission house. When all was ready, artists and photographers being also in their places, the Commodore, standing in front, read the following proclamation; viz.:—

'To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—Whereas it has become essential for the lives and properties of the native inhabitants of New Guinea, and for the purpose of preventing the occupation of portions of that country by persons whose proceedings, unsanctioned by any lawful authority, might tend to injustice, strife, and bloodshed, and who, under the pretence of legitimate trade and intercourse, might endanger the liberties and possess themselves of the lands of such native inhabitants, that a British protectorate should be established over a certain portion of such country and the islands adjacent thereto; and whereas Her Majesty, having taken into her gracious consideration the urgent necessity of her protection to such inhabitants, has directed me to proclaim such protection in a formal manner at this place,—Now I,

James Elphinstone Erskine, Captain in the Royal Navy and Commodore of the Australian Station, one of Her Majesty's Naval aides-de-camp, do hereby, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty, declare and proclaim the establishment of such protectorate over such portions of the coast and the adjacent islands as is more particularly described in the schedule hereunto annexed ; and I hereby proclaim and declare that no acquisition of land, whensoever or howsoever acquired, within the limits of the protectorate hereby established will be recognised by Her Majesty ; and I do hereby, on behalf of Her Majesty, command and enjoin all persons whom it may concern to take notice of this proclamation.'

This was translated by Mr. Lawes to the natives, and all acquiesced in the same. Firing and cheering then took place, and the final proceedings of annexing New Guinea were ended. It would be impossible to conceive of its being better done than it was then, and perhaps no better man could have been selected than Commodore Erskine to perform the ceremony.

The following day the men-of-war weighed anchors and went to the west. That night they anchored in Hall Sound, and on Saturday, November 8, in the presence of chiefs from all the districts round, hoisted the flag on a flagstaff erected by the blue-jackets that morning on a hill overlooking the village. The same care was taken by the Commodore here as at Port Moresby, that all should thoroughly understand what was done and the reasons for doing it. Queen Koloka of Naara, who calls herself Queen Victoria's sister, was present, and told the Commodore everything said was good ; she received presents, and so did the other chiefs.

Following Hall Sound came Motumotu, Freshwater Bay. The chiefs all slept one night on board the Nelson, feeling safe and at home, and the following morning landed with the Commodore and party to see the flag hoisted and hear the proclamation. The

natives, men, women, and children, crowded round the flagstaff, and showed no fear whatever. At each place a stick with a silver Queen's head on the top —a florin, I suppose—was given to the chief looked upon as the principal one; and here it was given to Semese, an old warrior, and the very picture of what an old savage should be. His days for active life are over, still he walks stately and erect about Motumotu, seeing with his one eye as much as any two ordinary good ones. In the fighting ardour of the youth of the tribe he takes delight, but thinks peace is better, and will now use his influence for it.

On Tuesday all the ships were back again at Port Moresby, where a few days were spent, during which the officers made various journeys inland in quest of game. On Monday, Nov. 17, in the afternoon, the meeting of chiefs from all round Hood Bay and Aroma took place on board the Nelson. All were delighted with their reception, and thoroughly approved of the address and of its objects. Some of the chiefs, to be certain of their position, put questions, and had them satisfactorily answered, and they left, saying it was all good. On the morning of Nov. 18, the Commodore, officers, and a party landed at Kerepunu. In a square, named then Espiegle Square, in front of the principal chief's house, the Union Jack was hoisted on a flagstaff that had been erected that morning by the carpenter and a few blue-jackets from the Espiegle. On Wednesday, Nov. 19, the Espiegle called at Toulon, and Captain Bridge read an address to the chiefs and people, and told them to warn the Cloudy Bay natives against interfering with white men. At Argyle Bay, near Dufaure Island, the ships again met the Nelson, and after getting all the chiefs in the neighbourhood on board the flagship, the same

formalities were gone through as in the other places. On the morning of Thursday, Nov. 20, the flag was hoisted in the presence of a large number of natives, who nearly all fled when the firing begun. On the afternoon of the same day all were anchored in front of the Mission station on Stacey Island.

On the following day the flag was hoisted at Suau. Here the chiefs complained to the Commodore respecting two of their youths, who had been staying at Moresby Island, and were taken to Queensland for three moons, and who had not yet returned, although nearly a year had passed. The Commodore promised to do his utmost to have them sent back, which gave great satisfaction, and, if accomplished, will help much in showing the natives that the promises of the Protectorate are real. It has been proposed to call the fine, large, commodious harbour at Suau, Port Erskine, and the mountain on the mainland overlooking it, Mount Nelson, in memory of the work of proclaiming the Protectorate.

Whilst here a party was got together from the various ships to ascend Cloudy Mountain. As fine and hearty a number assembled on the beach as it was possible to wish for. The senior officer was Captain Bridge of the Espiegle, and next was Captain Henderson of the Nelson. Several other officers, blue-jackets, and marines, with samples of missionary, composed the party. About thirty natives accompanied, acting as guides and carriers. The ascent was steep, and in some places difficult, because of the thick scrub. Before getting to the top, and whilst some were shouting 'Excelsior,' others, I fear, were thinking of the comforts on board ship, and the folly of undertaking such a useless business, and would gladly have gone back. About four P.M. the top was reached, and *all* at once

went to work forming camp, then to cooking and making all comfortable for the night. The mountain mist was very heavy, and came down in copious showers; blankets were stretched over wood to form tents, and so preserve us from the very heavy rain. It was a jolly party, and as sleep was out of the question to the majority, the greater part of the night was spent in smoking and singing. The natives enjoyed the sport, and entered fully into the spirit of the fun, singing songs of their own, so as not to be outdone by 'Beritani dimdims.' At midnight my blanket-fellow turned round, saying, 'Just think of the comfortable bed at the Mission house and the folly of being here.' The following morning the Union Jack was fastened to a long pole made from a tree, and set up, a mark to all comers that in solitude as well as in busy scenes Britain's voice must be heard. Some Britons think the world was made for the Anglo-Saxon. Three cheers under the grand old flag and we descended, leaving it to fly alone, a wonder to all living things up in those solitudes. The descent was soon made, and at the bottom breakfast was prepared, where all assembled perfectly ready for refreshments. Feeling better and livelier, all started for Bertha Lagoon, where boats were met, and by one P.M. all were on board their various ships, and the natives at their homes rejoicing in what they considered good payment.

On Sunday the Espiegle arrived at Moresby Island with natives of that island who had been taken to Queensland under false pretences. They escaped from their plantations, and risked a cockle-shell boat in a south-east gale and the chances of being murdered by savages, rather than be held in servitude any longer. Fortunately they made Murray Island, and were kindly treated. Their friends on Moresby Island

had given them up and mourned for them as dead, blackened themselves, and put on various articles of mourning, and cooked food for their spirits. Some of their friends came on board, having heard that some of the lost ones had returned, and the scene was most affecting. On landing they were received with great demonstrations of weeping, and many were the questions they had to answer respecting others. A chief who was amongst those returned landed in our boat, and when met on the beach he tried hard to play the Stoic. Several women threw themselves at his feet crying, then rose and went a few yards away, crying bitterly, he standing at the water-side gazing into space. It was too much for him, and his stoicism giving way he sat down, and the women gathering round him he gave free vent to his feelings. They were not ungrateful for the kindness shown them, and in the evening brought off a pig and a large quantity of food for Captain Bridge. Many came off begging the Captain to bring back the others, saying, 'You have brought light and joy to some homes, but what of the darkness and sorrow in others? We thought them all dead, and our mourning is great; we have no glad tears; no, not until you bring ours back.' They wept bitterly; if the Captain would only go now and get them, they would fill his ship with pigs and food. Captain Bridge begged of them, or at all events some of their chiefs, to accompany him in the Espiegle to meet the Commodore at Dinner Island; but there was ever the one answer, 'No, we will not go; bring back our boys.'

On the Monday morning the chiefs came off, but would not come on board, making the same request. Again the Captain and all of us tried our best to get one or two, if not more, to come with us, and that

they would be returned the following day. No, once bitten, and that terribly, never again trust a white man. A native who had been some time in Sydney, and could speak tolerably fair English, was tried. He said he knew man-of-war.

'Oh yes, it all right; no gammon.'

'Well, come and see the Commodore, and tell him you want your friends back.'

'No, white fellow speak three moons, no bring him again; you go bring fellow boy back.'

'Well, if you would come and tell the Commodore yourself he will try and get them back.'

The screw gave a turn, the native was sitting in one of the ports, and he shot like a flash into his canoe and away, calling out, 'Bring boy back.' So much for the civilising, truthful, law-abiding Queensland labour vessels. The better spirit of the country has prevailed, and the iniquitous trade has been so hampered as virtually to stop it, and for New Guinea and the adjacent islands it is stopped altogether.

The squadron met on Monday, Nov. 24, at Dinner Island, where the flag was hoisted and the same ceremony gone through as at other places. When finished, the flag-ship and one or two others weighed anchors and made for Killerton Islands, near East Cape, the Swinger calling at Discovery Bay and at Kabi, both in Milne Bay. We had no difficulty in getting my old friend of Vagavaga on board, but at Kabi the old chief, who had just left a cannibal feast to meet us, was not so sure. Linking my arm in his, I walked him into the boat with his son, and before he had time to think of the situation we were well off on our way to the ship. The people on shore were crying and calling on him to return, but that was now out of the question. After being some time on board

he began to breathe more freely, and felt it was all right. He told us the men were out that morning, and had killed three belonging to a neighbouring village, one man and two women; the latter were left for their friends to remove, the former was taken and eaten.

That night he accompanied the Vagavaga chiefs on board the Nelson, and the following morning all were present at the ceremony ashore, which must have been to them very terrible. They too had complaints to make of men who had been taken away to Queensland for three moons and not returned; and I fear they have not even yet been returned, although I have no doubt the Commodore has so far fulfilled his promise as to write to the Governor of Queensland and ask for them. To the poor untutored savage a labour vessel must be a thing of infinitely greater power than any man-of-war, and the white men on board of labour vessels something far superior to commodore or any naval captain. The natives fully expected the immediate return of their friends, although they were informed not to be over-sanguine, as the Commodore might not succeed. But to talk of non-success, and so many ships, men, and guns, was simple nonsense. Justice in colonial quarters is of very slow growth when dealing with natives, who are supposed to have no rights, temporal or spiritual.

The ceremony ashore being over, early after breakfast all ships cleared away for Teste Island, the most westerly of the Louisiade Group. Here was to be the end of Proclaiming and Explaining. On the following morning, Wednesday, Nov. 26, all were full of life on board of the ships, for all knew the end of the business had come, and Sydney was not many days distant. Some were disappointed because they had received orders to remain some time longer on

the New Guinea coast. A flagstaff was erected on the north-west side of the island, and at nine o'clock the final ceremony was performed. On the arrival on board there was a lively scene alongside the Nelson. Many canoes had drawn near, and the occupants were plentifully supplied with tobacco, for which they had to dive. That noxious weed was thrown overboard quite regardless of quantity, since it was known that no more would be required to procure curios.

It was impossible, I think, to have done work better than that accomplished by Commodore Erskine. Everywhere the Address and Proclamation were carefully explained to the natives, and it was evident they understood it, from the questions they put and the remarks they made. I do not know of a single hitch anywhere in all the proceedings. About midday I went on board the Raven, the Nelson, with Mr. and Mrs. Lawes on board, steaming away to the south.

The following morning the Raven returned to South Cape, where I went on with my mission work, placing New Guinea natives as teachers amongst their own countrymen. The last few weeks had been full of excitement and considerable knocking about in ships and boats by day and night, and I was not sorry for a rest and change of work.

CHAPTER VI

TRIPS ON BOARD H.M. SHIPS RAVEN AND DART

IN December, 1884, H.M.S. Raven received instructions at Cooktown to proceed immediately and take me on board, and with all despatch proceed to Huon Gulf, and there hoist the British flag.

The Raven arrived at Port Moresby, after picking up the Ellengowan and towing her in, on the 26th December. Commander Ross was anxious, according to instructions, to get hold of me, and he knew, 'No Ellengowan, no Chalmers'—the former reaching port, the latter was ready to go. There was some difficulty in getting natives to coal the Raven; but even that was overcome, and on Dec. 27 she was again ready for sea. This terrible haste astonishes the New Guinea natives, who, generation after generation, have been accustomed to do as their fathers did—move by seasons, and not press time.

On Sunday morning by daybreak we were away, having Tamate on board as interpreter. The errand of the Raven was to proclaim a Protectorate over all the then unknown annexed portion of New Guinea. With tide and wind in our favour, instead of getting to South Cape by six P.M. we were there before noon. Three weeks ago the Raven had been there, and left a teacher belonging to the London Missionary Society,

well and hearty, a jolly, kind-hearted fellow, whom all liked, and who was a favourite with the natives, and had done the Society good and faithful service. The first words spoken to us on the beach were, 'Mataio is dead.' He died suddenly from what must have been yellow or typhoid fever—I fancy the former, from the symptoms. Natives, in charge of a fine young New Guinea teacher, Dagoela, were sent to get spars suitable for flagstaffs. Long before sundown they came in with six good spars suitable to hoist our good old flag on. Next morning by daybreak we were off for Dinner Island, where we found a copra trader recently left by a Captain Frier. I am afraid his returns will be small, because of the scarceness of cocoanuts. Nowhere on New Guinea, that I know, will the copra trade pay. I was anxious to get Paulo, a native chief, and finding that he had just gone to Heath Island, we accordingly steamed there, and soon picked him up. We found Heath Island and Hayter Island at war. Captain Ross told them there must be no fighting until he returned and met the chiefs and decided the whole affair. I liked that, and felt proud of our British Protectorate.

We then steamed for Killerton, where a letter was left for the first British man-of-war calling. The Mission station here is a perfect model farm, splendidly laid out, and sufficiently extensive for all purposes. The kindness of these South Sea Island teachers beats everything. On our return to the ship we were laden with presents, and I know our excellent Commander was much concerned what to do in regard to a return present. On the last day of 1884 we left Killerton, and steamed away for East Cape, soon to find our exit barred by innumerable reefs; so we had to right about, hold away in, round the reefs, and

then run close by Lydia and the smaller islands, and steam full speed through Goschen Straits. It was a splendid sight: on the left the high mountains of the east end of New Guinea rising until their tops were lost in clouds, and on the right the grand bold land of Normanby Island rising still higher,—magnificent outposts of the grandest island in the world. Very little level country was to be seen on either hand, but plenty of what may yet be the region of large tea, coffee, and cinchona plantations. All night we kept on, our gallant commander being anxious to carry out his instructions to the letter, and if possible get to Huon Gulf the next day. Well, *Fortuna favet fortibus.* At daybreak we were amongst countless reefs and ugly pointed rocks. 'Back,' 'slow,' 'ahead,' 'back,' and so on; for hours we were wending our weary way through these sea terrors. In the afternoon we anchored in Porlock Bay, and soon preparations were made for landing. 'Lower boats, lash spar to gig, embark blue-jackets and marines,' were the orders given, and then Captain Ross, his officers, myself with the native interpreters, followed. A few natives were seen on the beach, but on the approach of the boats they all, except two, disappeared in the bush, and these also decamped on our getting nearer. Our native interpreters at once got out in the surf and gave chase, coming up to one about a mile inland. They say he was terribly frightened, and would on no account return with them. They gave him presents, and not being able to speak to him, not knowing the dialect, by signs begged of him to accompany them; he, by signs, told them he would go inland and get all his friends, and then return. He left, not to be seen again. The Captain, feeling anxious for the bush party, went inland some distance, and

meeting them, returned to find the staff erected and all ready for hoisting the flag. He read the following:—

'Proclamation on behalf of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, establishing a Protectorate of Her Most Gracious Majesty over a portion of New Guinea, and the islands adjacent thereto.

'To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—

'Whereas, by a Proclamation dated the sixth day of November, 1884, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was pleased to establish a Protectorate over a certain portion of the southern shore of New Guinea, with islands adjacent thereto, together with the islands in the Goschen Straits, and also the D'Entrecasteaux Group and smaller islands adjacent, I, Harry Leith Ross, senior naval officer, do now hereby declare and proclaim, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty, that the British Protectorate shall include the coast of New Guinea, between East Cape and Huon Gulf inclusive.

'Given on board Her Majesty's ship Raven at Porlock Bay on the first day of January, 1885.'

They then hoisted the flag, and from the Raven twenty-one guns were fired. The blue-jackets and marines gave three rounds *feu-de-joie*, and then, to conclude, three hearty English cheers rang out for the Queen. The Captain buried a bottle containing the proclamation, and left a large present near the flagstaff. In the evening we saw from the ship about a dozen natives near where the presents were left. They were carrying sugar-cane, and we at once landed. On our nearing the shore all disappeared, and we found the presents untouched, the present given to the man met in the bush returned, and lying alongside the other things, and close by a large bundle of good sugar-cane, and eighteen cooked bread-fruit. Our interpreters went into the bush, but did not succeed in seeing

any one. We left, taking their present, and leaving all ours. We pulled some distance round the bay, hoping to meet some one, but failing, and night and rain coming on, we returned to the ship. There is no level land of any great value around this bay, and not far inland you meet the mountainous country until you come to the Owen Stanley Range.

On January 3 we left early, and steamed slowly along the coast. Mount Owen Stanley and Mount Obree were very distant, as were also many parts of the range known to South-eastern travellers. Between the range of this coast are successive ranges, frightful country to travel in. One range in the centre cannot be less than 10,000 feet, thirty miles inland, and we propose calling it Hercus Range. Some words used by the native in the bush were said to be the same as Koiari dialect; so it is quite possible the natives seen are mountaineers, who have communication with the other side, and only occasionally visit the coast, as nowhere could we see any signs of life, such as plantations, cocoanuts, or canoes. Not one of the last have we yet seen.

About twenty past two P.M. we anchored near to Caution Point, and were delighted to see numbers of natives on the beach. We called on them to come off, but they replied by waving green branches, thus showing themselves friendly and inviting us ashore. We could do nothing better than accept their invitation; so two boats were immediately ordered away, and we were soon nearing the shore. Finding a very heavy surf running, our party was in doubt as to how to land until I stepped overboard and marched in to where the natives caught me, and danced round me with shouting and singing. The spears and clubs were carefully placed at the back, certainly very handy in

the event of a row. Our commander was soon ashore, and had the same noisy welcome the first party had; and so it was with all who landed. They are certainly a very excitable people, and very little would turn them from friends to enemies. On our nearing their arms, they picked them up and threw them further back, several disappearing with theirs into the bush. We gave them a few presents, and received cocoanuts in return. They were anxious we should remain with them; but we gave them to understand we should go on board to sleep, and at the rising of the sun return with a staff and hoist the flag. All night through they had fires along the beach, and we could hear them occasionally singing in a very plaintive, monotonous manner — not war songs, as Captain Moresby avers. I doubt if a war song has ever been heard by a white man on this coast, or any other coast of New Guinea. We hear from whites of the conch-shell being blown for war, but it is only ignorance, as the New Guinea native blows the conch-shell when carrying a pig, or on a pig-hunt, and fighting is not so very common that it is often heard. There are very few white men who have ever heard the conch-shell blown for war.

At sunrise we were ashore, and were met by a larger crowd, and helped through the surf, which was even worse than on the evening before. They danced madly round us, and each sought a friend. They dug the hole, and carried up the staff, and assisted to erect it; but when the blue-jackets and marines fell in and marched up to the staff, and the doctor was seen fixing his camera, what they thought we know not, only there was a general stampede to the bush. We detained, by coaxing, about a dozen natives, and with them the old chief, whom we all liked. Fearing to

frighten them, there was no firing, only, after reading the Proclamation, presenting arms to the flag aloft; then were three lusty British cheers given, and again a few decamped. We gave presents all round, and to the old chief several, including a tomahawk, which he certainly did not know how to use or what it was for. The majority now returned, and witnessed the old chief receive the Proclamation and take charge of the flag.

Anxious to get on to our western limit, we returned to the boats, and were soon on board. From the ship we could see the crowd on the beach dancing round the flagstaff, and the chief then rushing down to the water with branches and waving for us to return. They wear the same kind of ornaments as the Owen Stanley Range natives, and the same scant clothing. Two women we saw were very pleasant-looking, though scantily dressed. A pocket-handkerchief was stolen from one of the interpreters, and for a few minutes the excitement was great until the owner had his property back, and then there was a wild dance. As many of the words are Koiari, I cannot help thinking it is a mountain tribe visiting the coast for fish, cocoanuts, and salt.

We were soon steaming away for Deaf Adder Bay, where we were to hoist the flag and then return. To-day's sailing has been along a wonderful coast—not a sign of human life anywhere; the coast range running right down to the sea, and rising far away behind from high to higher and highest, until, lost in cloud-land, are ranges innumerable. On the other coast there is nothing to compare with it that I know of, and I pity the party who attempts crossing from the south to hereabouts. Future generations may turn this country to account, but I cannot think there is

any hope of doing so in the near future. It is no barren waste, but from the water's edge, up hills, along valleys and gulleys, to the highest mountain tops, thick bush—bush that may yet try the temper of many an enterprising colonist.

About three P.M. we anchored in Traitor's Bay, so named by Captain Moresby, and there was not any evidence of natives about, until night, when we saw the reflection of a fire some distance in the bush. This may be a very important place in the future, being well sheltered in the south-east, with good anchorage close in, and a large strip of level country all around. It was quite a relief to see a bit of level land, where ironwood (*Casuarina equisetifolia*) grows in abundance, and we could feel, 'Well, here is one place where a ship could get wood, and perhaps load cargo,' for nowhere else that we have seen can the latter be done. So little did we think of traitors, that I believe we all slept soundly, except of course the ordinary watch kept on board Her Majesty's ships. The savages are not so bad as some who know little about them would have us believe.

On the morning of January 4 we weighed anchor, and before sunrise were some miles on our way. Again the same interminable hills, valleys, gulleys, precipices, and mountains, range after range, as far as the eye could see. At half-past two we anchored in twenty-two fathoms, in a snug enough bay, to all appearance, but deep, deep water all round. The bay is called Deaf Adder Bay. There is a spit running out on the east side, on which we saw a number of very old lean-overs, such as are generally used by natives when on a fishing trip. Captain Ross landed with a small party to find a suitable place for the staff, and discovered, just behind the spit, a small lagoon where there were

strong indications of crocodiles abounding. No signs of humanity having recently been in the neighbourhood were seen, and we were all satisfied that man had disappeared long, long ago from this neighbourhood; but in the evening we were astonished to see the reflection of a large fire just in the gully, under one of the peaks. It blew hard at night, and it was feared we should drag our anchor and get adrift. Fortunately, the wind moderated, and we calmly slept till the morning of Jan. 5, when the grand event of joining hands with our German cousins was to take place. I am sorry Old World parties meet here; yet I prefer the Teutonic to the Gallic, and hope that all may yet be amicably arranged.

At half-past five o'clock on the morning of Jan. 5—a delightful, clear morning—we landed, and again Commander Ross, after the staff was erected, read the Proclamation; the flag was hoisted, arms were presented and a *feu-de-joie* fired, and the Proclamation folded and put in an old pickle bottle and planted by the staff. We were soon on board, and all hands, after getting boats on davits, gladly helped to get the anchor on board. There must have been some feeling of 'homeward bound' in all hearts, for it was really wonderful how it came up, and in an amazingly short time was catted. Now we had a splendid view of back country. All round the bay, and coming sheer down to the water, were steep ridges. One wonderful peak, with a solitary tree growing head and shoulders, or rather stem and branches, over his compatriots, right on the top on the west side, we named Giles Peak, after our worthy paymaster; and rising gradually beyond were hills, spurs, and mountains, until a grand and peculiar range that met the heavens rose and hid all else from our view. Its furthest extremity inland cannot be

more than twenty miles distant. It was unseen by us on our arrival yesterday, and may never have been seen before. I know of nothing on the other coast to equal it for grandeur. We have called the range the Ross Range, after our excellent commander; and the south peak, bearing S. by W. ½ W. from the Cape, the Lucas Peak, after the Rutland boy, the smart young lieutenant; and the centre peak, right at the head of the bay, and bearing S.W. ½ S., the Whitehouse Peak, in memory of our faithful navigator. Then comes the long mountain, W. by S., about 8000 feet above sea-level, which we named Mount Pearson, so that our kind, jolly Irish doctor might not be out of it. Then following the gulf until N. by W., the range was lost to us in a splendid bluff, capped by clouds, and which we named Mount Edmonds, after our gentlemanly, argumentative, scientific engineer. We were homeward bound, and what better than appropriate the whole range to ourselves? There still remained more flag-hoisting, so now we were driving ahead. On our way to Huon Gulf we had much discoloured water, many logs, and in several places great patches of drift-wood, all showing that a large quantity of fresh water must fall into the sea.

Jan. 6.—To-day we are pressing on so as to be at Jabbering Island to-night, in readiness to hoist the flag in the morning. We have passed through Dyke Acland Bay, where there is some fine level country stretching well back to the ranges. We are passing the bold headland of Cape Nelson and Hardy Point. The mountains at the back come gradually to the sea, and seem on the coast as fine, long, undulating plains—in many places looking like English parks. When off Cape Nelson we, for the first time, saw canoes, two going to the eastward, and well manned; but pushing

on, as we were to get to an anchorage, we could not stop to interview them.

As the afternoon advanced we neared Goodenough Island of the D'Entrecasteaux Group, which presented a grand appearance—a splendid island, quite one with the South Sea Islands. Over New Guinea a thick black cloud hung, whilst the lower land of Goodenough seemed enveloped in dense darkness, hidden under a thick bank of clouds, and the grand peak, 8000 feet high, stood out above the whole, basking in sunshine, and showing all its scars and fissures. It was a grand sight, never to be forgotten.

Jan. 7.—Finding it impossible to get to Jabbering Island before night, we steamed dead slow, rounded Cape Vogel, and are now in Goodenough Bay. Coming along, we saw a few natives and one or two miserably small villages. The country from the Hornby Range to this bay, and as far as we could see in to the Owen Stanley Range, was low and hilly, with apparently thick scrub everywhere. We are anchored between the Mosquito Island in Rawden Bay, and the mainland at Vago, were Gerand is chief. The natives at first were terribly shy, and could not be induced to come nearer than two hundred yards, until we went alongside the canoe in a dingy, gave presents, and our interpreter remained with them, eventually going ashore. Shortly about twenty canoes came off, and would only come near enough the ship to hand up their cocoanuts and get payment. Soon they all left for some reason or other, and nothing would bring them back. We then landed in a deluge of rain, and simply ran for a house, in which all were soon made to feel comfortable. They brought us cocoanuts, and willingly dug the hole for the flagstaff, which they helped to bring ashore and erect.

We saw pottery lying about like that made at

Teste Island, but I do not think it is made here, as the country is swampy and stony. Their houses are tolerably well built, and kept very clean. The skin disease is very bad, especially amongst the women. The men are well covered, and the women wear long petticoats. We got the old chief on board, but he was much happier in his own canoe. The Captain gave him a present of a tomahawk, which greatly pleased him. In order that the natives and chief who came on board might have more confidence, we left our two interpreters ashore, and told them to prepare the people for the landing party. I was glad the Captain decided to go through all the honours of so grand an occasion, and not omit the royal salute from the Raven, or the *feu-de-joie* ashore.

At half-past two the gig and whaleboat were away with all who were to land. We had to get out of the boats on to the reef in water two feet deep. The natives, seeing so large a number, simply cleared out *en masse*, and when we got to the village we could only see our good old friend Paulo, one of the interpreters, hanging on to an old lady, who really from bad feet could not run far. Poor body, she was in a terrible state of fear. We gave her presents, and got her to sit down. We then went after the others, but in their native bush who could find them? The Proclamation is read, the flag is hoisted, and there rings out from the Raven a sharp and loud report, and the old woman falls, or rather attempts to lie down. Twenty-one, and our interpreter Tamate comes in with his arm round the terribly frightened chief, and before the *feu-de-joie* is fired we have him seated with us. I pitied the chief when he shook and then threw himself down, at the terrible racket of the *feu-de-joie*. It was well Captain Ross decided to have all, for, right and left, the whole

will be reported, and from Killerton through various dialects it will be explained. All is over, and the blue-jackets and marines are ordered on board. Some of us are anxious to meet the natives again, especially the Captain; the chief shouts, and one after another makes his appearance. They bring us a small pig and a fowl, for which they receive presents, and I think feel all is real friendship. Throughout the day they keep shouting 'Numa' (peace), and now they feel it is 'numa.' They use many of the South Cape words, and it is wonderful how we get along. The old woman is grand, and will for the remainder of her natural life remain so, and succeeding generations will remember her in song. She is now a queen all along this coast, and much to be envied because of her pluck and wealth.

We wonder if any labour-vessel has been here, and hence their chariness in approaching the ship, and their terrible fear when the party landed. At four A.M. on Jan. 8 we left for the D'Entrecasteaux Group. Steaming along the southern shores of Fergusson Island, we saw many villages, with large and well-cultivated plantations about. It is a fine, high, bold island, and the largest of the group, with splendid cascades, which presented a fine appearance after the late heavy rains. We anchored in Dawson Straits. The people of this part of Normanby Island seem to live much as those of Moresby Island did in former days, scattered in the mountains, with small houses on the ridges. They have large, well-kept plantations, many of them looking like hop-gardens at this season, from the vine of the yam having grown right over their upright supports. A few natives came off in wretchedly small canoes, only capable of holding one. They would not approach near the

vessel, and the slightest movement on board sent them flying to a safe distance. We found they have had a labour-vessel, and two youths were taken, and when speaking of them they became terribly excited. We landed at half-past four P.M., the first of us in the dingy ahead of the large party, so as to have time to win some confidence. On nearing the shore the women all cleared out, as did many of the men, and the few remaining we got to dig the hole for the flag-staff. On seeing the other boats coming, all rushed off but three; and they remained until the flag-hoisting, when two decamped, leaving only one young fellow, who seemed determined to see what it all meant. When the royal salute was being fired, one man, rushing from the bush to get his canoe, danced like a maniac on the beach, and seemed unable to find what he wanted. Our young friend sat stolid as any Stoic, and when the *feu-de-joie* was completed stood up to receive a present as if nothing had happened. On the party embarking, a few of us remained behind, when we met a number of natives. The hero of the hour was envied, and all were willing to endure the same performance again and again, if only we would give them presents. We tried to explain to them the nature of our proceedings through our interpreter Paulo; showed them how to take the flag down, and told them when they saw a vessel to hoist it at once, that it meant protection, peace, and friendship; that no one would molest them under that flag. We returned on board, and the natives went to their mountain homes, to keep watch over us all night, and to breathe more freely when the morning breaks and finds us steaming out of the straits.

