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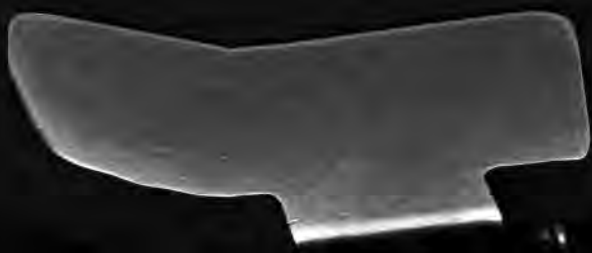
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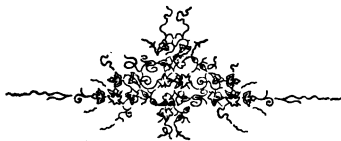




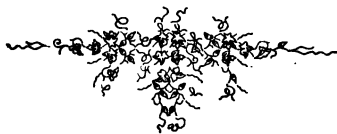




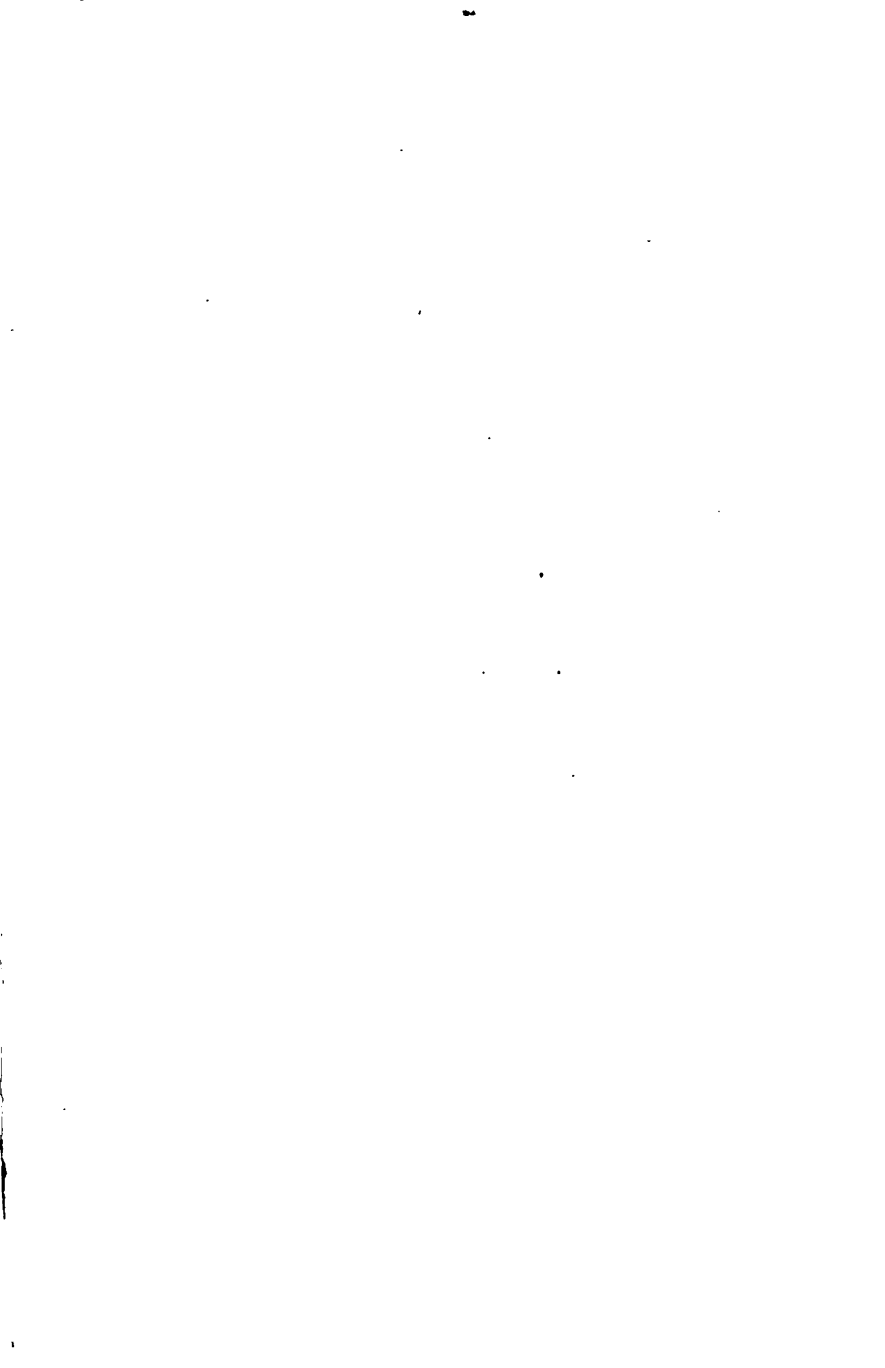
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THE  
KING AND PEOPLE  
OF FIJI.



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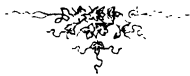




CITY OF BAU, IN 1855.

THE  
KING AND PEOPLE  
OF  
FIJI:  
CONTAINING A  
LIFE OF THAKOMBAU;  
WITH NOTICES OF  
THE FIJIANS, THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND  
SUPERSTITIONS,  
PREVIOUS TO THE GREAT RELIGIOUS REFORMATION  
IN 1854.

BY THE  
REV. JOSEPH WATERHOUSE,  
*For fourteen Years a Missionary in Fiji.*

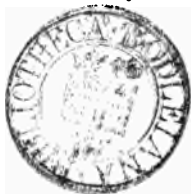


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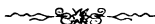


TO THE  
REV. JAMES CALVERT,  
THE SURVIVING FATHER OF THE  
FIJIAN MISSION,  
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,  
AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO HIS GREAT WORTH,  
AND AN IMPERFECT  
TOKEN OF GRATITUDE,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E .



IN the year 1849 I was appointed as a Missionary to the Fiji Islands, under the direction of the Society connected with the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference of Great Britain.

The present volume is one result of my residence and labour in this beautiful Group.

As the notes of the first Englishman who, without conforming to savage manners, was permitted to reside in the city of Thakombau, the titular King of Fiji, the work may possess an additional interest to the reader.

I have but to add that, in the following pages, kindly taken through the press by the Rev. GEORGE STRINGER ROWE, of England, the Fijian names and

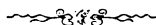
words are given in their own orthography, with the one exception of the name of the king, Thakombau (Cakobau), in which case I have adopted the spelling to which English readers have been made accustomed.

JOSEPH WATERHOUSE.

FIJI ISLANDS, 1864.



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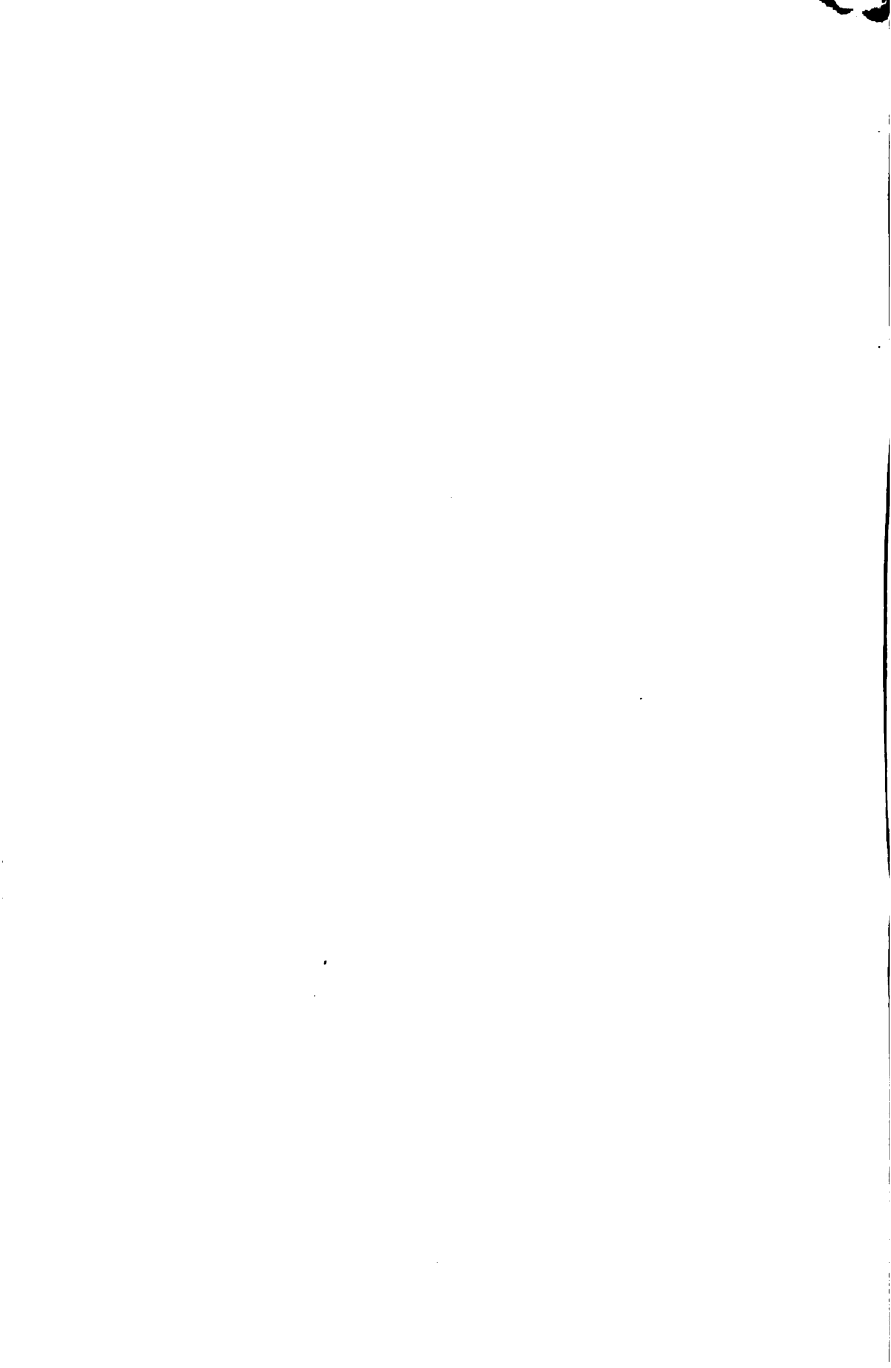


CHAPTER I.

*First Blood.*







## CHAPTER I.



### FIRST BLOOD.

**O**N the shore of Muala—an island which might be taken as a type of many others in the Fiji group, with its central mountain sloping in richest luxuriance of verdure down to the strand to meet the bright water, which rested within the encircling shelter of the coral-reef, through gaps in which the native craft found a passage into the open Pacific, or entrance into the quiet harbours frequent along the indented coast;—on the beach of this Muala, one day, about the year 1822, a man was wandering carelessly and idly along. He was evidently a chief of rank. His long trailing girdle of native drapery; his club resting with dignity on his right shoulder; his long, narrow comb, formed of ribs of the cocoa-nut leaf, fixed boldly in the front part of his bushy and carefully-dressed hair; and a waterproof fan, made out of the leaf of the umbrella-tree, held in his left hand; all proclaimed his freedom from the oppressive restrictions of the *tabus* that burden the Fijian peasantry.

He was not alone. At a respectful distance two men followed, clothed in the usual narrow strip of native cloth, about two inches wide, passed round the body and between the legs. Their very physiognomy proclaimed their slavish grade. Their stoop, as of "a strong ass couching down between two burdens," and their manner of trailing the heavy club, which is the native's constant companion, declared them to be serfs.

The sudden appearance of a large war-canoe, sailing towards the island, ended the saunter of the idlers. The chief stood still, looking inquiringly at the approaching sail. His minions crouched down on their haunches, maintaining perfect silence. At length their master spoke: "'Tis the Bau canoe. Go, one of you, tell your lady, and let all our people prepare to entertain our guests. Cook the turtle; grate the pudding-nuts; dig the *kava*. New mats in the large house for the chiefs." The younger of the two slaves respectfully clapped his hands, and saying, "I go, sir," arose and ran, yet stooping, until he was sufficiently distant from his liege to feel warranted in assuming a more manlike gait. It was not long after his departure that the chief sent his remaining attendant to hurry the household in their preparations. The canoe was at hand, having long been concealed by the haze which frequently announces the coming of easterly winds.

The chief then turned his face towards home, but proceeded slowly. What a change has come over him! His eyes strike fire and his bosom heaves with passion, as he says within himself, "I will be revenged! They shall call me *the Avenger of his son!*"

Furnishing himself with a reed, he hurries to the temple of his god. It is empty. He enters boldly, although assuming the attitude and demeanour becoming one who has come to propitiate the gods, and supplicate favours at their hands. Removing his turban, he presents his reed, and prays: "Ye gods! acquaint ye with my wrongs! Take knowledge of my sufferings! By this reed, I pledge myself to fill this temple with riches. Ye gods! avenge my son! Destroy his murderers! So be it!"

The Son-avenger now hastens to his busy dwelling. It is a large house, like a lofty barn, forming one great room, about sixty feet long, and twenty-five wide, with the roof-pitch some twenty feet from the floor. Hung midway from the ground are sundry shelves, well laden with property; and all along, at the upper end of the hall, is a row of well-polished spears and clubs. The floor is spread with mats; and those at the upper end, appropriated to the chief himself, are of fine quality. Here sits also the principal wife, who is a fine-looking woman, with a pleasing face and dignified manners—although unclothed, except with the very narrow fringe which the Fijian woman wears. The chief speaks rapidly to this lady, who hands him a string of white cowry-shells, with which he adorns his neck. Leaving his club behind him, he proceeds to that part of the beach where the vessel is anchoring. Anxious to conciliate the visitors, and to secure their friendship, he scrupulously attends to all the forms of Fijian etiquette. "My chiefs of Bau" land; and their host, bending in their presence, conducts them to the town.

In the town there are two clans. That which is

stronger in numbers has recently killed the young chief belonging to the other family; and, fearing retribution, is at this time actually planning the extermination of its rivals. Deeply did that clan regret the arrival of the Bauans, as it compelled them to defer the execution of their bloody scheme.

As the evening advanced, the more youthful of the travellers retired to rest. After an amusing conversation, and perhaps the recitation of an entertaining romance, they fell asleep, one after another. The young men also had just disposed themselves for sleep, when a Bau chief's messenger approached them by stealth, and said, "Young men! the chiefs wish you to prepare *kava* for the priest, that they may consult the gods." Unwillingly they obeyed, and for hours were they thus engaged. The necessary ceremonies were performed before the Bauan priest, who accompanied the expedition; and the weary ones were ordered back to their mats.

The next morning the two town clans were to unite in presenting cooked provisions to their noble guests. The children of the town, and the young boys belonging to the war-canoe, played together on the beach; whilst the food was being conveyed to the front of the house occupied by the visitors.

Suddenly the children were alarmed by hearing a shout. A young Bauan then approached them, and addressed in the most respectful form the boy of greatest rank, a mere child of five or six summers, who had arrived with the other visitors in the Bau canoe. "Sir," said he, "let us keep together: the club is in circulation." "How so?" inquires the child Seru. "Our chiefs, together with the Avenger-

of-his-son, are killing off the clan who lately murdered the young chief," was the reply.

As food was being served up to the Bauans, the Avenger-of-his-son had given a preconcerted signal; and his followers, joined by their warlike guests, fell upon their unsuspecting victims, and murdered them in cold blood. Pretty girls and handsome women alone were saved. Fifty able men soon lay stretched on their mother earth.

One more scene in this savage and bloody drama has yet to be described. A party descends to the beach. Some of the boys, now orphans, are there seized and cruelly put to death. One lad, about eight years old, is dragged to where there sits the boy-chief, Seru, in whose sports he has just been joining. The victim is held down, while Seru clubs him with all the force his little arms can put forth, until the boy is stunned, and at last, after repeated blows, lies dead at the feet of his young murderer. This is noted here as the first deed of blood done by him who afterwards became the redoubtable Thakombau, whose history is here given. The boy-chief puts aside his heavy weapon to gaze on his first sacrifice to the customs of his people. Thence he departs to wash his hands, and partake of food; feeling himself every inch a man.

Some respectable members of the murdered clan fled, but were not permitted to escape. Messengers were sent after them to the various towns where they sought refuge, and some were clubbed; whilst others, being entitled by rank to a more honourable death, were strangled.

The Avenger had made but one stipulation with

his butchers: they were not to eat his unfortunate friends! It was an act of self-denial too great for cannibals; and the Avenger was compelled to allow his visitors a little liberty in the gratification of their unnatural appetite.

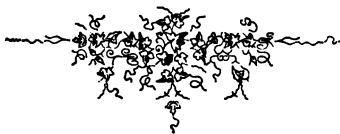
After a few weeks' recreation, the war-canoe, laden with valuable property and beautiful females, shaped its course for the "God-land," Bau.