So closed the proclaiming of the Protectorate over

all this country or countries between Huon Gulf and East Cape, and all the islands of the D'Entrecasteaux Group. The work was well done, and Captain Ross and his officers shunned no difficulties in doing it well. It is to be regretted we did not meet more natives, and that the few we did meet were unable to hold much communication with us, and in some cases none at all. Our interpreters not being on board, a Queensland labour-vessel acknowledged freely that they could not communicate, and, from all I know, few have been the intelligent communications these labour-vessels have had with any of the natives they have taken away. Now that Britain protects the country, it becomes her duty to see that all natives, from New Guinea and the Islands, in Queensland, are immediately returned. We hold by the Proclamation, and if Britain means to do right she must keep by that to the very letter.

We are now anchored in Bentley Bay. At first the natives were a little diffident, but after securing their confidence we were soon capital friends. We landed, and soon had an appreciative assemblage of men, women, and children. One fellow appeared, who looked like a chief, and asked for Tamate Dahuni. That gentleman being pointed out to him, he was quite satisfied, and the land lay before us. They were so friendly that they gave us all we asked for, even to their children, saying, 'No harm can come to us or them from you.' On leaving we were presented with a pig, and gave an equivalent in return. On Jan. 10 we went back to Killerton Islands.

On our arrival at Killerton Islands on January 10, 1885, in H.M.S. Raven, we found the Dart had been there with Captain Bridge, of H.M.S. Espiegle, and that they had left for the Louisiade

and Woodlark Islands, there to hoist the British flag. On the afternoon of the same day the Dart came in, having finished successfully the first part of her work, and leaving only Rook and Long Islands and the unannexed part of the north-east coast. On Jan. 11 I bade farewell to the Raven, and by eight o'clock was on board the Dart. We could hope for fine weather; yet the strong north-west monsoon might set in any hour. During the nights we were having very heavy rains, and the days were hot in the extreme.

The Dart is, I suppose, the smartest ship on the station, and well suited for work of this kind, carrying much more coal than ships a good deal larger. We were soon round East Cape and steaming away north between the D'Entrecasteaux Islands and the mainland at a nice pace. When well north of Goodenough Island, we were surrounded by reefs that continued for a great distance, and, as Captain Moore says, give unmistakable signs of a great barrier reef on this coast of New Guinea, as on the same coast of Australia. It was evident our Captain greatly delighted in reefs. The present discovery is, indeed, a great one in reference to the future of this coast.

Around Cape Cretin, the most northern limit of Huon Gulf, there is apparently good land, rising gradually to very high ranges, and it is possible there may yet be found good anchorages in suitable places along that part of the coast. On nearing Rook Island, we could see New Britain and numerous small low islands, thickly wooded; and still further north, Volcano Island, which seemed to be 'alive' from the thick, heavy smoke rising from its summit. To-day (Jan. 14) was much cooler because of a steady north-west wind, and nothing could be more enjoyable

than watching the scenery of the various islands as we came to them or passed close by them.

Rook Island is large and interesting, and gives signs of being at one time 'all alive.' There are several very high cones, and the principal range of mountains comes gradually near to the sea, where there is a low belt of land, fringed by a dense mangrove swamp. We found a good harbour between the reefs, and anchored near a group of islets, all on the Rook Island reef. We were not long at anchor before we had many very fine canoes alongside. The majority came from an island about seven miles off. They are made something like those of Teste Island; a tree is dug out and then built on, only the upper sides are beautifully carved. They had two masts stepped like a V, with small mat sails. The outrigger was very large, and well away from the canoe. There was a platform in the centre, on which all the people sat, except those immediately required to steer. They sail well, and work splendidly to windward. In about an hour we had canoes from all round, and a large, noisy, and excited crowd of natives. They were very friendly, and very anxious for us to land, that they might feast us. They were a splendid lot of fellows, reminding me much of my old friends of Motumotu, in Freshwater Bay. All on board the Dart say they are not at all like the New Britain natives, being in every way superior. They were terribly indignant at our supposing they were cannibals. They use a little dress to cover their nakedness, and make ornaments of small shells, such as are known on the south-east coast as *taotao*. Their armlets are made from the best of tortoiseshell, and beautifully carved. They have head-dresses of native cloth, shaped like Parsee hats, enveloping a

head of woolly hair, as our Gulf natives—not long, frizzy, and bushy, as the Motu and other tribes extending east. They are altogether different to the natives met by us when on board the Raven. The women are very modest and respectful, and respectably dressed. Their petticoats, made from the young sago leaf, are like those of their Gulf sisters, open a little at the sides, but more carefully made. The children are blithe, hearty things, shy at first, but easily won by presents. One man, Agara, was particularly friendly, and came on board, and waited until we were ready to land.

We landed about three P.M., and on a very stalwart cocoanut tree hoisted the flag of Great Britain. The people showed much interest, and only a very few ran away when the *feu-de-joie* was fired. There were present altogether about five hundred men, besides women and children. When Captain Bridge was reading the Proclamation all were very quiet, having been signed to at the beginning to be and remain so. When the ceremony was over, a pig was presented to Captain Bridge, and with a supply of cocoanuts was put on board the boat. Sitting on a mat in the centre of the village, we soon had a crowd around us, especially women and children, to receive a few presents. Captain Bridge has a happy way of dealing with natives, and is soon at home with them, and they with him.

We walked around the village and came to a large empty house, with a long block carved into the shape of a crocodile with a youth lying at its mouth, and on the other end another carved crocodile with its head at the youth's head. We found this was the circumcision house, and here young men were received and remained for some months until they were cir-

cumcised. This is the first time I have met with a tribe practising circumcision in New Guinea or its neighbourhood. From evidence, I do not think it is practised on youths under eighteen years of age. We saw very few signs of trade about, and suppose that no trading vessel has been here, and that the few pieces of hoop-iron and one very old axe seen have come from New Britain in the way of native trade. We could get no information as to any other ship of war ever having been hereabout.

In the evening about thirty canoes came off to trade. The great demand was for beads, and in some instances good tomahawks were refused and a few beads taken. These natives do not smoke, and do not seem to understand anything about it. A cat on board was held up, and they shouted with astonishment, and backed their canoes a little from the ship; but the climax of astonishment and excitement was reached when a sheep was brought on the scene—a terrific shout and a quick stroke well out.

One of the lieutenants, anxious to astonish our friend Agara, who had come on board again, tried a little bit of legerdemain. At first Agara was puzzled, perhaps thinking it was some uncanny spiritual deed; but seeing us laughing, he begged for the glass of water, two-shilling piece, and pocket-handkerchief to be reproduced, and the trick again tried. He shouted with delight at the deception, and called on all to listen and witness. He described what was done, and then had the performance gone through again in their presence. He could not understand it, and simply gave it up, with a roar of laughter and another shout. At sundown they all left us. We think they are a conquering people, working their way along the coast of New Guinea, driving back

the aborigines and taking possession. They have come here, and are working along the islands in the same manner. We met a native from Cape Cretin, one with them in every respect.

Throughout the night camp-fires were burning, and we imagine there has been little sleep. On Jan. 15, after leaving a letter with Agara for any captain of any of H.M. ships, we weighed anchor and were off between the reefs by six A.M. By 7.30 we were in the open, in a deluge of rain, steaming to Long Island. This is another of those at one time active, living volcanoes, now dead, living only in newer life and truer beauty. From the base of the highest peak—1500 feet—a long low ridge runs, which, when some distance off, gives the appearance of a very long island. We sailed well round it, but could see no appearance of living beings, neither house nor plantation. We could not land on the north-west side, so decided to hoist the flag on the high south side on a prominent place. We landed, and ascended an embankment of volcanic earth, about forty feet above sea-level, and there dug a small hole, close by a stump. The pole was raised and fastened to the stump, and again Captain Bridge performed the ceremony. The opportunity was favourable to address the officers and men, and in kind and well-chosen words he told them how pleased he was with the manner in which the work had been done, and what satisfaction he would have in reporting to the proper quarter respecting Captain Moore, his officers, and men.

We were steaming all night, and in early morning were close in to New Guinea, in view of the most extraordinary country I have ever seen. Behind a great range of mountains, and running from the sea

close up to them, is a succession of terraces to the height of about 400 feet, beautifully green, and having all the appearance of splendidly laid-out gardens. Would that we could land and explore these limestone, green-covered terraces; would that we could see what was at the back, between these and the mountain! But all this was left for another day. When?

Coasting all morning, we could see no signs of man. He seems to have quite disappeared from many parts of this coast, driven back to the mountains before the more robust, active Malay tribe, working to the eastward, and some of whom we met at Rook Island.

About eleven A.M. we saw a few cocoanuts, and what appeared to be long-deserted taro plantations; and some minutes after, a few natives. Anxious to meet natives and get information as to German annexation or protection, we kept on until we saw a clump of cocoanut trees and a number of natives squatting about, when we landed to hoist the British flag, if we did not get information that another flag had been hoisted. We were kindly received by a very miserable-looking lot of natives. They reminded me much of the natives of Brady Hills behind Amazon Bay, the aborigines driven back by the Mailiu conquerors. We saw bows and arrows scattered about in the bush and quite ready for use. After drinking their welcome in their own champagne, we were soon friends. They knew nothing of a tomahawk or any other of our foreign stuff. One man who came from a distance would have nothing to do with a tomahawk, as he had no exchange present. They gave us to understand they had not seen any vessel, and when they saw us they feared terribly, thinking we had come

to kill them. Their stone adzes are of the meanest kind, and many were of pieces of shell. Their bows and arrows are small compared with those used in the Gulf of Papua. These natives are black, very short, without muscle, and seem altogether far inferior to those with whom they may now be contending.

The flag was hoisted, as we have good reason to believe no one else has ever done so east of Cape King William, and these people know nothing of any other ship than this, and do not seem to have ever met foreigners. This place is called Tamate's Landing.

On going off to the ship we saw three canoes bearing down, and on getting on board we saw they were anxious to trade. They were the same in every respect as those at Rook Island, with the same kind of canoe, dress, armlets, and head-gear. Having to stand out for sights, we found on our return they did not go near those we left by the flagstaff, but were lying more to the eastward, under the lee of very high land. They were soon alongside, and entered fully into the spirit of trade. On leaving, they showed by their shouting they were delighted with their tomahawks, beads, &c.

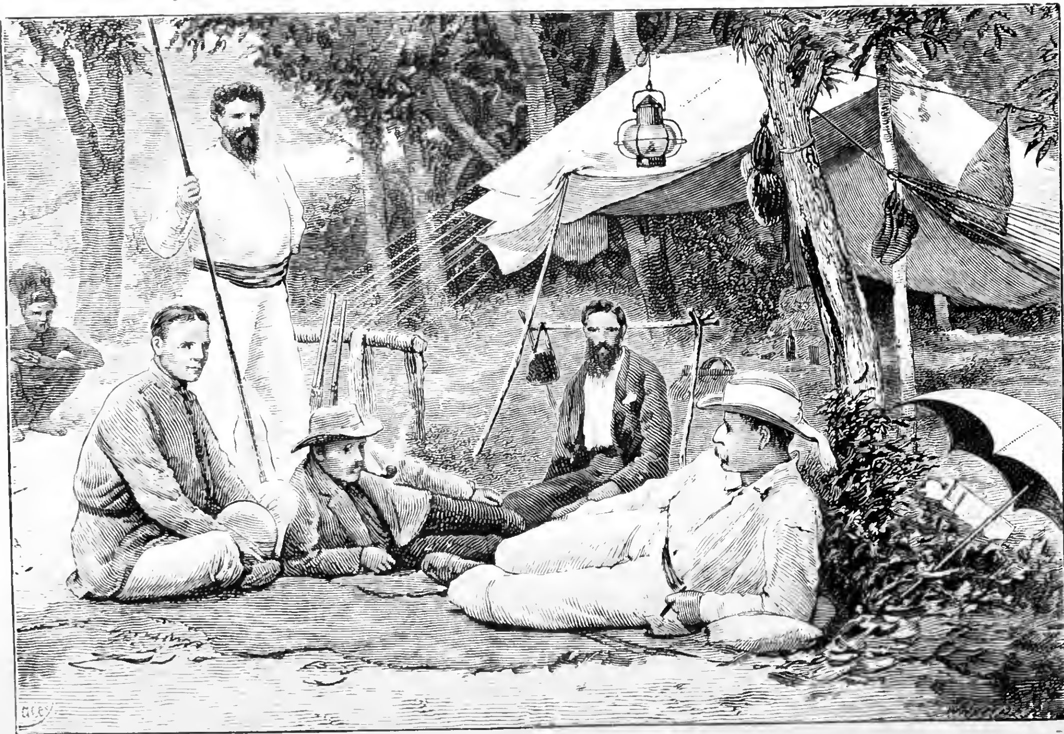
We left them, and stood along the coast to Cape Cretin, passing that wonderful conformation known as Fortification Point. It is a large point rising from the sea in terraces all round to a height of about 450 feet, and then to a round point for 150 feet unterraced. It was well worth seeing, but would be more satisfactory if explored.

At various times in this region there must have been many and severe convulsions of Nature, as all along this coast there are many deep chasms and

fissures, and some, I think, of very recent date. Many of these cracks added to the beauty of the scenery, as being the only places where trees were seen.

Thus another successful chapter of New Guinea annexation or protection was finished. Will Britain keep faith with the New Guineans? I landed with Lieutenant Messum, and met the natives. The white man ashore reported a murder on Tupetupe, one of the islands of the Engineer Group. The natives say that two men landed there to make or buy copra; a boy stole a handkerchief, and one of the white men assaulted another lad, whose parents and friends got angry and attacked the white man, who shot two of them. A youth rushed to a Chinaman's house and got a gun, fired it, and shot the white man through the skull. Tupetupe is one of the islands visited by a labour-vessel about the beginning of 1884, when a number of youths were taken away. If white men are not punished for the murder of natives, it should stand to reason that natives should not be punished for the murder of whites.

James Chalmers.



G. S. Fort. H. Romilly. Sir Peter Scratchley.

IN CAMP AT TOUTOU WITH SIR PETER SCRATCHLEY.

CHAPTER VII

WITH MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PETER SCRATCHLEY

THE proclamation of the Protectorate was followed by the appointment of a Special Commissioner, whose duties were to take all New Guinea matters into his charge, visit the country, meet natives and foreigners, make inquiries, and report to the Colonial Office. A well-known gentleman, Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley, was the officer appointed by Her Majesty to carry out all the duties required; and I think, of all the appointments made by Her Majesty, not one could have been more suitable than this. The General was well known in our great Australian colonies, so that he came no stranger to this peculiar and unique work. His Memoirs have been published, and it is evident that he accepted the position, determined to carry out faithfully all its requirements. His sudden demise was a great loss to Her Majesty, and to the natives of New Guinea. All who knew him in his capacity of Commissioner mourned for him, and felt that his death was a great calamity.

Before he came to Port Moresby, I received information that he was very anxious to meet me, and, if possible, get me to accompany him all round the Protectorate. I was really due in Britain, and after nearly twenty years' absence I thought I ought to take a

holiday and present myself at Blomfield Street, London; yet if I could be of service to the Special Commissioner and to the natives, I was willing to remain a few months longer.

In August, 1885, the Governor Blackall, the steamship chartered by the Protectorate Government, and commanded by Captain Lake, arrived at Port Moresby. The following day the General landed, and asked me to accompany him and give him the full benefit of my knowledge of the country and people. There was with him Mr. H. O. Forbes, the explorer, of whom I had heard and known much, and from whom I anticipated great things for the opening up of New Guinea. Mr. Forbes was anxious that I should accompany him and help in the work of exploration so dear to me, but I thought I could be of more service with the General, and so decided to accompany the latter.

Our first trip was to Redscar Bay, where we ascended the Aroa and visited Kabadi. We camped one night at Toutou, the mouth of the Aroa, and the following day returned to Port Moresby. We visited Bootless Inlet, when the General and his staff decided against that site as a fit place for a European settlement.

From Port Moresby we steamed to Tupuselei, and early one morning walked in through a beautiful valley to a Koiari village built on one of the hills. At Kaile we travelled inland to villages on the hills near to the Astrolabe Range; and at Kapakapa, after meeting with coast and inland chiefs and insisting on their living peaceably with one another, we visited the large and important district of Saroa. The General now became thoroughly interested in the work, and grew attached to the natives. We walked from Hula to Kalo, and at the latter place a good reception was given to us; and steaming to Kerepunu, all the chiefs vied in showing

the General that they appreciated his position as their protector. At Arema the chief Koapena and others did what they could to meet the General's wishes, and compelled the restoration of property stolen by natives some distance away from a white living on Coutance Island.

Along the coast to Dinner Island and all round Milne Bay the reception was everything that could have been desired. In Milne Bay two new rivers were discovered, and places visited hitherto unknown. When at Discovery Bay the General fell into the water, and some have thought that this accident was the cause of the fever from which he died. I do not think so, but feel sure that he altogether overworked himself.

At Dinner Island Her Majesty's ships Diamond and Raven joined us, and it being reported that Captain Miller of Cooktown had been murdered on Normanby Island, it was decided to proceed thither at once.

On our way we met Her Majesty's surveying ship Dart, and found they had Miller's murderer, or one of them, on board. The native acknowledged his guilt, and, in accordance with native custom, hoping to make peace and friends, came on board the Dart with presents. He was made a prisoner, and could not understand why he should have been.

Demands were made at Normanby Island for the surrender of the other murderer, and he not being forthcoming, houses were burned. Such warfare is detested by those engaged in it, and by no one more than our good General. I think every such act of war should be faithfully and publicly reported, and I have no doubt the English people would soon demand that such things should not be done under our flag. In acts of this kind innocent and guilty suffer alike; this

certainly not being in harmony with John Bull's love of fair play. Questions have been asked in the House of Commons, and will, I trust, be asked again and again, until the practice entirely ceases.

Moresby Island, Slade Island, and Teste Island were all visited. On our return to Port Moresby the flag was hoisted at Maopa, Aroma, to the intense delight of the people.

When at Port Moresby the General paid a visit to Sogeri, where Forbes was camped, and was so pleased that he promised very materially to assist the explorer. On his return to Port Moresby the Governor Blackall again sailed for the east; and then the north-east coast to the limit of the Protectorate was visited.

A party of us crossed from Milne Bay to Bentley Bay, and at all the small villages in the latter were well received. On the steamship coming round to meet us we were sorry to find the General in his cot and complaining. I knew it was fever, and begged him to return to Cooktown instantly, leaving Forbes, who accompanied us, and myself at South Cape. But the General felt he ought to see Mitre Rock, so orders were given to hurry on. We had to anchor every night, and on our return could not start before ten A.M., since, the sun being in our eyes, it was impossible to see reefs. Forbes and I took advantage of the morning, and made several trips in the boat, discovering harbours, creeks, a lagoon, and several small islands, and meeting natives who somewhat resembled those in the Papuan Gulf.

The General continued to get worse, and it was evident that nothing but a change to a cooler climate would be of any avail. He sailed for Australia, and we hoped he would return in March, 1886, and continue his work, spending most of his time on the north-east coast.

Forbes and I were left at South Cape, and on the arrival of the Raven to take us to Port Moresby we received the sorrowful news that our General was dead. We felt we had lost a friend and the New Guinea natives a true protector.

CHAPTER VIII

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN 1884

THE success that has attended the labours of native teachers on New Guinea proper during the last few years must be very gratifying to the friends of humanity and the London Missionary Society, and should greatly encourage them for the future. Since 1872 mission work has been carried on in New Guinea, and I know of no mission connected with this Society, or indeed any other Society, that can compare with it in results. We must do all we can to keep the South Sea Churches connected with New Guinea, and so preserve the working, sympathetic Christ-life amongst them. As our knowledge of New Guinea increases, the Church of Christ in Britain and the South Seas should be prepared to take up the work. Hitherto the Directors have put no limit to our extending, and we have gone on doing so.

In February, 1884, our mission barque, John Williams, visited us, conveying thirteen teachers and their wives, accompanied by our old friend and co-worker, Mr. Gill, late of Rarotonga. On the John Williams leaving us we distributed the teachers amongst the old stations, that they might be near to us, and have also the care of the old and acclimatised teachers, until the south-east monsoon had really set in, when they would be placed at their own stations. Teachers

on first arrival are almost sure to have fever, and it is better that they should stay where they can be attended to.

In May, 1884, we began to locate these teachers at their own stations, and a sketch of one journey may serve to show how, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, New Guinea can most rapidly and most successfully be Christianised and civilised.

The first to be located was Sunia, a Tongan, educated by Mr. Gill on Rarotonga. Having married a widow here, who understands the Motu dialect, we thought they should take Tupuselei, a village fourteen miles from Port Moresby, where formerly a Niue teacher lived. The natives were highly delighted at having a teacher again amongst them, and gave Sunia and his wife a good welcome. Since the death of their old teacher they have had much trouble with the hill-tribes, old scores thought to be forgotten have been paid and repaid; but now a teacher is with them they will be able to live peaceably.

From Tupuselei we continued our boating to Kapakapa, where there were two new teachers and their wives living with the old teacher appointed to Saroa, the fine large district behind Round Head. For long the Saroa natives had been expecting teachers, knowing when they got them it would tend to secure peace all round. For the last few months they had been busy paying off compensations (for murders committed by them) and making peace.

On our arrival at Kapakapa a large number of men came in to carry the teachers' goods, and they told us it was now all peace. The following morning we started with a large company, and, taking it leisurely, arrived about ten A.M. at Rigo, the first of the Saroa villages. A new house had been finished for the

teacher, and from it the view is unsurpassed on New Guinea. After placing the other teacher at another village, about two miles further east, and visiting other villages, and hearing entreaties for more teachers, we returned to Rigo.

Having some students and several Port Moresby natives with us, we went into the village and spent several hours singing on one of their large platforms. It was a beautifully clear moonlight night, and leaving the singers we walked to a good position at the west end of the village, where the view was splendid. I have travelled much in this great land, but have seen nothing to surpass the view of that night for picturesqueness.

On our right were the Gerese Hills, and on our left the Coast Range, and lying before us the hills and valleys of Saroa and Manukolo, and behind these the higher hills of Kerema stretching away to the Astrolabe Range. Further inland, as if guarding these and rising dark above them all, is the Owen Stanley Range, ending in the high unvisited mountain of the same name. Everywhere near us were well-watered valleys and ridges, with plantations and villages scattered here and there, containing kindly-disposed people. It is to be hoped there will soon be sufficient teachers to occupy all the principal villages. We returned to Port Moresby, and after spending one night sailed in the Ellengowan for the west.

Ever since Mr. Lawes joined the mission, the one cry of the Motu natives has been, 'Westward ho.' The largest population, and the freest, kindest, wildest natives are there. They, especially those in Fresh-water Bay, care for no one, domineer the other tribes, and think their sweet will is law. I know them well, and my cry has also been, 'To the west—to

the west with our youngest, strongest, bravest, best teachers.' Again and again have the natives of Motumotu asked for teachers, promising to treat them well, and to live peaceably with their neighbours. They have them now, and they feel our promise is sure, though often long delayed, through no fault of ours.

We found good anchorage in two fathoms just outside Alice Meade Lagoon, about two miles from Motumotu.

The foreign ladies, Mrs. Lawes and the teachers' wives, caused great excitement, but the excitement *par excellence* was Taui, the infant daughter of one of the teachers, who had been baptised by the Rev. J. Jefferis, at Pitt Street Congregational Church, Sydney. From before sunrise to after sunset she was nursed by nurses innumerable. She is a pretty child, nearly as white as an English-born infant, but during our stay, by the too kindly attentions of her nurses, was made as black as a Motumotuan. She was often washed, only to be made as black as ever.

Motumotu is at the mouth of the Williams River. I had often wished to go up this river, and visit a reported large village, Moveave, for years at enmity with Motumotu, but could never before find sufficient time. We intended spending a few days with the teachers, so as to give them a good start with their new demonstrative friends, and we decided to ascend the river. We got a canoe, and paddled up one of the branches into a small creek, where we were dragged through more mud than water up to the village. As we neared the village our friends from Motumotu were somewhat fearful and anxious; and not until after we had been some time in the village did they gain confidence. The population is very large, the houses are well built on

posts, and there are many dubus. Our old friend, Semese, proclaimed words of peace, which were reiterated by the Moveaveans, and all felt that it was well, and friendship was restored. We were at first met by a large armed party, with bows and arrows innumerable; this was speedily converted into a noisy, demonstrative peace party, and increased much in numbers. Before we had finished our visit to the village and dubus, not a weapon was to be seen. Fires were started, and pots containing queer viands were soon placed on them.

We ascended one dubu to the platform, twenty feet from the ground, where we sat down on a mat given for the purpose. So great a crowd followed us that the platform gave unmistakable signs of a very hurried and unpleasant descent. Several posts and cross-beams gave way, and we thought it advisable to get off as quickly as possible. In the street in front a temporary shade was erected for us, and mats spread, on which we squatted, with more than a thousand people around us. We received presents of areca-nuts and betel, pepper and cocoanuts, bananas and yams, and various dishes of cooked food. On the islands of the West Highlands of Scotland the poor people make porridge mixed with shell-fish. At Moveave they make sago porridge mixed with the same; also with dried fish and other things. Taking one of the dishes, and thinking it contained sago and dried fish, I began eating heartily, until I noticed peculiar claws and a rather long tail, and on inquiry found I had been relishing stewed iguana!

After the crowd had enjoyed a smoke all round, there were loud and persistent calls that we should sing; so getting our singing companions near us we sang, to their great delight, and were encored again

and again. But the sun kept hurrying down, and before he dipped we wished to be at Motumotu; so we had to get up and bid them good-bye, promising soon to return again.

We arrived at Motumotu before sundown, and were in time to see one of the most interesting and fairy-like sights I have yet witnessed on New Guinea. When some distance from the village we heard drums beating, and knew that a dance was on. From the sound of the drums and the loud singing, we could tell it was a lively one. Ere long we were in the village, and sitting beside them. A thorough fancy dress ball, the beginning of a series, was being held. This afternoon's was for the little children, assisted by young men and women. In front the young men, to the number of thirty, were drumming, dancing, and singing; and to their time young men and women, arm in arm and facing them, were singing and dancing; and behind them again younger ones, arm in arm; and behind these, children holding one another's hands, all earnestly engaged in the same occupation. From the child of four years to the young man and maiden of eighteen and twenty, all were happy and terribly in earnest. Every head was wonderfully cropped; some had squares, others circles, and others triangles; their faces were painted with many colours, variegated leaves hung from their arms, waist, and legs. The ladies had beautiful petticoats, made from the young sago palm leaf and dyed various colours, and all had fastened on to their backs, rising over their heads more than two feet, and hanging gracefully in a curve like a Prince of Wales feather, the youngest leaf of the sago nicely prepared. Tied round their knees and ankles was plaited bark with tassels attached. How happy all were, and how pleased at being admired! Mothers

everywhere are alike, and here they were standing by, each thinking her own child or children the best, and every now and again throwing out a suggestion or giving an encouraging word. When the sun set all was over, and they retired to their homes.

One afternoon, walking through the east part of the village, we saw a young swell with two men and one woman dressing him for some very important occasion. He was being dressed in his very best, and the best also of his parents, for that afternoon he was to be married and take his bride home. Every hair on his head seemed in place. He wore a coronet of plumes made from the feathers of various birds, conspicuously the *Paradisea Raggiana ;* on his forehead a frontlet of small shells ; hanging from his ears a number of tortoise-shell earrings ; in his nose the much-prized shell ornament ; his face beautifully marked in small squares with red, yellow, and black. Round his neck were strings of shell beads ; hanging on his chest a large pearl shell ; round his waist a finely carved and painted bark belt, and as trousers a new *sihi.* He was gorgeously got up, and many friends looked on and admired. Standing close by the house were quantities of sago and bananas, and some women tying up bows and arrows into bundles. We returned to our camp, and were squatting at tea, when we observed a large crowd, and as they passed we saw our swell masher in the centre, hand in hand with a buxom, handsomely dressed lady, who was well besmeared with red ochre. They were preceded by a crowd of shouting urchins, and followed by a number of old women carrying bananas ; behind these came a small army of young men and women carrying sago and bananas, and last of all an old man with several bunches of ripe bananas, from which he plucked a few, and from time to time threw over the

heads of the married party into the crowd ahead, when a scramble took place, all evidently being anxious to secure one. The bride and bridegroom on arriving at home were received by the bride's friends, who took all the food, and gave a large return present.

One morning very early we were awakened by drums beating and loud wailing. A long time ago a man had died and was buried close by; to-day his widows leave his grave and don the knitted garment of widowhood prepared by them during all the months they have been indoors with the dead. We visited the grave, which was covered in. Several were sitting by, some mourning, others fitting knitted gaiters on the widows' legs; up till now they have been quite naked. Outside, under a shade, was a banana stump dressed to represent the dead, with all his dress and ornaments on, and all round it the old men of the village were sitting, looking solemn and speaking of their dead friend. Afterwards food was brought, and placed before the supposed dead, who was said to have given his last feast. The old men divided the food, and ate it in his memory; and when finished, they took his dress and ornaments and divided them amongst the relatives. When the feast was over, the widows came out into public dressed in their knitted garments, which covered them close from the neck to under the knees.

On the Sunday we had two well-attended services, for singing and preaching, but prayer drove the crowd helter-skelter to their homes. Some years ago, on the occasion of my first visit, the same thing happened. I asked an old Motu friend to prepare them for prayer, and having done so, he began by shutting his eyes, and at the sound of the first words the earth trembled with the stampede.

Securing Motumotu means our filling up the whole

Elema district in a few years, and then pressing inland. I think 20,000 is too low an estimate for the Elema population, and they being once under tuition, Namau and Vaimuru will follow in no far-away future; and so an extensive coast-line will be open, or rather, is even now open to Christianity and to commerce.

We bade our friends farewell, leaving these young men and women, who for Christ's sake and from sympathy with Him in His great work of redeeming the race had left their comfortable homes, peace and plenty in Eastern Polynesia, willing to endure sickness, want, and trials, relying upon His care who alone can care for them. They are certainly the heroes and martyrs of the nineteenth century.

A strong south-easter having sprung up, we tumbled and tossed for forty-two hours in the Gulf, when we anchored in Hall Sound. We rested one night, and on the following morning got into our boat and pulled away to Maiva to place the Kivori teachers. We landed some miles to the east of Maiva, fearing the sea was too rough for us to land at the first station.

We anchored our boat safely in a creek, and then went to a point close by to satisfy our hunger. Our luncheon was ample, and only just a little spoiled by being somewhat gritty from the sand blown along before the strong south-easter.

The tramp in rain along the beach was certainly better and more enjoyable than the sail in the rough sea outside would be. We had good fun crossing a large creek: the tide being well out, we waded across in three and four feet of water, but when in the middle we met with soft sinking sand, and in some places sank down so far that it became necessary to swim.

On our arrival at Maiva we had a hearty welcome from the teachers and friends, and we felt as if at

home. How changed everything had become in a few years! Once we sojourned with the Maivans, sleeping in their out-places, platforms, streets and dubus, wondering if our lives were safe; now, we were lodged in comfortable teachers' houses, near churches where every day life in Christ is preached, surrounded by friendly, peaceable natives, whose one anxiety is to make us comfortable. We always liked the Maivans, but more so now that they have listened to words of peace, and a few we trust have believed the words of eternal life. They are our friends and the friends of all, and are anxious to live as such. Only the Gospel of Christ as lived by the teachers could have produced such results. God's power unto salvation in the past is His power now, and will ever be so.

We had now been hard at work for nearly three weeks by land and sea, and often day and night, and felt very pleased with the prospect of a rest—a rest broken only by a few days' work leisurely spent placing teachers at Kivori, near Cape Possession. We left Maiva one morning with quite an army of natives, some carrying boxes, &c., the property of the teachers, others our swags, articles for trade and food. Other friends accompanied us who were anxious for a holiday, a change from their otherwise never-changing life. The Kivori natives received us well. They had the one teacher's house finished, a fine large one, where soon we were camping and feeling at home as if at an old station. After a short siesta (much needed, as we had walked along a sandy beach in a burning sun and little wind) we were barricaded with numerous dishes of food and cocoanuts. We showed every respect to our numerous hosts, tasted several dishes, held on to one because of its thoroughly excellent quality, and disposed of the others amongst our followers. We

met all the chiefs, spoke to them of the teachers and their mission, and then received their sincere promise to treat the teachers kindly. On Sunday we had services, and as usual the singing was greatly enjoyed. At services in the house we dispensed with singing, because of the crush it caused and the difficulty experienced in getting rid of the excited crowd when it was over.

On Sunday afternoon we returned to Maiva, when we met five people anxious for baptism—one, a good old friend, who begged earnestly to be received into the Church of Christ. On the Monday there was one of those soul-stirring gatherings that are met with in these heathen lands, composed of a crowd of natives who have come to see the first native converts baptised into the Church of Christ, the converts themselves, and the mission party. Only after a long period of preparation as catechumens and receiving instruction, and after a thorough public profession of faith in Christ, do we baptise them. In this instance the five were men who have been for a long time connected with the mission, taken part in the services, and held short services in other villages. The wholesale baptising of natives simply because they would like to be, or were told to be, or because they were willing to do *lotu* by taking a piece of cloth or shirt, is surely not Christianity, and can only be done for effect. If the mere adhesion to the mission and the willingness to have clothing is sufficient, then thousands connected with us should long ago have been baptised. But of what use would it be, as they are still heathen, though friendly? The enlightening goes on, and one after another is led from the dense darkness through the glimmering light on to the full light of glorious freedom in Christ and His cross,—

set free from their superstition by His truth. But not in the present or following generation will the superstitions of these people be entirely overcome. There are nearly 2000 people being taught on New Guinea connected with our branch of the mission; and it may safely be hoped the young will know little of the past, and they will be free from much their parents believed.

On our leaving Maiva we walked along the beach to the boat, where the sea was breaking very heavily on the bar of the creek, and a light boat being best for our weak crew, we decided to walk along the beach to Aoo Point; and instructing the crew how to manage, we sent them off. They got over the bar with only a few 'tops' getting on board, and stood away for the Point. The walk for eight miles barefooted was most enjoyable. By this walking we have found that we can visit Maiva in all kinds of weather.

We reached Delena about sundown. At night I could not help feeling that perhaps for *quiet* picturesqueness we have no station to surpass this. The mission premises are on a flat about seventy-five feet above sea-level, and surrounded by extensive banana plantations; on the side of the hill there is a tall bush, and on the coast dense mangrove scrub, over which the mission house looks; the village nestles at the foot of the hill on the shore of Hall Sound, where our vessel, the Ellengowan, is at anchor, and across the Sound is Yule Island, and away beyond that the Gulf of Papua, stretching to Torres Straits. The night was still; not sufficient wind to rustle the leaves; the moon was in the west, near the first quarter, with a cloudless sky, and stretching a silver band from the station across the Sound and over the Gulf to herself. Our thoughts were varied, but one was uppermost—

God binding us all to Himself by the band of love, and so blessing all the present Christian work in which we are engaged.

The following morning after an early breakfast we were away again on our road to Naara, behind Cape Suckling, to give our Queen Koloka her long-promised teacher. The weather was fine, but there was a long heavy swell breaking on the reef, from the south-west, and causing a nasty sea inside. Once or twice our boat, which was fairly laden, eighteen all told, besides teachers' goods, was nearly swamped. We had to keep baling all the way until we entered the creek, where we left the boat and took to walking. We had six miles to walk to Namoa, Koloka's village, where we had the usual kind reception. All were delighted that at last they had their teacher. Koloka said, 'I did not think you intended keeping your word; it has been long to wait.' We slept in the large house built for the teacher, and the following morning returned to the boat. The sea was much better, and a light south-easter was blowing; we gave sheet, and were not long in getting to Delena. We rested there, and went on board the following morning, and in thirty-six hours landed at Port Moresby.

There we had a report that foreigners had been murdered inland of Aroma, and knowing Aroma's liking for that kind of business, we felt uncomfortable. One gentleman who was said to have been murdered had been kind to the natives, and very kind to our teachers, and by his example had done much to assist them. But in the course of a few days we heard truthful news, and learnt that our friend was well, and would be at Port Moresby soon. So we felt more comfortable in going on with our work of locating teachers.

We did not now require the Ellengowan, so she was

sent to Murray Island; and we took boat and started for Boera, where two Samoan teachers and their wives were anxiously waiting to get away. These were the first to come to New Guinea from the Samoan Mission, and they were removing to one of the nearest, quietest, and best districts.

By nine o'clock on a fine clear moonlight night we left Boera, with three boats all heavily laden. We had a fine strong breeze with us through Caution Bay into Redscar Bay, where the wind dropped to a calm, and we had to pull to an anchorage in the Manumanu. By half-past two A.M. we were all asleep, beautifully packed, sardine-fashion. By six A.M. we were again under way and pulling up the Apisi Creek. At nine o'clock we anchored, landed everything, and then marched away across country, through stinking swamps to Kabadi.

For some time, owing to raids by the Motumotu and Lese natives, the coast-villages of Kabadi had been nearly deserted, and the natives had been living on their plantations, very much scattered. We had one teacher for the coast, and one for the villages inland, on the right bank of the Aroa River. The natives were glad to see us, and promised to finish the house for the teacher immediately. We slept one night there, and the following morning walked inland, where great joy was expressed on seeing their teacher. The old chief, Naime, told us he did not know what to think; he did not like to think we should break our promise, but so long a time had passed since the promise that he certainly was afraid that no teacher was coming. Now it was all right, and the great event was celebrated by a feast. We spent a few very pleasant days at Kabadi, and then returned to Port Moresby.

On July 23, 1885, I got my boat out, packed in the stores, and started for a trip to some of the stations east of Port Moresby. It took us all day to get to Pyramid Point. Being dark, the wind blowing fresh, and the sea breaking heavily against the Point, we anchored for the night, and the following morning at daybreak, in calm weather, we pulled to Tupuselei, where we breakfasted. Leaving Tupuselei, we stood well out to the Barrier Reef; the wind freshening, we put about and stood well up for Kaile, where we anchored early in the afternoon. At sundown the wind ceased, and we pulled to Kapakapa, leaving teachers' supplies, and pushed on until we got to Round Head, where we met the south-easter again, with rain. We kept on until Friday morning about two o'clock, when we anchored and waited for day.

By daylight we were away again, hoping to get to Hula, *i.e.*, Hood Point, early, but the wind increasing and the sea running heavily, we did not reach our destination until four P.M. All were tired, and I decided to remain there until Monday morning. On Saturday I distributed presents from the Government of Queensland to the natives, who had rendered timely assistance at the wreck of a beche-de-mer vessel, the Pride of the Logan. On Sunday we had several well-attended services of old and young.

Ever since the visit of H.M. ship Wolverene to Kalo, in 1881, when the natives were punished for their cruel massacre of the teachers, they have been anxious to have a teacher again stationed with them, and had promised to treat him well. From the last band of native teachers from Eastern Polynesia we selected one, Tau and his wife, from Rarotonga, to go there. During the few months that had elapsed since their arrival they had had fever, but were well now, and

anxious to get to work. A good house was built by the Kalo people, under the superintendence of the Hula teacher, and after the house was finished many were the visits paid to Hula, to know when their teachers would come to live with them. The week before I arrived, several came in to Hula, determined to carry their teacher and his wife off, saying they were afraid we were only going to deceive them.

On the Saturday I sent a messenger to inform them of my arrival, and on the Sunday we had quite a number of them at each of the services. The two leading chiefs were also present, and in the afternoon they said they would return and prepare for our arrival, and get plenty of food cooked.

On Monday morning Renaki, the senior Hula chief, and a number of young men came, and we started, taking with us all the things that Tau and his wife wished, leaving the most of their goods at Hula. There had been a good deal of rain the night before; it was still raining a little and the grass was wet, so the walking was not very pleasant. Arriving at Kalo, we at once took possession of the house, which was soon crowded with an enthusiastic and rejoicing lot of natives. After a little while I paid for the house, and then sent for all the chiefs, four in number, to whom I gave presents, and begged of them to be kind to Tau and his wife, which they cheerfully promised. The chief's son, with whom the former teacher lived, and who was one of the active murderers, told me that the piece of land belonging to the Society had never been touched, and he hoped that as the past had been forgiven Tau would take possession at once, and begin planting. Kulu, a chief, who had had nothing whatever to do with the massacre, told the Hula teacher that they were all afraid and ashamed,

but that now they felt more comfortable, and would assist the teacher. All assured me they would take care that our trust in them would not again be forfeited. In the afternoon the eldest son of the chief Quaipo, who planned the attack, came with a pig and a large quantity of food. At one time we received twenty-four dishes of cooked food, and several hundreds of young cocoanuts.

In the evening a number of our Hula friends returned; but, anxious to show the Kalo natives that I trusted them, I decided to remain, and to return to Hula the following morning. Shortly after sundown we were left alone, and at first I doubted if I had done right in remaining, lest I should be the means of leading our teachers and their wives and my boat's crew into trouble. No Europeans had slept there since the massacre. We were quite at their mercy, being in an unprotected house and unarmed, and had they attacked me we should all have been killed. In one sense it was foolhardy, as the natives had often said that nothing would satisfy them but my head. On the other hand, if all went well, it would be the best augury for future success. I did not feel quite at my ease, and had fully intended to keep awake and watchful through the night. But after evening prayers I rolled myself up in my blanket, feeling it very cold. In spite of my prudent intentions, I soon was sound asleep, and never woke until the next morning at daylight. The people were pleased that I should have shown such confidence in them, as they all knew we were quite unarmed. May He who protected us soon become known unto them!

On Wednesday, the weather being fine, I proceeded to Aroma, calling at Kerepunu. All were well and glad to see me, as they had long expected me, and

the teacher and his wife appointed to Belerupu, Macfarlane Harbour, were wearying to be at work. Both had suffered a good deal from fever, but were now much better. For some time their house had been finished, and the people were anxious to have them both amongst them. The next morning by half-past three we were off in two boats, and by nine o'clock were ashore and in the house. The people appear to be quiet and kind; they received us well, and appeared delighted that at length they too had their teacher. There are about six hundred people in the village, half living ashore and half at sea in the harbour. The Clara River (so named by the late Mr. Beswick, he being the first to ascend it) enters the harbour close by the village. The people, although now apparently quiet and friendly, have had, I fear, a great deal to do with the various murders on the coast at Cloudy Bay. Belerupu is the most easterly village of the Aroma district, and the one holding the most communication with the Mailiu district, especially with Mailiukolu, or Toulon Island. The inhabitants seem to be under the Maopa natives, and our old friend Koapena has some power over them, for to him they give tribute, in food, pigs, and fish. Anxious to get back to Parimata, the most westerly of the Aroma villages, and near to Keppel Point, before it began to blow again—for when blowing hard it is dangerous to cross the Keakalo Bay in an open boat—we left in the afternoon.

I was glad to find at Aroma, that at last there were a few who were anxious to be taught, and were inquiring more diligently into the Gospel preached to them during these last few years. I spent a very pleasant, and I trust, to all, a profitable evening at Parimata. In speaking to Koapena of the teacher and his teaching,

I asked him when he was going to receive and believe the Gospel. Turning to a teacher who was interpreting for me, he said, 'Teach me more, only keep teaching me, and if you had done that, I might have been the first to understand and believe.' Well done, Koapena; faith, blind faith without knowledge you are not willing to have; mere acquiescence would never become my big, strong-minded friend. He is said to be the finest physical specimen of a native in all the Western Pacific.

By daylight the next morning I was in the boat and bowling along before a fine steady breeze. Calling at Kerepunu, and finding that all was right there, we continued to Hula, just in time to avoid a strong south-easter and dark dirty weather. There I received a letter from Tau, saying he and his wife were well, and the people and chiefs were treating them kindly. We also received a few limes from a tree planted by the former teacher. Next year, Tau says, they will have oranges.

Fearing the weather might get worse, and being anxious to get back to Port Moresby, I left Hula at night, running before a strong wind, in some places not at all pleasant because of the many reefs, every now and again pulling up or running off. At Pyramid Point it was particularly nasty, and very dark; but we passed safely, and bowled along at a grand rate near the Barrier Reef. By half-past four A.M. we landed at Port Moresby, ready for a good sleep. And so east and west we keep extending, and I trust will continue to do so until New Guinea is occupied with earnest men and women preaching Christ and leading thousands to Him.

CHAPTER IX

SOME NEW GUINEA CELEBRITIES

I. *Granny: one of the early Friends of the New Guinea Mission.*

In 1872 the mission on New Guinea proper was begun at Manumanu. Six teachers, with their wives, were left there by Messrs. Murray and Gill, in the hope that as they became acquainted with the people they would strike out on either side and possess the land. During the earlier days visitors were numerous, and came in from every direction. Among these was a smart, kindly woman, who determined to make these foreigners her friends, and to help them in every possible way. Her name was Keua; she was a widow, and had a child sixteen months old. She was constantly moving around the teachers' house, and as they became familiar with the dialect, they found that her one and constant exclamation was: 'You are in the wrong place. Come to Hanuabada, the largest of all the villages on this part of the coast. It is my land, and the centre of this tribe. We are one. Come and see.'

'What does this woman mean by a large village, not very far away, and more healthy than Manumanu? Let us see for ourselves.' So reasoned the teachers; and they hoped to return with her to her home; but

fever set in, and one after another died from it. Keua returned to her home, but ever since that time she became intimately connected with our mission. In all the older missions of the South Pacific there were a few who came to the teachers at the outset, and who, with great consistency, have adhered to them throughout. Many have gone home, both men and women, who were faithful unto death, and a few remain, who await the time when they too shall go.

The teachers were removed from Manumanu in 1873, and were placed at Port Moresby by Mr. Murray, the father of the New Guinea Mission. Soon the active widow appeared on the scene, and claimed peculiar friendship with the new arrivals. They were all placed on the eastern side; her home was on the western side. She thought it unjust that her side should have no teachers, and expressed herself accordingly. But the old chief objected, saying, 'They will bring us sickness, and we shall all die. You,' he said, referring to Keua, 'brought them here. What right had you to tell them of our land? and who but you invited them to come and live amongst us?'

She came daily to the teachers, and helped them in every possible way—carrying wood, getting water, and cooking for them. The people tried daily to persuade her to leave them and have nothing more to do with them, but she persistently turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties. She began to relish foreign food, such as rice and biscuits, which she used herself and gave to her child. Her friends grew frantic with terror, and became assured she had gone mad. A few months passed, and she delivered up her child to Ruatoka's wife, who accepted it by giving it a new name, Sema, which the youth now bears.

A year passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawes arrived. As Keua had not sufficient work to keep herself employed at home, she went over daily to assist Mrs. Lawes. Had it not been for her, they would often have been without wood and water. During the two years Mrs. Lawes was in the mission, Keua hung on, frequently helping herself to things not her own. It was her failing that she did not understand the law of *meum* and *tuum*. Often she stole things that could have been of no use to her, and when she was accused she was, according to her own account, ever innocent, never guilty. On one of Mr. Lawes' inland trips she proved to be one of the best carriers in the whole party, never flagging under her heavy burden.

On the arrival of the John Williams on one occasion, she went off with others to see the vessel, having taken the precaution before leaving the house to get a paper on which was written in large letters, 'This is Mrs. Lawes' servant.' When she arrived on board she was greeted by all the white people as a friend, and cast all the other natives into the shade. She says, 'The foreigners would come and look at my mark, shake my hand, and smile, and would then give me tobacco and cloth.' As she smokes, tobacco was a very valuable present to her.

When Mrs. Chalmers and myself arrived in New Guinea, we found her about the mission house. We soon made friends with her, giving her the new name of 'Granny.' She became very much attached to Mrs. Chalmers. She religiously keeps dresses given her years ago, wearing them only on very extraordinary occasions, and when asked, 'Granny, why not wear that dress?' she replies, 'No, it was given me by Tamate Vaine, and I must keep it.'

As she was a good-looking native woman, strong

and active, I often wondered why she never married again, and I once said to her, 'Now, Granny, how comes it that you do not marry? Motu women soon marry after mourning for their first husbands, and still you are unmarried.'

'No, never again, never!' she replied. 'My first husband beat me, and see on my shoulder the mark of a spear which he threw at me. Men are bad; they are wild and passionate; and only think of women as beasts. Many prefer their pig and dog to their wife. I will never, never again marry! I am happy now, and I shall remain as I am.'

On another occasion she said, 'No Motu man could ever propose for me, the price he would have to give would be much more than any one could ever collect.' The price of Keua was as follows:—three pigs, one tusk, dresses, two large bundles of sago, eighteen arm-shells, and large pieces of dugong and turtle.

Women are much better treated on the coast than they are inland. Inland they are often speared or clubbed to death for the slightest offence. Once when we interfered to save a woman from some men who were running after her to spear her, an old Koiari woman said to us, 'Why do you interfere? Don't you know the Koiari man kills his wife when he likes, knowing he will soon get another?'

On the coast, I fancy, they have too much to do and say, and it is only when they are terribly exasperated that the men beat their women. Generally the woman will leave her lord after a beating, and go to her own friends; but the quarrel ends in the lord eating humble-pie, and coming to the friends as a suppliant, confessing his fault, and begging for his wife. He will on such an occasion bring a pig, an rm-shell, or some other present to appease the wrath

of the friends—a peace-offering, or a token, I fear, of his submission.

My friend, Oa of Maiva, tried hard to get Granny to accompany him to his home. I was appealed to, and, fancying the lady rather inclined to it, I said it was for her to decide. Her sons—married men—on hearing it were wild, and entreated their mother to give up all thought of it. Their tears brought her back to her former determination, and she told Oa that she would never marry again. Her sons were doubtful, and, as the time drew near for Oa's return to his own home, they armed themselves, and jealously watched their mother day and night, afraid lest she might change her mind, and, in some secret way, disappear. Oa, attracted by a younger woman, formed a new friendship, and gave up all idea of our friend.

One night, when camping on the Astrolabe hills, Granny entertained us with an amusing account of her husband, when he wished to introduce a second wife into the house. For a long time he had looked on this woman, and wished much that she could share his house, but he had some fear about it. At last he told his relatives, and they assisted him. Granny said, 'I often wondered why he was collecting shell-armlets, and, at times, I feared it was for a second wife; but I was determined that no second wife should ever live with my husband while I was alive. I did not know that he wished another, and always thought myself a good wife, and sufficient for him. One morning his friends entered my house, bringing a woman with them; also several earthenware pots, and various kinds of food. I knew well what they wanted, but appeared ignorant. I said, "You need not come here to cook; I am young, and strong, and well, and

can do that. You need bring no food here, my store-house is full of all kinds; and as for pots, these I can make as well as any woman in the Motu tribe. Away with you now, and for ever." I then took their pots and threw them out, and sent the food after them. My husband's friends were wild with anger. He himself was silent, and hung down his head. I told the woman that as the sun was high she could wait until the cool of the afternoon, but then she must leave my house and my husband for ever. In the evening she left, after I had given her something to eat. I never expect again to see her, although she lives only a few miles from here.'

'You know,' she continued, 'I was a very proud, haughty woman.'

'Indeed you were, Keua; and hard to please,' said some natives, who stood close by and heard her words.

'No,' she replied. 'Two women in one house cannot agree, and I would never consent to such an arrangement.'

In many of my inland and coast trips, Granny accompanied me, as I found her to be a most useful help. When we could not get carriers, and each had to carry our own swag, Granny never grumbled at having to carry camp utensils and other things; and, besides that, she was always ready to cook food and attend on us. Often she has been left entirely in charge of camp, with all our barter goods open, but never have we missed anything. She is a marvellous woman in accommodating herself to all kinds of circumstances; able to sleep anywhere, or to do without sleep; to eat anything that we had, or to go without food; in sun or rain, by day or night, always contented. She could hold conversation with

all the tribes we met, and we everywhere found her invaluable as an interpreter.

She had no difficulty in making herself at home with the women; and naturally they gathered round her to hear her wonderful tales of the white people who lived in her land, far away on the coast, and of all the tribes we had visited, and the countries we had seen. It was amusing on these trips to hear her speak disdainfully of the dark heathen people amongst whom we were sojourning: they were not like her people, who were now enlightened. She seemed never to be afraid, though always keeping a good look-out. On several occasions we were in rather peculiar circumstances, and had reason to suspect that things were not all right, yet Granny kept apparently calm.

Granny is good for coasting, as well as for inland travel. She is never sea-sick, and is always ready to get a fire and cook when we land.

Time wears on, and the work of past years, and the continuous listening to reading and prayer, and—when at home—the constant attendance at school and services, are seen in what we believe is a changed life in dear old Granny. She too has learned to pray, and says she does desire to love Christ—to be His alone. Her knowledge of Christ, and of His Word, is scant indeed; but looking to her change in life, and to her expressed desire, we could not but baptise her as one of the loving Saviour's own disciples. Since her baptism, her mode of life has not been inconsistent with the profession which she makes. May she live long, and see her children, and their children, all followers of Christ!

II. *Kirikeu and Quaiani of South Cape.*

Upon first reaching a new station there are generally two or three men who take to you and you to them Sometimes they are men of influence, and become great helps. They are not always the first to receive the Gospel; it more generally happens that some unknown outsider is the first to come forward and declare for Christ and His Word. The two men I am now going to sketch were old when we arrived at South Cape, and being men of influence and much respected, were indeed very helpful to us in many ways. Kirikeu belonged to Suau, and Quaiani to the mainland in Catamaran Bay. The natives of this bay have had a bad name from of old, cannibals, not respecting life, and delighting in robbery. They were all thieves, and took everything they could lay their fingers on, causing us much trouble and great anxiety.

The first time we went to South Cape we anchored in the evening, and in the morning were surrounded with canoes full of noisy natives, who came on board and made themselves quite at home. One old man, who seemed to think he had a right to go everywhere in our schooner, found his way aft and made friends with Tamate Vaine (Mrs. Chalmers). He wore round his neck a string of bones, and offered these as a mark of friendship, but they were not accepted. From these bones he was called ever after 'Bag o' Bones,' and for a long time was known by no other name. His real name was Kirikeu. When he knew that we wished to stay and build, he was very anxious we should live near him; and on our deciding for his village he was perfectly satisfied, and then, I now

believe, became our real friend, resolved to help us in every possible way. The strip of land now belonging to the London Missionary Society was bought from him and paid in trade. Remembering the many things said against missionaries cheating the natives in land purchases, I determined to pay for all land bought for mission use what I considered a fair price, so that in future it might not be said we had outreached the natives. I paid at the rate of thirty shillings per acre—a good price, I think, for unused land. The old man and his friends were highly delighted, and now he looked upon us as his children. When we were in great danger, surrounded by a painted and armed crowd while living in Manuegu's house, the old man was in the bush. On hearing what was taking place he hurried in, advising me to accede to the demands; but on finding I would not yield, he got the chief to lead his party away into the bush. The old man returned home, asking me for something, to which I answered, 'No, no; never to threats.' He left, and after some time came and sat by us until late at night.

He was the great talker of the village, and at night, or very early in the morning, would get on to his platform when all were asleep or near it, and express his thoughts on things general or particular. That is very common throughout this part of New Guinea. Pent-up wrath often explodes on the platform. Hunters returning unsuccessful from the chase let forth on the sorcerers and evil spirits. Fishermen, after a weary day or night trying the net in many places, but 'catching nothing,' will, in the weary, sleepy native hour between eight and nine at night, pour forth their fulminations of wrath. They may contain themselves till the morning, but when the morning star has climbed the near hills

they begin, and continue until light has spread itself like a gauzy garment over all Nature. Then wrath is gone, and they hope for more success in future. Our old friend was great at this work.

When we were passing through what we called the Mayri troubles, he was our adviser as to where we should go and what we should do; and I believe *now* he used his influence for our preservation. During that time he always came to us armed with a large knife, assuring us that he and his son would defend us with their lives. He often came looking anxious, and besought us to keep a good look-out and not go far away. On the day of the burial of a native who had been shot, when great crowds were about our house, he would not go to the meeting, but remained by us all day, taking an occasional walk round in the bush. Knowing that sorcerers were being employed to pray us or exorcise us dead, he employed two old sorcerers from the mainland to use their powers on our behalf. Quaiani was one of them, and was considered one of the best sorcerers in that part. Having faith in the latter as a chief, and knowing him to be a man of influence, when he visited us on the day of the funeral, at the request of Kirikeu, I gave him a present. On the morning when, worn out with anxiety and with the constant threats of the natives, I invited them to attack us, saying that we should defend ourselves, he was one of those I detained in the house to see the preparations for defence, and he it was who returned to report progress and tell us it was peace.

Some time after, when opening a box, I brought out a bag of pease; Kirikeu was assisting me: he thought they were shot, and at once left to inform them in the village that we were terribly armed, and they must be careful. When he returned in the after-

noon I spoke sharply to him; but he thought them shot until he saw them boiled and eaten. Our tinned meat he, with other natives, believed to be man; and long after our arrival would he shake his head incredulously when we would try to assure him it was *poro* (pig). He came to me once in great trouble. A chief came to the house one morning, and was very troublesome, saying, 'You are useless as a chief, having no arms; wherever you go, you are unarmed.' I told them I was a man of peace, had come to preach peace, but if necessary should defend myself. I brought out two bottles—one containing sulphuric acid and the other muriatic acid. I poured a little of each on the ground close by him; the fumes went into his face. Frightened, he started and ran, I believe, quicker than he ever did before; he got to Manuegu's house, and complained of being ill, assuring them that I had killed him. There was great consternation, and the old man came to inquire and beg of me to remove the evil influence. I told him it was all right, that nothing would happen. He was quite satisfied, and left. A fortnight after the chief returned, wishing to make friends.

As time wore on it became evident my old friend was very jealous of the attention shown to Quaiani; and once when the latter came to see us and was in the house, Kirikeu rushed down to the beach and began breaking the canoe. I ran down and dragged him away; he was in a terrible passion. We were house-building at the time. I stopped the work, and told the people unless I was allowed to have my friends come and see me unmolested I must leave. They insisted on the old man giving compensation to me; and knowing well it was a native custom, when he came with his armlets I accepted them, saying I

was sorry for what had happened, and hoped we should have no repetition of it. In the afternoon our whole party went to him on his platform, where he sat very disconsolate, and presented him with things he liked much. Now all was right, and we became good friends again. He accompanied me once down the coast, introducing me as his son to many of his friends. On the night of our return he helped to exorcise the wind. One boy becoming ill, he assured me that he was inwardly speared by some power! Sitting enjoying an evening pipe with friends, we were astonished to hear our old friend beginning one of his wrathful harangues. Curiosity brought us out to see and hear him. He was on high pitch, and laying forth with great energy.

'Kirikeu, what is the matter, and why are you so angry?'

'Have you not heard what a Bonorua woman has done?'

'No! what is it?'

'She dug up her buried husband to feed her friends who came to condole with her, she having no pig.'

'And what of that? it is only what you all do—eat human flesh.'

'What? Who can let such be done? When I die, my wife might do the same with me. No; the whole crowd of women must go, go for ever. There, they can take these canoes; let them be gone before morning, or they will be killed. Will you have them? Take the whole crowd, and never return.'

A woman challenged the old man, and marched up and down in front, telling him to be quiet as long as he eat human flesh. It looked serious for that woman, as he threatened to come down to her.

On hearing of Tamate Vaine's (Mrs. Chalmers) death, the old man cried bitterly.

I left them for a long time, and then returned to find my good old friend in great trouble: he had lost his only son—a man thirty-five years old. Instead of painting his body black, he had got on old clothes given him by the teacher, but I would certainly have preferred him in his native mourning. He attended all services in the teacher's house, and was never absent from services in the chapel. Everywhere he advised the natives to give up cannibalism, and spoke on behalf of peace. When some of our teachers were poisoned at Isiuisu, he advised the teachers on no account to accept of cooked food from the people, and be careful who went for water. On recalling the past, I cannot but feel thankful for so good a friend in those early days; may he receive the light, and be made free!

Quaiani was a different man; much more likeable, very much more excitable, but not so determined. I could not think him guilty of doing much killing; but Kirikeu would glory in nothing so much as those he killed, and the more the merrier. Quaiani was the first to listen to my proposals of peace between the natives of Catamaran Bay, including Suau and Tepauri and Garihi. He gave toeas to the Suau friends of Tepauri, and asked them to negotiate for peace. Wherever he went he might be seen with cassowary feathers hanging down behind from his arms and on his head. He attended all native feasts, and was considered a great dancer, and all round that region he was very much respected.

When I first visited him in his own village of Varauru, he presented me with taro, yams, and sugar-cane, and a dog that he wished to have slain at once;

but I objected, not desiring to have to eat any of it. My not doing so, if once it were cooked, would annoy him. He brought me all his friends, and it was through him I got to know natives from all about Cloudy Mountain and the ranges extending to the west and east. On my first long walk in New Guinea, when accompanied by Mr. Chester, Quaiani was our guide, introducer, and interpreter. When we reached Vagavaga, the village in Possession Bay, he resigned us entirely into the hands of the chiefs, saying, 'I have done, I have led you safely over; now your friends will look after you;' and assuredly he did leave us. He was much pleased with the presents he and his people received. He has never made any profession of caring anything about the Gospel, but has remained a good friend of the mission right through. It is strange that two men so very unlike should have become our fast friends.

III. *Ribuna and Rabena.*

Years have gone since I first met these two men; they were then cannibals, pure and simple. Ribuna lives at Suau, and is a man of much influence; he has a very white skin for a native, and his hair and whiskers are of a sandy colour. Rabena lives at Didutuna, a village about two miles from Suau; he is a very quiet, deep man, such as could be a good friend, or a nasty, underhand, sneaking enemy.