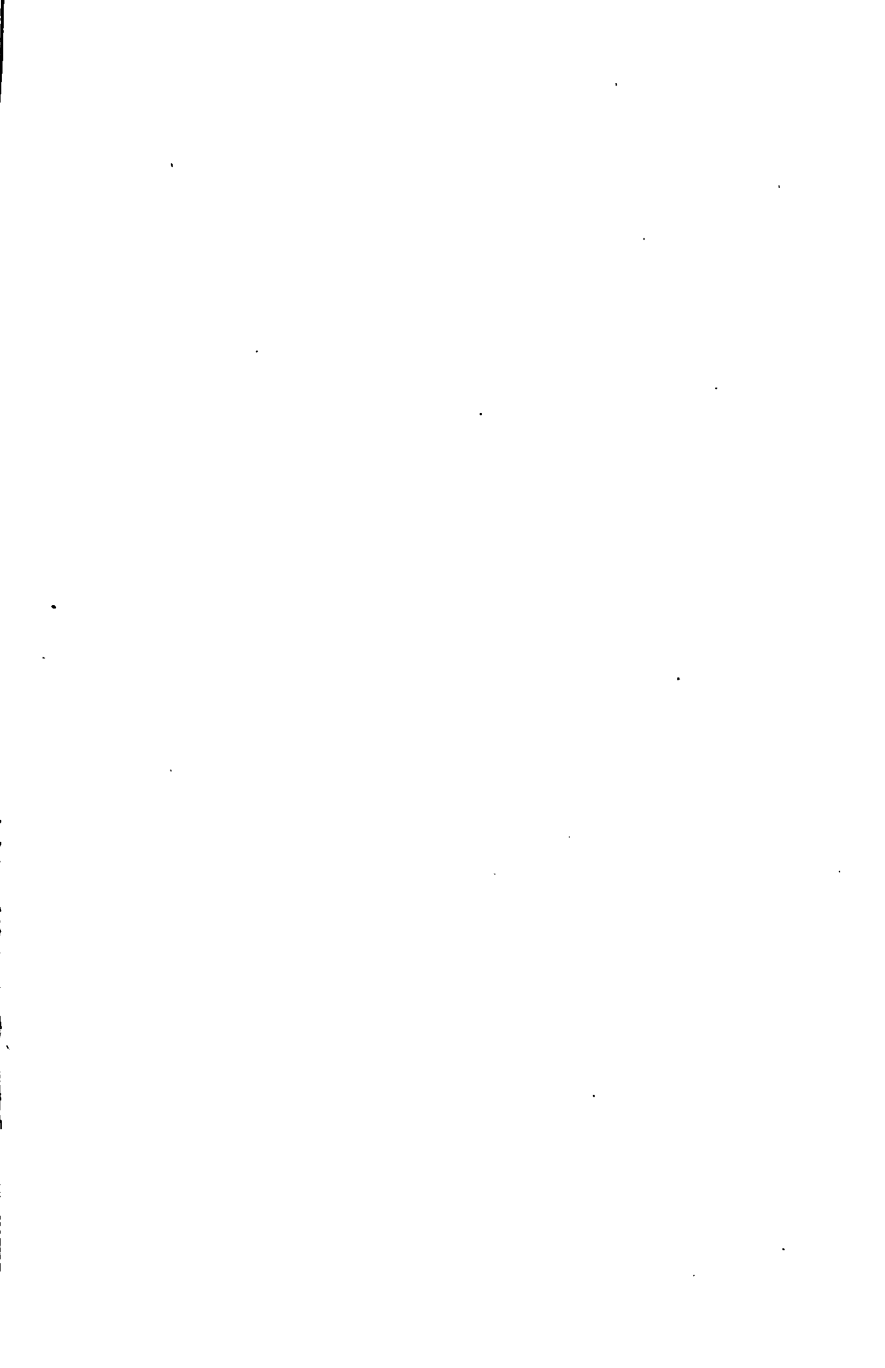


## CHAPTER II.

*Introductory.*







## CHAPTER II.



### INTRODUCTORY.

*Descriptive and Historical Introduction—Tradition of Gorai  
—Nailatikau—Banuvi—Naulivou—Tanoa.*

**T**HE truly Fijian scene just described will be made more intelligible by some information concerning the remarkable group of islands wherein it occurred, and by a sketch of such of their previous history as can be ascertained.

The two principal islands of the archipelago lying between 16° and 21° south latitude, and between 177° east and 178° west longitude, besides very many which are lofty, picturesque, and fruitful, are Viti-levu ("Great Fiji"), which is 85 miles long by 40 miles broad, and Vanua-levu ("Great Land"), 95 miles by 25 or 30. There are also nearly one hundred inhabited islands of all sizes, containing a population of about 200,000 souls.

Previous to the European knowledge of the islands,\* the natives fondly thought that Fiji constituted the world. To this day, they will say, "All the world knows," when referring only to their own

\*Tasman saw them in 1643.

group. They had traditions respecting the creation of their world, and the introduction of fire; but none, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, concerning the existence of any other country. After this period, canoes sometimes drifted from the Friendly Islands; and those crews that escaped the mouth of the shark and the throat of the Fijian, quietly settled in "the world," generally under the protection of some chief of rank. These settlers soon lost the knowledge of their mother-tongue; but maintained their distinctiveness by keeping together in a body, and by the election of a chief in each little settlement, bearing a Tongan title of office. They intermarried with the aborigines; and their little colonies may be found in several parts of the group. As a race, they are, perhaps, superior to the Fijians. All these involuntary immigrations are comparatively recent. Probably their intercourse with Captain Cook had improved the naval architecture of the Tongans, and encouraged them in a bolder navigation.

The two large islands constitute the continents of their little world. In the estimation of the islanders Viti-levu, in conjunction with the little islets that border its coast, is the Europe. Here is the Fijian Italy whither their religious ideas have tended; and the Fijian France which has carried the scourge of war to many of the continental kingdoms. The mountain barbarians have here overrun the country of their more luxurious neighbours. Here a Fijian Rome and a Fijian Carthage have had their Punic war. Here exist their maritime nations, answering to the flourishing empires of the European world; and here are the Fijian Spain and Portugal, without

a navy. However trifling Fijian history may appear to a stranger, its details grow in importance to those who live amongst them; and the student who has watched them in the place of their occurrence may surely be excused if he has sometimes allowed himself to be amused and interested by thus tracing historic parallels, where the principles involved and the motives at work were the same, and where the diversity in their operation and results was caused only by the difference of magnitude in the forces employed and the field on which they moved.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the two principal powers of central Fiji were Verata and Rewa, towns on Na Viti Levu. These kingdoms originally sprang from the same source, and are still called *tauvu* ("same root"). The probability is that a political division of the country between two contending Verata chiefs, the sons of a Fijian Clovis, led to the establishment of the two powers that still recognise a mutual origin. To this day, a Rewan meeting a man from Verata would exclaim, "*Noqu vuniyavu*" ("My foundation"), expecting the same salutation. The official name of the Rewans is *Burebasaga* ("the Temple with Branches"). "*E vinaka mai na mata mai Burebasaga,*" "Welcome to the ambassador from Burebasaga." The idea is that of division. It is also a fact, strongly in favour of this theory, that temples are dedicated both at Verata and Rewa to the same god, *Komainadudukilagi*, alias *Tavea lagi* ("Reclining on the Sky").

In the country lying between these two states, there was then rising into notice an independent and warlike kingdom, known by the name of Bau. Its

authority and influence on the mainland were but small; but the energy with which it maintained its claims ensured the respect of its more powerful neighbours. Its greatest want was men,—“the men belonging to Verata and Rewa,” to use the language of the oral historians. The different Bau clans had various towns. The kings and principal authorities occupied one site; the *Vusaradave*, or royal soldiers, dwelt in a town not far from it; and the royal ambassadors (*Mata-ni-vanua*) lived yet a little further on. All these sites are still shown.

The king's town was occupied by chiefs in number and in office sufficient to govern all Polynesia. The sacred king was called *Roko Tui Bau* (“The Reverenced King of Bau”), who seems to have been connected by office with the gods. He was bound to uphold religion, and to maintain the custom of cannibalism. His person was peculiarly sacred. He never personally engaged in war. He alone could wear a turban during the drinking of the *kava*. It was *tabu* to strangle his widow; though some of the widows of all other men were always thus destroyed. It was *tabu* to cry or make lamentation on the occasion of his decease. At his death alone was the conch-shell blown; being a repetition of the ceremony annually practised on the supposed departure from earth of the Fijian Ceres.

Next in rank was the more powerful, though somewhat less sacred, king called *Na Vu-ni-Valu* (“The Root of War”). He was the commander in times of war, the great state executive officer in seasons of commotion, and the prime minister of all the political departments. The *Vunivalu* must necessarily be

of the *Tui Kaba* clan, and the *Roko Tui Bau* of the *Vusaratu*. Perhaps a *Vunivalu* was allowed to assume as his family-name the designation of *Tui Kaba* ("king of Kamba") from his success in conquering the peninsula of that name.

The next great officer of state was the *Tunitoga*. He was the official adviser of the two kings, and their spokesman. It was his prerogative to be the state match-maker. He disposed absolutely of all the young chieftainesses. When an application for marriage was proposed, it was made in the first instance to him; and his decision was final. He was the natural guardian of all the daughters of the king and chiefs; and his will was superior to that of the parent himself.

The priests (*bete*) and the royal messengers (*mata-ni-vanu*) were next in consequence.

The metropolis of this rising kingdom was situated within a mile of the islet now so familiar as *Bau*. This insignificant isle, then known, according to some authorities, as "the Pig's-head," with a circumference of less than a mile, unadorned with the verdure of the tropics, and destitute alike of wood and water, was occupied by two tribes of fishermen, who were portioned out in families as belonging to the respective clans and officers. In addition to their more legitimate employment, the Pig's-head (*Butoni*) and the *Levuka* people were fishers of men, and frequently surprised and captured the enemies of their chiefs. The *Levuka* fishermen lived on the hill, and were in rank subordinate to the *Butoni*.

The fishermen were accustomed to voyage to considerable distances, though the canoes, cut with stone

tools, were ill-made and small. As they depended on their chiefs for vegetables, there was occasionally a scarcity of food at Bau during the absence of the canoes. It is said that, on returning from seaward, the crews would strain their eyes to see if the fishermen's children were at play on the top of the hill. If such were the case, the crew concluded that plenty reigned amongst them. But if the children crowded towards the beach, the order would be given, "Stand by the cargo of provisions; lest it be devoured by these hungry folks before it can be shared out."

North of Ulu-i-bau lay Verata; to the south lay its twin-sister Rewa. The new kingdom of Bau, though of small extent, was incessantly waging war with either the one or the other. When at peace with Verata, it commenced hostilities against Rewa. When weary of fighting in that direction, it concluded a truce, and turned its arms against Verata. Probably the alleged prediction that Bau was to rule the whole group led to these interminable and harassing wars.

It is perhaps impossible to trace the origin of the Bau chiefs. There is a tradition that at a remote period a Tongan canoe drifted to the eastward islands; and that a woman who was on board, and is said to have been saved, was afterwards secured by the Bauans, and became the wife of the Vunivalu king; and her descendants have since remained in power.

According to tradition, the gods appointed Bau to take the lead amongst the numerous "kingdoms" of Fiji.

One day, says the legend, an old man of small stature, by name Gorai, made his appearance at Sapai, the town of the royal messengers. He had

two bamboos, which he rested against a tree, and then entered the house belonging to the family of the Masaus. The appearance of a stranger was nothing unusual; and he received the warm hospitality, the practice of which is habitual to the Fijian, and which is a wonderful trait in his character. Being apparently weary, he was speedily directed to a bed, which was prepared in a separate chamber. It was observed that, during the night, he kept uttering, as his companions thought, the shout of respect. The fact was he was very cold, which caused him to shiver and moan. In the morning an abundant breakfast was served up, which he ate with avidity; after which he sauntered out of doors. Accidentally meeting a woman of the Vusaradave tribe, who was going to the beach to fill a pitcher with salt water, he entreated her to give him a root of *kava*. Seeing his woeful condition, the woman, with the characteristic compassion of her sex, ran to procure the *kava*, and soon returned with a supply, for which he seemed very grateful. He then went back to the house in which he had slept; and found the head of the establishment had made his appearance, and wished to converse with him. "Were you wrecked?" was the first inquiry. "No," was Gorai's reply, "I am not the castaway of a wreck. Vatumudre, the great god that lives at Nakorocau, in the Somosomo dominions, sent me to go and see the race that should become the chief power and government in Fiji. He gave me two bamboos, as a support to assist me in swimming. Having arrived at Koro, I was preparing to rest; but the god called out to me to proceed, saying, 'Yet further on!' When I reached Wakaya, the



voice was repeated. I then swam towards Ovalau, and was about to go ashore there, when the god again required me to go 'further on.' I came on. The god pointed to the large opening in the reef leading to these waters, and said, 'That's the way: follow the channel.' I swam on, until I came here; where I see the town which contains the germ of the nation that will hold the sway in Fiji."

On hearing this report, the host clapped his hands for joy, and exclaimed, "Stay now with your servant: you are *my* guest."

Next morning, by direction of the host, the Vusaradaves prepared a feast for the stranger. Gorai made a long stay at Sapai. When he wished to return home, the clan of his host conveyed him in a large canoe to Somosomo; the king of which nation immediately acknowledged the superiority of the Bauans, and tendered to the Masau family, on behalf of their chiefs, the first tribute from Somosomo,—at that time the most wealthy town in Fiji, the whole of the eastward island being then its tributaries. The Masau canoe was deeply laden with the property thus presented.

Several months afterwards, Gorai again visited Sapai in a large canoe, bringing more tribute. The native vessels are anchored by means of a spar, firmly fixed in shallow water, to which the canoe is secured. The mark of Gorai's anchor is still pointed out. Off Sapai there is a stony bottom, in which a spar could not be fixed. Here, where all around is hard and impenetrable rock, there is just one soft spot, of very narrow circumference, into which you may drive a strong stake. This is said to be the imprint of the stranger's anchor.

The two bamboos, which assisted Gorai in his first voyage, took root at Sapai; and gave rise to a forest of their kind, which was considered sacred, and which has been accidentally destroyed by fire during the writer's residence in Fiji.

It seems very likely that this tradition arose in the probable fact of a Cakandrovi chief, of the name of Gorai, having been saved under the circumstances described. The ominous inquiry, "Were you wrecked?" would lead to the practice of deception in order to avert an expected death. The subsequent tribute might be nothing more than the usual acknowledgment for preservation, called "*ka ni bula*"—compensation for saving life.

In accordance with this tradition, the Masau family are the ordinary ambassadors to Somosomo; the Vusaradave clan always prepare the *first* feast for their guests from that kingdom; and the Somosomo people remain out of doors four nights after their arrival at Bau, constantly uttering a guttural noise, in imitation of that which Gorai is said to have made on the occasion of his first memorable visit.

In Fiji is found this intimate connexion between their traditions and their customs. Some striking natural mark is also generally pointed out in demonstration of the truth of their legends. Instances of this will be given in the chapter on Mythology.

About 1760 the Vunivalu king, by name Nailatikau, changed his residence. The fishermen had for some time been rather insolent, and had just committed a grave offence against the state. They had caught an extraordinarily large fish, and had eaten it themselves, instead of presenting it, as was customary,

to the king. Although the offence was committed very secretly, it was discovered by the back-bone of the fish being used as a bow. The kings and their chiefs assembled their forces, and came over, in great wrath, to the little islet-rock. The fishermen were banished from the island; but were permitted to remain unmolested at those places to which they fled for refuge.\*

The Bauans themselves resolved on occupying Bau or the Pig's-head; and persuaded some of their vassals to abandon their mountain-strongholds for more convenient positions on the coast. The chiefs vastly improved Bau by enlarging the island, by an embankment raised on stones gathered from the adjacent reefs. This embankment has rendered the appearance of the island much more compact than it would be formerly. Their own superior buildings and temples, graced with white cowry-shells, adorned the land of their choice. They instituted several restrictive *tabus*, requiring every canoe, not actually under sail, to lie with its outrigger away from the town; and forbidding the hoisting of the sail whilst within a certain distance of the shore, &c. It must have been evident to them that the island was much more easy of defence than their former residence.

It was about this time that a friendly intercourse was arranged with the kingdom of Rewa. The state-messengers, on board a canoe on its way from Rewa to Verata, having been driven, by stress of weather, towards the shores of Bau, were accosted by the sacred king of Bau, who happened to be bathing in

\* The chiefs did not, as has been asserted, take possession during the absence of the fishermen.

the sea at the time. "Whither are you bound?" "We are going to Verata." "For what?" "For a lady to marry one of our princes." "Desist then. The elements are against you. Come on shore, and take one of our ladies. They are far superior, and we want to be firmly allied with you." The invitation was accepted, and the messengers went on shore at Bau. A marriage was subsequently brought about. The future greatness of Bau arose in part from this intimate connexion with the Rewa kingdom.