Of the former I know more than the latter, simply from seeing him every day, and having had frequent quarrels with him. On our first arrival at Suau, Ribuna thought us all insane; and as we became acquainted with him and the dialect, and began teaching

the people of the one living and true God, and of His infinite love to all mankind, and that we came to teach them about that God of love and His Son Jesus Christ, he thought it was only falsehood, and that our mission was truly a useless one. Often he laughed when we spoke of the Great Spirit, and of His willingness to save them.

He was a terrible pilferer, and used to pick up small things on every occasion. Once he was in a great passion with us, because of a pig. He rushed up to the house, threw great stones at it, and pulled down part of the fence. I had to speak very plainly to him and warn him off. When he went to his house I followed him, and found him surrounded by a number of men armed. I tried to make friends with him ; it was of no use. He sat all day, surrounded by a large party, till nearly sunset, when he came to me, and asked me to be friendly and forgive him for what he had said and done. I remember that once there was a serious fight on the beach, of which he was the cause. Spears were thrown, and stones followed, one striking him on the head, and knocking him senseless on the sand. When he recovered he was full of wrath, but I interfered, and got him away. He nursed his wrath all that night, and the following morning was preparing for another fight, when the opposite party came and made friends. During the time of our troubles at Suau,[1] when many sought our lives, he at one time was against us, but afterwards decided in our favour, and resolved that we should live. He was not a man we could trust, yet he professed to be a friend, and came frequently as such to see us.

Rabena came occasionally to service, but seldom visited us, and when he did so it was to pick up

[1] See *Work and Adventure in New Guinea*, p. 44 *et seq.*

something. A few weeks after our arrival our camp-oven was stolen one night. We did not discover who took it till some years after, when I was informed Rabena was the thief. It caused us much annoyance at the time, and we were pressed to offer a reward, and it would soon be returned; but having done so once, we repented, and decided never again to offer a reward for things stolen. Hoop-iron, or iron of any kind, was much sought after, and was our principal article of barter. Rabena thought the camp-oven would make good iron for tomahawks, and so in the dead of the night stole it. For long after he never came near us, his wife only appearing with food for sale.

When I knew these two men first, they were good friends, but later on they became deadly enemies, only kept from attacking one another by the influence of the mission—Rabena afraid to come to Suau to attack Ribuna, lest the latter should be helped by the mission. The enmity arose through the following circumstances. Ribuna's wife had been on the mainland, at one of the neighbouring villages, visiting friends. She met an old man, Rabena's uncle, and in conversation with him took some betel-nut from him, and chewed it with pepper and lime. She returned home, and soon afterwards died. Ribuna and his sons said she was poisoned, and determined on revenge. Nothing was said until after the burial, when the sons armed, and crossed to the other side. They had not long to wait before they saw Rabena's uncle coming towards them along the path, not suspecting any danger. When he came opposite to them, they rushed out, speared him in several places, and with a club broke his skull. They left him dead on the path, hurried to their canoe, crossed to Suau, and reported what they had done, glorying in the deed. When Rabena heard of it, he hurried across to the

mainland, mourned with other friends for his relative, and at the burial vowed revenge. Ribuna repented of the deed, and made friends by payment to the relatives. All accepted payment but Rabena, and he would have none of it, saying that he would be satisfied only when Ribuna had been eaten by him. A long time passed, and they did not meet. Ribuna was now attending all our services regularly. Rabena and his wife began coming frequently to the mission house, and became much attached to the teachers; both became anxious to be taught, and attended services, though they sat at different sides of the house. The teachers frequently tried to bring the two men together, but without success; all Ribuna would say was, 'Teach him and leave him alone; it may be the light will remove his hatred.' Ribuna was anxious for peace and friendship; and had it not been for the Gospel, the difficulty would have been settled long ago, in the death of one or both. Time passed on, and the entrance of light softened Rabena, his wife helping much. She had learned more than her husband, and used her influence to bring him to a right state of mind. As the months passed on, several from various parts joined the catechumen class, and became anxious for baptism—amongst them Rabena's wife. She was an earnest, intelligent woman. In 1882, twenty-one were baptised into the Church of Christ, and amongst them Rabena's wife. When the service was over, Rabena expressed a desire, through the teachers, to be made friends with Ribuna, which was accordingly done by exchange of presents, the teachers assisting both parties. After shaking hands, they sat down together, and prayer was offered for them both, and for all present, that they might live in peace and true friendship, in holy and sincere love to Christ. Since then, Rabena has

joined the classes, been baptised, after an earnest profession of faith in Christ, and received into the Church. Thus in the case of these two men the teaching of the Gospel prevented murder and cannibalism. Who shall say it has lost any of its glorious power?

IV. *Oa of Maiva.*

In 1879, visiting Port Moresby from South Cape, I found several strange natives living with the Motuans, and on inquiring whence they came was told from Maiva, a district in the west, but then without any chart position. They were a little different from the Motu natives, being physically larger, with hair not so bushy, and more respectably dressed, having nearly as much covering as is necessary. When they came to call on me each had a piece of native cloth hanging down his back. They invited me to visit their home, speaking of it as a place vastly superior to Port Moresby, with plenty of food of every kind, sago in special abundance. I found the principal man was named Oa, and that he was a great chief. He spent some time at Port Moresby securing armlets and shell beads.

Oa often visited me to have a smoke, and, as the Motuans were short of food, to get some from my servants. At home he had several wives, but he had set his heart on one young damsel here, and have her to take home with him he must. The young lady did not wish so old a lover, and her friends were against her going so far away. Oa was about fifty years old, five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, a very determined expression on his face—a man who could not easily be turned aside from his purpose, and, I believe,

a most inveterate enemy to those he disliked. He made up his mind to carry off the girl, and succeeded in getting her some miles away, when he was overtaken by her friends, who with great crying and many presents so softened Oa's heart that he yielded and gave her up. He told them that when he returned, if she still remained unmarried, he would certainly take her to Maiva. She was sold soon after, and on Oa's next visit she was safe in her husband's house.

We became excellent friends. He was a great sorcerer, and much feared in Maiva and the surrounding districts. All the tribes were ever anxious to make and retain friendship with him, and for him the best pigs were reserved and the best portions of food at all feasts. Although beyond the age when men, civilised or savage, as a rule think much of dress, he was very dressy, and adorned himself with a strict regard to fashion. I visited Maiva two or three times, but was never fortunate enough to find him at home. In 1880 they were building a large dubu, or temple, in which he took great interest. The following October he came to see me, and invited me to visit him soon. He had finished the dubu, and they were now preparing for a season of retirement. I gave him some presents, and amongst them an American tomahawk, telling him to proceed on his return, and when the moon was near the hill-tops at sunset I should set out to visit him. He was greatly delighted, and all along the coast told the natives I was coming to visit him and Maiva.

About a fortnight after, I followed, but, on getting to Delena, heard that Oa was dead—that he had died suddenly. Some fears were entertained as to our reception, and we were advised to be careful as to what we ate, and that we should cook our own food. My crew at one time refused to go with me, and suggested

returning or remaining at Delena. To the latter I did not object, only telling them I thought they were cowards. When near starting, and asking for another crew, my own crew all came, saying they would go to live or die with me.

On arriving at Maiva I was first led into Oa's house, and made to sit on a mat spread on the top of his grave. And then the terrible wailing began, the pulling of the hair, and cutting of the face and head with sharp shells. The present I intended for him I placed on his grave, and retired. Many things had been buried with him, and at the head of his grave were stuck spears, bows and arrows, and, hanging on them, frontlets, armlets, necklaces, and large ear-pendants.

Oa was a most vindictive man, and never forgot an injury, and he was able to hide his intentions under a studied friendship. A good friend, a terrible enemy. Many years ago some Maivans were killed by Boerans on the small islands on the Barrier Reef, near Boera. Maiva learned what had become of their lost friends, said nothing, but pretended true friendship; and Oa and his people came regularly to Boera, the latter thinking Maiva knew nothing of the tragedy. The time of vengeance at last came. Three trading canoes from Boera that had been in the Gulf for sago were overtaken when off Cape Possession by a severe storm and ran into Maiva. The crews were at first well received, and advised to take their lakatois well up the creek. The gale was abating, and they were hoping soon to get out and away home. Maiva, at Oa's instigation, rose in mass one night and slew 177; three escaped to the bush, and worked their way through bush, swamp, and river, over hills and dales, travelling at night through districts inhabited by hostile tribes, to Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, where they thought they

were safe. Tired, hungry, and thirsty, one ascended a cocoanut tree, and had begun to throw the nuts down, when the owner and son came along, listened to their story, and decided on killing them. Being friendly with Maiva, the Manumanu felt they could easily destroy the only informants and witnesses of the dastard deed. They speared the two on the ground, ordered the third to come down from the tree, and despatched him in a like manner. They buried the bodies close by, and returned to the village saying nothing. Long after, Boera heard of the deed, while a teacher was with them, but being too weak and anxious for peace, they said nothing. Once, I believe, Oa was taxed with the slaughter, but all he said was, 'My children murdered at Baava are paid for ; let us keep peace.'

A month before these events took place, the whole side of a limestone hill near Boera village gave way, falling with a terrible crash. Men, women, and children mourned with great mourning, assured that something terrible was to happen to those trading in the west. Omens innumerable were seen, but none that caused so much consternation.

It was during my visit that I became acquainted with Meauri, Oa's eldest son. He could not enter the dubu where I lodged, because of having touched the dead and having attended thereon. He used to call me outside and inquire as to my comforts and wants, telling his friends to see well to me, and not suffer me to be neglected. He had already six wives ; and when one left, *ten* applied to be received in her place. He lacks stability ; and if ever he takes first place, it will only be after long and patient uphill work.

A few months after my visit the large dubu was burnt down, only two small stumps of posts being left. One afternoon a woman was weeding near it, and when

she had finished her work she set fire to the weeds. The wind came up strong from the south-east and blew some of the fire about, some resting on the dubu, which was soon in a blaze, and, in a few minutes, gone.

V. *Koapena of Aroma.*

Not many years ago Aroma appeared on the chart for the first time, and in 1880 the first white man landed, and visited fourteen villages in the district, and then he and his party were in great danger of being speared and clubbed. It was the most desperate plight I have ever been in in New Guinea, and I have had a few narrow escapes. Here in 1882 seven Chinamen were murdered by the natives, their heads boiled and cleaned, and to-day the skulls adorn the sacred place of the largest village. In 1881 teachers were placed at Parimata and Maopa, and the head chief promised to care for them. Long before their arrival the chief, Koapena, begged for teachers, and when told that the people might kill them, he laughed at the idea of any interference during his lifetime. In December, 1884, we visited Aroma, and opened the first two churches. A goodly number attended the services, and the feasts afterwards were thoroughly appreciated by the natives. At Hula and Kerepunu fears were entertained that we should all be murdered, as a meeting of all the missionaries and teachers would be a suitable occasion for the old Aroma spirit to assert itself, and cause the natives to surround the party and murder all. But remembering we were in good keeping, we feared no ill; and after spending some time at both places, experiencing great .kindness from the people and much attention—especially the lady of our party, who was

A STREET IN AN AROMA VILLAGE.

the first white lady ever to land in this part of New Guinea—we returned home.

All this, however, merely by way of introduction. I wish to say something about the chief, Koapena, who is certainly the finest man in this part of New Guinea,—from Bald Head to East Cape, a distance of about five hundred miles. How he loves his children, and how they love and respect him! It would astonish you to see his attachment to the missionaries, and how anxious he is to make them happy. I remember many years ago seeing Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace, and the one thing that struck me most was the trustful simplicity of the lion visage. In Koapena I can see in his peculiar face and in his great frame that same simplicity—a terrible enemy, but a friend in time of need. He is about five feet ten inches high, splendidly built, having the appearance of a perfect Hercules—every muscle well defined, his gait erect and truly proud, as if conscious of power and superiority. I noticed him the other day, when he stepped out of our boat some distance from Keppel Point to bathe, preparatory to landing and meeting his wives and friends. Having finished his ablutions, and the boat having got ahead of him, he rushed ashore sending the water flying all around. He has on his body over fifty tattoo-marks, representing that his people have killed over fifty men, women, and children. I have seen many large clubs in the various districts known to us in New Guinea, but none will match with his; it is fastened to the outer post of his house, and is seen by all who enter, warning intruders to beware. He has an arm that can wield it, too. Once he said to me, 'Who dare touch you? Should any injure you, or speak ill to you, where can they go? Will they ascend to heaven, that I cannot find them? Will they sink

underground beyond my reach? No, no one must injure you.'

After the murder of the Chinamen he said, 'All of your country are my friends, but Sinito (Chinese) never; I will kill all who land here.' They certainly did give the greatest provocation. I said, 'Koapena, Victoria has many different kinds of children, and she would certainly be angry if you killed any belonging to her, be they white, black, or yellow, and you had better beware.' 'Tamate, I will kill every Chinaman who lands here; all other foreigners, white or black, are my friends.'

I hope he is now more agreeably disposed towards the Celestials, and would even be willing to make friends with them. He has great influence over the whole Aroma district, and from all parts receives presents. He is always referred to in other villages along the coast, when anything serious is brewing; and it is generally, 'What does Koapena say?' not, 'What does Aroma say?'

Commodore Erskine visited Aroma in 1884, and Koapena went on board to see the great chief. He was much struck with all he saw, but what astonished him most was the band playing. He shook with fear from head to foot, and, ashamed of it, sat down. At our opening service of the Maopa church he gave a short address, something like the following:—'Now listen; it must be peace with us and the foreigners; they' (referring to the teachers) 'have brought us words of peace; it is time we received them. If any of you think you can do as you like with the foreigners, that they are not strong, let me tell you to visit a ship such as I have seen, and see for yourselves, and you will never again speak boastfully. I have seen guns, large and small, the sound of which is too much; I have seen

men in numbers greater than all Aroma can speak of.' (He thought they were different men he saw in different parts of the ship, and the continual movements of the men astonished him much.)

At one time he was very anxious to visit the Straits or Cooktown; it was arranged that he should pay a visit to the former. The day before leaving, two of his wives asked to be allowed to visit the mission steamer and see for themselves where their lord was to be accommodated. They were taken over the vessel, and at last he was anxious that they should see the engine-room; but they would not leave the deck, satisfied with what they could see from there. The furnace-door was opened, and they ran back in great excitement, saying to him, 'You must not go; see, these foreigners keep this great fire to burn up all they kill.' The next morning he came off when ready to start, saying, 'I cannot go; I have spent a miserable night; my wives have done nothing but cry over me all night, and I must stay. By-and-by, when they become more accustomed to you, and your wife can stay here with them, we can go and just do as we like.' He has been to Cooktown since, and was greatly astonished at all he saw. He is kind and attentive to the teachers, and helps them in many ways.

A short time ago when, at Aroma, my boatman, Bob Samoa, of D'Albertis celebrity, was taken very ill and died, Koapena showed great sympathy, and insisted on digging the grave, assisted by two other chiefs, and would allow no others but themselves to descend into the grave and receive the body.

When walking one day through his cocoanut plantation, I saw, hanging up in various places, old cocoanuts with the husk much torn. Wondering what they

could mean, I inquired of his nephew, who was with me. 'Oh, that is a warning to cocoanut thieves that any stealing Koapena's cocoanuts will have their heads served in the same way.'

After the massacre at Kalo, and before Aroma had heard of it, the Aroma teachers were removed, as we feared the murdering contagion would spread, as it was said by the natives on all hands it would. Koapena wondered much why the teachers should so hurriedly be removed, but on their leaving he gave orders that no one was to go near their houses. A fortnight after, I visited him, and had to land with caution, as we could not tell how we should be received. We landed at Keppel Point, and were only met by a few people. Always when landing before, Koapena was soon there to meet me, but this time my friend was not to be seen. We walked along the beach to Maopa, but met no Koapena; up the sand-hill and over to the village, and there on his platform with a few old men was the chief, with his back turned to me, and no word of welcome. I wondered if our friendship was so soon broken, although I felt we had done him an injury in not trusting him; but as I drew near, it was too much for the warm 'savage' heart, and he turned round and saluted me. 'Oh, Tamate, how foolish you have been! but come.' Then meeting me he threw his arms round my neck, saying in a very sorrowful voice, 'Tamate, you might have trusted me with your children; you know well no one belonging to you will be injured here.' We went to the teacher's house, and there everything was just as it was left; a knife and a tomahawk carelessly left in front of the cook-house, with a few yams, were untouched, and just as when they had been put down by the teacher's wife, on her hearing of the murders.

When the teachers were returned, Koapena was greatly delighted.

At a national feast, when numerous pigs were to be slain, I have seen him dressed in European clothing, in his hand a branch, surrounded by his wives carrying all his and their treasures, and twenty men gaudily dressed with feathers of every description, beating drums, he dancing and moving backwards, leading the great procession very slowly through the various narrow streets, followed by the pigs gaily dressed with leaves, and borne by the young men to the Aroma sacred place, where human skulls hang, and where only pigs can be slain.

Remember, he is not a Christian, and makes no profession of desiring greater blessings than he already possesses. He only dresses in European clothing on great occasions, and is perfectly satisfied with the small clothing he is accustomed to.

Koapena in shirt and trousers is not half the man he is in his strings. May we not hope that when he receives Christ as his Light, Saviour, and Friend he will use his influence for the advancement of the knowledge of His name? It may be now he is being led by the hand of Light to light, and that soon that light will break forth in him.

Such are a few notes on my interesting friend Koapena; a savage, it is true, but one whom I love.

VI. *Semese of Motumotu.*

Amongst all the various tribes I know in New Guinea, there is no one to compare with the Elema, extending from Oiabu at Cape Possession to Orokolo in the west. It is the largest, occupies most country,

and is most independent. To that tribe belong the Motumotuans, who live in a very large village in Freshwater Bay. I have not yet met a people so free and independent, so fearless, whether at home or abroad; caring for no one, and for no tribe, and glorying only in bloodshed, murder, rapine, and robbery. The Leseans are an offshoot from them, and retain all their characteristics, and generally, when fighting, both go together. Some years ago, when Kabadi was attacked one afternoon, and men, women, and children ruthlessly slain, it was done by the Leseans assisted by the Motumotuans; and a few years after the same people attacked Paitana of Hall Sound, and destroyed part of the Lolo tribe living there. Returning victorious, they killed one man at Maiva, and robbed the plantations as they went along. Of many such crimes have they been guilty.

Tokea is an offshoot from Lese, so that Motumotu, Lese, and Tokea are one people, with like propensities.

They have many chiefs, men who not only talk much, but act much, and cause a great deal of trouble. Of all these chiefs the most important is my friend Semese,[1] a fine specimen of the simple, gentlemanly savage. Well-nigh seventy years old, he is still upright in stature, and has a face from which years have not worn off the bold, daring, dashing look. He stands close on six feet, with a good frame; at one time it must have been ponderous. In his younger days he was a great fighter, and once had one of his eyes destroyed by an arrow. He can make good use of the one that is left, however, and the way in which he regards it reminds me of the one-eyed Scotchman, who, endeavouring to interpret the sign of a German *savan*, the latter holding up two fingers, thought it

[1] He died about 1887.

was meant as a gibe on his one eye, and he held up his finger to signify that his one eye was as good as the German's two. One would think that old age would cool his youthful ardour for the fight, but, it is said, he is still hot and impetuous, and the slightest insult to his family or any of the Motumotuans must be avenged fourfold. He and I are capital friends, and he constantly inquires after me, and is ever anxious to know what I say, or if I have heard anything bad of him or of Motumotu.

It is now years since I first met him, and I then thought him an enemy, and the further away the better; but one who if a friend, though a savage, would be true as steel. I landed, accompanied by the late Mr. Beswick, and was led up to one of the dubus. I was very anxious to see the god, Semese, and had asked to see him, being told by the Motuans who were with me that there would be no difficulty. The Motumotuans, thinking I was anxious to see their chief Semese, led me to his dubu, where I met my one-eyed friend. He presented me with his small bag containing betel-nuts, peppers, and lime calabash, but not being initiated into the burning mysteries of betel-chewing, it was left with our followers to do the needful for us. I then gave him our present, and it was such as to make and seal our friendship for the years to come.

Time passed on, and I again visited Motumotu in a whaleboat. When inside the river and near the landing, the crowd acted as if they were about to seize the boat, until Semese stepping into the water ordered all ashore, and called on us to back in for him. He stepped on board and then talked to the people ashore, and gave orders to the crew to pull further up and nearer his house. We had

several earthenware pots on board, which he appropriated, paying for them faithfully in sago on our leaving. My swag he picked up, and gave orders for the trade-box to be carried to his dubu. A great crowd had collected on the platform in front of the dubu. He ordered them all down, and gave special injunctions that no one was to molest me in any way. He himself could not ascend the dubu, as he had just lost a son. He came many times to inquire if I was comfortable, and if his sons attended well on me; he kept me supplied in cocoanuts, sago, and betel. The first evening at sunset he gave his eldest son orders to mark out a large space where no one must go, that it was his foreign son's, and must be sacred, and, if I wished, no one was to ascend the dubu after dark until sunrise; but I told his son I preferred people about, if they would not come too near me.

During that visit I became much attached to the old savage, and he to me. When the morning of my departure came he was up by three o'clock, and talked incessantly until after sunrise, lauding his new son's excellent qualities, and warning all, right and left, lest they should offend him in any way; the slightest offence would be regarded as personal, and he would certainly avenge it. He and his friends would have sunk our boat with presents had I not stopped them. On that occasion I spent a Sunday with them, and I shall never forget the stoicism of the old man in standing out a short service. The singing drew a large crowd, but the first prayer drove men, women, and children away in all directions, and the old man looked as if he too would like to run.

Some time after we heard that the Motumotuans

and Leseans were preparing for another attack on Kabadi. We sent two teachers down, with special instructions to go to Semese. They did, and the old man called all the chiefs together, and told them it was enough, and Kabadi must not be touched. The following year we had a large crowd at Port Moresby, and after trading all their sago away the young bloods were anxious to try their strength on Kabadi, and secure much of the valuables which Kabadi was reported to be rich in. Semese fortunately was with them; we sent for him and the other chiefs and stopped that game.

VII. *The Motu Robber Chief, Aruako.*

In all the tribes of New Guinea there are numerous chiefs, but in ancient times it was not so. They had one, and one only, whose word was law for war or peace. In the Motu tribe, the ancestors of Boi Vagi, the late chief of Port Moresby, who died in the Christian faith in 1886, were great chiefs, and in his father's time he alone held the power. Wherever he went he was looked upon as the ruler of the Motu tribe, and was treated accordingly; pigs were killed, food was cooked, and large presents given to him. Since his death the chiefs have never been able to obtain all his power and influence, although the chief at Port Moresby is looked upon as the principal chief of the Motu by the people of that and other tribes. The younger branch of the family held the power of making raids to secure property, and the father of the robber chief was a noted man all along the coast in that particular science. When he proposed a raid on any particular village, he always had

a large number of daring spirits to listen to his proposals, and who longed for such work.

The son, Aruako, it seems, took after his father, and, as he grew up to manhood, was well educated in that particular department. When I knew him first he was a wild-looking savage, with the largest, longest, frizziest head of hair on the coast, or that I had seen in New Guinea. He in no way made any friendly advances to the missionary or teachers. His expression was sour and repellent, and gave the impression that he was always angry. He is about forty-five years of age, well-built, and about five feet eight inches in height. He has two sisters as wives. He says that being sisters they do not disturb him by quarrelling, as the younger always submits to the elder. He would certainly be an ugly customer to deal with as an enemy, and some years ago the less any one had to do with him the better. He used to punish the slightest insult to himself or his friends, at once and satisfactorily, not by taking life, but by robbery.

The arrival of the teachers, and Boi Vagi's becoming their friend, rather spoiled Aruako's vocation, and he settled down in a sulky manner to watch the changes that might take place. To make things worse, he was a man who believed much in witchcraft, and was full of superstition, the kind of man that any one would find difficult to win over. He says he never robbed without a cause, and never killed in his robbing raids. Once, when at Manumanu with other canoes returning from Kabadi, they were waiting until night to get along the coast. He saw that the people of Manumanu had been fishing, and were very successful. He expected to get some fish from his friends, but after waiting some time and no dish of fish appearing,

he went up to the village and asked for a few cooked fish. One of the chiefs said, 'Yes, wait on your canoes.' He returned and waited, but no one came near them. It was too much; he could wait no longer, and he called those in the other canoes to come with him and help themselves. They helped themselves so freely to everything that some of their canoes came near sinking. The Manumanuans said nothing, and dared not resist; and Aruako says they have a lively recollection of it to the present day, for never again was he or any other of his tribe insulted by them in like manner.

There is a good deal of magnanimity amongst savages. A Boera man was killed at Naara, and Aruako took up the quarrel. Naara had always been friendly with the Motuans, and it was not meant to make them enemies now. A large party of young men were got together, and at night surrounded the village. At daybreak they entered, telling the chiefs and people not to be afraid, that no one would be hurt if they did not resist, but they had come to help themselves. They were very free with the Naara goods, and when each had enough to carry and were going away, the chief said—

'Stay and part friends; you will not return to kill.'

'Certainly not, it is finished.'

'Then here, accept of our hospitality.'

They did remain, each by his stuff, and had a glorious feast of pig and yam, then started for the coast, and returned home quite elated.

Another time they were returning from Redscar Bay, in company with many other canoes, and on arriving at Boera they found the well, where they usually drew water when on journeys, filled with

refuse. This was reported by the women of the party, and the chief went and saw for himself. He was full of wrath, and at once called on the others to be up and doing—to enter the village and help themselves. This was soon done, and their booty was abundant. The Boerans submitted, and acknowledged that their children were to blame. He told them to teach their children that everything belonged to Motu, in order that they might never again do the like. It never happened again. What Motumotu is now, or has been, on the coast, so Motu was in former days. On one occasion he said to me, 'You remember what I told you, I never robbed without cause. We could stand no insult of any kind; we knew we were the strongest tribe, and were ever feared; and wherever we went everybody treated us well, so as to keep friends with us.'

His cousin, who is married at Manumanu, hearing they had plenty of sago at Port Moresby, came to her cousins to get some, and they assisted her freely. She returned the following day with great gladness, until she arrived at Boera, where a number of Hula canoes were assembled. Two came out to meet her, and, on seeing the sago, helped themselves, she crying bitterly, and saying, 'I am Aruako's cousin, and it was he and the others who gave me the sago.' They replied, 'Shut up! who is Aruako, and who is afraid of him?' When they had taken all, they left her to proceed with an empty canoe. It was more than she could do, and she returned to Borebada, where her sister was living, and told her tale. The sister at once started, and arrived at Port Moresby in the evening. She went straight to Boi Vagi's house, and on the platform outside began: 'Yes, here you all are quietly at home, when others are suffering; tears are

falling, which I suppose none of you care anything about.' She went on in this strain for some time, and would give no explanation of what she meant. Aruako, hearing her from his house, came out and approached towards the platform. On seeing him she addressed him pointedly, saying, 'Here, take my *rami*, give me your *sihi;* I'll play the man, you the woman.' Several times she said this. He was impatient, and grew angry, and demanded an explanation. Seeing that she was successful in rousing him and others, she then said—

'You gave sago to my sister, your cousin.'

'Yes, where is it?'

'Other birds ate it; she will never taste it, though she is alive and in my house.'

'Who dared touch her or it?'

'Hula has robbed her of everything.'

Canoes were got ready, and away they went for Boera. On arriving at Borebada they met the people attempting to get away, but, on seeing the Motuans, they came together. As the Motu canoes drew near, some shouted, 'We had nothing to do with it: those canoes in the centre did it.' All were ordered to clear away and leave the centre ones alone. Aruako stood in his canoe, which was the first to approach. Renaki, the head Hula chief, was sitting on one of the canoes. Aruako made straight for that one, leaped on board, and with his thick stick dealt Renaki a hard blow across the back that pitched him into the sea. The canoes were seized, and everything taken, including all the sago. He wanted to kill Renaki, but his friends would not have that. They considered they had done enough and would leave. The Borebada people assembled to assist Hula, but were told if they spoke a word even they would be robbed and every

house burned to the ground. On leaving, Aruako took Renaki's best canoe; and the latter, having recovered, got into it, crying bitterly, and saying, 'Oh, take everything, everything, but leave me this.' He was helped by others, and they pulled the fine new canoe away with Renaki still in it. The chief continuing to cry, Aruako turned round and said, 'Finish him off and pitch him into the sea!' and acting accordingly, he seized his stick and was making for him when he was prevented by others. They closed in shore, and Renaki had to land. On landing he was told that it was all right again, and they must be friends, but that they had brought it upon themselves. He was presented with a large bundle of spears, and told to go quietly away. Long after, Aruako went to Hula and made friends with Renaki.

Such was our friend Aruako on the arrival of the teachers. Some time after Mr. Murray (of whom they still speak as an old friend) left, Aruako attempted to burn his house because he had no share in presents, and Boi Vagi somehow or other was left out. He did not wish the teachers to remain, and would rather they left. A few years ago he began attending services, and soon took an intelligent interest in them, which grew into a desire to change his mode of life. He is now a reformed man. His fierceness of expression has gone, the determined look remains. He is a man of will seeking to do right. He has become an active preacher of Christianity, and evidence of this has already been given in Chapter II.

VIII. *Valina Kina, or 'Saul' of Kalo.*

On my first visits to Kerepunu, and before I visited Kalo, I had often seen a fine strapping youth march-

ing about with an air of great superiority, and on inquiring who he was I was told he was from Kalo. The first time I saw him to real advantage was at the Kerepunu harvest feast of thanksgiving, when he came dressed in a manner well becoming him, in shell and feather ornaments, with long streamers of bleached pandanus leaves hanging down his back. There were many natives from other places, one and all gorgeously dressed, and admired by all the lookers-on, but, although not dressed to kill, as some were, Valina was the most admired. With his white head-dress of cockatoo feathers he stood above his fellows, and with his drum in hand and gracefully moving about in the dance with a couple of the best-looking damsels by his side, and his altogether aristocratic appearance, he was certainly worth noticing. Even then many were jealous of the notice taken of him, jealous of his prowess, and jealous of his power over the fair sex.

He was a brave youth, with several warrior marks tattooed on his back. He was then unmarried, and the difficulty would have been for him to select from the many who flocked around him, had the selection been left to him; but parents and friends had that business on hand. We then became friends, and our friendship remained unbroken up to his death. When I placed the first teacher at Kalo, Valina took little interest in him or his teaching, being more occupied in what was to him the more congenial occupations of dancing and fighting. He was then looked upon as the greatest warrior they had, and was feared by all the tribes not on friendly terms with Kalo. He soon after married, and settled down a little more to home duties; still he was ever to the front in feasting and dancing time. When I placed their

teacher, we remained two days at Kalo, and saw much of him. H.M.S. Sappho was then at Kerepunu, and the captain and a few of the officers came to Kalo, and all were much interested in Saul, as we now called him, on account of his height. They taught him to sing an English-Chinese song, and long afterwards when we met he would begin with 'Laugh Kai ha!' We had some leaping; but when Saul stepped to the front and easily walked over our highest mark, the interest died out, and we thought it time to give it up.