The great war-god, Cagawalu, a deity of great subsequent renown, was first worshipped about this time. No temple appears to have been erected in his honour until the Bau chiefs fixed their residence at Bau. A new god may have been thought necessary in order to proclaim and accomplish a new destiny.

After a residence on the island of nearly ten years, the Vunivalu Nailatikan died. A portion of Bau summit was appropriated as a place of royal or chief sepulchre. The deceased king was buried in company with some of his wives, who were strangled on the occasion of his death; and a beautiful temple of leaves was erected over his treasured remains. Nailatikan was henceforth called "The First-fruits to the Earth," which is now his name in Bauan history.

He was succeeded in the government by Banuvi, his second son, and the elder of the survivors.

Banuvi reigned from twenty-five to thirty years,—an uninteresting period. The stability of the rising kingdom was increased, and the fishermen of Lasakan (from Beqa), and of Soso (from Kadavu), were al-

lowed to remain on Bau, after having reclaimed more land from the sea.

About the year 1800 pieces of broken plates and a variety of buttons, the produce of a vessel wrecked near Lakeba, revealed another world to the inhabitants of Fiji. A quantity of this imported wealth reached Bau. At the same date, the group was visited with the Asiatic cholera. The inhabitants of Bau were decimated, and the dead were buried in one common grave. The Vunivalu king of Bau fell a victim to its virulence; and, in company with four of his wives, whom the plague had spared, but who were strangled in accordance with the custom of the country, was deposited in the mausoleum. Commemorative of the manner of his decease, he is styled in history "The Victim of the Foreign Disease."

It is said that a goddess came to the earth, went to Banuvi's grave soon after his burial, and became his wife! A more trustworthy report tells that just at this time there was witnessed a fearful storm of large hail-stones, which the Bauans supposed to be a falling of the stars. Their astonishment increased when they found the stars melting in their hands. The visitation—an unusual occurrence in Fiji—involved the destruction of vegetation. Whether the storm of hail was sent to punish the goddess's presumption in thus loving a mere Fiji king, or was the sky's homage to her beauty, the native historian does not say; but significantly registers the goddess's name as "The Origin of the Falling of the Stars."

The reign of Naulivou, Banuvi's son and successor, was pregnant of great events and wonderful changes. At the time of his installation, the Bauans were desti-

tute of some of the most ordinary comforts of life. They had oil; but did not know how to use it for lighting their houses. Burning reeds were the principal substitute for the lamp, with a little oil dropped on the reeds on special occasions. They had arrowroot; but were ignorant of its use, and of the mode of its preparation. The tobacco-plant was a luxuriant weed; but its use for smoking was unknown. It was very legitimately employed to lessen vermin, and was called "The Destroyer of Lice." But during this reign it was used for smoking, and the poet composed "The Song of the Tobacco." \*

The intercourse between the respective tribes was very restricted. When one clan visited another, both parties met armed, and prepared for fighting. Women and children were never allowed to be present on either side. The respective parties entered the market-place from opposite directions. The exchange of property was then made; both sides being continually on their guard against surprise and treachery. But they were not as pusillanimous as is the present generation. A strong proof exists in the fact that they frequently fought pitched battles; and the field of action generally assumed the appearance of an army of duellists. They had their legendary heroes, even their Goliaths, who have defied a whole army. Their system of knighting heroes is perpetuated to this day. An account of the ceremony will be found on a subsequent page. Emulous of partaking in this chivalrous custom, its aspirants have not hesitated at fratricide in war.

The first event of importance that transpired

\* See Appendix I.

during this reign was an involuntary contact with civilization. Some of the chiefs had voyaged to Koro, and, during their stay at the island, were greatly alarmed at the approach of a ship. There was a difference of opinion as to the nature of the object before them. Some said, of course, that it was a god; others, that it was an amphibious animal. The vessel drew near to the reef, furling some of her sails, sent a boat into the reef-passage, and then boldly followed and anchored. After a time some of the natives went off to her, but did not venture on deck. At length two or three of the bolder of the Bauans went on board the ship; and, as they acquired confidence, soon made themselves at home. The ship came to buy sandal-wood, and was directed to Sandal-wood Bay, on Great Land, for a cargo. The Bauans purchased a quantity of knives and hatchets, a pig "twelve feet long," a pair of geese, a large monkey, and, though last, not the least valuable, a cat. The historians call the captain of this vessel "Red-face."

The ship pursues her voyage, and the Bauans return home. What reports they would spread! The vessel was called the "land-ship," because, like an island, it seemed to be well stored and stocked with every thing that was necessary. The most prized of the imported animals was the monkey, whom some wit would probably declare to be one of the crew whom he had kidnapped. Certain it is that for miles and miles the populace came to see the monkey. But it was soon found that, however, amusing Jacko was, he was, on account of his uselessness, only fit for chiefs. Far otherwise with the cat. The merits of the puss were appreciated. Bau

swarmed with large mice, and frequently their midnight frolics prevented a whole household from securing sleep. It is said that they would even run over the sacred heads of chiefs, and would pugnaciously survey an infant prince !

The next wonder of the age was a white man, called by historians, "the carpenter," one of the crew of the vessel just mentioned. Accompanied by a Tahitian, he came to Bau in one of the large canoes. Soon after his arrival he pretended to have received a revelation from "First-fruits to the earth," constituting him a favoured priest ; for it must be remembered that the Bauan Vunivalus are deified after death. The carpenter played well his part. When professing to be inspired, he shook and foamed like a genuine Fijian, and Naulivou declared him to be a true priest. He occupied the mausoleum as his dwelling. He soon became dangerously addicted to excessive kava-drinking. He made known that there was one who was superior to "First-fruits," or any other Fijian god, and then died. Charity conceives the hope that, as a work meet for repentance, the carpenter intended to publish the true God ; but he signally failed. The Bauans understood him to declare that the rainbow was the supreme Deity. This visitor is supposed to have been an Englishman.

The most destructive hurricane that the Bauans have ever seen happened during this reign. Every house was levelled, every tree destroyed, and some of the war-canoes were stranded on the mainland. The adjacent isle-patch of Nailusi was almost demolished. The storm was said to have been caused through a quarrel amongst the three principal gods of Bau. The



priests of Basulu eventually beat the ocean with their sacred shovel-clubs, and the wind ceased! A dead whale, supposed to have been killed by the tempest, was found. Whales'-teeth were then highly prized; and the whale was called "The Fish for Teeth."

This hurricane closely preceded, or followed, the total eclipse, the history of which still inspires the Fijian with dread. Those who were then living were ignorant that their ancestors had seen similar sights, and regarded it as supernatural.

Naulivou, surnamed "The Hot Stone," was a tyrant, and a plot was formed to assassinate him. He discovered it, and put to death some of the principal conspirators. The remainder immediately fled from Bau; and were received with welcome by their national enemies, the Veratans. The insurgents were numerous; and their cause was espoused by many independent chiefs. Thus assisted, Verata speedily gained several advantages in the war with Bau, and seemed likely to become the principal place in Fiji. A number of towns abandoned the cause of Bau, and joined the enemy. Naulivou feared that his own attendants would kill him to purchase safety for themselves.

In 1809 an accident brought relief to the king by the arrival of "the notorious rascal," Charles Savage. The brig "Eliza" was wrecked on a reef off Nairai. Savage and three companions armed themselves, loaded their boat with a quantity of specie that was on board, and proceeded to the shore. They buried their treasure in various places, and made themselves at home among the natives. Soon afterwards one of the Bauan canoes arrived there,

and Savage requested the favour of a passage to the city, which was willingly granted.

The king soon saw that, with the arms of the new comers, he could subdue his foes, and secure his personal safety. He made an attack on the enemy. Savage killed a great number with his musket, and the rest surrendered. In addition to property, the conquered were required to present women to the king; and at Savage's request, the ladies were handed over to him as his own share.

In a short time, Naulivou had subdued the rebels, and compelled his enemies of Verata to sue for peace. The white man and the musket soon raised Bau to the rule and fear of a large part of Fiji. Some towns vainly hung out mats to avert the musket-balls!

Charles Savage had one or two narrow escapes at first, but afterwards kept at a good distance from the enemy. A chieftainess was given to him in marriage. Her children, however, were not allowed to live, for reasons of state-policy. Two or three years after his arrival he succeeded in persuading about twenty white men to leave their vessel at Sandalwood Bay, and join him at Bau. With Savage, these all lived in polygamy; but the majority seem to have strongly disapproved of cannibalism, and of the strangling of widows. These customs were consequently suppressed for a season. They also ridiculed the deities of the country; and made known that there was only one true God, intimating that Missionaries would probably come to instruct the people in His worship. But one, Peter, was tattooed by the native barbers, and is said to have been secretly addicted to cannibalism.

September, 1818, found Charles Savage and his company fighting on the Great Land. The enemy had gained the day. Only five of the whites were left on a rock; and the ammunition was nearly expended. They were surrounded by thousands of infuriated savages, who were cooking their fallen comrades. Savage left his musket, and went down to the foe, hoping to secure terms of peace. The Fijians tried to persuade the remainder to descend from the rock, promising to spare their lives; but the whites refused to make the venture. "The islanders," says Dillon, "finding they could not prevail on me to place myself in their power, set up a scream that rent the air. At that moment, Charles Savage was seized by the legs, and held in that state by six men, with his head placed in a well of fresh water, until he was suffocated." The body was scarcely lifeless when it was cut up and put into an oven to be cooked for food. Sail-needles were made out of his bones.

The Bauans lamented his loss, and subsequently revenged his death; but they paid no other honour to his memory. None of his numerous wives were strangled on the occasion of his decease. He left only one child, a female, who is still living.

Vessels now called at Bau itself. The captain of a Manilla vessel was murdered by his crew, probably in revenge for his compelling them to carry long logs of firewood from land to the edge of the reef near which the vessel was anchored. The men portioned out the cargo amongst themselves, and then settled at Bau. Eventually they murdered each other, leaving two or three survivors, who remain scattered over the islands.

With increased commerce came additional vice.

The captains, officers, and crews of vessels were supplied with temporary wives at Bau. One woman is said to have visited Port Jackson in this way with a captain "Vulaono." The report of Sydney, and its yellow-clad convicts, lowered the English in the estimation of the Bauans. Runaway sailors frequently resided at Bau, conforming to all the customs of the city, with the exception of cannibalism. They were not allowed to wear European clothes. For a length of time the Fijians appear to have been very lenient towards foreigners, until some convicts behaved so insolently to the Bau chiefs, that they clubbed several of them in their rage.

A resurrection from the dead is said to have taken place during this reign. A woman, having died at Vannaso, Gau, was buried in the usually hurried way. The spirit is supposed to linger four days near its terrestrial home, previous to making a permanent entrance into the world of shades. Four nights after her death, Banuvi, the late king, appeared to her, and ordered her to return to the earth. She objected, on the ground of her flesh being now putrid. The deified king insisting on her obedience, she dragged her body out of the grave, and told her tale to some people who came near her. For seven days she lived on the wild fig, and on the eighth she found she could swallow proper food. Her body was in a most offensive state; but she recovered, and lived many years afterwards. Some are now living who knew her. Probably she had been buried prematurely, and told the tale about Banuvi to prevent a re-interment.

In 1829 death released Naulivou from the cares of government. He is said to have been killed by

sorcery. Three of his wives were strangled to accompany their lord to the other world. He was succeeded by his younger brother Tanoa, the father of Thakombau.

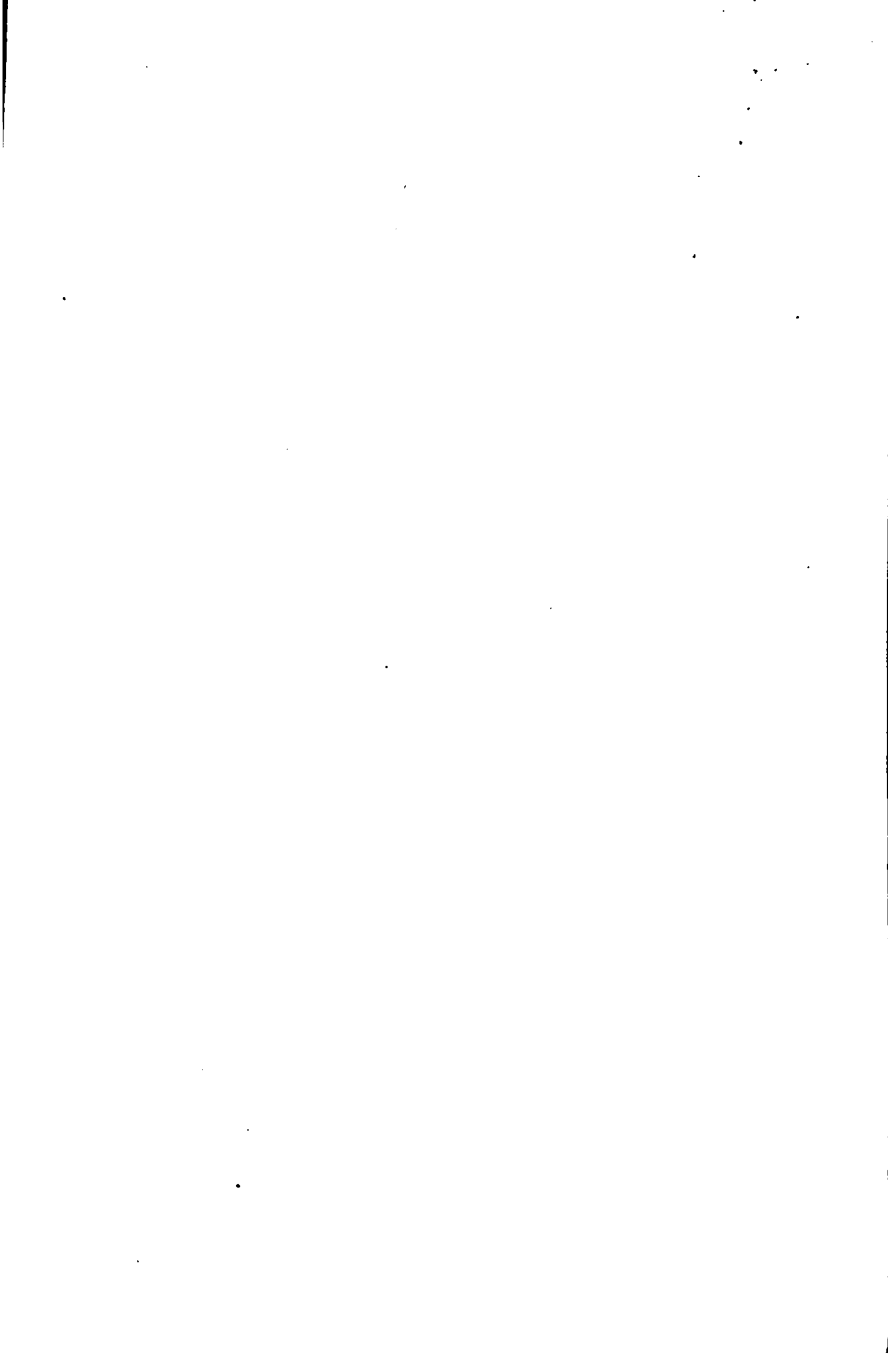
Bau may be said to have almost attained the zenith of its ascendancy during the reign of Naulivou. The supremacy of Verata was destroyed. Many districts and islands belonging to Verata, including the important island of Viwa, were incorporated in the Bau dominions. The people of Viwa afterwards greatly extended the name and influence of Bau. A close relationship existed between the royal families of both Bau and Rewa. The principal Bau chiefs were *vasu* to Rewa, whilst those of Rewa were *vasu* to Bau. Rewa, therefore, willingly helped Bau with large subsidies of men. The good feeling between the two kingdoms was increased by the presence, at both cities, of white men, who advocated united action, and who helped in the wars of the day. Kasavu, on the Rewa river, was the town the capture of which first proved the dreaded power of the musket. It is said that Savage fired into the town until the water of the creek, issuing from the town, was tinged with blood. The army, on the sight of this spectacle, assaulted the town, and made a fearful massacre. Bau, supported by a large Rewa army, prosecuted a war in Eastern Fiji, and collected tribute from the Windward Islands up to Lakeba itself. Rewa conquered Kadavu, and many of the districts situated on the south-west coast of Great Fiji. The Bau Vunivalu and the Rewa king were called "the two Hot Stones," a designation intimating that they could cook whom they would.



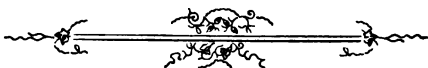
## CHAPTER III.

Birth and Training.





## CHAPTER III.



### BIRTH AND TRAINING.

*Birth of Thakombau—Rewa—Roko Tabaimalu—Education of Soru—Revolt and Death of Koroitamana—Fijian Poem—Fate of a Royal Family—Description of Bau—Vasu-ki-lagi, a Fijian Tale.*

**O**N the island of Bau, which had now acquired the title of the "God-land," and which was regarded with feelings of religious veneration by multitudes of the superstitious idolaters of Fiji, was born to Tanoa, about 1817, the young prince Thakombau. The court ladies congregated on the occasion, and remained a night with the happy mother. The officious attendants, in accordance with the custom of the country, prepared to nurse him in their arms for the space of ten days and nights, after which he was to be gently laid on a pretty little mat for the first time since his birth.

So soon as the arrival of the little stranger was



generally known, the chiefs assembled to drink *kava*, over which a prayer was offered to the gods on behalf of the illustrious babe, whose name, Seru, was then publicly announced by one of the relatives.

The ladies of rank, bringing fashionable presents, would visit the child a day or two after he was born. The newly-married are precluded from the observance of this ceremony, lest they should cause the child to squint.

The *Vakatasuasua* followed. These are games held in celebration of the birth of a child. They are practised on the birth of the first-born in every family, but are kept up at the birth of every individual of rank.

For ten successive nights the mother's house was to have been surrounded by the different clans and families who came to sing in honour of the new prince. The affair is conducted with the most perfect order, every individual attending on the night appointed to him. But in the midst of these rejoicings, the fond mother was taken ill, and died. The father commanded his attendants to take his motherless babe to Rewa, there to be nursed and tended. *Tanoa*, being *vasu* to the place whither the child was conveyed, could there demand the same attentions, on behalf of his little son, as he was able to require in Bau itself.

And now began a series of feasts;—the feast when the child was first washed in water brought from the sea; the feast when the babe first turned over of himself; the feast when he first crawled; with several others.

Tended by the queens of Rewa, and nourished in the king's house, the child thrived; and, amidst

the warmth of the swampy city, visibly increased in size.

Rewa was then in the zenith of its glory. With a king who was *vasu* (i.e., of privileged relationship) to Bau, the ruler of which was in turn himself a *vasu* to Rewa, the city was in all its pride. With twenty large double canoes, a whole host of Fijian carpenters, and large numbers of the mixed Tonga-Fiji\* race, she was at once the wealthiest and the most coveted city of all the Fijis.

Like his cousins, Naulivou and Tanoa of Bau, Roko Tabaiwalu, the king of Rewa, was a perfect tyrant. It might have been supposed that he was installed to act solely as a royal human butcher. With concentration of immense power, union with his despotic neighbours, and the support of the white man and his musket, he felt he was irresistible. Thereon he commenced such a constant slaughter of his subjects as is almost incredible. Not in war, nor in revenge, but for reasons known only to himself, or in sheer sport, he caused numbers to be killed in the course of every few days. The bodies were brought to Rewa and portioned out for food. On one occasion, it is said that he had ordered the Nakelo tribes to present yams at Natogadravu. Whilst so employed, they were surrounded by the king's concealed warriors, and indiscriminately slaughtered. The number of the slain "could not be counted." By a comparison of accounts it appears probable that one thousand eight hundred people were killed on this occasion; and the bodies of almost all were afterwards eaten. Yet to all the crimes of this Fijian Nero the

\* A kai Toga-Viti.

people passively submitted, resistance being considered perfectly useless.\*

As the child Seru grew, he was trained to be passionate, selfish, vicious, and tyrannical. He was a Bau chief of the first importance, ranking with the gods. Every desire was gratified, and at all hazards he must be pleased. Does he wish to take an airing? A man must carry him on his shoulders. Is he inclined for sleep? The women must fan him, and soothingly press his untired feet. Is he angry with his nurse? He may strike her. Does he quarrel with his playmate? He may bite, strike, or maim with impunity. Does a slave accidentally interrupt his pleasure? He may fearlessly draw his bow, and send an arrow at the intruder.

The first time of his sailing in a canoe would be the occasion of the customary ceremony. Native cloth and other property would be scattered from the vessel's mast-head on the return of the canoe to the wharf, and hundreds would scramble for a share of it. A great foot-race, for useful prizes, open to all competitors, would follow.

When Seru was four or five years old, a fearful tragedy took place at Rewa. Amongst the many wives of Tabaiwalu, the king of Rewa, was one who, being a Bau princess with a large family of sons, was his favourite queen. He had formerly, however, been very fond of another of his wives, who was a lady from Kadavu. The latter was the mother of a fine-looking young chief of the name of Koroitamana.

The Kadavu lady was very jealous of her com-

\* For a translation of the *meke* narrating parts of the history, see Appendix VI.

peer from Bau, and not without cause ; for she had been deprived of the affections of the king, and was kept in a state of comparative dependence and poverty. She did not conceal her feelings from her son ; but rather taught him to be jealous of his half-brothers, and to hate their mother. If he asked for anything, she would, whilst informing him of her inability to supply his wants, remark, " You and I are pigs : we have nothing but what is thrown to us. Go to the Bau lady and her sons, and beg from them as though you were their slave." By this means, the mother constantly irritated her son. Once he did send a messenger to the Bau lady to ask for an article of Fijian drapery. The queen, in refusing to grant the request, remarked, " The drapery I have is all of the Bau pattern, and I shall treasure it up against the time when my numerous sons will be able to wear it. There is none here of the Kadavu pattern, or Koroitamana might have had it."

The high-spirited youth at last rebelled against the authority of his father the king ; and, being punished, fled to the coast south-west of Rewa. The king's forces followed, and he was compelled to flee from place to place to save his life. At last he was taken alive at Kadavu ; but, through the intercessions of his brother Macanawai, his life was spared. He was taken to Rewa, and there lived in a sort of disgrace, which is extremely galling to a proud Fijian chieftain. Subsequently to this, the king resolved to convey an army to Kadavu for the purpose of executing vengeance on some part of that island. It was announced that in this expedition Koroitamana should take no part, and that he was to remain with those who stayed in

charge of the city. This was more than the young chief could brook, and he resolved to commit parricide. Having prepared a club for the special purpose, he boldly proceeded to carry out his plan, during the presence, at Rewa, of the very army that the king had engaged for the proposed expedition. He first set fire to the king's canoe-shed that stood on Nukutavu, and hastened to give the alarm of fire. As he expected, the king rushed out of his house to give directions about the canoe that was in danger of being destroyed. The king at once received a fatal wound from his concealed son, who retreated as soon as he supposed that he had killed his father. The next day, Koroitamana remained in the town, and presumed so far as to show himself openly. But some of the chiefs said to him, "Don't you know the king is dying? You had better flee." He accordingly took refuge at Tokatoka, where it was proposed to proclaim him king. But when it was reported that the king was expected to live, the Tokatoka chiefs, themselves fearing his anger, proceeded to put Koroitamana to death. After being wounded, he succeeded in escaping as far as the banks of Nakelo, where he received a blow which terminated his career.

The king of Rewa, however, died on the eighth day, when two of his wives were strangled to accompany his spirit.

The principal parts of this history are preserved in a song, of which the following is a translation. Divested of its original language, it loses its beauty as a piece of composition. It is the most finished Fijian poem with which the writer has met, and the

original will therefore be placed for preservation in the Appendix.\*

## LAY OF KOROITAMANA.

MEOLA weeps, and cries for a long time :  
 " Chief ! you died renownedly,  
 You died for your followers."  
 After a time he spoke up,  
 You, Meola, are the true thing ;  
 Tabe was the mother of us two only ;  
 You were the son so loved ;  
 And I the son so clubbed ;  
 The great chief trampled on me,  
 And drove me away to Ra ;  
 I remained there and was besieged,  
 Then fled I down to Bega ;  
 I remained there and was besieged ;  
 Fled to Kadavu, there to be killed,  
 But Macanawai wished to save life !  
 So took me to Rewa.  
 Here am I a mere captive ;  
 I endure the pain of not sailing for a long  
 time ;  
 I endure, and endure, but cannot contain.  
 An ironwood-tree at Kurukilagi  
 Is cut down for my weapon.  
 Koroivueta is then called :  
 " Here, plane and finish off my club ;  
 Do not plane it to be too slender :  
 That I may stand at a distance and kill with it."  
 Seated then am I at Nukucagina,  
 Polishing it in the upper room ;  
 Lift it up towards the lower room ;  
 And the women disperse in a fright :  
 " The king to-day will perhaps fall."  
 The canoe-shed is set on fire ;

\* See Appendix II.

*BIRTH AND TRAINING.*

The king gathers up his malo ;  
 Goes calling out in the square,  
 " Koroitamana ! our canoe  
 Preserve ye, lest it be burnt ;  
 This is a canoe for times of peace.  
 The shed that is there is a thing easily built."  
 I fix my club, I crawl stealthily,  
 I hold my breath, and pause ;  
 Lift it up to the head of the chief ;  
 Strike once, and strike twice,  
 The king we serve is fallen.

I wound, I wound ; revives again ;  
 I fly to Bureke Rewa,  
 And the Rewans consult against me :  
 " Koroitamana, go seek refuge elsewhere."  
 I ferry across to the banks of Na Sali,  
 And enter the house called Buturaki ;  
 The women disperse in a fright.  
 Called " there ! " to Bativuaka :  
 " Perhaps there is a short length of your malo  
 To be my dress to Tokatoka."  
 Fastened with but one bow, I walk at leisure ;  
 The foreign army raises a shout.  
 Simultaneously shouting, " Like the moon  
 just risen,  
 And like a very cannibal god."  
 Proceeding he passes out of sight ;  
 He goes treading along the Tuaniqio,  
 And has passed by Burebasoga ;  
 Nasuekau appears in sight,  
 Nukutolu is visible in front ;  
 Secake inquires from his chamber,  
 " Who tramples along in the road ?"  
 (He does not know it is Koroitamana.)  
 " Here we possess a chief for ourselves ;  
 As for us, let us now erect fortifications."  
 The chiefs of Rewa consult against me,  
 " Let Mataitini be put to death."

I am clubbed, but not fatally, at Tokatoka ;  
 I ferry across to the banks of Sawani,  
 To Katikua I went to die ;  
 I was killed as the tide was at its lowest ebb,  
 I drifted here, I drifted there ;  
 I drifted, sinking, and rising again to the  
 surface.

To-morrow I am to be conveyed to Rewa,  
 Will be tide-washed against the founda-  
 tion of the Rusa ;  
 I go to be funereally attired in the Vunimoli.  
 Vokili ! loudly lament those in the house ;  
 The land-unbroken ocean makes lamentation.  
 My wife ! you will die unwept for ;  
 Nor have you now a home ;  
 Nor do you possess the produce of your  
 serfs ;  
 Nor hast thou now thy waiting-maid.  
 The spirit dies, yet dies lingeringly,  
 It dies, and passes on to Cakauyawa.  
 Qei is loudly lamenting in the house,  
 And the land-unbroken ocean makes lament-  
 ation :  
 " My child ! my face so like any other,  
 The lips of the mouth as cowry-shells,  
 The forehead a choice hair-band of scarlet,  
 The heels of feet well made ! "

The names, as still remembered, of the chief were,  
 Knight-of-his-Father, Binder-of-the-Provinces, the  
 Ten-messengered, Hundred-feathered, the Duck-of-  
 the-East, and Cure.

Young Seru first heard the news of the regicidal  
 act as he was sauntering amongst some yam-beds ; and  
 was filled with fear lest the army, through which he  
 had to pass on his way home, should kill him and his  
 companions, to show their displeasure at the event.



Fortunately, the party was allowed to return to Rewa without molestation.

The Rewa king, when on his death-bed, predicted nought but woe to his fine family,—a prophecy which, of itself, probably helped forward the subsequent fratricides among his sons. “Why,” said he, “have our tributaries of Tokatoka killed my son? They should have waited my orders. O that they had not killed him! I was to blame for always irritating him, and I only should have died. He ought, as my first-born son, to have lived to have defended his young brothers. I foresee that our tributaries want to injure us, and they will lead my sons to murder each other. Alas! that my sons should come to untimely ends!” Probably the voice of conscience loudly upbraided him in his last moments, as he felt that he had sown the wind, and that his family would reap the whirlwind.

Let the fate of some of his sons be recorded:—

1. Koroitamana, the parricide, killed by the feudal soldiers.
2. Macanawai, clubbed by his brother Tuisawau.
3. Tuisawau, murdered by gun-shot by his brother Veidovi.
4. Veidovi, given in retaliation by his brothers to Captain Wilkes, and transported to meet an early death.
5. Banuvi (the king) killed by the hands of his Bauan cousins, in war.
6. Vakatawanavatu, killed in war.

Two other brothers, besides these, were always at war, and seeking to assassinate each other.

Soon afterwards, Seru's father ordered his son's

removal to Bau. Joining an expedition, the prince visited the Windward Islands, and embued his hands with blood at an early date, as has already been narrated.

The city of his fathers was in the zenith of its glory. The metropolis had already compelled, by judicious interference at times of civil war, the more distant kingdoms to pay the tribute of handsome women and large war-canoes. Hence could be seen at Bau the prettiest women and the most magnificent fleet in Fiji. More than twenty large war-canoes were retained by the chiefs resident, whilst many were scattered over the islands. The smaller canoes would perhaps be more than two hundred. Imagine all this shipping to be connected with an island not much more than a mile in circumference, and you will have some idea of the busy seaport. Realize, if you can, its sunny clime, and its crowded population—between three and four thousand. There are the turbaned heads, the flowing girdles, of the chiefs; the bare bodies of the multitude. The ladies, with a dress five inches wide; and the men with rather less. The houses large and spacious, with no partitions, no upper rooms; built very irregularly and crowded together. There is no burial-place save the royal mausoleum. The dead are buried under the earthen floors of the houses. Yonder are the three market-places, each answering the treble purpose of exchange, assembly-room, and human slaughter-house. There, towering over and above all other buildings, are the thirty heathen temples, beautifully ornamented with the white cowry-shells. Ascending the hill called "the top of the town," you will be offended by the

abundant filth, and will wonder that so many of the city fashionables are so fond of dancing there for so many hours.

Occupying an elevated post of observation, you note the wood and water carriers, poor women who have to propel their canoes for a distance of more than a mile, fill their pitchers, gather wood, collect leaves for cooking purposes, return to the city, and carry their loads to their several homes. The vegetable dealers,—crowds of serfs,—heavily burdened with yams, dalo, bananas, sugar-cane, native bread, &c., coming to deposit their cargo with those who rarely pay, and scarcely thank them. It was thus that the royal families were supplied with daily food.

And now the drums beat *pat, pat, pat, pat, pat*. What is the signal? It means that a man is about to be cut up, and prepared for food, as is a bullock in our own country. See the commotion! The majority of the population, old and young, run to gaze upon the intended victim. He is stripped naked, struck down with the club, his body ignominiously dashed against a stone in front of a temple, and then cut up and divided amongst a chosen few, ere the vital spark is extinct.\* Sometimes he is dashed into an oven whilst yet alive, and half cooked. The little children run off with the head, and play with it as with a ball. Some fond mother, anxious for the preservation of her child's health, begs for a morsel of the flesh to rub against the lips of her little one.

Perhaps it is the same day that you notice a few people walking rather more hurriedly than usual

\* This has happened when the writer himself has been in Ben.

towards a certain house. They carry oil, and paint, and dresses, and native calicoes, and mats. Entering the dwelling, they proceed to anoint two or three women, the wives of one man, whose recent decease has made them widows. The women have just returned from the baths; their visitors dress them, kiss them, weep over them, bid them good-bye, and then strangle them by suffocation! Generally the women have no wish to live, having been taught that they must eventually join their *first* husbands; that, should they live and marry again, yet at death they *must* rejoin their former partners, who would treat them harshly for having manifested so little affection for them as to remain on earth so long after their husband's death.\*

You pass on, and meet with an open grave. Waiting a moment, you ascertain that a sick man or woman has been partially suffocated previous to being buried alive. He was a burden to his friends, and so they strangled him.

Down the next lane, a young chief is trying on, for the first time since he was born, a narrow slip of native cloth, as an indication that he now thinks himself a man. He stands on the corpse of one who has been killed to make his stepping-stone for the ceremony of the day.

Preparing to enter the house of a deceased chief, you may notice a startling decoration placed over the doorway; and, on examination, you discover that it consists of upwards of twenty fingers, displayed in a row, having been amputated from as many individuals, who desire thus to express their sorrow for the

\* Widows who have not been strangled, frequently commit suicide.

departed. In the dwelling itself, you meet with men who have shaved their beards and their hair, as tokens of respect for the dead. Others have burned their bodies in various places, and made themselves loathsome to the living, under the delusion that it is appreciated by the dead.

But amidst such scenes, the signs of industrial occupations were not wanting. In the gardens might be found the cultivation of yams, dalo, and sugar-cane. Houses, suitable for the climate, were continually in course of erection. Carpenters were busily engaged in building canoes, and in engraving spears and clubs. The manufacture of large earthen cooking and water pots was also carried on. The plaiting of the mats, and the "beating out" of the cloth, were the constant employment of the ladies.

The youths of both sexes had their games, sometimes associating together in singing and dancing; and, though without written novels, their imagination was gratified by professed romancers. A Fijian tale may not be out of place before more important subjects require attention.