I am not aware he ever attended school or services, still, he was always friendly, and showed no opposition.

A year or two before the Kalo massacre, the Kalo natives went inland to fight with Quaipo, a hill tribe. Saul was not interested in the attack, and went somewhere else to hunt wallaby. In the afternoon word was brought to him that his friends were surrounded, and likely to get the worst of the fight. He at once armed and started, broke through the cordon to his friends, and taking the lead fought so desperately that he brought them all safely back, carrying with him to the village one head, for which he was tattooed and highly honoured by the people. The custom on such occasions is to drag the head round and through the village, casting indignity upon it, and in song praising the brave who secured it. The head is then taken and cooked until the skull can be cleaned, when it is fixed on their sacred place. According to the rank of the slain, the feasting continues at short intervals for several months; if a man of no note, a woman, or a child, the feasting is soon over.

Another engagement with Quaipo took place, in which the chief's daughter and a warrior were killed,

and their heads carried in triumph into Kalo. The old chief was inconsolable for his daughter, and vowed that nothing would satisfy him but the head of Saul; but as Quaipo had killed several Kalo natives it was thought advisable to make peace—Kalo supposed abiding peace, but Maopoa, the Quaipo chief, only intended it to last until opportunity offered to gain his object. During this time of apparent friendship, Saul had many skirmishes with other tribes, and always came out scatheless. It was during this time that the Wolverene visited New Guinea, to punish the massacre at Kalo. After identifying the body as that of the dead chief who was the instigator of the massacre, and who assisted in it, Saul came on board the war-ship, and was well received by the Commodore. At that time it was thought and hoped he would become chief, but he cared nothing for the position. The Commodore gave him presents, and handed over to him two natives who were made prisoners on the morning of the attack. He bore himself well, and although it must have been difficult for him to conceal his feelings, he did not show the least fear or excitement. He told me he was glad Kalo was punished, and it was good for Kalo that the chief Quaipo had been shot—that it would be peace truly, and foreigners need not now fear. He was much astonished at the clemency shown to his people by the Commodore, and said, 'Only a great chief and powerful people could act so.' Hearing I was at Hula a few months after the Wolverene visited them, he came over, bringing with him his cousin Kulu, the fighting chief, with a present of food. He accompanied me in the boat to Kerepunu, and then told me the story of the massacre, and of the feeling in Kalo of the justice and mercy of the

punishment, and the fear amongst the people that it was not all over yet. I assured him it was true and lasting peace and friendship with us, so long as they remained friendly to foreigners. He returned home and narrated the story of our interview, and told the people he believed all he was told and trusted the word of the 'white man.' From that time he had several skirmishes with outsiders, and seemed pleased to have a fight when others quarrelled, but never, so far as I am aware, stirring up strife himself. He had long been persistent to have another teacher, and when at length he was told another was appointed, he returned with joy to his home to cheer the hearts of all the Kalo natives. We appointed Tau and his wife, both Rarotongans, and during the time they were at Hula waiting for the completion of their house many were the visits made to them. They were located, and one of their best friends was Saul, who promised to see they were 'never hungry, and that no one should molest them;' but for school and services he had no taste.

A few weeks after leaving Tau and his wife at Kalo, Saul and a few others went wallaby-hunting, and joined a party of Kerepunu natives who were planting between Hood Lagoon and the Quaipo hills. When the wind had increased they set fire to the grass, and were soon scattered in various directions, looking out for their prey. They had not been hunting long when they saw a few hill natives, and the Kerepunuans shouted to the Kalo natives to run, as the Quaipo natives were in force and hidden in the long grass. All started, and soon left the hunting-ground far behind them; but Saul and his cousin, being nearest to the enemy, and not feeling inclined to run, the former turned to the Kerepunuans and

said, 'No, I shall not run, but fight; and carry back with me two heads.' He and his cousin were soon surrounded. They fought splendidly, it is said, Saul holding his own well against the force of the enemy, who determined if possible to have him whom they feared so terribly. He broke through the cordon with a spear hanging to his thigh, which he pulled out and threw back at his enemies. He was going to run, when he heard his cousin call, 'Will you leave me here to be killed alone?' and he fought his way back to his side, and for long kept off the enemy. At length, speared in the chest and several other places, he fell with his cousin, and both died near each other. On his falling, Maopoa, the Quaipo chief, rushed in, and with his feathered bamboo knife cut his head off, then his thumbs, and last of all the marks he had on his body. His cousin's head was also cut off, and both were dragged to the hills to be defiled, spat upon, trampled on, and finally boiled, in order that the clean skulls might be fixed on the sacred place,—an offering to the spirit that assisted them so signally that day in securing their hated foe. The headless and mutilated bodies were brought afterwards into Kalo, and buried with much sincere grief, loud wailing, tearing of hair, and scratching of faces until blood flowed copiously, for it was to Kalo a day of woe indeed; she had lost her greatest fighter, the man most feared by surrounding tribes.

I arrived at Kalo the following week, to find all stricken, all courage gone, and a great fear of the mountain tribes. I visited Saul's grave, and gave my small present and returned to meet the chiefs. Their one hope was to get the white men to assist them, and they begged hard for it; but I assured them it was useless, as no white man could interfere

in their quarrels, at all events to avenge. They admitted they could do little fighting in the hills, and feared to go far beyond the Kemp Welch River.

They were not averse to peace, if it could be brought about in any way so as not to degrade them before the other tribes. I knew they were to blame, and according to native custom Quaipo had only done right, and would probably now be willing to make a lasting peace. Kalo would like me to say decidedly they must remain quiet, and on no account seek payment for Saul in murdering others; but to do so at once would never do, as Saul was my friend, and thought much of by the people, and to seem to pass his death over lightly would look to many as if I had little regard for friendship, and cared little about the death of my friends, and placed little value on human life. So I had to be cautious, and during my stay put off the decision, on the ground that it would not do to be precipitate, and it would be useless for them to go to the hills. At Kerepunu I could act more freely, have more time, and bring the Kerepunu influence to bear on Kalo. At Kerepunu I met the chiefs, and they strongly advised peace, seeing the Kalo people were to blame, and Quaipo only paid old debts.

I found that Kulu, the fighting chief at Kalo, had for many years been unfriendly with Kiniope, the principal chief of Kerepunu, and I also knew that the former held strong feelings against Kerepunu for their not helping Saul—they even went so far as to say that Kerepunu enticed him to the hunt, having previously arranged with Quaipo. To bring, therefore, Kulu and Kila, son of the chief who was shot at the time of the Wolverene's visit, and the Kerepunu chiefs together would be very good work. I sent to

Kalo for the two to come to Kerepunu, and I also despatched a messenger to Quaipo to my old acquaintance Maopoa to come in the following day, or, if he preferred it, I would go to the hills, but only if he was willing for peace. I gave the Quaipo messenger a knife and a stick of tobacco for the chief, that he might see I was really at Kerepunu, and no trap had been laid for him.

On the Sunday forenoon the Kalo chiefs with a number of followers came in, met the Kerepunu chiefs and people in my presence, had a long and animated talk, and finally made friends. Kerepunu offered to assist me in making peace with Quaipo, and agreed that to continue fighting would be of little use. Kalo natives and chiefs seemed pleased, and I believe were glad of the opportunity of making peace, as they could say it was Tamate who did it. It would be peace with honour, and they would add, they have now a teacher, and they wish for nothing but peace. We had Sabbath-school and afternoon service together. When at the latter the Quaipo messenger returned, and I could see that his news was unsatisfactory, from the strange anxious look on the Kalo faces as the messenger sat down beside them and told them the result of his visit to Maopoa. When the service was concluded we all retired to the mission house, where the messenger reported something near to the following:—'I return your knife and tobacco, as Maopoa says he cannot now accept them. He cannot come to Kerepunu, as the spirit would be displeased, seeing it is his sacred time after so successful a fight. He is now sacred, and must remain so for some time, because his hands are stained with blood. He will not again seek to fight, and says I am to tell you that he has already put aside his spear and shield. You are not to go in now, but wait until

this moon now beginning in the west is gone, and another comes, and then he will come to see you here, and bring you back with him.' The Kerepunu natives said it was satisfactory; the Kalo natives thought otherwise, and at once departed.

It will take long for Kalo to believe in the peace and friendship of Quaipo—not until teachers are placed in the Quaipo district; and I hope that time will not be far distant.

IX. *Bob Samoa.*

In the South Pacific and Torres Straits there are many white celebrities, known all over the islands, and the knowledge of many of whom extends to the colonies; but I know of no native who is so widely known as the subject of this sketch. The publication of Signor D'Albertis' volumes has spread his fame more widely still. He was a true celebrity, well acquainted with Eastern and Western Polynesia, Torres Straits, and New Guinea; and, I fear, to the natives in many of these places he was celebrated for other than deeds of kindness. In 1882 Bob joined me, 'anxious to return to New Guinea to lead a quiet life, and to get away from the meanness and deceit of the white man.' During many boat trips I had heard much of Bob's life; and I often thought he was not so black as some of his employers painted him.

Bob was a man about forty-five years old; not very tall or stout, and not at all like his great burly fellow-countrymen, the Samoans. He was about five feet seven inches in height, with high cheek bones and fine black hair. He spoke English and Rarotongan better than his own dialect, and in either could tell a

good story to while away the long tedious hours of night.

He was born on the island of Savaii. His family has given many good teachers to the mission work, but Bob's bent did not lie in that direction. He was sent to school in his youth, where he learned to read a little; but getting a birching he determined to leave. Running away from home, he found his way to Apia, where he boarded a ship and left Samoa for many years. Only twice to my knowledge did he return to visit his home, and on both occasions for a few days only. He lived and married on Tahiti. He subsequently visited the Fijis, and for many years lived there. It was there he first met the renowned 'Bully Hayes,' of whom he had many stories to tell. He seems to have been much trusted and liked by Hayes. He spent two years with him on the New Zealand coast, and saw the drowning of the first Mrs. Hayes. Had investigations been a little more strict in those young colonial days, it is possible that the career of Hayes might have been sooner ended. Before leaving Fiji for New Zealand, they had made some interesting visits to several of the islands, and filled up their vessel with very little expense. At one island Hayes wished to have some repairs done to his vessel, and employed a German carpenter living ashore. The man, not knowing Hayes, engaged willingly to do the work. Bob seems to have known the German, and warned him. The man was now on his guard, but he would do the work. His plan was the following: the vessel must be beached, and he would beach her at spring tide on a bank where she could only get off at the return of the same tide many days later. Hayes suspected nothing, and the vessel was beached; the work was well executed, and they were ready for

sea. The carpenter asked for his money. 'Oh yes, as soon as I am afloat.' Many days had yet to elapse before that, and the constant application of the quiet, patient German had its effect, and Hayes had to pay the amount.

Returning from New Zealand to Tonga, Bob was told by a countryman that a man-of-war was in quest of Hayes and him, and if caught both would be hanged for deeds of violence done at Fiji before leaving. Bob was wealthy, possessing several chests of clothing; but of what use would clothing be if he was strung up by the neck? So he decided on leaving. He and a native of Oahu climbed over the stern into the whaleboat, one midnight, when all the others were asleep, and steered away for some distant island, and hoped never to see Hayes again. Hayes got to know of their whereabouts from one of the missionary schooners, and at once ran down, to find the boat pulled up in front of the chief's house, and saw the youths quite at home inside, shamming asleep. Irons were put on, and both were marched to the boat, and taken on board. Bob was soon restored to favour, but the other was kept in irons for many days and nights. Instead of making for the Fijis they tried the Hervey Group, and here Bob successfully left Hayes. They called at Atiu for oranges to take to New Zealand. Bob was appointed interpreter, and after making arrangements on the beach with the young chief and pilot, the boat was returned to the vessel in charge of the native pilot, and Hayes and Bob went up to the village for Sunday, which was the following day. Hayes was armed with two revolvers; and on their arrival at the teacher's house these, with his coat, were given in charge of the teacher, to be delivered to no one but Bob or the owner. The former soon made friends

with the natives, and especially with the old chief, who begged of Bob to remain, promising to help him if he would. This suited Bob exactly, and he at once determined not to return again to the vessel. Knowing Hayes well, and remembering the revolvers, he went early on Monday morning to the teacher, and told him Hayes wished for the revolvers, to see how they were. They were at once delivered, and Bob decamped with them to one of the Atiu labyrinthian caves. When Hayes found how he was sold, his passion knew no bounds, but he was powerless. He had to leave and seek oranges elsewhere.

Bob settled down for a long time, was married again, and intended ending his days on that pretty gem of the Southern Seas, until an old New Zealand captain friend came along and tempted him away. He again wandered over the islands, finally getting to Melbourne, West Australia, Sydney, and Queensland ports. He was long in Cooktown, and not unknown to the police. For some time he was a kind of mate on board of a vessel there. One night, when lying alongside one of the wharves, Bob went ashore and got some grog. Feeling sleepy he returned on board, and found the captain entertaining some friends aft, where Bob had a bunk. 'Hallo! what you do here? clear out;' and to the captain, 'You too clear out, take friends elsewhere.' Bob would not be quieted; he was to be master, and ashore they must go. Knowing that Bob was dangerous in that state, the invaders did retreat, but, when on shore, the captain sent a policeman down to take Bob in charge. He stood with a blind lantern on the wharf; the new master was having a last smoke on the poop.

'Bob, Bob!'

'Yes; who are you? what you want?'

'Come here, I want you.'

'No, you come down here and we speak.'

'No, come up here, Bob, and have no row.'

'No fear, you come here. Who want to make row? I all right, I no want make row, so go along.'

'Bob, you must come up.'

'No gammon; you 'fraid; go home.'

The man of law, fearing the water on a dark night, and knowing he would be *landed* there by this terrible South Sea Islander, did clear out, and Bob turned in for the night, to get up an hour afterwards to seek a cooler in some near public-house, but found it between the vessel and the wharf. Falling into the water, he took some time to make out where he was, but, drunk or sober, being a good swimmer, he eventually made the shore.

Once, when at Somerset, having met some friends, and having partaken too freely of the enemy, Bob sallied forth into the settlement and challenged right and left. Many trying to quiet him were glad to get away with whole skins. Having got hold of an old saw, he was now supreme, and had the settlement in charge. The entire police force were called out to take this wild Samson in charge, but who dare go near him? Bob backed into the water, the police stood on the shore calling on him to surrender, but it was a case of 'no surrender.'

'No, come on, one fellow, every fellow, come on, take me.'

'Now, Bob, come ashore at once.'

'I say, no gammon; you fellow no good. You want tie me up, I no tie up, I fight,' and waving his saw he bade defiance to all and sundry. Fortunately the son of the police magistrate came riding along. Bob liked the young Englishman, and would listen to him. He rode out to him and said—

'Hallo, Bob, what now? come along with me, you all right.'

'Come on, I go along you, my boy.' So off he walked quietly to the lock-up, where he had a good long rest.

On another occasion our friend was rather outrageous, and it being mail time all the secure accommodation of the settlement was fully occupied. He was made fast to a tree not far from the lock-up, and was quite contented with his quarters. By-and-by another islander was walked up, and on passing Bob remarked—

'Well, Bob, you here; what you want here?'

'Oh, you go along, what for you speak me? you no see I all fast, shut up, lock up, so go 'long.'

Bob, I believe, sickened of such a life, and knowing that it was impossible to keep clear of his terrible enemy when in close proximity, came to New Guinea, and for two years led a quiet and peaceable life. During that time I saw much of him, and he spent many days and nights in my company. By land and water we travelled very many miles together, were often in queer company, and had some narrow escapes. Once Bob and I lived alone for a month with the Lolo tribe, and during that month I got to know much of his thoughts and feelings. I knew long before that thoughts of another life, not hereafter only but here, occupied his attention; his Samoan Bible was more frequently used than ever before in his life, not ostentatiously, but when he thought I was well out of the way, and prayer—something new for him—was frequently engaged in. We have together knelt in prayer, and I have often been much affected with my friend's touching expressions and his earnest desires to live for Christ, who died for him. Again and again

has he said, 'When Samoa friends hear I am with you, I wonder what they will say. I wish I had been here long ago.'

On a profession of his faith, and of his longing desire to unite with the Church of Christ, he was included among those received at the first forming of the Church in New Guinea; and on that ever-to-be-remembered occasion, the first Sunday of the year 1881, sat at the Lord's table.

He never would allow me to go out alone, and his every thought seems to have been to make me comfortable. Wherever we went, to new places or places well known, Bob was the general favourite all round. At Motumotu he had a large circle of friends, many young fellows who would do anything for 'Babu,' and who, when they heard of his death, shed tears of true sorrow. East or west, if I went out without Bob, it was on every hand, 'Where is Babu? why did he not come?' He was kind to all, and received much respect and kindness in return. At Port Moresby, where he was well known, natives wept for Babu as for a brother, and many, old and young, refused to eat for several days.

I was going to Aroma, and Bob must needs accompany me. His wife, knowing he was not well, and suffering from an incurable complaint, begged of him to remain. 'No, Tamate goes, I go.' We arrived at Aroma about noon on the Saturday; at one P.M. he said, 'I feel very ill, I lay down.' He became seriously ill, and suffered great pain. All that we could do was done for him, but nothing was of any use. On the Sunday night he died, trusting only to the merits of Christ his Saviour for reception into the loving Father's presence. On the Monday we buried him. Koapena and other chiefs insisted on doing all the work. On

lowering the coffin into the grave, Koapena descended to receive the head, and ordered another chief to descend and receive the feet; and the big savage shed a kindly tear as he gently laid the coffin down. The news soon spread along the coast, and various tribes in various dialects spoke kind words of their dead friend.

X. *Lohia Maraga of Taburi.*

Towards the end of August, 1879, I had been travelling for a whole week with a party over new country and carrying our own swag, when we rested for the Sunday at a village, Keninumu, on the top of the Vetura Range. On Monday morning, September 1, we started again, determined to spend another week travelling eastward at the back of the Astrolabe. It was about midday, the sun was hot, and we were somewhat tired when we neared the village of Chokinumu. At the cross-roads near the village we came upon a posse of natives, who on seeing us were so frightened that they ran for the bush, leaving their spears and clubs behind. They had never before seen a white man, and the apparition was too much for them. They must have signalled to the village, for, as we came up to it, men, women, and children were running away, and the more we called the quicker they ran. The village comprised about a dozen houses built on a rock, with a very pretty background of hills studded with trees.

We were hungry and anxious to cook some food; but before beginning operations we thought it safer to meet some of the natives, tell them who we were, and see how they would take it. We were sitting on our swags smoking, when one man appeared with

his lime calabash and chewing betel-nut. We called on him to come and hear what we had to say. Keua, old Granny, spoke to him, and on seeing her he gained more confidence and came up close to us. When he heard who we were, he was delighted, and at once gave a long, loud, peculiar 'cooey,' which brought his wife and some others back. He had often heard of me and of white men, but had never before seen any. Now he was glad that the first foreigners he met were friends. He told us his name was Lohia Maraga, and that he would be our friend. His wife was soon cooking yams, and those who returned with them were away getting sugar-cane. It was not long before we were feasting like lords.

Anxious to get on further, if possible to Makapili, a district that seemed to be at enmity with all parties, we told Lohia that we must be going, and asked him to send one of his youths to show us the track. He had made up his mind that we were to remain with him for some time; but I told him we had been so long inland that our time for returning to the coast was near, and I was anxious to see as much as possible in the allotted time. Of course we did not know where any of the places were, nor how long it might take to reach them. I insisted on going. Then he and his wife had a long conversation; after which he told us, through Granny, that they would accompany us, and some of their youths would go part of the way and carry our swags; at which I felt happy and much relieved. Lohia told us that for a long time the Taburians, his tribe, and the Makapilians, had been at enmity; and although he and Kunia, the chief of Makapili, were near relations, they had not met for years; but when war parties went out, he always gave them strict injunctions not to harm the

old man, whom he hoped to meet some day. Some time had elapsed since they had had any fighting, but no formal peace had been made, and no advances in that direction had begun on either side. However, he and his wife, a Makapilian, would risk a meeting, and, bringing them such important personages, he was almost sure that no harm would come to them; and as we tried everywhere to make peace among the tribes, now would be a splendid opportunity to meet the old man and arrange for peace.

Lohia's wife picked up my swag, Lohia another's, and a few youths the others. We walked for some hours until we arrived at a stream which we were told divided the Taburi and Makapilian districts. Just beyond was a large village on a table-rock, with a stockade all round it, but it was deserted. Not long before, the Sogerians, a tribe further in towards the Owen Stanley Range, attacked them at night and killed several of them. We trudged on along spurs of the Astrolabe until we came to another small stream, close by which several men were burning grass, and who commenced to run away when Lohia called to them; they stood for a few minutes, and then disappeared. We sat on large stones in the stream, and presently an old man, unattended, appeared. Lohia rose hastily, and, crying bitterly, went to meet him. They embraced, and both sat down, and with arms round each other and heads together cried long and loud. When they had finished, the old man, Kunia by name, came to Lohia's wife and embraced her; she then seized him round the knees and wept bitterly, at times chanting, and then breaking out into a long loud wail.

Old Kunia then came and sat down beside us, telling us, as if ashamed of his weakness, that years

had gone since he had seen Lohia, and he knew he was then alive, because of the former's thoughtfulness, and that was why he cried; his stomach was full of feeling, and he could not help himself. After some time, the old man 'cooeyed,' and some younger ones came, picked up our swags, and marched off. Lohia and his wife proposed returning, but I objected, and Kunia said they need not fear; only over his body could they be injured. At sunset we reached the half-finished village; but, preferring to camp by ourselves, we ascended one of the neighbouring spurs and there pitched our tent. Lohia kept close by us all the time, and heartily rejoiced when the day came for our return to his village. He had arranged for peace, which was afterwards concluded.

Sept. 3. — We remained at Chokinumu for a few days, visiting about, and during that time received great kindness from Lohia and his friends, the former going everywhere with us. Anxious to visit Janara and Epakari, he told us he would lead us to the mountain top and then show us the way. He and his lads accompanied us, and when on the top of the Astrolabe he pointed out these districts to us. After this we were picking up our swags, having bade them adieu, when he suddenly rose, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'No, I cannot leave you—I must see you to Epakari.' He then ordered his boys to pick up the swags and proceed. Of this we were glad, as it was a long day's tramp. The following day he kept close by us, although we had more carriers than we required. On the following Saturday we arrived at Epakari, and then again bade him farewell, he telling us that he was now off for home. Before going he got us splendid quarters, and gave such instructions that nothing seemed too

IOHIA MARAGA AND OTHER KOIARI CHIEFS.

good for us. On the Sunday after breakfast, when we were having a short service, fancy our astonishment to see our good friend appear. He told Granny they had left at daylight and gone a long way, when they felt such a desire to be with us that they returned, and would not leave us until they saw us fairly on our way to our main camp; and they kept their word.

When our time was up we returned to the coast. Not long after, Lohia, who had never been to port before, came with a large party and remained some days, greatly delighted that the way was open for them to come and go as they liked. When the Sogerians heard that Lohia had been to the coast, they too soon followed. Not knowing the roving habits of the Koiarians, I gave them teachers—one at Moumiri, and one at Munakahila and Taburi. Lohia treated his teacher well, as did the others; but their tendency to move once in every year or so was a tax our teachers could not stand, and we removed them to open up work in the Gulf. One of our New Year meetings brought large crowds from inland. I remember it well. It was one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended. We had natives from Orokolo, Kerema, Oiabu, Maiva, Kabadi, Manumanu, Boera, and all the villages along the coast east to Aroma, and inland natives from Munakahila, Eikiri, Sogeri, Favere, Makapili, Taburi, and other villages nearer. There were addresses, one of which was delivered by Lohia. He was excited and astonished. He said it was difficult to believe that now, when he was grown old, the way was open from the sea to the far-back mountains, and he hoped it would continue so.

Many foreigners have followed since, and to all

Lohia has been kind, remembering his promise, that for our sakes he would care for all foreigners and treat them kindly. Some years ago one of his men was killed on the hunting-ground by some Munakahilians, and since then he has been at feud with them. With a large party he once surrounded one of their villages, and killed several. Another time, he was out with his men, when he met a few Munakahilians, and killed three. Once he led a party to the top of Mount Elsie, surrounded a village, and killed five. He says he is satisfied, and willing for peace; but I question whether the other side will have peace—at all events, not for some time.

We hope soon to have New Guineans as teachers amongst them, who will be better able to adapt themselves to their mode of life, and may yet get them to settle down. Lohia will ever be a warm friend of the mission, and will care much for any teacher or teachers settled near to him.

CHAPTER X

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY ON THE GULF OF PAPUA

TEN years ago, when little was known of the people west of Manumanu in Redscar Bay, I hoped, if God spared my life, to introduce the Gospel to all the districts as far as Orokolo, and thought that the work might occupy a fair lifetime. We got to Orokolo in January 1892, and now my desire has enlarged, and I hope yet to carry the Gospel to the Fly River, and to the westward. The plan I have always adopted is to visit frequently, get thoroughly known by living with the people, and, through interpreters, tell them the story of Divine love, and so prepare the way for teachers living with them. I place no teacher where I have not first lived myself, and where I should be willing to live frequently.

No accounts of unknown districts I have ever received from natives equalled in real savagery those relating to the Namau districts, and of course these gave a charm to the plan of trying to be the first to visit it. In March 1891, our Governor, visiting to the west of Namau, was attacked, but repulsed the savages by firing on them; I thought it possible the more western natives of the district might be implicated.

When at Port Moresby in June 1893, I secured a good interpreter, Vaaburi, an active, elderly, comical

fellow, but thoroughly reliable for such an expedition as I was planning. In former years he was constantly with me, and never liked my taking even a short trip without him. When I told him what I wanted, all he said was, 'I go gladly, but let me go and hear what my wife and daughter say.' They said, 'Yes, certainly, go with Tamate.' It was a busy time, getting plantations ready for planting yams. The old lady said she and her daughter would do all the work, but I gladdened their hearts by giving her sufficient trade to get all done by relatives. When leaving Port Moresby all came to see us off. The old fellow's last words to his relatives were, 'God watch over you—I will think of you, and perhaps Tamate will let me send you some sago in the Hanamoa.'

On arrival at Toaripi in Motumotu, we found the sea too heavy for us to go into the Gulf in a whale-boat, and so waited until the wind and sea went down. My outfit was simple, and the only weapon of defence we had was the stout hazel wand presented to me by an old Inverary friend. The sail to Vailala was slow, and we did not arrive until midnight. During the evening the wind increased, and the night looked dirty. When off the River Vailala we met a heavy sea, and had to decide whether to go in or remain outside for the night; either course was dangerous. The wind and sea were increasing, and the latter seemed likely to get much worse; I determined to risk the bar, although if swamped and upset no life would be saved. Down sails and mast, and my best men to the oars. Our only light was from the white foam of the breakers all round. Several heavy ones have gone on. 'Pull lads, pull,'—'Steady,'—'Stop her way,' and all round us were white running seas. But we must not let one master us, and carry us on. Again a long pull, a strong pull,

and away goes an oar broken in two. 'Keep at it, lads, we're just in.' The wild crashing breakers are passed, and now we have only the heavy inside swell and strong current, and soon after midnight we drop anchor near the mission house. After prayers we shake ourselves into positions for a few hours' sleep, which we got, all of us being accustomed to this kind of life.

Early in the morning we were seen, and the teacher was soon on the beach calling us ashore. We landed, had a service and breakfast, and there being a change for the better in the wind and sea, we started for Orokolo, where we arrived early in the day. We ought to have four teachers here instead of two. One great advantage at Orokolo is the large and varied supply of food; in this respect resembling much an Eastern Polynesian island. I do not think we have another district where children are so numerous. It is an interesting sight to watch them at play on the beach. We landed at the eastern station, and in the afternoon walked over to the western, where we remained that night.

Next morning we were all early astir, and by seven were ready for a start. We tried to take the boat through the surf, but it looked like getting wet, so I had her taken ashore and carried up beyond high-water mark. It is not far, about six miles, to the first river, so we got carriers and were soon there. There were three creeks to cross, and to the great delight of the young men I allowed myself to be carried over in a horizontal position. On arriving at the river we found a small canoe on the bank, and I sent Vaaburi and two young men across, so that if possible they were to get word sent to Apope on the Arere to our old friend Ipai of Maipua, who was living there, that I was at Aivei, and wanted to get to him. We waited some

hours, and a large canoe coming along, we hired it, and crossed to the other side. Two men arrived saying that Ipai and a large party were coming in a large canoe, and would soon be there. They soon appeared, and the first I saw was Tamate Ipai, a child about eight years old, who ever shadows her father, and I knew well the chief was not far off. They pulled up near. His wife, the one who was with him at Motumotu, had died about eighteen months ago, and he was still in mourning for her, and part of his mourning was the dress, well worn now and dirty, given to her by my wife three years ago. No time was lost, we got into the canoe, and away we went, but now there was no hurry, and it was smoke, chat, laugh and shout; and a two hours' pull takes us quite four to do, but it does not matter, we are not going further than Apope that day. Kamake (they cannot pronounce the T in Tamate) takes my hazel wand as her special charge.

Apope is a new village on the west bank of the Arere, built by Ipai and a number of Maipuans. Ipai says, 'Kamake, fighting and eating human flesh I have done with. I have come here with all these people, and will settle here for good if you will give us a teacher. You told me long ago you would not give me a teacher for Maipua because of the swamp. Here you can have good ground, as much as you like, and we will at once build the house.' 'Why, Ipai, there is a swamp, there is another, and the smell is strong.' The village is built on a piece of good sandy ground, with a swamp on either side. He said, 'Stay until you have rested, and then let us go and see the land I have referred to.' We started, got to the beach, and walking a short distance, came to a really good piece of land, with cocoanuts in abundance, and, pointing to a tree, Ipai said, 'Give us a teacher, and from here to the river the

whole point is yours. We build the house and we bridge the swamp for him to walk on.' I promised, as I saw a good opening here to the whole district, and a convenient place of call for myself when coming from the Fly River.

Ipai's wife is buried *in* the ground. He took me to the grave. A house covers it, and at head and feet two pretty crotons grow. A broken cooking pot and dish, and one or two other little things lie by the side. She was a quiet, modest, kind, savage woman. Ipai has two more wives left, but I fancy the dead woman was his favourite. She was Kamake's mother, and the affection between father and daughter is truly wonderful. See the father anywhere, and the daughter will soon come into view; and see the daughter, and the father is sure to be near. We returned to the house, and I arranged to sleep on the platform rather than in Ipai's temple, or club house, where the crowd was great, and it felt, to say the least, stuffy. We had service, the singing pleasing them much, and the interpreter told them the story of God's love to us all. My candle light astonished them greatly. Before spreading out my blanket I asked Ipai to take off the woman's dress, and I would give him a shirt to travel in with us. He did so, and I gave him a white flannel shirt I was wearing, which, of course, added greatly to the value of the present. He consented to let us have his large canoe to accompany us, and to get a good crew, and that we should start early in the morning.