### THE VASU-KI-LAGI.

(A FIJIAN TALE.)

ONCE upon a time, a child was born to the chief of Wainikeli. A goddess, resolving to adopt the child for her own, came in the night, and stole the child when he was sleeping with his mother.

When the mother awoke in the morning, she wondered what had become of her babe; and, being greatly grieved, tried to think who had taken the

child. She then told her husband that she supposed a goddess had stolen him.

The goddess was styled the child's grandmother. She employed a woman as wet-nurse. The child turned; crawled; ran. Grandmother went to all the towns in Fiji, and took two men from each town, to live with the child, and to be his people. One of these was his messenger, and was called Tabu-tabu.

The child arrived at manhood. He went to the goddess. "Grandmother," said he, "what employment engaged our forefathers in ancient times?" Grandmother told him, "Your fathers sailed about; they *veitiga'd*;"\* they went out shooting; they *vei-vana-coro-dravu'd*."\* He remarked, "These shall all be given up, and we will only retain the *vei-vana-coro-dravu*."

Grandmother went to a town, and brought two men to dress his hair. They spread it wide and long. Then the youth said, "Let us go to the land of my mother." To her town they went.

All the people were away fishing, and the lad's sister was taking care of the house. The youth called her to come and part his hair, but she refused; for it is *tabu* to touch the head of *veiganeni* (related as brother and sister). The girl, however, was vulnerable, and presently spoke, saying, "I know we are *veiganeni*; but part you my hair." The boy went and parted her hair. A great rain fell instantly. The torrent washed their mother's towel to the sea. The parent, who was fishing, recognised her towel; and, ordering her companions to leave off fishing, she ran to her home, and found the young

\* Names of games at which they played.

people parting each other's hair! The mother swore at them, saying, "You are husband and wife!" The young man then fled to grandmother; because he was grieved at the accusation.

Grandmother inquired why he cried. He could not reply for some time. At length he told all; and asked the road to the sky. Grandmother told him that there were two paths: one in which the gods were crowded in heaps, and they would eat him if he followed it; another way, in which he could journey with safety. He then bade his grandmother good-bye, and said farewell also to his father and mother. His sister, knowing that he would follow the path in which the gods were, ran after him, saying, she would accompany him, and, if needs be, die with him.

The two went together. At night the woman slept, whilst the man kept watch. The gods came to eat them, first trying to frighten the mortals; but they were unsuccessful. The gods did this for several nights in succession. At length the two travellers approached a spot where two goddesses resided who were noted cannibals, excelling all who engaged in that business. The man then painted himself black (so as not to be known, and to show that he was prepared for war); and the two marched on, until they came to a fence, the pales of which consisted of captive men. They removed some of the men, and went inside. The man sat down on one log, and the woman on another. The two goddesses were intimidated, and went to prepare food for the strangers. Whilst they were making ready the oven (of stones), the man surprised and clubbed them.

He then unloosed all the men who were bound together as a fence, and bade every one of them to return to his own town.

The hero now said he would sleep as many nights as he had been awake. He slept, and slept long. When his sister tried to awaken him, she could not, and concluded that he was dead. Great was her grief.

The female bit off one of her fingers, placed it in the bosom of him who she thought was deceased,\* and then started for the sky.

As she went, she kept pouring oil in the pathway, that the man might know, if he awoke, that she had preceded him. She continued her journey for several days, until she came to a bathing-place, on the banks of which grew a box-wood tree, the flowers of which were *tabu'd* for the sole use of the inhabitants of Back-of-the-sky and Root-of-the-sky,—people who ornamented themselves with the blossoms when they *veitiga'd*. The woman climbed up into the tree. Some women from Back-of-the-sky came to bathe, and saw, in the water, the reflection of the traveller as she sat in the tree. They thought it was a goddess, and fled in haste. When they reported the occurrence in the town, the wife of the chief came near to the tree, and asked, "Who is this? god or man?" When she knew that the stranger was her grandchild, she rejoiced, crying for joy, and conducted her granddaughter to the town.†

\* This accords with the general custom, significant of respect for the dead.

† Then her grandmother had been removed by death, not to Bulu (Hades) but to Back-of-the-sky.



When the man had slept ten days and ten nights, he awoke, and found his sister's finger. He was greatly grieved, and wept. He got up to go to the sky, and knew, by the spilt oil, the direction his sister had taken.

When he came near the town, and heard the weeping, he suspected that his sister had arrived. When he entered the town, his sister rejoiced exceedingly to see that he was alive.

The chief of Back-of-the-sky sent some men to beat the drum for the town-folks to assemble. He then ordered food to be prepared for the strangers.

The two abode there for several days. It was then announced that *veitiga* would be played. The man said to himself, "O that grandmother were here, to make my *tiga*\* and give my *kaukau*!"† Whilst thus meditating, he heard the voice of his grandmother, saying, "Here am I." He told her what he wanted. She went and prepared his *ulutoa*,‡ and brought some *dawas* (plums), the stones of which she had extracted and filled their vacant places with the little white cowry-shell. She presented these to him with a girdle-clothing dyed in liquid lightning.

All the people from both Back- and Root- of-the-sky congregated in the assembly-ground. The two beautiful daughters of the chief of Back-of-the-sky were there as spectators. The *veitiga* was begun. To the astonishment of the inhabitants of Root-of-the-sky, the new comer's girdle emitted lightning.

\* The *tiga* (pronounced *ting-ga*) is a headed reed or dart, in the throwing of which this game consists.

† The first tokens of royalty presented to any one in acknowledgment of his having become a chief.

‡ The wooden head of the *tiga*.

As he walked about, he threw *davas* behind him, which were greedily eaten; and great was the surprise when it was ascertained that the stones were cowries. When he threw his *tiga*, it went further than that of anyone else. The two ladies greatly desired to make his acquaintance; but when they went to exchange civilities with him, he became enveloped in haze, and passed out of their sight. They returned home to tell their father that one of the players had quite stolen their hearts. The drum was again beaten, and the company were informed of the said fact. They were commanded to repeat the game, in order that the ladies might recognise the object of their affections. Each man went to re-dress his hair, saying to himself, "Surely I only am the desired one." They then went to *veitiga*; but, as each passed in review, the ladies said, "This is not he." The game went on, but the favoured one was not to be found.

At last the much-longed-for made his appearance; and the two ladies, exclaiming simultaneously, "This is the one!" ran to embrace him. But he was again mysteriously concealed from them. He hid himself for several days. At length they found him; and he chose the elder to be his wife, and made great presentations of property. All the wealth of the two (slain) goddesses was brought. It consisted of the valued cowry-shells, and native printed cloths. Men were weary of the loads they had to carry. A great feast was made, out of the provisions found on the lands of the two slain goddesses.

After the marriage, the happy couple returned to grandmother's town, where a son was born, "*vasu* to the sky."

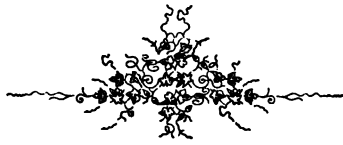
During a war, the husband offered his services as a soldier to his friends. He was accepted; entered the army; performed prodigious acts of valour; and was honourably slain in battle.

The sister, who had followed him in his long journey, was grieved when she found that he had more love for his wife than for her.

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Many of the terms and allusions in the above tale will be more fully explained in subsequent chapters. The tale itself may be taken as a fair type of numberless stories, which, however absurd, never fail in gaining ready and even greedy listeners.





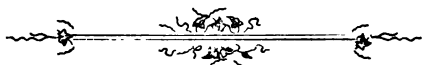
CHAPTER IV.

Chakomban.





## CHAPTER IV.



### THAKOMBAU.

*Tanoa's Reign and Exile—Tuiveikoso—Mara—Counterplot  
—Restoration of Tanoa—Death of Mara—Memorial  
Songs.*



WHEN Seru was seven years old, his father, Tanoa, succeeded to the kingdom.

In those days the sin of Bau was "very grievous." The worst passions of mankind remained unchecked. An impure meaning was attached to almost every word that was uttered. Murder was sanctioned by religion. Cannibalism was practised in the cattle-eating style of Abyssinia; the living animal furnishing meal after meal before its death, the remainder of the carcass being afterwards consumed.

Nor were these growing evils restricted to Bau and the Fijian group merely. An enthusiastic writer on India, who so eloquently expatiates on the insignificance of a Christian Mission to an island whose influence, in his opinion, is necessarily confined by the ocean to its own population, appears to forget that water is the high-road of savages, and that it

unites countries as well as separates them. In a considerable portion of Polynesia, the lives of women and children were spared in warfare, until Fiji introduced the cruel custom of slaying them. The barbarous novelty spread from their country to the groups of Haapai, Vavau, Tonga, and Samoa. The temples were sacred places of refuge, and all those who succeeded in escaping to them, when in circumstances of danger, were entitled to their lives. The Fijians were the first to violate this right of sanctuary; and the surrounding groups soon imitated their sad example.

The monotony of Seru's life was disturbed in 1832 by a political revolution, disastrous to the royal family.

The conduct of Tanoa, his father, had become insufferably bad in killing and eating men without any provocation. On visiting a distant island, he used to send his warriors to kill a number of men, before he would allow the sail of the canoe to be lowered. On several occasions he caused men to be killed, and laid as they had been used to lay wood, to preserve the keel of the canoe, when she was going to be launched, that she might be dragged into the water over their bodies, which were afterwards eaten.

For some time, the king had been suspicious of certain chiefs; rumours of various conspiracies against his life having reached his ears. But he seems to have thought himself secure. In the third year of his reign he visited the island of Ovalau; and, during his absence, the malcontents matured their plans. His family having secretly apprized him of his danger,

the king fled to Koro. Namosimalua, the chief of Viwa, a shrewd politician and renowned hero, was sent in pursuit of the fugitive. But, on his arrival at the island at which Tanoa was, he privately urged him to escape; and the next morning, when the Bau party proceeded to the town in which the exiled king was known to be, it was found that he had again taken flight. The chief returned to the city, and informed his fellow-conspirators that Tanoa had succeeded in making his escape to Somosomo, and that a large fleet would now be necessary to compel Somosomo to surrender the refugee. The fleet was sent; but returned to Bau without having accomplished the purpose for which it had been despatched. So well did he play his part, that none of the rebels suspected Namosimalua of treachery.

It was the policy of the conspirators to maintain the government in its integrity. A pretender was installed as Vunivalu, who was the mere tool of the more energetic chiefs. The usual death-like silence pervaded the metropolis whilst the royal draught was being prepared, and was followed by a simultaneous shout, throughout the whole city, so soon as Tuiveikoso had drunk the *kava*.

The revolution having been effected without the effusion of blood, and the rebel chiefs being desirous of establishing the popularity of their administration, the ruling powers restrained themselves from the customary cruel measure of putting to death the adherents of the weaker party.

The sagacious Namosimalua was the only dissident. He advised that Seru should be killed; expressing his fears lest the young prince should



secure a party in the city, and destroy the usurpers. The other conspirators replied, that he was a "mere boy."

Tanoa, the ex-monarch, secured the active and valuable alliance of Rewa; and war was declared between the respective kingdoms. The cause of Tanoa was also espoused by Somosomo, which furnished the means, whilst Rewa supplied the men, for war. But the energy of one man seems to have long upheld the supremacy of Bau.

The soul of the conspiracy was a tall, powerful, intelligent, and persevering chief, of the name of Mara. He was a man before his age. He was an advocate for the liberty of the subject, for commerce amongst the states, and for peace with all nations and tribes. Yet he upheld the rights of his own class, carefully collected the accustomed tribute, and was as ferocious as a tiger in battle.

He caused a bridge to be built, connecting the isle of Bau with the mainland. This was afterwards destroyed, on the occasion of the death of its architect. Probably it was his example which incited the chiefs of Rewa to make the canal near Nakelo; at once the largest and the most useful engineering work that is to be found in Fiji. It is pronounced to be about double the width of the famous Bridgewater canal in England.

Mara was a man of undaunted courage. On one occasion, while leading a storming-party into a town, at the moment of their triumph he had three bullets lodged in his body by a Manilla man. He refused to allow his people to carry him on a litter, and walked some miles to a town near his home. Mara

is still renowned as the one chief who took towns by fair and open assault; and no one has yet shown himself his equal in this respect.

He made known his wish to change the national religion. Having heard of the introduction of Christianity into the Friendly Islands, he proposed sending for some one to instruct him in its truths. He frequently expressed a desire to know the true God, saying: "There is but one thing that can save and elevate Fiji,—the knowledge of a true God. But shall we ever hear concerning Him?"

How unfortunate we know no more about the inner life of this interesting chief! Did he fear God and work righteousness? Not his helpless ignorance; nor the fatality of his birth; nor the thick moral gloom which overspread the face of his country; but his sin, coupled with the fact of his knowing it to be sin, would condemn him.

The exiled king was unremitting in his efforts to re-establish his influence in Bau. He hired an American vessel to bombard the city of his fathers. Her captain seems to have been willing to do anything so as to secure his cargo. He came unexpectedly to the Bau anchorage, took up a good position, and fired a broadside. The Bauans had no idea that harm was intended, until the cannon-balls made their startling appearance amongst them. Some whites were resident at Bau at the time, and prepared to give a dignified response to the summons of their visitor. A large cannon was brought to bear on the ship. The second shot struck the jib-boom; and the commander, fearing that he might be disabled, slipped his anchor, and sailed out of the

channel. At Nasautabu, a boat was sent ashore to effect the burning of an empty temple; after which glorious exploit, the ship returned to Somosomo.

The reign of the usurper, Tuiveikoso, was signaled by the capture of an European vessel. A French brig, at anchor off Viwa, was greatly desired by the Bau chiefs, and an order was issued for its capture. The Viwa chiefs, Namosimalua and Verani, objected at first to execute the Bauan command; but afterwards yielded obedience to the orders of the government. Then was the disgraceful deed accomplished for which M. D'Urville subsequently punished the inhabitants of Viwa. The ill-gotten brig brought little wealth to her new owners. On one occasion, when at sea, the chiefs on board of her discovered a ship in the distance; and, alarmed by the accusing voice of conscience, prepared to abandon the vessel, and seek refuge on an island which was near. Just as they were getting into the boat, the ship exhibited the flag of the United States of America, and terminated their fears. The Bauans then bore down boldly to the stranger, and communicated the current news. The brig was subsequently wrecked.

All this time young Seru remained at Bau. He seemed to take no interest in political life; amusing himself with angling, swimming, gaming, eating, drinking, playing, and sleeping.

But never were any statesmen more mistaken than those who had supposed that no lurking ambition was harboured in the heart of the pleasure-loving Seru. Never was any government more surprised than that of Bau, when "the boy" Seru beat the drum of counter-revolution.

Lasakau, the east end of the city, and the part inhabited by the fishermen, had been gained over to the cause of the exiled king, through the well-planned and secret schemes of the young chief, whose friends at Rewa *vakania'd* ("fed") the Lasakauans, and engaged to pay them well if they would desert or betray the Tuiveikoso government. Seru was thus supported by Rewa on account of his being a son of Tanoa their *vasu*.

According to arrangement, several towns on the mainland simultaneously made their peace with Tanoa's party; and whilst Tuiveikoso's faction were in consternation at this unexpected event, the Lasakauans commenced the erection of their own fortifications, by building and completing, in one night, a war-fence, dividing their part of the town from that of the chiefs. The rulers called a council of war. Namosimalua advised the arrest of Seru, and of his own nephew, Verani, whom he suspected of treachery. It was too late. The two boy-conspirators had taken refuge in Lasakau.

A musket fired by Namosimalua, the contents of which were intended for his beloved nephew, was the signal of war. A severe contest ensued. The fishermen had the advantage of being well prepared for active engagement. Fiery darts were shot at the chiefs' quarter, which was set on fire and soon reduced to ashes. The Bauans indiscriminately fled for refuge to the mainland, leaving many of their number slain.

Previous to this important movement, Tanoa had returned to Rewa, by direction of the heathen oracle at Somosomo. Here, acting in concert with his son,

he prepared his people to give him a welcome return, by promising them further liberty and great wealth. Rewa supported Tanoa, their *vasu*, with all the men and means it possessed. Several important towns were conquered for the Bau king by its armies. Seru begged of his allies to destroy Kaba and not to leave a man alive. The Rewa king, however, refused to destroy the people. He conquered Kaba, and allowed the people to live. Seru complained of this clemency; but his august relative replied, "You act in anger when you wish their death: when you have no people left to do your work, you will condemn yourself. I, therefore, must exercise judgment for you in the day of our success."

As soon as Bau was in possession of his party, Tanoa was conveyed in state to the scene of conquest, and triumphantly entered Bau towards the close of the year 1837. His power being re-established, Tanoa resolved to exterminate the enemies of his family. He encouraged his son to put to death all suspected parties. A price was set on the heads of the rebels; and their friends quickly surrendered them to the messengers of the young chief, who sacrificed them to the *manes* of his ancestors, and permitted the Lasakauans, his butchers, to feed on their patrician flesh.