I was very tired, and ready, as I thought, to sleep under any circumstances, so spread out my Malagasy cloth, presented by the ever good friend of missionaries, the late Mrs. Swan, of Edinburgh, and on it my blanket. Sleep! all chance of it had gone. The present and future are with me. The Gospel is being preached all

through Namau, and I saw the end of killing and cannibalism, and another people won to Christ. My interpreter and Ipai were busy also, the one asking questions and the other answering, with smokes. Cock-crowing is near, and I must sleep; so I get two hours or thereabouts. By daylight I am up, quite refreshed, ready for a hard day.

After breakfast and service I muster all hands, but find the crew I expected for the canoe have backed out, because we are going to places they do not like. I won't give up one place, and tell Ipai I must find my way without them, and so with my own boys I start for the canoe. It has to be put into the water, and alone we cannot manage it. We have not long to wait; Kamake appears, and then her father, followed by others, and the canoe having been got afloat we are soon on board and away. Kamake is left behind, as it is not considered safe for her, and she returns to the village crying bitterly, but comforted, I have no doubt, with her presents and the prospect of others when we return, as she knows we have left a case of things behind in care of the two wives.

About nine o'clock we slowly passed Maipua, and were hailed by many old friends, but did not land. Canoes followed us some distance, and for disobedience and insolence I had to land one of my youths to await our return. That over we had quite a holiday trip, though under a burning sun. We crossed Port Blomfield, and rowed up the Panaroa some distance into creeks, large streams, some with currents in our favour, and others against. In the afternoon we crossed the Urita at the mouth: a fine big harbour and, I should think, good entrance.

Some miles up the river we came suddenly upon a canoe full of youths, who on seeing us were

frightened so much that they could only shout. We took no notice of them, and went on into another creek, where we came upon a canoe with a man and a woman on board. Poor things! I do not think I have ever seen natives so frightened. It took us some time to calm them, by assuring them we were friends, and that they had only to look and they would see we were all friends. Vaaburi said, 'Of old, Maipua used to come this way and kill all they met, and then attack the villages.' When calmed the woman, recognising Vaaburi, said, 'Oh me, I live, why should I be afraid, and you here?' Giving them a small present, we started them ahead to inform the people we were near, and that they were not to be afraid; the interpreter adding: 'Now, no bows and arrows, but meet us as real friends, for I have brought you Tamate, you have heard of, and he is unarmed.' Ipai told them, 'It is all peace and friendship, and we have come with the white man.' They were soon out of sight.

We took a short cut through a dirty mud creek, where all got out, and just dragged the canoe through. The smell was bad indeed. My Motumotuans were very frightened, as they thought we were simply in the hands of the cannibals, who might be in ambush on either bank. We came out into a good stream, and soon saw houses and a large temple. This was Koropanairu, a village which had suffered much from Maipua in the past. There were houses on both banks, and people excited and shouting. Some of the women danced and sang, others screamed and beat their breasts, and little children were held up to see a white man. I stood up in the canoe, so as to give every one a chance. Near to the houses were platforms covered with sago palm leaves, and on each

platform was a dead body. They place their dead on these platforms, as the whole place is simply mud and water, no solid ground anywhere. The smell was too strong to permit of any of us taking food.

On arriving at the large stream, the Arai, we turned round, and, accompanied by numerous canoes, packed nearly to sinking, we made for the large dubu. Lest I should wet my feet, a way was made of long sticks over the mud, on which I walked to the platform of the dubu. The chief was away from home, but the wife in charge had quantities of food cooked and sent to us; but not one of my boys would touch it, saying it might have been cooked in pots used for cooking human flesh, or prepared by hands unwashed since last they rubbed themselves over with the juice from the dead bodies about. No use arguing, eat they would not; and I confess I could not lead off, and so give them an example. Ipai, the Maipuans, and the interpreter were not so nice, so they enjoyed a hearty meal. Eh, it was a noisy, excited crowd which gathered round us in that dubu. My boys were all terribly frightened, and cowered close up behind me. Every action on our part was of interest, but the most exciting things are a lighted match, my writing, and my foot. The latter is tenderly handled, and instructions are rigorously given on no account to press it, lest it should hurt. It is dark, and inside the dubu pitch dark, but the crowd still continues, and the place is very hot and stuffy. I get Vaaburi and Ipai to tell them we are going to have service, and I want quiet. Everybody is shouting to everybody else to be quiet, and it took some time before we began. I did not light a candle, as I hoped the crowd would clear out and leave us, after service.

In that strange place, where there are charms and fetishes of all kinds, and skulls of human beings, crocodiles, pigs, and cassowaries, placed in each division, and where at the small end there are six hideous Kanibus (gods), we sing a translation of the hymn, 'Hark! the voice of love and mercy,' and I do not think I ever heard it sound better, yet none of us can boast of singing power. Prayer was offered by a young Toaripian, and again the interpreter explained the Gospel to them. Service over, no one would go, so I lighted my candle, which caused great excitement. There was a great noise outside, and much shouting in. I wondered what it meant. My boys thought it meant slaughter this time, and they crouched in the darkness behind me. I held the candle up, and found that way was being made for an old chap, who is told to be sure and give his right hand when Tamate gives his, as that is the mark of peace and friendship with the white men. He does it well, and is followed by a young well-dressed fellow, who goes through the same hand-shaking, and then both squat in front of me. It is the chief and his son from Ukerave, a cluster of villages to be visited to-morrow. Shouting, laughing, smoking, all talking, and trying to talk one another down, left me a quiet spectator of a peculiarly weird scene. Hundreds felt my foot, and shouted with astonishment at its softness and whiteness. It was getting late, and the old chief must go home, but he must have my promise that I would not pass his door without a call, and to insure it the son must remain and conduct me.

Telling Ipai I was tired, and wanted to lie down in a corner near the platform, he asked me if he might talk all night, as he had much to say. 'Cer-

tainly, talk away; as I am so sleepy, I think I can sleep through it all.' My youths were astonished that I could even think of sleep in this place. My blanket was spread, and I send the candle to Ipai, and know no more until daybreak, when it is time to be up and getting ready for a start. More food is cooked and eaten by those who consumed yesterday evening's. The crowd increases quickly, and we have service, when near the end of prayer there is a fearful voluminous shout, and prayer is quickly ended. A crowd, led by a well-feathered, good-looking, kindly man, press into the dubu, and he comes near to where I am. All are unarmed, so it is all right. I am told this is the chief Avai, returned from his expedition. I had already given the present for him and the dubus, and sent some beads for his wife. He is very much disappointed that we are leaving so soon, but I believe in first visits being short, just giving them a taste as it were, and then leaving them to think, and wonder when I shall again return. But we must not leave without a pig. Avai goes out, and calls a name, and *Mai mai*, and a good-sized pig comes right up to the platform. It is soon despatched with a club, lifted up and placed in the canoe, as I decided it should be cooked at our next halt.

We passed several canoes along the bank, and when we came to Avai's home, he being in our canoe, the chief insisted on our pulling up alongside one in charge of a good-looking motherly body, who wanted us to take everything she had into the canoe. She was Avai's best-beloved wife, and had been travelling with him; all night they were in the canoes. Native-like, my people would have taken everything, but I confined them to a few areca-nuts and betel-peppers.

We were accompanied by many canoes, all packed with a noisy, excited crowd.

Leaving Kailiu, an extension of Koropanairu, on our right, we descended the creek, and soon came to a fine large opening, part of the Arai—there we met a large flotilla of canoes. There were fifty accompanying us, and on meeting the others these backed. We pulled on, the canoes meeting us opened to right and left; when we were in the centre they closed in, and on we slowly went, until near a village of Ukerave, when they opened up again and we went alongside the bank. It is a dirty, bad-smelling hole. To get to the chief's house a way was made over the mud with canoes end to end, along which I was to walk, lest I should wet my feet. The chief Ipai (I think nearly all the great men in this part are called Ipai) and his son both had hold of me, and I was led up on to the verandah of his house, where there was a mat spread on which I was to squat. The crowd was very great, and two-thirds of them were armed. I got my boys after some little trouble to go aside and cook, but they would keep coming near to me. There were certainly some very villainous-looking fellows in that crowd. The pig was got ready, cut up and on the fire, when the conch shell was heard in the distance, and up sprang cooks and everybody else belonging to me, on to the verandah, and close to me. The interpreter explained from the chief that it was a new canoe being tried by the young men of a neighbouring village. I was satisfied, but my people were not to be gulled, as they said, in that way, and not one of them would go down, until I threatened to go down and do the cooking myself; then two of the bravest found their way to the fire. Nearer and nearer the conch-blowing approached, and I stood up to see

the canoe come round the bend of the river. It was a pretty sight. A large canoe painted various colours with ochre and lime, twenty finely built youths gorgeously dressed with feathers and colours, standing up and pulling as one, and at their hardest—conscious, I have no doubt, that they were being observed by a white man, as no others had ever been observed there before. Other young men were sitting in the bottom of the canoe, and one of them had the conch shell, which he was blowing. It was only a moment, but as they passed they gave one glance to the verandah, and for the first time saw a white man, and then on.

After breakfast—mine was a very light one—we had service, and then to canoe. Most of the pig was brought into the canoe in baskets made of cocoanut leaves. Ipai soon followed, saying he wanted a tomahawk. Asking him what he wanted it for, he said for another pig which the chief's son Koivi wanted us to have. The tomahawk I got for him, but the pig I would not have. I gave orders to move off, but we were not only hemmed in with canoes, but held fast by many hands. No use saying anything, the excitement was too great, and I felt sure a very little spark would cause a fearful catastrophe. Vaaburi had been chewing betel so much that I could get little help from him. All my boys were particularly frightened, and the Maipuans hung their heads. Ipai looked very glum. Grasping the situation at last—that Koivi was ashamed to let us go without a pig—I told the interpreter to say that I hoped to return with a steamer in six moons, and the pig should wait till that visit. There was a lull, and we were moving away, but again were closed in and held fast. A loud shout and a rattling of arrows, and I began to think things were growing unpleasant. The tomahawk I had given to

Ipai was still lying near him, and I saw he was anxiously watching every movement. I was going ashore to get to Koivi, and disarm him, but I was prevented, and then I was told he thought I would not have his present, because the pig was a small one, and he was going to kill the biggest he could get in the village. Everywhere it was excitement, but eventually I made myself heard, calling for Koivi. Leaving his bows and arrows behind, he came down, and again I told him, when the moon came to my wrist (six moons) he was to look out for me, and then we should eat pig; that perhaps the Governor, of whom they had heard much during the last few hours, might visit them before me, and if so he was to have it. I gave him a small present, we clasped hands, the way opened, and we got out into midstream, surrounded with nearly a hundred canoes, large and small, from all quarters. I was sitting looking ahead when I felt our canoe taken hold of, and a large canoe shooting up on our port side. On looking round there was Ipai, Koivi's father, handing me a well-fed young live dog, which I took and handed to our Ipai, then picked up the tomahawk, and gave it to the old fellow. In handing me the dog, he said, 'You must have something in leaving my village.' I assured him again that in six moons I should visit them; and the interpreter explained what the steamer was like, telling them not to be afraid when they saw it. The flotilla opened, and we passed out, my boys devoutly hoping I had made up my mind to return home. On learning I had not, and that I meant to go right on, some got ill, others glum, and one poor wretch simply sat down and cried. I suppose they knew their own savage nature better than I did, and were frightened accordingly.

Ukerave is a collection of villages, and I believe contains a very large population. I would not suggest placing teachers here until we can send them New Guineans. It is quite possible, now that there is peace, they may leave the swamps up the river, and go down to the mouth, where there is a good position for one or two large villages on land suitable for teachers to live. The strange thing is that all the men, women and children living in these swamps should look so well and healthy—the children are especially bright and intelligent. The women are scantily clothed, but they are about the most modest I have seen. They remind me of women far inland at the back of Hall Sound, who were as scantily clothed, and like them in modesty. Going down stream after a loud talk, screaming laughter, and a good feed, there is any amount of joking over the pipe (all are now brave as lions), and will go anywhere with Tamate and his hazel stick. I confess that once I thought mischief was brewing, and we might all be slaughtered, and I found Ipai had thought the same. We kept quiet, pretended we were quite careless about getting away, and we trusted them. Only since my last visit have they and Maipua been friendly. Formerly the Maipuans killed many of them, ate them, and hung their heads as trophies in the dubus.

The Arai is a splendid stream, and has a fine capacious harbour at the mouth. It was now up one creek and down another for some hours. In one stream we met a canoe with a man and two boys in it; they showed no fear, but came alongside and had a smoke. They were from Kaiburave, whither we were now bound. They gave us cocoanuts and sugar-cane, and told us to go on, and they would follow by-and-by with more food. It was easily seen we were now very

near the coast, tall mangrove and nipa palms abounding, and soon the water became brackish. We met another canoe with a man and a woman, but neither appeared the least afraid. We gave them a present, and sent them on ahead to prepare the people for our arrival. At last we rounded a great bend, and we were at the first of the Kaiburave villages, Kove, built on a point of land between two salt-water creeks. We pulled on and passed another, Kaurave, also on a muddy point between two creeks, and arrived at Aperave, where we were to camp.

Crowds flocked everywhere, and my instructions were to stand up, which I did, that I might be seen by all. The chief, Kiromia, a fine gentlemanly man, took me by the hand and led me up the logs to his house, the largest and finest native dwelling I have yet seen in New Guinea. The outer part was given to us, and the inner part screened off with blinds, or curtains, such as the Chinese make from bamboo (only Kaiburave ones are made from the spine of the sago leaf split into strips). This portion of the house was reserved for his wives and daughters. One wife he introduced to us, a kindly woman, in mourning for some one.

The sun coming upon me, orders were given immediately to shade well with cocoanut leaves, that my beautiful complexion might not be destroyed. No one was allowed to crowd on my mat. As I was anxious to get on to the coast, Kiromia at once gave orders for a canoe, and in about ten minutes they were ready. We had twenty paddlers, a fine strong-looking lot of fellows, who evidently thought it a capital joke to have a white man all to themselves.

We pulled down the creek Kaumari about six miles to the mouth. I felt very thirsty and wished for a cocoanut, and away sprung several ashore along the

beach to a grove some distance off, and returned laden. As I was not to be allowed to get wet on any account, three men assisted me to land, and Kiromia, the chief, kept near me wherever I went. This point of land at the mouth on the western side will, I hope, be yet occupied by Kiromia and a party, and a teacher. In coming down every canoe we saw was hailed, and Tamate and his party expatiated upon, whilst the paddlers gave a shout, and made additional remarks. On returning it was moonlight, and we raced with another large canoe and got beaten, so youth-like there was banter and challenge until Kiromia stopped it, knowing well to what it would lead. During my absence my boys had been so frightened that they proposed taking a canoe and coming in search of me. They felt their only safety was in being near to me. They cooked their pig and their own sago, but would touch no food cooked by others.

During prayers the natives were most respectful, and listened attentively to the interpreter discoursing on God's love. The one God of love staggers them, and that He has told us so in a book is more than they can comprehend. There was a great babel. Our singing had a wonderful charm, for we had complete silence, and requests to go on. The note in my diary is as follows:

'The house is now full, we have had prayers, and have been singing, and truly the savage breast, or lungs, or throat is soothed, for they are very quiet.' About nine o'clock the audience began to disperse, and on my intimating a desire to turn in, all left except the house folk and our party.

I then gave the chief my present, gladdening his heart by taking off my shirt and putting it on him. In these trips the wardrobe decreases considerably, and I

always return with a much lighter swag than when I start. I asked for his queen wife, and the lady of the afternoon was brought to me. I gave her a present of various small things, but the most valuable of all in her eyes, and also her husband's, was a small parcel of beads, which they both gloated over for some time. I believe the old fellow was better pleased with his wife's present than the one he received himself. I spread my Malagasy on the outer verandah, and was soon asleep. At about two A.M. heavy rain awoke me, and I had to go inside. There was still a big fire burning, and earnest conversation going on.

At daylight we were all up, and had not long to wait for an audience. After breakfast I went in a canoe to the erabo, or temple, where I was received by Kiromia and a large number of men, sitting down each side of the aisle.

The place is full of masks, fetishes, &c., and hanging on pegs on each division of the temple are many human skulls, altogether nearly 400, while lying on the floor, arranged in rows, are crocodiles', pigs', and cassowaries' skulls. At the far end, where the temple tapers to only seven feet high, and shut off with a screen from the main portion, is the sacred place, where there were twenty of those hideous wicker-work Kanibus, homes for the small bat, which inhabits them in hundreds. Of course my people were with me, and I noticed that alongside of our Toaripians (Motumotuans) the people were a shade darker, and alongside our Hall Sound boys, two shades darker. As a rule they are short, although they have some fine specimens of manhood. The hair is short and tufty, and nowhere did I meet a native with a large frizzy head of hair. I was sorry not to be able to take measurements, but the excitement was too great, and might have caused trouble. When in the temple, the

natives were very anxious to impress me with the greatness of Kiromia and Aua, who are equal, and are 'as the sun and moon in splendour.'

I gave them a picture of my wife to study, and it was amusing to watch them. They turned it all ways, hurriedly from back to front, and *vice versâ*, up, down, put it aside, then tried it again, but of no use; they could not grasp it, nor did all the explanation of the interpreter help them any. They gave it up, and returned it with a 'Can't see any wife there.'

During the day the crowd increased, all pressing near to get a sight of the 'white man who brings peace and friendship.' About midday I was informed that several of my boys were sick, and we were out of water and cocoanuts, so had to leave.

The farewells were those of sincere friendship. Kiromia helped me down to the canoe, and hundreds of men, women, and children lined the bank. I said good-bye, got on board; Ipai followed with a small bundle of arrows carefully wrapped in his hand. A few words were spoken, and we quietly moved away. Kiromia, dressed in my shirt, standing on a log, weeping, and calling out, 'Kamake, Kamake,' and holding his wrist, to intimate I was sure to return in six moons. The crowd gave one long shout, and away we went, full speed ahead. The moon was small and our light dim, in some places dark. At last the moon set, and we could see but little. At one place all apparently were tired and sleepy, when the man in the bow gave a fearful scream that startled everybody, and then shouted that he was gone. It turned out he had been nearly asleep, a branch standing across the stream caught him, and he thought it was a crocodile. It caused great merriment and awoke all hands. It was uncertain work crossing the mouths of the large rivers in the dark, as it

was blowing and raining hard, but all were anxious to get on, and we risked everything. Wet and cold, we arrived in early morning on the east point of Port Blomfield, and the crew, tired and wet, landed, lighted fires, and intended sleeping. Being left alone in the canoe, I made myself comfortable in it, and was nearly off when I was aroused by a big flambeau blazing over me, and Ipai saying, 'Kamake, it is going to rain hard, we must make for the village,' and I was glad. When going through the village to the eastern side, where Ipai's old temple is, we had to pass several belonging to other chiefs. From each we were challenged, and Ipai always answered, and also gave a short account of our trip. We found the youth I had landed and left behind very much better in every way. I got about two hours' rest, and then got up and away. To Apope we had a company of canoes, with eager listeners on board of each, and every canoe we met interviewed us. The home meeting at Apope was affectionate, all were glad to see us back, and little Kamake spun around terribly excited. When sitting on the verandah, the daughter got so excited and beyond bounds that the father spoke sharply to her, and she began to cry bitterly. I imitated her, and the crowd standing round did not know what to make of it, until I burst out laughing, and sent all into fits; some threw themselves on the ground and rolled about, others held their sides, not a few rushed off, and Ipai rolled about and dare not look me in the face; tears rolled down his cheeks, and he could do nothing but laugh. He felt very sore after it.

A pig and food were cooked and eaten, we got into canoe, and paddled away for the Aivei, where we landed on the Orokolo side. Hilarity had gone, and we were all very sorry to part from one another. I left Ipai sitting on a log and crying bitterly. Farewells were

shouted as long as we could be heard, and in the distance beyond hearing, uplifted hands. At Orokolo we spent three days. We nearly came to grief entering the Vailala. Spent a day with the teacher and people there, and on coming out of the river one sea broke aboard that nearly swamped us ; certainly a second one would have done so, and we should have gone over, but we pulled well out, and then up with sail and stood away for home.

All was not well at home. One woman who had a quarrel with her husband, to spite him had hanged herself, and other two wretches had decoyed a boy along the beach, and when some distance from our eastern mission house cruelly murdered him with sticks, dug a hole in the sand near a cocoanut grove, and buried the body in it. Fortunately such acts of murder are very infrequent in New Guinea. The boy, an orphan, was missed by relatives and search made, but he could not be found until the younger of the murderers, a lad of fifteen or thereabout, told his sisters, who told the boy's sister. The relatives wished condign punishment at once, and to kill the murderers, according to custom, but order prevailed, and the word of Lahari, a young warrior chief, was listened to, not to kill or quarrel, but to leave it, and see what the Governor will do. This is a wonderful advance in Toaripi in two or three years.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE LAUNCH MIRO

It had been for some time felt that to re-begin and carry on work on the Fly River, steam was necessary, especially as the work was to be carried on by teachers or evangelists from the South Seas or Eastern Polynesia. A very successful beginning was made in 1892 at Saguane and Ipisia, villages on the island of Kiwai, at the very mouth of the Fly River. Many other places had been visited and land secured for building purposes, but without steam the work would be difficult and trying to those engaged in it.

On January 5, 1892, the Miro arrived in Thursday Island, and was at once taken over by me, the crew from Sydney discharged, a new crew shipped, and the vessel got ready for her work. It was very far into the north-west monsoon; still much might be done. On January 12, at midday, we cast off from Burns, Philip, & Co.'s wharf, and steamed away into Torres Straits, arriving at The Sisters in the evening. The next morning we steamed away for Masig (York Island), and anchored in the afternoon. We got wood and water on board, and the following day at noon we up anchor, and away to Darnley, where we anchored on the east side of the island. The following day, being the Sabbath, we remained at anchor.

I arranged for the services to be held the following day, and so made it a great day on the island. For the first time in several years they had the Lord's Supper, and several extra meetings. The building was crowded, chiefly with men and women from Murray Island, who were across upon a feast to be given on the Tuesday following. At the close of the services I arranged for the teacher, a native of Mabuiag, to leave and take Masig, and that a Samoan would take Darnley. The Mabuiag man has not the slightest influence over the South Sea Islanders, who are numerous on the island, and the people, I fear, fancy they are better than he. He ought to have been removed long ago. When writing this the Mary has just come in, and the captain reports that he has, according to my instructions, removed Paiwaini, of Darnley, to Masig, and placed Tuuanga, a Samoan, and his wife and children on the former, and that at each place the teachers had a good reception. On Monday at ten minutes to eleven we left Darnley, and arrived at Murray Island three P.M. We got everything out of the vessel here, and had her thoroughly cleaned fore and aft.

On January 20 we were glad to get away at daybreak, as she had been dragging during the night, and the weather looked stormy. We arrived at Darnley, and the following morning (Saturday) steamed for Zamut (Dalrymple). I landed on the Sabbath, and had service with the people. They are sixteen all told. Three were away on a shelling boat, and the thirteen were there. A native of the island, named John, acts as missionary, and does his work very well. He lived some years on Darnley, and was taught to read there by a Lifu teacher, and on returning to his home began mission work. He

has prayers in the church every morning and evening, and on Sabbaths three services. The church was well built, having on the floor nice clean white coral sand. Certainly the man is very ignorant, but he knows that God is love, and Jesus loves us.

On Monday we left for Dauan, going through the Warrior Reef by a passage not in the chart. We anchored off the settlement about eight P.M., and landed all our passengers. The next forenoon we got wood and water on board, and away to Saibai, where we remained until the next morning. We then started for the east, calling at Mabudauan, the Government station, and thence to Tureture, where we anchored. Nothing is being done, so I informed the teacher that on my return I should remove him. On my return I found that after we left his wife died, and he was only too anxious to get back to his home on Saibai, where he now is.

At Bampton I met the teachers, and spoke to them of their work, and that I expected they would have school every day. I do wish the people of Gaziro, the eastern village, would leave their present situation, and go on to the mainland and live. To get to them at present is a difficult matter, because of sandbanks and swamps.

We steamed across the right mouth of the Fly River, to Saguane, where we dropped anchor opposite the mission house at four in the afternoon. Saturday was spent in filling up with wood for the long run across the head of the Papuan Gulf. On Sunday we had capital services—men, women, and children attending. I ascribe the presence of the women to the influence of the teacher's wife. I hope it will continue, for two-thirds of the fight is over when the women are won to Christ.

At ten A.M. on Monday we stood away for Orokolo, and the following day we were anchored off our eastern mission station in that district. We had dirty weather during the night, and had to take in all our awnings. Fortunately the wind was just abaft the beam, and so helped us. The Miro did spendidly, taking very little water on board. At Orokolo we met the Governor, Sir William MacGregor, and a large party going west to the Namau district. The two teachers and their wives had been very ill, and were at Motumotu awaiting me, so that I could hold no services. The following morning we steamed up to Vailala. I was sorry to hear of the death of a chief who has been all along a great friend of the teachers. He had died a few weeks previously. He once visited me at Motumotu, and seeing me always going about with a cane, on his return home he determined I should have a heavier and a stronger one than the one I generally carried, so he went up the river, and got a nice straight wand, with a little head, brought it back, and had it smoothed. My following visit he presented me with it, saying it was better than mine.

Poor Iaupu! I had known him for a long time, and I have a good hope that he loved Christ, notwithstanding his many peculiarities and superstitions. The teacher has finished a fine weather-board house, with a verandah running right round. He only wanted a wife to make it a comfortable home.

We left on February 3 for Kerema at nine A.M., and anchored off the mission house at four P.M. The teacher and his wife were well, and were living in a large weather-board house with a verandah back and front. Too much time has been given to the building of the house, and so school and real mission work have suffered.

Leaving Kerema, we called at Karama, the cluster of villages in Freshwater Bay. During my long absence in Torres Straits the teacher died of influenza. I was glad to find that the people had not stolen all his things, nor broken down the house, nor destroyed the plantation, as they often do, according to native custom. We then steamed across the bay to Motumotu, entering the river and anchoring at half-past seven P.M. There was great excitement and rejoicing in both villages, and lights were everywhere, and canoes coming and going with all sorts of news.

On the Sunday we had a really good time, and I was much pleased with the report of the teachers, except that for about a fortnight there had been trouble about the Sabbath. 'Tis a pity those placed in authority over us forget when the Sabbath is, and also forget that the natives will ever quote them as examples. For some time they have been told by the Government officers they must not bury in the villages, but take all the bodies to the ground selected some distance away from the village. Though a really good and necessary regulation, it is hard for natives to carry out, as it is altogether against their ideas of care and sympathy. A few acquiesced, but four bodies in a fortnight were buried in the village. Mr. F. Lawes, the magistrate of the Central Division, was there, and announced that the bodies must be taken up, or if not, he would have to send his policemen to do it. Early in the morning some natives came to intimate that one body had been taken up and buried right outside; shortly others followed to say the same had been done with all the bodies. The first reported was all right, but the others had only the sand covering turned up a little. When the attempt to deceive was found out by sticking spears in the graves, the natives took it in good part, and set

to, and in the presence of the police removed all the bodies. My only words on the Sunday night were, 'We must have no trouble.' I confess I was astonished at the change in the people. A year or two ago, and it would mean bows and arrows *versus* Martini-Henry rifles. They are not cowed, and do not give the appearance of being such, but they are changed.

In 1891, when walking from Motumotu to Oiapu, I was accompanied by a great crowd of them, all armed, and certainly looking a very formidable army; but during the days we were together there was no robbing of plantations, and never an ill word said, in any of the villages we passed through. At our last open-air service at Oiapu, I was going to Maiva in a canoe, they were going to Mekeo; I begged of them to behave themselves, and I hoped on my return to hear they had done so. Several spoke, saying things were altogether changed, that they had come along from Motumotu, and there was no robbing, and they would continue so, and I am glad to say they did. Do not misunderstand me, they are not Christians, converts, nor catechumens.

There was much to do, so I did not get away until Wednesday, Feb. 8. I called at Lese, but finding they had not built the church, nor did the children come to school, I refused to land, and spoke as plainly as possible to the teacher and those who came off. We anchored at Yokea, and I visited our new grounds there, and was greatly delighted with the work done. A fine large bungalow and six cottages were finished, and plantations connected with each cottage cleared and planted. The institution grounds are about a mile and a half from the village, which is a good thing. God grant it may be a home of much life, light and real work! I was sorry I had to speak to the teacher about neglecting work, but they have been busy with

the church, which is now finished, and I hope my next visit will be more satisfactory.

We left Yokea on Feb. 9, taking with us a sick teacher and his wife for change. The teacher at Oiapu western villages was at Yokea ill, and the fine young teacher at the eastern villages has recently lost his wife in giving birth to a child, so I did not stay there, but took Ola, the young teacher, on board, and proceeded to Maiva. Ola's wife was an excellent woman, and a daughter of the first New Guinea convert, who is a deacon in the church at Port Moresby. The deacon has three daughters in the mission field, and I long to see his son a converted man, and also engaged in mission work. In the death of Ola's wife we have lost a good Christian woman and earnest worker.

When off Maiva the weather looked bad, and I decided simply to call and then hurry away to Hall Sound, where we should get safe anchorage. We just got to anchor in time, for it began to rain and blow, and continued so until Saturday at noon.

On Saturday I took canoe and got round to Cape Suckling, and then away inland to Naara, where I remained until Monday. I can only speak well of this station. Good progress has been made in teaching, and many new ones can read. The Sabbath observance reminded me of an old station in the South Seas, and the prayer meetings on the Saturday evening, and several times on the Sabbath, of many refreshing seasons I have had years ago. The church was crowded at each service; simply everybody was there but three sick ones. There were four, two men and their wives, ready for baptism. I think they are good, earnest people. The women could read fluently, the men slowly. After baptism we had the Lord's Supper, and a very refreshing season it was. The chieftainess,

Koloka, and her husband, were most attentive, and reminded one much of kind, loving chiefs and chieftainesses in Eastern Polynesia.

On Monday I returned to Delena, calling at Keabada, where Ikupa, our teacher, is. His wife is a daughter of the deacon. I was not so well pleased with the school. We had an intensely interesting prayer meeting in the teacher's fine new house, when those who were to be baptised engaged in prayer. There were five seeking baptism, and on examination I could not but baptise them. Two of them were women, for which I felt really thankful. All were present at the service, and I feel sure the appeals made by the men, after they were baptised, will be blessed to others. I fear the backwardness of the school arises from the great demand for sandal-wood by traders, this being the district where it is chiefly found. Before daybreak, old and young have been away cutting the wood and carrying it in.

We left Delena on Tuesday, Feb. 14, and arrived at Port Moresby at four P.M. We visited Tupuselei with a picnic party, and a few days after carried, to their great delight, about one hundred and fifty children to Boera, where they regaled themselves on large supplies of rice.

On our return voyage we left Port Moresby on Thursday, Feb. 23, but the weather turned out so stormy that we had to remain at Boera, twelve miles west of Port, until the Saturday morning, arriving at Delena late at night. We had a really good Sabbath here. In the forenoon we elected Goani, a good, staid fellow, as deacon. He spent nearly two years with us at Motumotu, but feeling he was too old, I returned him to his home. He is a fine man, and I believe a thoroughly godly one. There are thirteen here awaiting baptism. Several of them I had seen before; some I have known for years; and all of them have been

regular attenders at all services for a long time. I saw them all, and decided to baptise them. In the afternoon the church was crowded. We had several meetings for prayer during the day—prayer for the evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence with us, and for a real baptismal time, nor were we disappointed. We began with a short service, at which I gave an address, and then those to be baptised took part, some engaging in prayer, and others saying a few words. After baptising them we had the Lord's Supper, a season to be remembered in future. In the evening, at family prayers, we had the whole population present, and instead of the ordinary service we turned it into a thorough good prayer meeting. On the Monday I held the school examination, and all I can say is, it is better than last year, but by no means what it ought to be. The sandalwood trade is also brisk here, and I fear the teacher has got smitten with the easy mode of making money; but more of that hereafter.

Getting wood and water on board, we steamed away on Tuesday morning to Maiva, where I landed in the afternoon. At Tipoki's station on the coast we had several meetings and a school examination, and I was better pleased with the work done than I have been for some years. Tipoki, the teacher, has been very ill with rheumatism and sores for about nine months; still, he and his wife have been able to do more than formerly.

Thirteen, who have been a long time seeking baptism, were baptised, amongst them several women. There was a good deal of enthusiasm at the meetings, which I trust will continue. At the western inland group of villages, where we had a good mission, is failure. The teacher died last August, and the people themselves have not been able to carry on. I hope to give them another teacher this year.

At Ratu's village I baptised ten, and we had several good meetings. The school, I fear, is not so advanced as last year, arising from all spare time being given to the making of copra and collecting cane for export. I fear only a few of our teachers can resist the temptation of making a few shillings when they can easily, and then the schools are neglected, the teacher believing it is because the children won't come. I walked over to Kivori, where we had good services, especially at Rarua's station, where I baptised six good young men, and two women and three children. I was much pleased with the school. At Vagi's station things were not so bright as they were last year; but that, I felt sure, was the teacher's fault, and told him so. Altogether though, I was pleased with Kivori, and hope soon to have several students at Yokea from there.

I called again at Oiapu, and landed Ola and his boy, and at Yokea we filled up with wood. Finding that Terai and all the students and their wives had gone on to Motumotu, I followed on Friday, calling at Lese, where I found a good new church had been put up; and the people had thought over what I had said to the teacher and those with him on my way up. We had a good service, and then away to our old home, where we anchored in the river at midday. Preparations had been made for a really good time, and so I give you the account of the following Sabbath.

The Saturday prayer meetings were earnest ones, especially as I had informed four of the students they were to be set apart on the morrow to Christ's work, and the following week I should take three of them to stations. The excitement was great; supplies of various kinds were given out to each. For some time several Motumotuans who have been much with us, and have helped us latterly in meetings, had intimated their

desire to join the institution; so, after meeting with each student going out, I had to meet with each one wishing to join. How thoroughly I enjoyed it all, and how I wished my wife, who has done much and been greatly blessed in bringing this state of things about, had been present with us! Late on Saturday night all the teachers and their wives met me for a meeting for prayer and consecration. There were present six teachers and their wives.

The final service on the Sabbath was for prayer, and both places were well attended. The forenoon services were crowded, and reference was made to the work before us. There were five to be baptised—four men and one woman, the first woman in the whole of the Elema district. She said to me the night before, when leaving with her husband, 'Tamate, I do love Jesus, and I do want always to love Him.'

At eleven o'clock, the large class-room in the institution grounds was crowded, a space being left in front for those to be baptised to occupy. How eagerly the proceedings were watched by all present! The men to be baptised were in downright earnest, and I hope some of them will become good workers for Christ. I baptised them, and gave them the right hand of fellowship in receiving them into Christ's membership. We then had the Lord's Supper, a season that will not soon be forgotten by any one present.

We began the afternoon with a meeting for prayer, and at half-past three met again in the class-room. Each student to be set apart gave a short address, in which he related how he was led to love Jesus, and how he came to desire the work of an evangelist. Some of our older teachers spoke to the point in urging entire consecration. The prayers were made in three languages, and there were as many as four

languages used in the addresses. I arranged it so that every one present might understand. Although the service lasted for an hour and a half, not one seemed tired.

At half-past five there was another meeting, when I absented myself, to give all more scope for a downright good time. The house was packed, and the young teachers and others, and one or two who have not signified any drawings to Christ, I hear spoke good earnest words. To me it was certainly a great day. God grant many such days may be known in Elema!

We anchored off Karama at a quarter-past eight, and at once landed with Ume and his wife, one of the young couples set apart on the Sabbath, who were to occupy the station vacated by the death of the South Sea Island teacher. They had a right good reception. We had a short service in the house, and the chief and people promised to be kind to them.

From Karama we steamed away to Kerema, and there I landed Ikupu and his wife, to occupy the western group of villages. The few people who were at home were delighted to get a teacher, and they too promised to assist them in every way. We anchored for the night off the eastern station.

The following morning we were away early, and before midday we were at Vailala. Coming to an anchor we got very quietly on to a bank, so quietly that I was the only one on board who felt her go on. The tide was falling fast, so we remained there. I went ashore and placed Naime and wife at the mission house on the eastern bank, where a Polynesian was for a few months before he died. The people knew Naime well, from his being so often with me

when visiting them, and were glad to have him. His wife was a Yokea girl, and a very earnest, intelligent Christian. She soon had many claiming relationship. When I returned to the vessel the teacher from the western bank was on board, and ready to start with the Orokolo teachers and their wives that we had picked up at Motumotu. The news having soon reached Orokolo that the teachers were at Vailala, many came in to carry them away at once.

It was nearly midnight, and in a gale of wind and heavy rain we pulled the Miro off, not knowing until next morning we had left the rudder behind. We got her over and on to the eastern bank, and found the stern-post must have been broken for some time, so giving too much to the weight of the rudder. I offered a reward, and a dozen canoes started, and in half-an-hour returned with the rudder. It was evident there had been a flaw in the casting, and which must have been seen, for it had been brazed over. The engineer turned to and fixed the stern-post, and by Saturday had the rudder ready to swing. All was finished, and we were ready for an early start on Monday morning. Sunday I spent ashore between the two stations. I forgot to mention that I had obtained for the teacher's home the one ornament that could make it homely—a good wife—and they were married on the day of our arrival. The woman was a widow of one of our Motumotu teachers, and since her husband's death has lived a quiet, useful life at Yokea.

We weighed anchor at five on Monday morning, and steamed away west, hoping to enter the river, and yet doubting as to its safety with our patched rudder. On anchoring off the Aivei, the bar looked bad, and I decided to keep on towards Bald Head,

and then steer across the head of the Gulf to the Midge Isles.

Sir William MacGregor and a large party came in some hours after us from the Midge Isles, where they had been taking prisoners for attacking a neighbouring tribe, and he was anxious I should return and comfort those remaining. I certainly should have done so, but I had to be in Thursday Island by Feb. 23, to catch the schooner for Kwato, China Straits.

We arrived at Dauan on the Saturday, and got ready for going into Thursday Island. The Sabbath was a high day for the natives. It was long since they had an opportunity of all meeting a white missionary on a Sabbath. Fortunately all were in from Boigou. The day was fully occupied, to the great delight of all. I baptised twenty-three men and women, and thirty little children, and we had the ordinance—I fancy the first ever administered there. At night I was detained to answer questions, and set some matters right.

We arrived at Thursday Island on Feb. 22, to find the Myrtle had not arrived from New Guinea. I was sorry I had not gone back to comfort the Waboda (Midge Isles) natives, and arrange for a mission station. We had all had attacks of fever, mine having been sharp for a few days.

CHAPTER XII

THE MIRO ON THE FLY RIVER

FOUR expeditions have ascended the Fly River during the last twenty years, and on each occasion the natives appeared in numerous canoes, and bore down on the expeditions as if to attack them, so that they had to fire. I was strongly advised not to go near these people, but felt I could not return to Britain and leave them unvisited and unfriendly.

On leaving Sumai to visit the unfriendly tribes on the Fly River, I took the teacher Mapa, and Edea, the appointed Government chief, and Agia of Auti, a small village two miles farther up than Sumai, as interpreters. Anxious to get on, we steamed past Baramura, telling the people on a canoe that on our return we should visit them. Coming near to some islands, we saw a village on the right bank, and so steamed in for it. We had difficulty in finding the passage, but moving slowly we carried two fathoms, then a fathom and a half, going down to four feet six inches. It was then a critical time, as several canoes were bearing down on us. Only one I allowed alongside, and would only have two men on board, ordering the canoe to keep off. After some anxiety we got into deeper water, and eventually to four

fathoms, when I found a present for the two men, and so made friends.

We steamed up against the current for some distance, and dropped anchor opposite an opening in the bush. On landing we were taken charge of and conducted into the bush, to a place where there were several small temporary buildings, in place of the very large house recently burned down. The excitement was great, as they had never before seen white men, except at rifle range, and now they saw and touched. The noise and shouting were great, and to an excitable and imaginative person it might have appeared that the hour of our doom had come. We were, as always, unarmed, having only a walking stick, which is useful in going over native bridges and for long walks. Some of the men were very evil-looking, and the women, who were gathered in the houses—the few we saw—were not at all prepossessing. A few of the men had been to Sumai, and had obtained in exchange for yams, taro, bows and arrows, old filthy shirts, and they certainly looked fearful guys.

We held a service in front of the houses, at which Mapa spoke as interpreter for me, but I fear he was not understood. When Edea and Agia spoke and prayed, all seemed to understand them, and gave audible assent to their statements. How strange it must be for tribes such as these, when they hear for the first time 'The Great Spirit is love,' and loves them!

We got on to the small verandah of one of the houses, and with difficulty passed presents on to the women and children inside. All looked as if a bath would do them good. It may be they are afraid of crocodiles, and so bathe very seldom. Many of the men

wear the hair in long small ringlets, as at Domori, some distance down the river on the left bank. These ringlets are the growth of years, and matted with dirt. A few of them have beards, some very long and wound round on the chin to a knot. I bought one, two feet long, cut it off myself, and folded it away in brown paper.

There were some very suspicious movements—groups consulting, men going to the houses, and a noise of arrows being handled; and so after a little we thought it advisable to get back to the launch.

We were not disturbed during the night, and being anxious to get on were early astir, and ready for a start. I had arranged the evening before with two men, Savopo and Duma, to accompany us, and to introduce us to other villages farther up the river. Just at dawn natives were seen on the bank, and soon after our two friends came off. Getting up anchor we steamed along the bank for a few miles, and came to shallow water. There we anchored, some distance from the one large house village of Aduru.

We soon had over one hundred and fifty canoes around us, and on an average four men in each canoe, and all shouting at their loudest. We could not keep them from crowding on board, and at one time it was very uncomfortable, and they seemed as if they meant to be unpleasant. I was ill with fever, and did not feel inclined to land, and also thought it advisable to remain on the launch, so that if trouble arose I should be at hand. The engineer and interpreters landed, remaining for some time, and on their return reported the place to be swampy and full of strong smells. A young man, Zagai, whom they called a chief, I made friends with by means of a

present, and prevailed on him to accompany us up the river. But his people were much opposed to it, and at one time became very noisy on board about it. I gave them to understand I would not take him, and he then, in his turn, became angry with them, and told them he would go with the white man.

I asked all to leave, but to that they objected, and I then gave orders to weigh anchor and go ahead. As soon as our visitors felt the launch moving, there was a rush for the canoes. The young chief remained, undertaking to become our pilot; but his knowledge of what water we drew was deficient, and as he had never had any experience of anything else than a canoe, he was of no use. We kept the lead going, but could find no channel deep enough, so had to make our way round by Pisirame, and out by that channel into the main stream.

When near to Pisirame I saw a canoe coming off to us, and our friends from there, with the young chief from Aduru, were getting ready to leave us. Savopo came to me and said, 'Tamate, I want to land, as my wife is crying bitterly.' I said, 'Tell the man in the canoe to tell your wife Savopo is all right.' They were suspicious of our back movement, and so were alarmed, but I resolved they should remain on board to introduce us farther up, to receive our kindness, and learn to have confidence in us. I therefore ordered 'full speed,' and we shot past the canoe and left it far behind. On getting to the main stream we headed up the river, and our friends became more confident, and went about the launch as if long acquainted with us. The stoke-hole and engine-room greatly interested them, but they would not go below.

I remember once, on board of the old Ellengowan, the New Guinea mission steamer, I was taking back

a man and his wife and another native to their homes in the Gulf of Papua. After much persuasion, the two men consented to go down into the stoke-hole. Before they descended there was a great embracing of husband and wife, and a very affectionate farewell; and then the first solemnly went down. He looked around until the furnace door was opened, when never was that ladder more quickly ascended. On getting on deck again he threw himself into his wife's arms, and both cried, hugging one another with great joy. The other man, the woman's brother, took a long and affectionate farewell of his sister, and left her his bag of valuables—he fancied he might not return. On going down he kept looking ahead for the furnace door, but it not being opened, he got down, and had a good look about. There was nothing more to see, when the stoker opened the door to show him the inside, but he was on deck in a twinkling. The three of them sat with their arms round each other, their heads together, and crying profusely. It was amusing to see how proud the woman was of their feat, saying to me, 'Tamate, they are the bravest in all Elema'—the Gulf district.

A similar thing happened with Koapena, the Aroma chief, when visiting a man-of-war. He was greatly interested in all he saw, and was descending just after me into the stoke-hole, when a furnace door was opened. Instantly he sprang up the ladder, disappeared over the side into a canoe and made for the shore. Nothing would induce him to return. He once told me he would like to accompany me, but his wives objected; and he asked if I would take them off and show them the vessel, for then it would be all right. We were to start for Cloudy Bay in the morning, and I told him to bring them on board when he came. In the morning he came

with his food and a pig for the journey, accompanied by his two wives and daughter. All went well, the anchor was being weighed, and I felt sure we had our big friend. The wives and daughter were getting ready to go into the canoe, and just then the stoker opened the furnace door; the women hearing the noise below looked down and saw the great flaming fire. There was one fearful yell, a loud call for Koapena, and in a few seconds he and all of them were in the canoe and hurrying to the shore.

We steamed up to Tagota, but saw no house where we expected one, as marked on the chart, the inmates having gone a little farther up the river, and back into the bush.

When our Governor, Sir William MacGregor, ascended the river, the natives came out, apparently to oppose his progress, and they were turned back. The Governor afterwards landed and met some of them. We steamed up to where we saw natives working at a canoe. They all fled into the bush. Coming to an anchor we got our friend Zagai to shout for the chief, whose name was Aipi, and to tell them we were friends. After a while a man came out on to the bank and called to us that Aipi was not there, but Waria was. Zagai then told him we were good friends, and that 'Tamate the white man wanted to see Waria.' Soon a small canoe was put into the river, and one man got into it, whom Zagai said was Waria. It was amusing to watch him. He would paddle a little, then consider, hear what was said from the bush, and what Zagai had to say, then a few more strokes, and another stop. Zagai was greatly amused, he having got over all fear, and being now the white man's friend he seemed to be assuring Waria that it was all right. At length Waria came alongside, a native took hold of his canoe and made it

fast to the launch. He stepped on board trembling all over, but on getting seated and receiving a small present he became bolder, and told us how frightened they were ashore, but no, *he* was not frightened. We sent Zagai and the down-river interpreters ashore in the canoe, and ourselves landed in the dingey.

The village was some distance in the bush, and there were several small swamps to be crossed on logs that were very slippery. On reaching the village called Baisasarara, the women and children were not to be seen, being shut up in the houses; but after giving Waria to understand that we must make friends with the women and children as well as the men, we soon had them all out, and gave them small parcels of red beads.

We held a service, but I fear not much was understood. When the fear had passed off they became excited and very noisy. They all accompanied us to the boat. I could not get Waria to come with us up the river, and the others, those from Pisirame, and Zagai from Aduru, decidedly objected to go on board if we went any farther. The presents I had given them, with a bit of pork, they had left on board, and they came off for these in a canoe that was to take them back. I again tried to persuade them, but it was of no use, and so I decided to take them to their homes. They were greatly delighted with that decision, and on getting to their homes would no doubt magnify all they saw, but more especially tell of our taking them back when they objected to go any farther.

We spent Sunday near to Pisirame, and on the Monday morning weighed anchor and proceeded up the river again to Tagota, hoping still to persuade Waria to accompany us. When near to our former anchorage we saw a canoe with three natives in it, one standing up

and shouting. It proved to be Aipi, the chief we had been inquiring for, and with him was a native from Domori who knew me; both at once came boldly on board. With them was a son of Aipi. We anchored, and a canoe came off. Waria was in the bush behind the village, and so we got Aipi and the Domori man and two strange men to accompany us from Tagota.

We steamed up the river for some miles, against a strong current, until we came to where there were two creeks, one running south and the other west. We anchored a little way up, in ten fathoms of water, but the débris coming down was so great that we had to remove to another anchorage a little farther down, and near to the creek running south, and called Maupa. The village Kewarmuni is on the small creek which I believe runs no distance into the mainland. Maupa, they told us, runs some distance into the land and breaks into two, one branch bends again to the river and comes out between Adura and Tagota, just inside the islands. Where does the other go? Perhaps into the Maikasa. The Kewarmuni natives were slow in coming off, but on getting their first canoe alongside we were soon friends, and many other canoes followed.

The man of most importance was Darom, and when he got over his fear, and came on board and received a present, he was greatly astonished at all he saw, and was soon followed by many. The men alongside and on board all had skin disease as bad as the worst cases at the east end of New Guinea.

We landed and found one long house and five smaller. In the latter were all the women and children, the doors barricaded with wood. Nothing would induce them to let the women and children out to receive presents of beads. It is quite possible our companions from down the river had frightened them with some

stories, so as to prevent them getting beads, and being on an equality with their wives and children.

We held a service in the large house, but I am afraid not much was understood. On going to the vessel we were followed by canoes, in which were many natives, and three small pigs. When alongside they proceeded to kill the pigs by drowning, but I stopped that, and got them on board. I believe drowning is their mode of killing the pig.

While ashore we saw several drums like those I got from the Busilag, near to the mouth of the Maikasa. We tried to induce them to part with one, but not even a tomahawk would persuade them to do so. We heard several names of people corresponding to those on Saibai and Mabuiag in Torres Straits.

We took back the two natives to Baisasarara, and the following day renewed our exploration with Aipi and Ona. The latter claimed particular friendship, and proved the best interpreter I yet had on the river. In going up we found many long shallow sandbanks towards the left bank, but on the right side deep water.

We anchored near to a high bank, where there were houses, named Digana, but on landing found them tumbling to pieces, with creepers growing over them, and having the appearance of having been long ago deserted. We have noticed that where there are villages, bundles of twigs fastened together and looking like brooms are made fast to the tops of the highest trees. At night it would be very necessary to have these marks, so as not to pass the landings.

Weighing anchor again, we proceeded up the river until we came to another large creek. It is possible this creek may find its way to the River Morehead, near the boundary on the west of British New Guinea. We could only get a very little information; they told us

it went far away, but that no one had ever been down to the mouth. There is a village up the creek on the left bank, called Jauna.

We anchored off the mouth of the creek. Soon we saw numbers of men armed in the banana plantation at the point. Some left their arms and came down the bank to the water's edge, whilst the greatest number remained carrying their bows and arrows, and ready for whatever might take place. Very cautiously a canoe was seen coming down the creek, and with a good deal of shouting, inviting them alongside, we prevailed on them to come. Then another followed, and soon we had several. I got into a canoe and ordered my interpreters to come with me; the dingey was to follow some time after. I fancied we were safer in the canoe, and it gave the natives more confidence in us. Paddling up the creek I saw the natives on the bank handling their bows and placing arrows, and I protested through the interpreters against this manner of receiving friends. There was a great deal of shouting and a spurt of paddling, until we got to the village. I landed, and having got the chief's name I called for him, and in his presence emphatically protested against the men with arms lining the bank. Ona assisted, saying I was a great friend of the Domori chiefs, and was a man of peace, and that our 'fire canoe' was a 'peace canoe.' The women and children were all hidden away in houses in the bush close by, and on approaching near to them I was asked to go no farther, so I returned to the one large house where all the men were. It was probably fear that made them hide the women and children, but it might also have been a sacred time, as there was a large feast in progress, and drums were about, as if in use, and at such times women and children are not supposed to be near the men.

March and April are the moons when the young men of the Fly River tribes are initiated into manhood.

The leading man's name is Dunda. Another was also introduced to me named Sera, but his influence did not seem so great as that of the former. There must be a large population somewhere in the neighbourhood, considering the number of young men that lined the banks of the creek. There were many plantations of bananas and yams, and these looked well with crotons of various kinds growing amongst them.

I gave Dunda and Sera presents and promised them teachers, which I hope will yet be accomplished. The large house was crowded with men, old and young, during our service, and although they were all very quiet, yet few, I fear, understood what was said.

Getting on board we weighed anchor and steamed still farther up the river, but could find no traces of villages. At Kamkamura, beyond Howling Point, we hoped we might see natives, but Aipi and Ona told us that some time ago the Jauna natives, assisted by other tribes down the river, attacked these at this part, and since then they had gone right away back into the bush. Ona went ashore, but could find no traces; even the old footpaths were quite grown over.

My time was up, so we decided to return down the river, having accomplished the object for which we came—to make friends, and so open the way for the introduction of the Gospel.

On our way down we called at Baramura, and were well received by the chief and all the people. We were much struck with the very fine plantations of yams and bananas. Each plantation was well drained, and all the water drawn off into the creek. We held a service in the large house, and at the close told the chief and people that we hoped they would soon have a teacher

and his wife living with them. On leaving, the women and children met us outside, and to each we gave a small present of red beads. All the men accompanied us to the vessel, and said on parting: 'Return soon, and bring our teacher.'

CHAPTER XIII

THE HABITS, CUSTOMS, AND BELIEFS OF MOTU AND MOTUMOTU

THIS chapter contains the answers given by the natives themselves to me during various visits. They show what the native ideas are on their most important habits, customs, and beliefs in the two leading districts of New Guinea.[1]

It is, for obvious reasons, impossible to include all the questions and answers in a book intended for general circulation, and this will account for some of the gaps in the series.

1. Do they marry because of affection?

Motu. Some are betrothed from infancy by their relatives, others when grown up. If parents need a pig, sago, or toea, they betroth their daughter. Some are married because parents suggest the girl, and in order to please them. Others because they are really in love (uranaura).

Motumotu. Occasionally. Convenience on the part of the male; gain in the form of payment, on the part of the relatives of the female, are the ruling motives in the matter of marriage.

2. Is there any ceremony of marriage?

Motu. Yes. The young man takes his bride to a relative's house. The man's parents cook food, put it in one dish, they

Motumotu. Two male friends of the would-be bridegroom carry on a pole a number of shell ornaments, feather head-

[1] This chapter has been kindly revised by the Rev. J. H. Holmes, of Orokolo. He points out the fact that Tamate in giving the information about Motumotu, or, as it should rather be, Toaripi, was dependent upon interpreters who were not always reliable.

both sit together and eat therefrom. If the young people sit back to back, it is a bad sign and shows that something has gone wrong, if side by side and lovingly, good; that is marriage. Payment to girl's relatives follows.

dresses, etc., to the house of the girl desired to become his bride. These ornaments are examined by the girl's relatives, and if thought to be ample payment, she is taken to the house of the parents of her bridegroom. On her arrival there she is recognised by the families to be the wife of the man who sent payment to her relatives. A marriage feast is given later to the relatives of bride and bridegroom, to which both families contribute with food.

3. Do they occupy the same house after marriage?

Motu. Yes.

Motumotu. Yes; during such intervals of the daytime as the bridegroom may spend at home with his parents and his bride, who has become a member of his parents' household. The bridegroom continues to sleep in the eravo, as he has done hitherto, since he became initiated.

4. Is this so all through married life?

Motu. Yes, when there are no children.

Motumotu. After marriage a house is built for the newly married couple, but the husband continues to sleep in the eravo; the wife often has sisters or other female relatives to sleep in the house with her.

5. Do man and wife ever sit together, converse in a friendly manner, and joke?

Motu. Yes, when no one is near; also when they get old and have many children.

Motumotu. Yes, when no one is near; and will eat together, and speak friendly and jokingly.

8. Do they love children?

Motu. Yes, very much.

Motumotu. Yes, very much.

9. Have children ever been murdered by their parents?

Motu. No. The practice is quite unknown.

Motumotu. Only on rare occasions, when the methods of abortion fail, is an illegitimate child born; on such occasions, if the mother does not kill her child by strangulation, her brother or next-of-kin male relative will do so at night when the mother is asleep, and place the child by the mother that she may find it dead in the morning, and think she has lain on it. Until quite recently, the weaker child of twins was always buried alive.

12. Are presents given at birth of child?

Motu. No; but for the first-born both families will cook food.

Motumotu. Relatives of husband and wife give food and presents for the first child only. The food is eaten by the old ladies of the village, and not tasted by relatives.

13. Are children ever named after any animal?

Motu. After Magani (wallaby) and Boroma (pig). This is generally done if there has been a quarrel in the family just before the birth.

Motumotu. No.

14. Are children named after fish?

Motu. No, never.

Motumotu. Yes. Some children are called Sapea (crocodile), others after various kinds of large fish.

15. Are they named after any tree?

Motu. Some are named Au

Motumotu. Only a very

(wood), but none after any particular tree.

They have also such names as Hitolo (hunger), Biru (planting), Hua (moon), never stars or sun, Bigu (banana), Maho (yam), Taitu (sweet yam), Taitu kava (wild yam), Davara (sea), Mea or Meamea (prayer of exorcising).

few after wood or trees of any kind.

16. Will they eat those named after the food animals?

Motu. Yes; none are sacred because named after these things.

Motumotu. Yes; those named after fish will indeed eat their namesakes.

17. Does the father take the child's name?

Motu. Yes; father will be called after son, and mother after daughter.

Motumotu. No.

18. How are children carried?

Motu. On the hip.

Motumotu. When very young they are nursed on the arm or breast, later on swing on shoulder, the child lying on stomach, and lastly on back.

19. At birth of child is husband helaga (sacred)?

Motu. At Suau a husband shuts himself up for some days after the birth of his first child, and will eat nothing. Unknown by Motuans; nothing different from other times.

Motumotu. Yes. For a fortnight or longer he must not do any kind of work, lest by so doing he should stop the growth of the child, or in some way to cause it to fall sick and die.

22. Is there any difference in the food of man and woman, husband and wife?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. Yes. There are certain kinds of banana, fish, and sago that women are not allowed to eat. They are not

permitted to eat in public, and very rarely in private, the pork of the domesticated pig.

23. Have women and men one cooking pot?

Motu. Yes. If there are two wives, each has a separate one.

Motumotu. Yes, only one.

24. If particular food is eaten, such as strong pig, wallaby, or large fish, will it give strength?

Motu. Yes. The strength of the animal goes into the person eating. Give children strong food that they may become strong.

Motumotu. Yes; hence young lads eat these, that they may obtain the strength of the animal or fish eaten.

25. Why do women tattoo?

Motu. To please the men. The legs for friends' lakatois; under the eyes for a brother or a sister that leaves the home; gado or throat and chest for marriage; and with that the process ends.

Motumotu. No tattooing.

26. Who pays for the last tattooing?

Motu. The last tattooing is the gado, and the engaged man pays for it. Sometimes marriage even then does not take place, as in case of Vai Boi.

Motumotu. No tattooing.

27. Do two brothers or two men ever have the same wife?

Motu. No; such a custom is nowhere known.

Motumotu. No.

28. Can a man speak to his mother-in-law, or a woman to her father-in-law?

Motu. Yes. They are all friendly and speak when they meet, and visit and cook food for one another; no reticence.

Motumotu. Yes. If marriage was approved by relatives, what little conversational intercourse takes place between the

Different at East end. At the East end the husband will leave the house if his mother-in-law enters, and will go a long way round to avoid meeting her. A woman will do the same with her father-in-law.

At Milne Bay and Moresby Island the custom is the same as at Motu.

sexes is open to all parties, be their kinship what it may.

29. Can a husband send away his wife?

Motu. Yes. If he is displeased with her, or if she is too frolicsome, too lazy, bad at plantation work, or a bad cook, he sends her away for any of these.

Motumotu. Yes; but he sometimes repents, and then seeks her again.

30. Can a wife go away of her own accord?

Motu. Yes, and if she marries another there is a great row; then payment has to be made to her first husband and his friends.

Motumotu. Yes.

31. When a woman leaves her husband, to whom do the children go?

Motu. They belong to the husband: the wife may take one, but it too will return to the husband eventually.

Motumotu. A woman leaving her husband takes all her children, and when challenged by the husband she says, 'What, was it you that knew the pain?'

32. If a woman leaves her husband and is taken by another, can she again return to the former?

Motu. Yes; they sometimes return, and if very repentant are received.

Motumotu. Some husbands will receive, others will have nothing to do with a returning wife.

33. When the husband dies, whose are the children?

Motu. They belong to the

Motumotu. The woman

husband's family. Should one be still at the breast, when it grows up it is handed over to the husband's friends.

takes the children, and if she has a brother he takes charge. When grown up they go to father's family.

34. Is a woman helaga (sacred) after her husband's death?

Motu. Yes, and for a long time.

Motumotu. She is, and ought to remain so, until she marries again.

35. What becomes of a widow?

Motu. If she has no children, she returns to her own family; if children, remains with her husband's family. After two years' mourning she may marry; but some are never allowed to. If she marries, payment is made to her first husband's relatives.

Motumotu. She belongs to husband's friends until she marries another, when husband's relatives receive payment. Much more is paid for widow than young girl.

36. Do they believe in a Great Spirit?

Motu. I know of no belief in a Great Spirit amongst the Motuans, but Dahuni, Aroma, Hood Bay, Kabadi, Maiva, Elema and Namau, all do and worship him.

Motumotu. They believe in many Great Spirits or gods. Each Spirit has its particular list of attributes, good or bad, kind or vindictive.

37. Is he good or bad, kind or vindictive?

Motu. The Motuans say that the tribes believing in a Great Spirit think he is good and kind, and to him appeals are made by those in distress.