It may be proper to record an illustration of this bloody period. A rebel having been captured and taken into the presence of young Seru, he commanded his guards to cut out the tongue of the offender; which he devoured raw, talking and joking at the same time with the mutilated chief, who begged in vain for the boon of a speedy death. Having been

cruelly tormented, the poor fellow was killed, cooked, and eaten.

Nor were only those individuals killed the death of whom would gratify feelings of revenge. Many were put to death to satiate the morbid appetite of the populace for this horrid food.

The notorious chiefs Mara and Namosimalua were still at large. Seru pursued Mara from town to town, until the royalists, if so they may be termed, were repulsed at Na-mata. At the head of a more numerous army, including the entire forces of Bau, Rewa, and Verata, Seru again laid siege to Na-mata, but was driven off by a successful sortie. At length he secured his victim by treachery. The Na-mata chief engaged to assassinate his friend on certain terms. Early one morning the townspeople surrounded their courageous guest, and massacred him. When they were going to shoot at him, he stood undismayed, and filled them with terror. At last they attacked him with hatchets, clubs, muskets, and knives; during which conflict he struck and bit them; but eventually fell, and his body was taken to Seru.

The whites then living at Ovalau consider that they rendered essential aid in the restoration of Tanoa. Mara himself was exceedingly popular with them; but they strongly disliked Namosimalua and other chiefs of the Tuiveikoso party, who were always advising Mara to put them to death. On these grounds, and not from personal dislike to Mara, they privately presented a large quantity of ammunition to Seru, who went by night to beg their assistance.

Commemorative of his success, Seru received three names. The king's party styled him *Cikinovu*,

“the Centipede,” as it was considered by them that he had successfully imitated the movements of that creature, which crawls about, with apparent indifference, until secure of its prey, when it strikes in its teeth, and bites very severely. The defeated faction called him *Cakobau*, pronounced *Tha-kom-bau*, literally “Bau is bad,” referring to the distinction attending his *coup-d'état*. By this name he is generally known. The Bau chiefs generally denominated him the “Bi,” a name given to any enclosure of water in which turtles are kept for the chiefs. It was in this instance an allusion to the number of human beings which were killed to supply his unnatural appetite. Songs were composed in his praise, of which the following are specimens:—

## I.

The gods of Bau are angry in their hearts :  
 They confer at the Drekeiselesele :  
 Cakobau strolls about as though careless,  
 His plot is deep under the ground.  
 They consult, and talk, and are silent.  
 Komainavalecaou has done wrong,  
 He has not killed Loaloadravu.  
 Cakobau is repairing a canoe,  
 He is re-lashing the Tui-na-yau,  
 A raft to carry the Vunivalu's plot ;  
 Its flags hang in ornament.  
 Their conspiracy is agreed to at Lasakau ;  
 The chiefs of the fishermen offer to fight ;  
 Butako-i-valu is supplied with kava ;  
 The prayer, “ Let Caucau die.”

## II.

Early in the morning the Bauans crowd together,  
 To assemble in the Dulukovuya,  
 And Namosimalua speaks:—  
 “ The fishermen are of one mind,

Cakobau and Tutekovuya ;  
And they two tear asunder the land."  
Then roars the sound of the flames ;  
The doves fly away to the sea ;  
Congregating at Kubuna,  
The women bend their heads :  
Then he from the Ua says,  
" Here 's the end of the first plot."

## III.

The head-dresses were spread, but not sewn ;  
The disturbers in Vuya are alarmed ;  
I spoke and spoke, and then said,  
" What treachery is there at Vuya ?  
You two persons are the originators."  
They fight, they strangle, they murder ;  
The ladies are swimming away,  
Swim and reach the town of Namara ;  
The club is uplifted that they may murder  
each other ;  
And Tuivunidawa (Caucu) is slain :  
Those who escape gain refuge in Na-mata.

## IV.

Very early in the morning I hear a report,  
" The town of Waicoka is deserted."  
Saumaki then makes the exclamation,  
" The chiefs do tabu love."  
I cry, and weep, and am tired :  
I go and become composed at Vatoa.  
Qio comes along here,  
His plot is intricate and very branchy.  
And Balovo resident at Tokatoka,  
He comes to abide with us.  
Qio is now in unknown water,  
Goes to Na-mata to get fast aground.

## V.

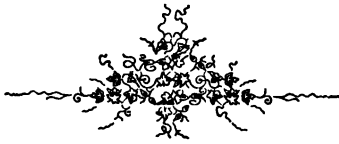
Early in the morning the Rewa chiefs crowd  
together ;



They cause the flints to strike fire and explode,  
Its smoke ascends visibly.  
The Tui Kaba are divided into two parties ;  
The town of Na-mata is besieged,  
The Verata army kills some,  
The town is attacked all day until night ;  
They are beaten off, they flee in confusion.  
The most powerful calls out aloud,  
"There sits Bau—it floats empty :  
There is only one who is its possessor :  
It is reduced beyond re-exaltation.  
Compose and chant the song of victory ;  
For the sun sets at noon-day."\*

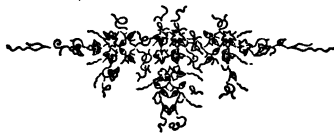
- \* An intimation that Mara's power waned prematurely.





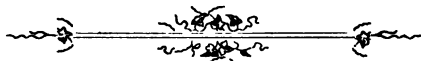
## CHAPTER V.

*Light and Darkness.*





## CHAPTER V.



### LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

*Arrival of Missionaries—Admittance to Bau refused—Congress of Chiefs—Namosimalua professes Christianity—U.S. Exploring Expedition—War and Treachery.*



MIDST these scenes of warfare and cruelty, the great event which had been so eagerly desired by the late Mara took place.

The Christians of Great Britain sent missionaries to Fiji, to bring over its blood-thirsty population to a knowledge of that God who is the author of peace and lover of concord. Two worthy men, the Rev. David Cargill, M.A., a gentleman of education and considerable ability, and the Rev. William Cross, his good colleague, had arrived in the islands, as the vanguard of an invading missionary army, whose weapons, not carnal, were prayer and pains. These noble pioneers each felt that two points of attack on the strongholds of Satan would be preferable to one. Some may talk now of "the dangers of solitude," and of the necessity of "preserving our men;" but so did not our veteran fathers. Had they not counted the cost, and were they un-

willing to pay the reckoning? To accomplish the end of their mission, they *must* separate. For our four-score inhabited islands are scattered wide, whilst Eastern and Western Fiji are also geographically distinct groups. Besides, the object of dread in Eastern Fiji was the principal western power, Bau; and to neglect it was most impolitic. The last remnant of civilization was, therefore, cheerfully abandoned; and these two men of faith surrendered the comforts of educated society, that they might effectually do the work to which God had called them.

Bau being, with regard to rank and influence, at the head of the whole group, it was Mr. Cross's intention to commence a mission there, if possible; but an interview with the young Seru convinced him that such a step would, for the present, be imprudent. Bau was just recovering from the shock of a seven years' civil war, and the young chief was going on with the work of destruction when Mr. Cross arrived. In answer to his request for permission to take up his residence with him, he said, "It will be most agreeable to me, if you think well; but I will not hide it from you, that I am now engaged in war, and cannot attend to your instructions, or even assure you of safety." As there was no prospect either of security or success at Bau, Mr. Cross turned his attention to Rewa, the second place in Fiji in rank and influence.\*

Respecting this event the Rev. D. Cargill says: "The day on which that missionary visited the metropolis of Tanoa's dominions, the bodies of two of the

\* Hunt's Memoirs of Cross.

rebels constituted a repast on which the cannibal conquerors glutted their ferocious appetites; and other two were being baked in native ovens, to furnish them with the materials of another gratification to their hyæna-like propensities. At the time of this visit, Tanoa had undertaken a voyage to a neighbouring island. His son Seru, though not the nominal king, had nevertheless the principal management of the affairs of Bau. After an interview with this high-spirited chief, and after making actual survey on the spot, Mr. Cross prudently resolved not to attempt the establishment of a mission at that place, until the political excitement and civil commotion had ceased to distract the attention, and inflame the minds, of the chiefs and people.

“This was a wise decision. To commence missionary operations at Bau at such a critical juncture, when the attention and time of all parties were monopolized by revenge, war, and cannibalism, would have been detrimental to the prosperity of the Fiji mission, and hazardous to Mr. Cross and family.”\*

The political crisis, however, was over; whilst the action of the Rev. W. Cross was found subsequently to have given great offence to Thakombau. Yet the missionary's error was one of ignorance. Had he been longer in the country, and known the full purport of the chief's reply, he would doubtless have taken up his residence at Bau. The permission which was granted to dwell in the city was, for Bau, a wonderful condescension; and, be it remembered, that it was not renewed for fifteen years afterwards! And even then, when license was once more accorded,

\* *Memoirs of Mrs. Cargill, by her husband.*

there was no promise to "attend to" instruction; and no assurance, indeed, of "safety," for the enemy was in the ascendant. Here we see the importance of prayer that missionaries in new countries may be Divinely directed, especially in their first movements. Generally a visit of inspection, for observation, and report, and discussion at head-quarters, is desirable, previous to the missionary occupation of a new country.

"In the month of September, the king of Rewa presented thirty-nine canoes to Tanoa, and attended a meeting convened by him for the consolidation of peace. As the meeting gives some idea of the manner in which such kind of business is transacted, an account of it, from Mr. Cross's papers, may be interesting. The following were the principal chiefs who constituted the meeting:—Tanoa, the ruling king of Bau; Roko Tui Bau, the titled king; Tuiveikoso, an elder brother of Tanoa, whom the rebels had made king while Tanoa was in exile; Roko Tui Dreketi, the king of Rewa; Namosimalua, chief of Viwa; Tuiveikau, the principal chief of Namara, one of the leading free-towns of Bau, called '*bati*.' Tanoa was fully restored to his dignity when this meeting was convened. There was, however, a great deal of uncertainty as to the object of the meeting. Some thought it was the intention of Tanoa to punish those of the rebels who were still alive, among whom Namosimalua was considered the principal. The preparations, as is usual on such occasions, were on a large scale, consisting of baked pigs, yams, dalo, and yaqona. Roko Tui Bau opened the business of the day by presenting three whale's-teeth to Tanoa, as a

peace-offering, assuring him that he knew nothing of the designs of his enemies, and entreated that he and his people might live. Tanoa received his offering, and sent him five whale's-teeth as a proof of his good-will; after which he addressed Roko Tui Bau as follows:—'You and I are friends. Don't you know? You know I have been driven from my land; but my anger is now over, and my enemies are punished. They are dead; but as to myself, I am not as a man, but as a god. Hence, though I have been driven hither and thither alone, I am now at home again. I wish we may now live in peace. You be kind to me, and I will be kind to you; but remember, if any do ill, I shall have them killed.' Tui Dreketi then rose, and presented one whale's-tooth as an offering. He said, 'I present this that this meeting may be truly for the establishment of peace, and that we may cease to do evil. If Bau be at peace, we shall all be at peace, and all will be well: if Bau be at war, we shall be at war, and all will be ill.'

"Tuiveikoso then addressed Tanoa. He said, 'I only am one with you. You and I are two. I knew not the design of your enemies. They brought your title to me; but I desired it not, nor did I take any part against you: therefore be gracious to me, that I may live.' Tanoa rose and kissed him, and they wept together. Tanoa said to him, 'Fear not. What should I do to you? You can no longer do anything; nor will I do anything to harm you. You are not as I am. I am yet strong, and able to go to other lands: you can do nothing. You are like a large pig, which has grown too fat to walk about: all you can do is, to sit, and sleep, and wake, and choose your food.'



They both laughed heartily, and sat down. Tuiveikoso is an old man, very corpulent, and lame in his feet. Part of the assembly then drank yaqona together, and Namosimalua retired. While they were drinking yaqona, an inquiry was made respecting the person who was the originator of the late rebellion. All declared they did not know. Tanoa then said, 'No; the man who was the cause of it has retired: no doubt he has gone to contrive something else that is evil: we will adjourn the meeting till to-morrow, and then have him tried.' The person referred to was Namosimalua. Accordingly the next day he was brought before the assembly, and charged with having been the originator of the late rebellion: this he denied. He was then charged with having engaged to kill Tanoa. This he acknowledged, and stated that the rebels gave him six whale's-teeth, and a niece of Tanoa for his wife, as an inducement to accomplish this object. Tanoa, addressing Namosimalua, said, 'Then you engaged to kill me for six whale's-teeth and a woman.' He answered, 'Yes, sir.' Tanoa said, 'That is good. I like you for speaking the truth: I wish to know it. You shall not die, though you have done evil to me.' Tuiveikan then addressed Namosimalua, charging him with the whole of the late troubles; adding, 'If the king will allow us, we will kill you at once.' A tumult ensued, which was put a stop to by the king of Rewa, who addressed the assembly in a conciliatory speech, and the meeting broke up.

"All were astonished that Namosimalua was spared, as all considered him the worst of the rebels. They, however, only knew a part of the truth, or they

would have been less surprised at the clemency shown him by Tanoa. The fact of the case was, that Namosimalua joined the rebels in appearance, and at the same time did what he could to preserve the life of the king, instead of killing him according to his engagement. By so doing, he secured the favour of both parties, which was all he desired.”\*

In Tanoa's exercise of clemency towards Namosimalua Seru had no sympathy. He remembered, with strong feeling, that this man had constantly recommended the conspirators to kill him; and he inwardly resolved to be revenged on his adversary as soon as it was practicable.

Eighteen months having elapsed, a second attempt was made to plant a mission at Bau. The missionaries were now seven in number; and at their Annual Meeting in July, 1839, it was determined that Mr. Cross should remove to Bau as soon as possible, and again perform the arduous work of pioneer, for which he was particularly adapted. This would have been a more difficult task than any he had yet undertaken. Tanoa was aware of this; and, being afraid to receive a missionary at present, because his son and others were opposed to it, he attempted to frighten Mr. Cross by placing before him the difficulty of the undertaking. He observed, with much truth, “The island is small, the people foolish. I fear they will take your property from you. Water and fire-wood are difficult to obtain,”—there being neither on the island. He might have added food too; everything, except a little water to wash in, having to be brought from the Large Land, more than a mile from Bau. Mr.

\* Hunt's Memoirs of Cross.

Cross's answer was characteristic. He said, "The smallness of the island, the distance of food and water, are not difficulties to me : as for the people, I do not fear them. I fear no one but God ; and if you will only give your consent, I will be in Bau in three days." The king was now obliged to speak out, and absolutely refused to have a missionary. But though Mr. Cross was courageous and even daring, he was judicious, and seldom offended a heathen. He did not expect much from them, and consequently was seldom disappointed or dissatisfied with the treatment he received : he never trifled with them.

Being prevented from commencing a mission-station at Bau, he turned his attention to Viwa, until the way should be opened to the metropolis. Viwa is a small island about three miles in circumference, and at a distance of two from Bau. Though small, it has almost every variety of hill and dale in miniature. It is nearly covered with bread-fruit trees, and *ivi*, a kind of chestnut, the bloom of which has an odour so like a violet that the island sometimes has the delicious fragrance of that flower.

Mr. Cross's circumstances were now comparatively comfortable. He was among his own spiritual children, who loved him, and who gladly listened to his ministry. Thakombau was, however, much opposed to Christianity, and persuaded his uncle, who had abandoned heathenism while residing at Viwa, to apostatize ; and, as a proof of it, to dismiss the native teacher who had accompanied him to Bau. The teacher was unwilling to go away, expressing his readiness " not only to suffer, but to die for the Lord Jesus." Mr. Cross faithfully reproved Thakombau

for his vices ; and plainly set before him the consequences of continuing a heathen, and an opposer of the truth. He declared, however, that he would always oppose it, and that none of his family should ever be Christians if he could prevent it.\*

The missionaries, however, frequently visited Bau, and Tanoa often promised to build a mission-house ; but Thakombau would not allow it. The king always yielded the point to his son, who was strangely delighted with the opportunity of revenging himself on the missionary body for the action of Mr. Cross at their first interview. But not on this account only did the young chief object : he had begun to comprehend the aim of the missionaries, and he opposed himself to the religion of love and peace. Hereafter we shall see him persecuting the church of Christ, and meditating the utter extermination of Christianity. Indeed on one occasion he said, "When you have grown *dalo* on yon bare rock, then will I become a Christian, and not before."

Yet further to annoy the Christian missionaries, Thakombau required Namosimalua, who had professed the new religion of love, to continue, in spite of his strong objections, as one of his active generals in the field. After many threats, Namosimalua was induced to conduct an army to Mucunata, to punish the people of that kingdom for insults they had offered to the chiefs of Bau. He laid siege to Mucunata ; but the inhabitants held out eight days. As they had no water in the fortification, they were reduced to the greatest distress. A messenger was then sent to Namosimalua, begging him to have com-

\* Hunt's Memoirs of Cross.

passion on them, and spare their lives, promising in the names of the chiefs and people to be subject to Bau. The poor man urged his petition with the greatest vehemency and importunity, stating that they were famishing for want of water. Namosimalua remembered the word which says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," and immediately ordered them to bring their vessels and fill them with water, though he had not yet accepted their conditions of peace. This had a most extraordinary effect. The people declared it was a new thing in Fiji, and were willing to come to any terms with their merciful conqueror. But the chief of Bau was indignant at such a way of conducting a war. Namosimalua had returned without killing a single man. "Nothing," said Thakombau, "but the entire destruction of Mucata will satisfy me. Why did you spare them? I regard not their offers of peace; yea, I hate them. I am very angry because they live."

He then requested Namosimalua to assist him in another fight: but, as the latter could, without any breach of Fijian loyalty, decline to visit that particular seat of war, he refused; and, to court favour with the missionaries, assigned as a reason that he feared God. Seru, in retaliation, exclaimed, "Wonderful is the new religion, is it not? But will it prevail? Will it prevent our having men to eat? Not it!"

The visit of the United States' discovery-ships to Fiji furnished Thakombau with an opportunity of partially gratifying the natural curiosity of a rising young chief. Captain (now Admiral) Wilkes, of the

"Trent" notoriety, says: "On the 19th, Seru, the son of Tanoa, arrived from Bau, for the purpose of visiting me. I immediately sent him and his suite an invitation to meet me at the observatory on the following day, with which he complied. Seru is extremely good-looking, being tall, well made, and athletic. He exhibits much intelligence both in his expression of countenance and manners. His features and figure resemble those of a European, and he is graceful and easy in his carriage. The instruments at the observatory excited his wonder and curiosity. He, in common with the other natives, believed that they were intended for the purpose of looking at the Great Spirit, and in consequence paid them the greatest respect and reverence. This opinion saved us much trouble; for they did not presume to approach the instruments; and although some of them were always to be found without the boundary which had been traced to limit their approach, they never intruded within it. They always behaved civilly, and said they only came to *sara-sara* ('look on').

"I afterwards took Seru on board the 'Vincennes;' where, as his father had recommended, I gave him plenty of good advice, to which he seemed to pay great attention. I had been told that he would probably exhibit hauteur and an arrogant bearing; but he manifested nothing of the kind. He appeared rather, as I had been told by his father I would find him, 'young and frisky.' He was received with the same attentions that had been paid to his father. The firing of the guns seemed to take his fancy much, and he was desirous that I should gratify him by continuing to fire them longer; but I was not in-

clined to make the honours paid to him greater than those rendered to his father, knowing how observant they are of all forms. The whole party, himself included, showed more pleasure, and were much more liberal in their exclamations of '*Vinaka! vinaka!*' ('Good! good!') and '*Whoo!*' using them more energetically, than the king's party, as might naturally be expected from a younger set of natives. Seru is quite ingenious: he took the musket given to him to pieces as quickly, and used it with as much adroitness, as if he had been a gunsmith. His priest was with him, and the party all appeared greatly delighted with the ship. On the whole, I was much pleased with him during his visit. Shortly afterwards he, however, visited the ship during my absence, and displayed a very different bearing, so much so as to require to be checked. I learned a circumstance which would serve to prove that the reputation he bears is pretty well founded. He on one occasion sent word to one of the islands, (Koro, I believe,) for the chief to have a quantity of cocoa-nut oil ready for him by a certain time. Towards the expiration of the specified interval, Seru went to the island, and found it was not ready. The old chief of the island pleaded the impossibility of compliance, from want of time; and promised to have it ready as soon as possible. Seru told him he was a great liar; and, without further words, struck him on the head, and killed him on the spot. This is only one of many instances of the exercise of arbitrary power over their vassals." \*

Before Captain Wilkes left the group, he found that no rank exempts the Fijian from the disposition

\* Wilkes's Narrative of United States' Exploring Expedition.

to steal. "Before I left Levuka," says he, "Seru, Tanoa's eldest son, paid us another visit, and brought some hogs and other provisions, as a present. On this occasion, his conduct towards Mr. Vanderford was not what it should have been; for he appropriated some of that officer's property to himself. I regret I did not learn this until some time afterwards, for I had no opportunity of speaking to Seru again; but I sent him word that his conduct was not approved of, and he must not take such a liberty again."

In the year 1840 a war commenced on the island of Taviuni between Somosomo, the metropolis of the Cakaudrovi kingdom, and Vuna, one of its subject towns. Bau carried out its usual policy of weakening rival kingdoms, and took the part of Vuna. It so happened that Thakombau's elder brother, Wai-niu, was ambitious to make himself sovereign of Bau; and, knowing the ill-feeling at Somosomo, fled there in virtue of its being the place to which his mother belonged. Fijians have two homes,—the home of their father, and the home of their mother. The latter is frequently their city of refuge. They are *vasus* to their mother's friends; an office which gives them the power to take what they please from their maternal relations. Wai-niu was thus *vasu* to the wealthy Somosomo. The king readily assisted him with means and men in his schemes against Bau. Through the influence of the property received from Somosomo, Wai-niu induced a considerable party of the allies of Bau on Great Fiji, within twenty miles of the city, to espouse his cause. Among these, the principal was a powerful town called Namena. Private messengers were sent to Viwa from this



place to engage Varani and Namosimalua on the side of the rebels. Varani received the messengers with kindness, and promised them his support, stating that all the people of Viwa were of the same mind. He immediately communicated what he had done to Seru, and assured him that by this means he should place the Namena people at his entire disposal. Thakombau had attempted in vain to subdue the inhabitants of Namena, and was of course exceedingly glad that Varani had undertaken to effect the object in another way. He sent Varani a large present, promised him one of his daughters for a wife, and said, "My house and its riches are yours; only effect the destruction of the people of Namena."

Varani, thus encouraged, began to think of the means by which his object should be accomplished. He endeavoured to make Namosimalua and the Viwans dissatisfied with the authorities of Bau.

But the missionary Cross's influence neutralised Varani's exertions, and the Viwans refused to declare war against Bau. Thakombau's accomplice was, however, indefatigable. He circulated reports of plots that had been discovered against Namosimalua's life; declared that the Bau people had collected yams to be eaten as soon as some Viwa flesh was secured for meat; and contributed to give rise to a rumour which reached Namosimalua's ear, and pained his heart, to the effect that a young chief had committed adultery with Vatea, his wife, during her late absence at Bau. Namosimalua could hesitate no longer; and, as the war appeared to be strictly defensive, the Christians joined their townspeople in fortifying the town.

Varani sent for assistance from Namena; and twelve canoes, with one hundred and forty able warriors, were sent to aid Viwa.

The poor Macoi people were in the net, and the two chief conspirators formed the plan of securing them as quickly as possible. It was arranged that the Bau chief should invade Viwa with a large force, which was to be divided into three companies. The strongest, with the chief at its head, was to land at a part of the island most distant from the town, and the others to be posted so as to cut off those who might attempt to escape. Thakombau then attacked Viwa in accordance with previous arrangement. Varani had stationed the Viwa people by themselves; and, as soon as the invading army approached, he divulged the secret. "Fire blank cartridge," said he, "at the Bau people; but, as soon as they are sufficiently near, admit them into the town, and join them in killing the Namena people." Varani was a popular leader; but his stratagem received no applause this time. When the chief made his brief speech, a general murmur arose from the warriors. It was a new sort of treachery, and one which their late contact with Christianity rendered them unfit to appreciate as formerly. But it was too late to murmur; and the Viwans, with sad hearts, admitted the Bauans, and joined them in the wholesale murder of their too-confiding guests.

Seru had made a similar communication to the main body of his army, warning them not to kill any Viwans, nor to touch anything belonging to the missionary. During the firing, some of the Bau people pretended to be shot, and the news was imme-

diately taken to the town that an enemy had fallen ; the Macoi people, who were to die in a few moments, clapped their hands and rattled their spears for joy. The drum was beaten to indicate success on the Viwan side, and all was joy in the town, when Varani and his party rushed in with the Bauans close after them, and fell on their surprised victims like so many wolves. In the space of a few minutes about one hundred of them were massacred. Their bodies were taken to Bau, and afterwards cooked and eaten.

On the tidings of the catastrophe at Viwa reaching Namena, eighty women were strangled, to accompany the fallen warriors to the land of spirits.

Two men who were unfortunately taken alive in this engagement at Viwa were removed from thence to Kaba to be killed. Seru told his brother Raivalita the manner in which he intended them to be killed ; who said, in reply, " That will be very cruel," and that, if he would allow them to live, he would give him a canoe. Seru answered, " Keep your canoe : I want to eat men." Raivalita then left the town, that he might not witness the horrid sight. The following cruel deed was then perpetrated :—The men doomed to death were ordered to dig a hole in the earth for the purpose of making a native oven, and were required to cut fire-wood to roast their own bodies. They were then directed to go and wash, and afterwards to make a cup of the banana-leaf, which, from opening a vein in each person, was soon filled with blood. This blood was drunk in the presence of the sufferers by the Kaba people. Seru then had their arms and legs cut off, cooked, and eaten, some of which were presented to them. Seru then ordered a fish-hook to be

put into their tongues, which were drawn out as far as possible, and then cut off: these were roasted and eaten, while they tauntingly said, "We are eating your tongues." As life was not extinct, an incision was made in the side, and the bowels taken out; which soon terminated their sufferings in this world.\*

Seru was visited about this time by the General Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions, the late Rev. John Waterhouse, who says, (17th June, 1841,) "We had great difficulty in getting to the canoe, the tide being out, the wind strong, and much rain making it unpleasant wading through the mud: we were almost broiled by the vertical rays of the sun. Our canoe soon reached Bau; when we went to the house of Tanoa, to whom all Fiji pays respect. He is, in a certain sense, Prince of Kings, a venerable old man. His house surpasses, in magnitude and grandeur, anything I have seen in these seas. It is one hundred and thirty feet long, and forty-two feet wide, with massive columns in the centre, and strong, curious workmanship in every part. Tanoa received us very graciously; and on my offering a present, he clapped hands, which was the highest mark of respect, and an acknowledgment that he was in the presence of a greater chief than himself. If the people had clapped hands at his instance, that would have shown respect; but doing it himself showed the greatest. He beckoned me to sit on the mat by him. About a hundred persons were in the room with him. He put his hands frequently on my thigh, and various parts of my body, giving a smile of approbation. I told him it was my great wish that a missionary should live on

\* Missionary Notices.

his land at Bau, and teach the people. He replied, 'It is very good.' I said, 'Will you build him a house?' He said, 'I am building that part of the city which was burnt down; but it is in my mind to build you a house.' His principal wife, an interesting woman, expressed a wish that a missionary would go and live among them. Having urged them to renounce Paganism, embrace Christianity, and strive to enter the kingdom of heaven, we bade them farewell.

"We then called on Seru, his son, whose life is characterized by war, cruelty, and bloodshed. He has thirty or forty wives: the principal one sat by him, while he was sleeping on his mat. On being roused from his slumber, he gave me with lordly indifference his hand, the savage being depicted in every feature of his countenance. Having told him what lands I had visited, and our object in visiting them, I added, 'When will your wars cease in Fiji?' He replied, 'We will fight till we die; we will teach our children to fight, and our children's children shall fight.' I said, 'It is a pity in so good a land for your people to be destroyed.' He answered, 'It will be very good for them all to be dead.' While we were there, we were told they were going to eat a man, and that his body was in the oven. Our natives were sent to inquire more particularly into this matter, and found it even so; and that another man, who had been killed, was sent as a present to another town to be eaten.

"After a war at Verata, Seru had the children of the slaughtered taken to Bau, and fastened to trees, that his own children might kill them with the bow and arrow, and thus learn to be warriors; it being the

custom of Fiji to train their children for war in this way.

“I asked Seru if he would let Mr. Cross live with them. He said: ‘Mr. Cross, you hate me: I would have let you come here, but you would not.’ As he seemed disposed to talk of nothing but war, we left him.”

Thus did this wicked chieftain boldly accuse a self-denying missionary of hating him! He hated the man of God; and, doubtless, intended to embroil Mr. Cross with the General Superintendent, whom the Fijian chief would suppose to be a spiritual despot. Mr. Cross had, it must be remembered, been entreating the Bauan chief for more than three years to allow him to reside at Bau. The explanation of Seru’s conduct may be given in few words:—“The carnal mind is enmity against God.”

A notice of the late Mr. Waterhouse may not be unacceptable to those who knew him in England. It is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Williams, his fellow-passenger, now favourably known to the public as the author of “Fiji and the Fijians.”

“He was on the list of those who suffered severely on shipboard, but with much patience. When able to leave his berth, he would go the round of those occupied by his brethren and their wives, to inquire, as he used to say, ‘after his family,’ and cheer them with the tones of sympathy and consolation. It was quite a treat to him, if, in rough weather, he could surprise the ladies by appearing among them the bearer of a dish of nicely-cooked potatoes, or enticing glasses of jam; and no one ignorant of what they suffered can

conceive how welcome his timely kindness and benign smile were. They shed light on the heart when all around was gloom; they inspired confidence in the female bosom when the noise of raging elements tempted it to despair. At this day his companions recall those scenes, and bless his memory.

“To his young brethren Mr. Waterhouse acted with paternal kindness. He bore with our foibles wonderfully; was a kind arbitrator in our discussions; and set us an unvarying example of true liberality. He invited us to supply our want of experience from his own rich stores, and facilitated our endeavours so to do by reading us papers on Connexional subjects, and illustrating them with facts that had come under his own observation. His remarks on our sermons were ever made with great tenderness, and with so evident an aim at our improvement, that it became a privilege rather than a task to preach before him. He might perceive his own strength more clearly when brought in such close contact with our weakness; but his nature was too noble to allow of his displaying it otherwise than for our help. I think all on board the ‘Triton’ felt as certain he was their friend, as that he was their superior.

“Mr. Waterhouse’s wish to make his annual visits to the several districts under his care seasons of happiness to his friends was so obvious, that the most obtuse remarked it. Naturally social, fond of conversation, and abounding in incident and sentiment to sustain it, he hailed with joy the intervals which occurred between hours devoted to public business, as fit opportunities to unbend himself, and administer to the happiness of all around him. The

assurance that he lay on the bosom of friends inspired confidence, and he allowed the tide of social feeling to flow unrestrained. Many deemed him unguarded on this point, and some phlegmatic men think grievously of those times. Perhaps it would have been well had he been more cautious than he was, for the sake of others rather than for himself. But that must be a cold heart which, with the motives by which he was actuated before it, can be severe in censuring him. His principle was right, if he erred in its application. I have heard him speak on this topic more than once; and once, when alone with him, he said to me, 'I may not appear sufficiently grave; but really the thought that I am visiting those who are shut out from the world, and the sweets of society, leads me to throw as much cheerfulness around me as I can. Doubtless you have enough of its reverses most of the year.'

"When engaged in business, Mr. Waterhouse could be serious enough; but when financial or other secular business dragged, I have seen him effect, by an opportune pleasantry, what too many at such times attempt by ill humour.

"His ministrations among us were always looked forward to with pleasure, and attended with profit. At the table of the Lord, the prayer-meeting, and the class, we participated with him in the communion of saints, and rejoiced together in God our Saviour.

"How laborious Mr. Waterhouse was in discharging the duties of his high office is known to all. He did his own work: absolute necessity alone forced him to resort to proxy. He saw the people on our stations with his own eyes, spoke to them with his



own tongue, and cheerfully clasped their black hands in his. He thought for them, prayed for them, and felt for them as a father. Their salvation was what he intensely desired. The missionaries felt that when they were not successful, he mourned over the painful fact with them; and they felt that the joys of their success were his also. I never heard a whisper of his neglecting any duty. He was instant in season and out of season, seeking by the use of all right means to be useful.

“Amongst the natives he was very popular. He often during a day would go where they were, attended by some one to speak for him or alone; and, after preparing the way by inquiries about what they might be employed in, would preach to them Christ Jesus and Him crucified.

“The interest with which he observed the process in native manufactures, native costume, and native customs, always pleased the people. Many recollect his strolling to the native kitchens, gratifying the cooks by tasting of their dishes and pronouncing them ‘*vinaka*’ (‘good’).

“Some of the heathen call to mind his visiting alone their houses, and endeavouring to speak with them by signs. His one wife and ten children were made known by digital representatives, and their respective ages by pointing to the persons of those around him. By the help of a few little words he had picked up, he would recommend to them the ‘*lotu*’; whilst his often kind conduct on such occasions, left an impression that there was real excellency in the religion which had such an advocate.