Motumotu. He is vindictive, and kills. He travels as a great light, like a man with very long hair.

38. Can a man do evil, and if so, who leads him to it?

Motu. He can do evil, but how he is led to do it they cannot say.

Motumotu. They do evil, but who leads them to it they cannot say. It must spring from their ancestors, and is born with them.

39. Is there any punishment for evil?

Motu. No. Any one dying with unpierced nose goes in the other state to Tageani, a bad place, where there is little food and no betel-nuts. Children are well grown, about six years old, before the nose is pierced, and any one dying before that age will have his nose pierced after death by his parents.

Motumotu. No.

40. Is there any reward for virtue?

Motu. No. All pierced noses go to Raka, the place of plenty.

Motumotu. No.

41. Do all things possess spirit?

Motu. Only pigs and wallabies have spirits. When they are killed or die, the spirits go to the Larogi.

Motumotu. Yes. When dogs, pigs, and birds die or are killed, their spirits all go to Lavau, and remain, as in this world, for the use of the human spirits. All objects possess spirits.

42. What do they believe about the spirits?

Motu. They believe in the spirits of the dead, which are both good and bad, kind and vindictive.

Motumotu. They believe in the spirits of the dead, and hold communication with them the same as the Motuans.

43. Can they force their spirits to do as they like?

Motu. No; the spirits have all power. When there is famine, no fish, or bad hunting, they say that some of the spirits are angry.

Motumotu. They are much afraid of the spirits, and have no power over them.

44. Where do the spirits dwell, and are they at all like men?

Motu. The Motuans say that the spirits whom they call

Motumotu. They live in Lavau in the West, but move

dirava live in Tauru, which may be compared to the South Seas' Avaiki, or Savaii, are like men, except that on entering their abode they are put on a kind of gridiron to be dried over a slow fire, in order that they may become ethereal and light. They have no noses, and are called udu kohua. Their home is a glorious place, where all friends meet, plant, fish, hunt, and never know hunger.

about by day and during the night, and are the same as man.

45. Are the spirits powerful or not, and can they be acted upon?

Motu. Very powerful, and can hear prayer. When men and women are bad, — adulterers, thieves, quarrellers, and the like,—the spirits are angry with them.

Motumotu. They are powerful, and cannot be acted upon. When they see a good-looking woman, they kill her and take her away to their region.

46. When a man is asleep what becomes of his soul?

Motu. It leaves the body during sleep, and travels far and wide; hence dreams. When the soul returns the man awakes; and if he is roused, the soul or spirit first hears and immediately returns.

Motumotu. Same as Motu —goes travelling, and on return awakes.

47. What are dreams?

Motu. They are real. The spirits of the dead come and hold converse, and sometimes direct the spirit as to what is to be done in times of trouble.

Motumotu. Dreams are from the spirits, and when these friendly visitants are about their dreams are pleasant; bad dreams are when friendly spirits are angry.

48. Do they act upon dreams?

Motu. Yes, very often.

Motumotu. Yes; they believe, and will act accordingly.

49. What is a shadow?

Motu. They say it is just a picture of the man, and they are not afraid of it.

Motumotu. A spirit. The spirit of everything shadowed.

50. When they first saw their likeness in a looking-glass, what did they think?

Motu. That it was merely a shadow, and they were not afraid. They knew themselves, and wished to possess so good an article.

Motumotu. They thought it was their shadow, spirit, or reflection in water, hence a looking-glass is named by them, *Ma*=water, *ove*=spirit, shadow, etc.

51. What is an echo?

Motu. A spirit. It lives in various places. They are very frightened at it, and will run away when it is heard.

Motumotu. It is the cry or call of a spirit, hence *i*=call, *ove*=spirit.

52. Is there a river-spirit?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. Yes. As every mountain and hill have spirits, so have the rivers and creeks their spirits.

53. Is there a well-spirit?

Motu. Yes. A small kind of fish in a well is a spirit; and if he remains in the well, there will always be water; if he leaves, it will dry up.

Motumotu. They need no wells, as there is plenty of river water.

54. Is there any water-spirit?

Motu. Yes, Tautau; and he lives underground.

Motumotu. Yes; and has to be appeased at times.

55. Do they make gods, or not?

Motu. No; gods are made only in Elema and Namau, not anywhere else, so far as I know.

Motumotu. No; but they have charms.

56. Did they ever give worship to any one or any thing?

Motu. No, not the Motuans.

Motumotu. Yes. Semese and his two sons, the sun, moon, stones, rocks, and mountains. In a small degree they worship dead warriors long after they have gone. They pay great respect to a living warrior, and give him food and presents.

57. Is there any worship of stones, rocks, or mountains?

Motu. No. They have round pebbles brought from near Orokolo in the West, and they use them when planting bananas and yams. They sprinkle water over the stones upon the article to be planted.

Motumotu. There are stones in the river very sacred, and they worship them. Also rocks and mountains are sacred and are worshipped.

58. Do they worship anything in Nature?

Motu. No, nothing whatever.

Motumotu. No.

59. Is fire worshipped?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. No.

60. Is there any worship of sun, moon, or stars?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. Yes; at certain seasons the sun is worshipped. They will sit up all night dressed in their finest, and when near sunrise will watch intently, and as soon as the sun is seen they bend their heads as if ashamed to look up, and pray to it. When it is well up they leave off. The sun has many wives and very large plantations, and is full of all knowledge. All the people who live near the rising sun are also full of wisdom, as the people of Mekeo,

over whom the sun rises, who make fine net-bags and other things very well. The moon is also worshipped as the sun, but the stars are not.

61. Have they any story of sun standing still?

Motu. When hunting or travelling late in the afternoon, afraid to be overtaken by darkness, sometimes a man will take a piece of twine, loop it, look through it at the sun, and pray (meamea); then run it into a knot, saying, 'Wait until we get home, and we will give you the fat of a pig.' He passes the string to the next behind, and then it is thrown away.

Motumotu. When travelling and afraid of sun setting before getting to journey's end, will say, 'Sun, do not be in a hurry; just wait until I get to the end.' And the sun waits. They do not like eating at night; and if the food is late in cooking and the sun sinking, they will say, 'Sun, stop; my food is not ready, and I want to eat by you.'

62. Do they know anything of a deluge?

Motu. Nothing.

Motumotu. No.

63. Is there any sacred tree?

Motu. No. There is a tree called Budabuda; when a branch falls off of itself they expect news of fighting or death.

Motumotu. Yes. It is in the bush, and no one attempts to cut it or injure it in any way, as it belongs to the spirit, and he often dwells there. Sickness and death would be the penalty for attempting to cut it down.

64. Are lizards sacred?

Motu. When the natives see them they will get out of their way, never kill them, and if children should, grown-up people will be angry. They are specially afraid of frogs (honoga), as they believe them to be spirits; and if they enter a house, they come to tell of death or to warn the inhabitants.

Motumotu. No.

65. Are snakes sacred?

Motu. Natives are very much afraid of them, as they believe them to be possessed with evil spirits. The large carpet snake, or rather a python, they consider the best of all, most aonega. It kills by winding round its prey and crushing and biting it, but sometimes it thinks of mercy and will let go.

Motumotu. No.

66. Whence came man?

Motu. There are various stories. The chief is that one man and woman who sprang from the earth had three sons, one the Koiari ancestor, one the Koitapu ancestor, and one the Motu.

Motumotu. Hiovaki cut down a cocoanut tree and began adzing it, and therefrom made men and women in abundance, but no house; he placed them on a platform, and went and built a large house for them; and, when finished, he returned to heaven, saying, 'If you bring me a present, all right; if not, I shall return and slay you.' Man then built houses, and collected food and cooked it, which when Hiovaki saw he knew it was for him, and he descended and ate it.

67. Whence came the earth and sea?

Motu. Motu cannot say.

Motumotu. Hiovaki Semese, a spirit in the heavens, made the land and sea. There was nothing until he descended and made land and sea; when he finished he lived at Moveave, and there he planted trees which cause elephantiasis; hence the elephantiasis of the Moveave natives. They take offerings to

Hiovaki Semese, that he may be pleased and give them strength to fight. They also pray to him, that he may give them goodness. Semese's wife is called Kauue, and lives with him. He takes everybody killed in a fight to his place, which is good. He also descends and dances in his dubu, not far from Motumotu. He has a younger brother, and they divide the work. One comes to Motumotu, Miai, and the other goes to Moveave. Semese is the father, Hiovaki and Miai are the sons. If a Moveavean is killed by a Motumotu man, Hiovaki will come to Miai and demand payment, and they will then eat pig together, and *vice versa*.

68. Whence came the heavens?

Motu. Heaven and earth joined, or were very near one another formerly. Those on earth did not plant, but only spread a mat, prayed, and the door of the heavens was opened and plenty was poured forth.

A man with two wives had a quarrel because he gave more attention to one than the other. In his wrath he sprang up and with his sharp flint cut the cane asunder that bound heaven and earth, and away went the heavens, and down, down went the earth. Those above let down a long cane that touched the earth, and they found it a

Motumotu. Hiovaki Semese made the heavens, then came down with the earth, leaving some to the West, the Motumotu in Elema, and others to the East.

long, long way off. Some said, Leave the cane hanging; but others, and they prevailed, said, Pull it up, lest the people of the earth try to climb up, and then fall and be killed. So they pulled the cane up and coiled it down.

69. Whence comes fire?

Motu. The Motu tribe at beginning had no fire, and baked food in the sun. Once they saw smoke a long, long way off, when they lived at Taurama (Pyramid Point), and asked who would go to see what it was. The Gunamaka (bush pheasant) went, but returned unsuccessful; then the Gaigai (snake), then the Hariha (iguana), then the Kibi (quail), then the Magani (wallaby), then the Boroma (pig). All these were unsuccessful, and returned much crestfallen. Finally the dog started; two went, Bovaro, and a female, Velugai. Velugai returned unsuccessful, but Bovaro went on till he came to a far-off land, leaped ashore, ran up the beach to where a woman was cooking food over a fire, snatched a brand, and made again for the sea, swimming with it in his mouth back to Taurama, where he was received with great delight. He thus became master of all animals, claiming the right to kill as he liked and to live in the house with man.

Motumotu. Fire was first produced in the mountains. Before fire everything was eaten raw, until Iriara, a mountaineer, who was sitting with his wife, suddenly rubbed one stick against another, and fire sprung out.

70. What becomes of the sun during the night?

Motu. It sinks into the sea and is lost; that sun is gone for ever. Each day's sun is a new one.

Motumotu. The sun is supposed to fall into the sea, to pass under it and the mountains and then rise again behind the mountains.

71. What is the moon, and what becomes of it during its changes?

Motu. In the beginning, a chief digging came on what he thought a beautiful pearl shell cut crescent-shape. He picked it up and went to the sea to wash it, and when bright let it lie on his open hand, and was admiring it, when it slid away out of his hand, swam out to sea to a rock, on which it stood, and said, 'I am a man, I am no pearl shell; so, great chief, where is your Mairi? Now listen! Six times in Guitau (in the south-east) and six times in Lahara (in the north-west) you will see me, and when done each time I shall pass under the land.' The crescent moon is called Dogagi; full moon is called Emenadi.

Motumotu. They cannot tell whence it comes; when he is lost he is eating pig. After full, and as he gets up later, he is engaged with his wife, and so on, until pig-eating again.

72. What is an eclipse?

Motu. They cannot tell; but they are very much afraid when one occurs. They believe that sickness and death will follow.

Motumotu. They have seen eclipses of sun and moon, and are terribly frightened by them. Before the small-pox came, when nearly all died, there was an eclipse, and they knew something terrible was near. They say a dark cloud has covered the sun, and he has shut his eyes for a time, and then awakes suddenly. The

moon is sick when eclipsed, just as people are sick, and they are terribly afraid the sickness may come to them. They bring no presents at such times. Sun and moon are males, stars are females.

73. Whence comes thunder, and who causes it?

Motu. Motuans believe it is born of itself, and they are not afraid. In other parts the natives believe it to be the voice of a spirit in anger.

Motumotu. Feviri, one of the ancients, was fishing, and he saw a line let down from the heavens. Then the lightning ran along it, followed by thunder, and he saw a very large man descend with a peal and ascend. The line was fastened above, and that is all they know.

74. Whence come earthquakes?

Motu. Motuans do not know. They are not afraid of them, and expect a large harvest after a good one.

Motumotu. Pupuiao (earthquake) comes from the West. Who causes it or how it happens they cannot tell, only they are terribly frightened and rush to water.

75. Whence comes the wind?

Motu. The South-East has two doors, and the North-West six. When any one of these is shut, the wind will not come out; but as soon as one is opened, it will come out. The worst Matuna with open door is North in North-West Monsoon and the South-West is as bad.

Motumotu. Do not know.

76. When overtaken by a storm at sea, who is believed to send it, and what is done to abate it?

Motu. Three brothers who

Motumotu. Laufao, an

live in the West cause storms. Their names are Gidabri, Ganea, and Viro. The first comes lightly and increases, then Ganea blows wrathfully upon them, and Viro follows more lightly. Ganea is most dreaded, and he is the one appealed to. If a canoe is lost, Ganea is blamed.

Oiabu sorcerer, sends storms. A recent one, when many canoes were lost and several lives, was caused because he was angry at not getting any presents before the canoes started on their voyage to Port Moresby. He has a bamboo for each wind, and opens at his pleasure.

77. Whence comes food, and who causes it to grow?

Motu. Some springs from men's bones, and other things of the kind. Koitapuans and spirits are believed to cause it to grow.

Motumotu. Umeore brought cocoanuts and the yam from the East, his wife the banana.

Kivovia and his wife brought sago. The rain causes everything to grow. Laufao has power over the rain and sun. When there is too much sun they cook food and pigs, and go to him with presents to get rain; when he draws the stopper of his sacred bamboo, the rain falls in abundance. When there is too much, presents are made to get him to return the stopper. It is also said that if he bathes it will rain, and if he does not there is great sun.

78. Whence comes sickness?

Motu. Koitapu sends baita (something like fire or stone), which enters into a man, and he sickens. No sickness comes of itself. Old men and women die naturally.

Motumotu. The following is the native legend. Koraeao, a spirit (Harisu) who lives in the mountain Kovio (Yule), is a wanton spirit, and when women speak evil to him, takes their petticoats and the maros of the women and men and washes them in the head springs, then returns them, and soon are all sick. The sickness is brought

down by the river to Motumotu and Moveave, and all who drink the water are sick. Then Koraeao ascends the mountain top and sits there, and sings when he sees all the people sick. Sorcerers also cause sickness. They will touch persons when asleep with a particular fruit, take it home and put it in a bamboo over the fire, and leave it drying until those persons fall sick.

79. How do they manage surgery?

Motu. Use splinters made of bamboo. Bleed with shell or flint. They have nothing for cuts or sores.

Motumotu. Bleed with flint got at Port Moresby on a small arrow with bow made from rib of cocoanut leaf. Bleed or cut with shell. Use splinters of bamboo for broken limbs. Know nothing of cutting off.

80. Whence comes death?

Motu. Koitapu sends it, sometimes Koiari.

Motumotu. The sorcerers kill people.

81. How can sickness be cured?

Motu. Give large presents to the man who is believed by friends to cause the sickness. He travels at night like a mouse or something else. A Bapalau man or woman is sent for, exorcises, sucks, produces stones, bones, wood, &c. They have a medicine which the spirits teach them to use, and with which they rub the sick over.

Motumotu. No one can live if the sorcerer does his work well.

When sick some people eat ginger, but there is no particular medicine.

82. When people die do they send messages to the dead?

Motu. No. When the body is placed in the grave a relative

Motumotu. Mourning relatives stand on the beach when

will whisper in the ear, 'Do not be angry, but watch over us, bless and prosper us in fishing and hunting.'

the sun is setting, and waft messages to him to carry to their deceased relatives in the spirit world, that the dead might know they are not forgotten.

83. If one of a family is killed, will all the tribe join in punishing the murderer?

Motu. Yes, if he is killed by another tribe; if by the same tribe, then only family and relatives will join to punish.

Motumotu. Only if the tribe of the murderer shield him; otherwise, it is an inter-family matter, and settled by the two families concerned.

84. Is there a set price for any particular crime?

Motu. Murder and adultery are punished with death. In cases of theft they have a fight, and it is finished.

Motumotu. Death for adultery and murder. For theft, &c., only a row.

85. If a man is killed by accident, what is done?

Motu. They will pay a fine, and all is right.

Motumotu. He has to pay with pig and arm-shells, and then all is right.

86. Why do they place pots, spears, herbs, and arrows on the grave?

Motu. The pot is the one used before death, and is placed there to be used by the spirit; also the dish in which the food is to be placed. The spear, bow and arrow are to help him to fight when necessary. His small bag in which he carried his areca-nut and betel-pepper is buried with him. A woman has her large bag (vaina), with her short stick for digging food, and her tomahawk, to be used in spirit-land.

Motumotu. On the day of burial they place a netted bag by the grave, with betel-nut, pepper, and lime calabash, for the spirit to chew, and afterwards to take to Lavau. His cooking-pot, spear, bow and arrows, and all his jewellery and dress, are kept by relatives.

87. Will friends meet in Tauru?

Motu. Yes. Spirits of de-

Motumotu. Motumotu

parted ones, when they hear the drum beating and who is dead, will open the door, come out, and meet the approaching one, and lead it away to Tauru.

In Dahuni the spirits go to Dimdim, and become white men and women.

spirits go to Lavau in the West, and there all meet. Those there first will be informed of the approach of friends, and they will come to meet them, throw their arms round them, and embrace. In Lavau they build houses, plant food, and live as man and wife as we do here. It is a good place, with plenty of sago close by.

88. Why do Koiarians leave a village after a death?

Motu. They are afraid the dead will do them harm.

Motumotu. They do not leave village after death.

89. Who taught them to build houses?

Motu. They do not know.

Motumotu. Hiovaki built the first house, and ever since it has been known.

90. What is a dubu? when sacred, and for what used?

Motumotu. Hiovaki built the dubu, and put the men in it, then they went and built houses for the women. All dubus belong to Semese, and Hiovaki's instructions were for the men to sleep in the dubus, and small houses for the women. If a man sleeps all night in his wife's house she will say, 'How is it you do not listen to Hiovaki's instructions?' meaning that he should go to the dubu. Harisu dwells therein, and no female enters. When young men first take the *maro*[1] they enter the dubu, and must wait there till their close-shaven heads are covered with long bushy hair,

[1] *i.e.* girdle for the male.

and must not be seen by any female. They must not smoke or chew betel-nut, as that would prevent a good growth of hair. After fighting they return to the dubu, and if successful will there thank the spirits, and will fire off arrows into the high part of the dubu overhead.

91. What does the dance signify?

Motu. In a fine season, lahara, when there is plenty of rain and the promise of a large supply of bananas, a leading man becomes helaga, and will eat only certain kinds of food, and live apart from his wife. He tells the young men of his party to beat the drum and dance as a sign of rejoicing and thanksgiving, in order that by so doing there may be a large harvest. If the dancing is not given, there will be an end to the good growth; but if it is continued, all will go well. People come in from other villages to assist, and will dance all night. There will be several feasts during the time, and at each the leader of the dance will pray and thank the spirits for the good harvest. After a successful fight there is also a dance. After a death the drum is beaten.

On the trading voyages they beat long pieces of bamboo and sing.

Motumotu. When they dance all the spirits rejoice, as do all the people. When dancing, all food grows well; but when not dancing, food grows badly. No drums are beaten uselessly. When any one dies, drums are beaten to comfort friends.

92. Is there any useless dancing?

Motu. No. The drum is

Motumotu. They dance for

never uselessly beaten, and should even a child beat it, every one who hears it will at once ask, 'What is that?' The child will be told never to do so again.

amusement. They have dances for children, young men, maidens, and old men, but none merely useless.

93. Is there a war-dance before fighting?

Motu. No, never. If successful in the fight, the ten nights following the victory will be given up to dancing, called Bago, drums beating, horns blowing, spears being handled, also bows and arrows. Women join in, but the men only dance when armed. In the daytime they dance in the open air, and at night they enter the house or houses of successful fighters; they have their faces painted, and cloths covering the hair.

Motumotu. No. They take drums with them to the fight, and if successful they return in canoes with drum-beating and dancing. If unsuccessful, they return quietly, from shame.

94. What does drum-beating, fire-throwing, &c., at the new moon signify?

Motu. It is only done when there is much sickness about, and it is to frighten the bad lauma (spirit) away.

Motumotu. They beat their drums, blow conches, throw fire-sticks, and shout to frighten away sickness, but not only at new moon. When a new moon is first seen all shout, clapping the mouth with the hand; a mark of joy at the moon's appearance.

95. Have they any amusements, and what?

Motu. Toretore. Small trading canoes, and sailing them.

Dubudubu. Boys build houses and girls cook food.

Ubamaino. A number sur-

Motumotu. Yes. Avahu: two sides throw pieces of wood at one another.

Ipa. Ball kept in the air by the crowd.

Aposieka. Small bows and

round one, who is attacked by others, singing.

Oketo. Two sides advance, singing, and push against one another.

Ava. Skipping rope.

Girogiro. Top-turning.

Manumanu. A large piece of plank on which a girl stands, with long stick, and is carried by others up and down, she dancing and all singing.

Helagahanai. Two join hands, one sits on them, and the game is to throw him or her off.

Bisigougou. All lie down on their stomachs, one runs over them, and at the end he lies down, followed by the others, beginning at first one, and so on.

Hererehanai. All join hands and then pull against one another.

Whitapu. Two opposing forces; and they try to steal one another.

Paroparo. Done in sea or river. A number stand round one or two, beating the water and singing, when those in centre try to swim away underneath.

Aisina. Girls alone. All join hands in a circle and dance round and round and sing until tired.

Lilipana. Arms stretched out, petticoats swinging, all in line; dance up and down and sing.

Kabele. Throwing cocoanut and trying to spear them in their flight.

arrows—points of arrows not sharp—firing at one another.

Karoa. Dancing in ring, and then under joined hands, the last detained.

Lavi. Two join hands, one sits on, is tossed up and down until thrown off. Dandy chairs.

Hohore. Hide and seek.

Koa. Hide something in sand, others come and suggest where hidden. Hot and cold.

Laka. Make a mound of sand and jump over it without touching the top if possible.

Haukavare. Chase and touch. Cross-tag.

Morapaisavare. Cock-fighting. Two sit down and try to overturn the other with feet.

Ori. Kite-flying.

Fareafarea. Stilt-walking.

Mavaesika. Small canoe-sailing.

Kakauei. Football.

Ope. Shinty or golf.

Poioki. Swing from tree.

Ita. Pig. Get hold of a boy and make him hang on as a pig, and carry him hanging on stick.

Mori. Girl on a plank carried about; girls all sing and swing, and she on top also.

Foipea. Wrestling.

Mautoa. Chasing and trying to strike with short stick.

Sugautora. Chase and try to throw down.

Levaki. Dancing in a ring, with one in centre who tries to break through.

Larea. Sham fight with small bows and arrows.

Lōvē. Swinging.

Komukomu. Hide and seek.

Harikau. Cat's cradle.

Kerori. Sitting in a ring and catching hold of ears, singing and swinging in concert.

Farisaboi. A number sitting down make a pinnacle by erecting forefinger and catching one above another, then singing and swaying up and down.

Ase. One party stands compact together, and is attacked by another party who try to break into or throw them down.

96. Do they fast? What for, and how long?

Motu. For fighting, for a death, and for a voyage. For fighting, is after success, and it lasts for ten days. After a death, five days. For a trading voyage or long journey, a very long time. Very little food is eaten, and that only of a particular kind. No bathing or dancing is allowed.

Motumotu. Yes. When going on the long journey to Motu they have long fasts before starting, and will eat nothing but a particular kind of banana, and that very sparingly. They will drink cocoanut milk and chew sugar-cane, but do not see their wives. When a wife or child dies they fast, and will eat nothing but cooked cocoanut water until it is revealed by the spirit or spirits who killed the dead, or how death came on.

97. If wishing to injure another, would a sorcerer be employed?

Motu. Yes; and the man employing him gives presents and cooks food as payment.

Motumotu. Yes; food and pigs will be given. The betel-nut is carefully divided amongst the sorcerer's friends who will assist him.

98. What practices does the sorcerer pursue?

Motu. Amongst the Koitapuans there is no necessity for special practices. He prays at Varimana, and consults earthen-

Motumotu. He has pieces of ginger, and assisted by his friends the person to be exorcised is sought out when asleep

ware pots with crystal inside. In other parts the sorcerers use hair, pieces of cloth, or anything they can get belonging to the party to be exorcised. They make it up into a parcel, and meamea (pray) over it. In Maiva, and inland of that part, the sorcerers use crystals, which are much dreaded for their great power.

and a piece is rubbed gently on him or her. The sorcerer then puts it in a bamboo, and it is kept over a fire by night and stuck in the thatch by day, so as not to cool. Should the door of the house where the sleeper is be closed, the sorcerer will pray to his helping spirit, and then he or friends will throw sand at the door, which will be opened by the spirit. When assisted by a spirit the ginger will be lightly rubbed.

99. When about to fight, do they divine?

Motu. Only the chief catches his middle finger (natugu), and holding it says, 'Natugu, natugu, shall I go or shall I stay? Just speak, Natugu.' He pulls the finger, and if it cracks he stays at home or returns. If there is no crack, he goes on.

Motumotu. They hold hands over mouth, praying to Kanisu, and pulling fingers; if the fingers crack it is no use going, as they will be unsuccessful, and they stay; if no cracking, or very little, they go. They also take a strung bow, a man holding it by the string, and chewing a piece of ginger and looking intently at the bow facing west, repeating in a very low tone a prayer to a spirit, squirts on one side, then on the other, and finally on the centre of the bow, and then places a white shell he held in his right hand on the bow and swings it backward and forward over his head several times. If the shell does not fall they must not fight, but if it falls they fight. They also take a basin of water and hand it to a sorcerer. He chews ginger, prays, then swings the basin to and fro

and round. If any is spilled they will fight and be successful, if none is spilt they will stay at home. Another, holding a section of large white shell — used when fighting by holding between the teeth—whilst chewing a piece of masoi bark, prays, looking steadfastly at it, squirts all over it, and also on hand holding it by small twine, swings it, addressing it all the time, all looking on with great interest, allowing it to stop slowly after calling over the names of all their great warriors. If the shell does not turn to the sorcerer they are to stay at home, but if it turns to him they go and fight.

100. Before fishing or hunting is anything special done?

Motu. The hunter is helaga the night before, and no one speaks to him in the morning. His name must not be called out, and any one meeting him must not speak to him.

Motumotu. Before any great fishing or hunting they will not see their wives the night before, if they do they will have no success. They have a plant they rub the dogs' mouths with, and it helps them to go well after pigs. I have chewed the plant, and I hope never to taste it again.

101. What signs are used when friends are expected?

Motu. If the forefinger is itchy or the big toe, they will stay at home and wait for them, as these signs are infallible.

Motumotu. If the shoulder feels heavy and twitching, it is a sign that friends are near. They put their fingers together, kiss them, and then throw their arms out. Sneezing is another sign, if it occurs only once; if more, it is useless as a sign.

102. What is sneezing a sign of, and is anything said?

Motu. Nothing said. It is the sign of friends coming when it occurs in health; sneezing in sickness is a sure sign of life.

Motumotu. A sign of coming friends. One party of natives belonging to the West side say, 'Tia rave,' another party, 'Tia mairi,' and they never infringe.

103. What is done with trees drifted from the Gulf?

Motu. The first who finds them makes his mark on them, and another following seeing the mark will leave them alone.

Motumotu. Trees drifted from a river are marked by the first to see it or get at it; another finding it and seeing the mark will leave it alone.

104. What is the rule of hunting if one spears first the animal killed by another?

Motu. It is generally given up by the second without a word.

Motumotu. If more than one arrow is found in the pig the head is divided among the owners of the arrows, and the rest of the body is cut into small pieces and given to the crowd.

105. Will a native ever give his own name to another when asked for it?

Motu. No. It is always given by one who happens to be standing near.

Motumotu. No; always another, and if at night will only answer 'I.' If hard pressed and no one near to help him, at last, and very stupidly, he will give it.

106. What forms of salutation are current?

Motu. Everywhere, so far as is yet known, the custom is to rub noses, except the Koiari, who touch chin or beard. Some rub noses across, others up and down.

Motumotu. When they meet, the only form of salutation is the words, 'Is that you?' and then they rub noses up and down.

107. Have they any word for thanks?

Motu. At the East End in Suau, the word is Iauuedo; at Heath Island, Kagutoki; in Milne Bay, Teinani. Nowhere else is any word for thanks known.

Motumotu. No.

108. What is done with nails and hair when cut?

Motu. Thrown away. Sometimes a wife or mother will keep hair. The nails are very seldom taken off. They are worn down with work, and short nails are looked upon as feminine.

Motumotu. Nails and hair are thrown away in the bush, so that no one can get them. Dead person's hair is kept in a kit made from the end of the sago frond.

109. What if the hair is burned by another?

Motu. It will cause the sickness and death of the owner.

Motumotu. If any one takes or gets a piece of hair from another's head he will exorcise the owner's hair, and it grows badly, gets thin and grey; hence it is a great crime to take hair.

110. Do the members of a family eat all together?

Motu. No. Father and a young child in one place; grown-up daughter or daughters by themselves: mother by herself, or a young child with her. Grown-up son or sons will come in long after and ask mother for food very quietly, lest he should be heard, and it would be said he was a glutton. He eats in a corner of the house.

Young men and women will not touch turtle or wallaby except with a fork, and for gravy

Motumotu. Father and small children will eat together; mother, grown-up daughters, daughter-in-law, and female relatives will eat together. Sometimes grown-up sons will eat with father, at other times will come in after and eat.

they use a spoon, being afraid of the smell.

111. How many meals do they have in the day?

Motu. Only one cooking and one real meal, which takes place in the afternoon.

Motumotu. Two, morning and evening.

112. Do they kill old people?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. No.

113. Is a will (tavavatu) binding?

Motu. The will of a parent or a friend when dying, dividing his or her property, is very sacred, and very, very seldom disobeyed. This is because they are afraid of evil consequences from the spirit.

Motumotu. They call a will 'Omoi,' and it is binding and looked upon as very sacred by all the family.

114. Whose is the land, and can daughters inherit?

Motu. It belongs to the fathers and mothers. Daughters can inherit. A father dying will divide his property equally among the members of his family. A woman takes land with her to her husband; if she leaves him she takes the land with her. If she dies and leaves children, they take it. If she dies childless, it returns to her family.

Motumotu. Both sons and daughters have their divisions, size varying as to age, the first-born always getting the largest. A chief has his own the same as any one else, and there is no one over another. A son cannot turn a daughter off. She shares just as he does.

115. To whom does property go?

Motu. To both sons and daughters.

Motumotu. Divided amongst the children, if any; if not, between the husband's relatives.

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