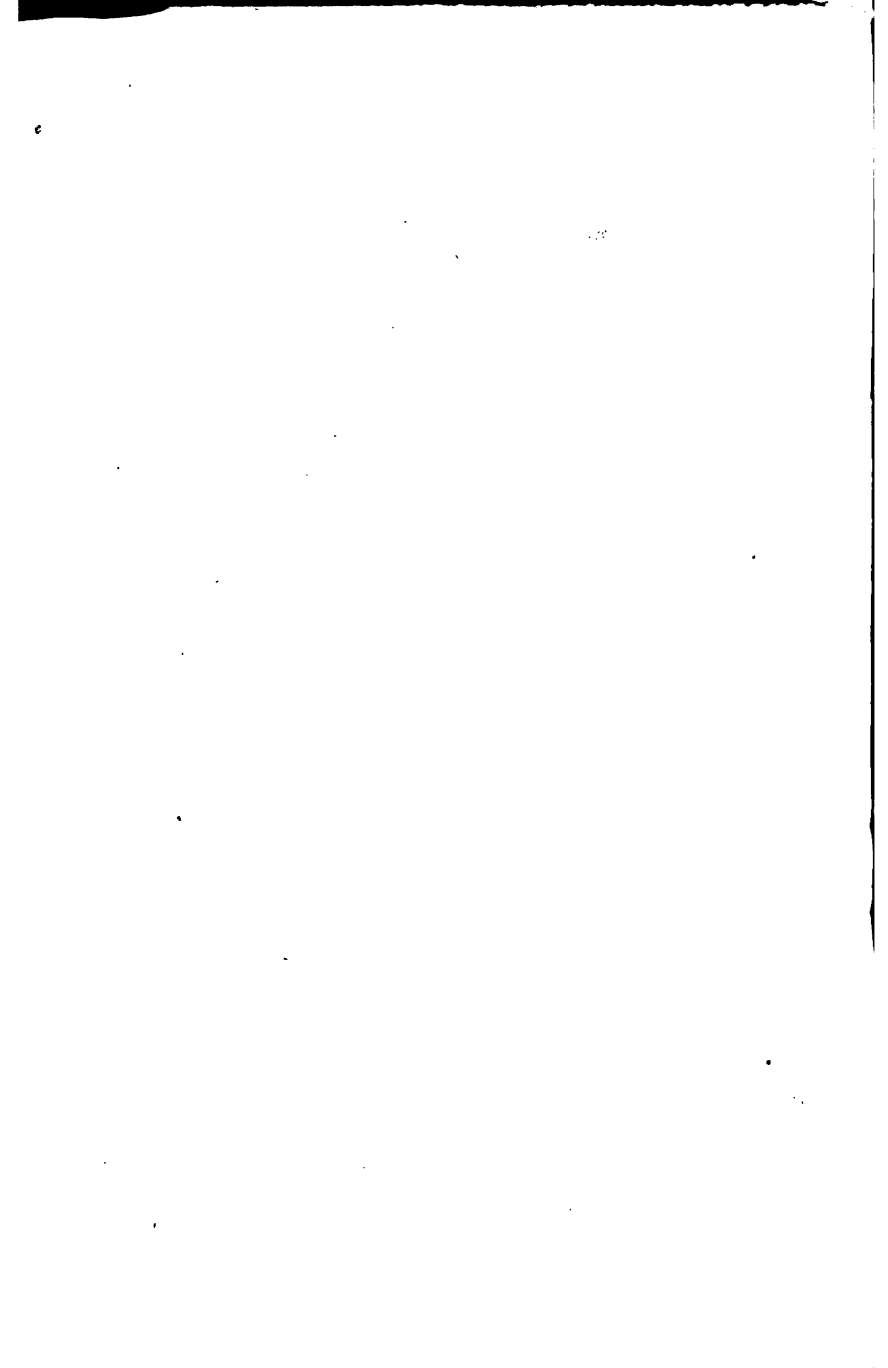
“Only a few days ago (1849), I overheard a

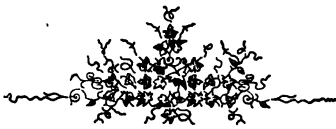
Christian telling some of his companions of the time when he first saw Mr. Waterhouse, of his taking him by the hand, and hearing from his lips the native salutation, '*Saloloma*' ('Love'). It was a verdant spot in that poor Fijian's history, and I doubt not it often yields him recollections the most joyful.

"Sometimes he would go forth equipped with a native Hymn-Book, and on finding a group of Christians would induce them to sing, leading them himself. Often, when his *compagnon de voyage*, have I helped him to sing, as we rowed up a river or visited the native villages. The plan is a good one, and in perfect keeping with Polynesian usage.

"He was always happy in proposing measures for securing the health and happiness of mission families. He used to urge attention to this particular upon us all, although we all thought he was not sufficiently careful of his own health, and often prodigal of his strength. The truth is now too plain to be denied,—he was overwrought; he was expected to do more than a mortal could. He strained every nerve to do treble duty, and fell a sacrifice in the attempt. The vast reward of his excessive toils he is now reaping; and their good effect is still being felt in this world, and will continue to be for coming ages."



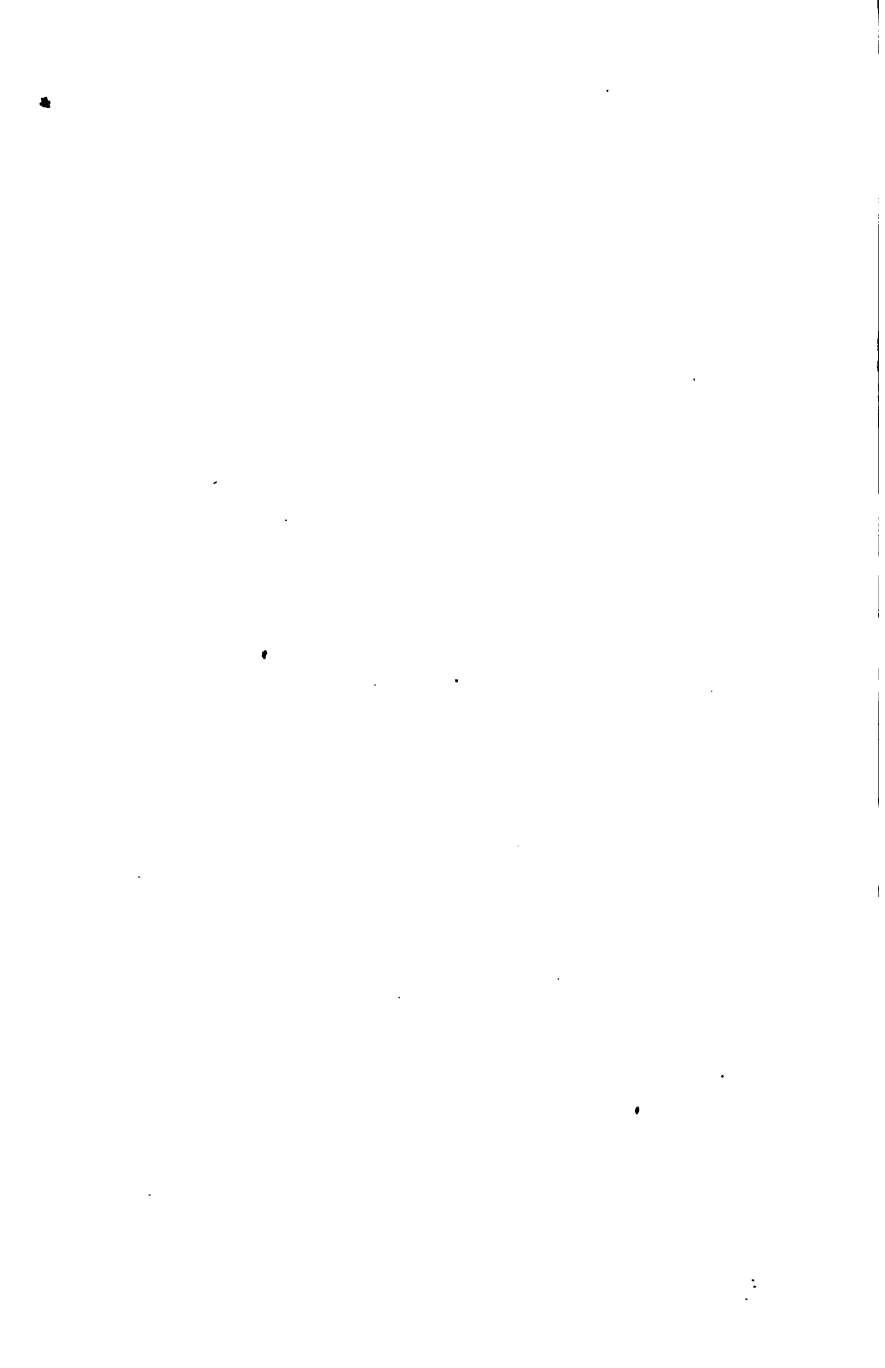




## CHAPTER VI.

### *Habitations of Cruelty.*





## CHAPTER VI.



### HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY.

*New Canoe—Military Stores—Massacre—Bravery of Thakombau—Treacherous Retaliation—Quarrel with the Whites—Rev. John Hunt—Conversion of Varani—Plot of Raivalita—His Death—War with Rewa—Destruction of the Town—Persecuting Visit to Vima—Deliverance of the Christians—The Natema War—Gavidi—Marriage Ceremony.*

**T**ANOVA being infirm, his ambitious son Thakombau now usurped the chief authority, allowing the old man to retain the name and dignity, whilst he himself exercised the power, of Vunivalu, and secretly directed the actions of his father in all important business. With crafty policy, he claimed all popular measures and renowned deeds as his own, while the opposite were artfully imputed to the parent chieftain.

About this time there was witnessed a sad illustration of Thakombau's steady adherence to the cruel customs of his country. When the Rev. Messrs. Hunt and Lyth were stationed at Somosomo, a new war-canoë was built for presentation to the Banan

Vunivalu. When her keel was laid, some people were killed. When she was launched, it was proposed to murder some others; but the missionaries interfered and prevented it. It was also intended to destroy one person or more wherever she touched on her first sailing excursion; but this also was hindered. The missionaries rejoiced in seeing her go to Bau a bloodless bark, and hoped she would remain so; but the chiefs of Bau were not so willing to give up their horrid practices as some of less rank. Soon after her arrival at the city, "preparations were made," says an eye-witness, "for lowering the *Ra Marama's* mast, for the first time since it had been stepped in the place where it was built. Thakombau inquired if there had been any human sacrifices made to ensure and propitiate the god for the success, smart sailing, and durability of the canoe. They said, that during the seven years she was building, several people had been killed and eaten on the spot, but that no late sacrifices had been made. He said, he wondered at Lala ko Lovoni's scrupulousness in not hauling the canoe over the bodies of slaves as rollers; but said that he did not wonder much, when he came to consider that he had been living under the influence of the English missionaries.

"In lowering the mast, the heel slipped, and caught one man and killed him, and two were slightly wounded; which accident Thakombau immediately attributed to the wrath of the gods, and despatched Gavidu off in secrecy for a canoe-load of victims. Ten dead bodies were then being cooked on shore in ovens opposite '*Ulu ni Vuaka,*' the name of a receiving-house for visitors. It is a long house, with a

square in front, situated in the middle of Ban. The ten dead bodies had been killed by Gavidi that morning; but, on account of the accident, Thakomban said there had not been sufficient sacrifices. Gavidi soon returned with eleven corpses of persons whom he had fallen in with in a canoe and killed them all; making, in all, twenty-one human sacrifices." \*

Thakombau's great occupation was war. He never thought of buying clothing or stores from the merchant-vessels. Cannon, muskets, balls, powder, and lead, with spirituous liquors, were the articles for which he inquired. He kept a large quantity of ammunition; sometimes having in stock, it is said, a thousand kegs of powder.

One who visited him about this time reports as follows:—"Thakombau having asked me to cast him a thousand balls of lead for his muskets, I agreed, and went to his house, where I was surprised to see upwards of twenty chests of different sorts, with a good many China trunks, forty or fifty pigs of lead, and upwards of two hundred kegs of powder. I asked where he got all these things from. He said he considered himself very badly off, and wished some *bêche-de-mer* vessels would soon come, so that he could make up his standing quantity of powder; which, he said, was six hundred kegs, with pigs of lead in proportion. He also said he had five thousand muskets, but that he had distributed them all but a few amongst his people. He then gave me a bunch of keys, and told me to unlock the chests, and I would find everything requisite for running the bullets. I found three or four large bullet-moulds,

\* Jackson's Narrative in Erskine's "Islands of the Western Pacific."



all of American manufacture, of brass, to run a dozen balls at a time, together with pots, ladles, and everything else. I soon completed my task, and gave him great satisfaction. He asked me to stop in Bau with him, his father and brothers, and consider it my home; adding, that I could go to almost any part of the Fijis I thought proper, and yet be under his protection; and by-and-bye, when a vessel came, he should buy a cask of rum, and we should drink it together. He appeared to me at first to be a very good fellow, and, in fact, he was so to me; but I was not long of discovering him to be a great tyrant to his people."\*

One night he started on a secret expedition, accompanied by a chosen body of Bauans. At the appearance of the morning star, the armed party had arrived before the town which their leader had named during their journey as the object of his vengeance. The warriors silently surrounded the slumbering town. At cock-crow the signal of attack was given, and the sleeping sentinels were quietly hurried into another world. The town was entered, and a fearful slaughter ensued. The men awoke only to die. The women and children were taken captives, and the expedition returned laden with human flesh and prisoners. By this bloody deed, Thakombau covered himself with glory.

At this period he doubtless was the most courageous and daring of his nation. One night, when laying siege to a town, he approached the fence, and endeavoured to climb over it. But he was discovered, and compelled to fall back. In the morning there

\* Jackson's Narrative in Erakine.

was no small stir amongst the besieged to see the footprints of the assailing party. What was their astonishment to find that their nocturnal visitor was the solitary chief himself!

But there is one redeeming episode in Thakombau's savage history, which, on account of its rarity, it is delightful to record. On one occasion his forces were compelled to beat a hurried retreat. The chief himself brought up the rear. His people fled in the usual disorder. By some accident one of the enemy succeeded in placing himself between the beaten host and their leader. He lifted up his club, and came on to kill the chief. Thakombau had fortunately retained his spear, and he hurled it with all his force against the approaching foe. The enemy, pierced and disabled, was in a moment at the mercy of the chief whose life he had so rudely threatened. He contrived to place himself in a posture of humility, and to sue for life by a respectful clapping of the hands. Few Fijian chiefs so circumstanced would have been compassionate; for it is *tabu* for a common man to lift a club against a noble, even in war. But Thakombau exercised clemency, and won golden opinions amongst his enemies.

Yet no murder was too horrid to secure his sanction, or, if needs be, his personal assistance. Nine Kavula people had been killed by the Moturiki tribe, and the injured clan appealed to Thakombau through his friend Varani for "payment." By payment is meant an equitable retaliation; that is to say, life for life, and, in the case of a chief, chief for chief; when they will kill as many as they can, until a chief

of equal rank to the slain is secured. Two whale's-teeth were presented to Thakombau as an equivalent, and he started, in company with Varani, to take payment. His errand, however, was unknown to his followers. On their arrival at Moturiki, Thakombau ordered the different towns to come before him and pile yams. Every town sent a given number of its male inhabitants to the place of assembly. Each individual brought one or two yams, to lay at the feet of the chief as they passed in review. Just before the commencement of the meeting, Thakombau told one of his orderlies that they had some work to perform that day; that he wished to kill some of the people, and would "look up," as a signal, when the town passed before him which he would devote to destruction. The attendant gave the hint to his comrades. The fatal hour arrived. The prince, surrounded by the Viwa chiefs and some of their attendants, sat down to receive the tribute of the assembled towns. A party of Bauans remained in a body at a short distance, apparently as spectators. The procession passed in single file between this body of Bauans and the chief's party. As it was drawing to a close, the prince gave the life-destroying "look up;" his hounds of war impetuously rushed on those who were passing at the moment, and nineteen able men were struck dead on the spot. The people were then ordered to take the yams on board, whilst the Bauans dragged the bodies to the canoes. The two vessels then returned in triumph to Bau.

In the course of his wars Thakombau declared publicly that he was annoyed by the white man Pickering, who, forgetting his colour, took information

to the chief's foes, and became an active agent of the enemy during the war between Bau and Rewa. Pickering's schooner was wrecked at the Windward Islands, and a party was despatched by the prince to capture him; but some of the white residents at Ovalau, hearing of the circumstances, preceded the Bau cruiser, and carried him off. It was said afterwards that these white men had driven a hard bargain with Pickering, stipulating for a high reward for his passage away, and thus saving his life, which would certainly have been forfeited. Be that as it may, Thakombau, indignant at missing his revenge, ordered the whole settlement, whom he considered as leagued against him, to quit Ovalau. This he did in spite of the Rev. Mr. Hunt's intercessions. Three days' notice to quit was given; and the whites were compelled to embark, in a very crowded state, on board the few boats that were fortunately at anchor, leaving behind them the hull of a fine schooner of eighty tons, and some other property. Five years afterwards they were permitted to return, after having buried fifteen or sixteen of their number at their new station within the last thirteen months of their stay at Solevu.

Pickering still sought to retaliate injury for injury on the Bau chief. He resided at Rewa, and frequently fought on the side of his friends. In the year 1834, Hartwell, the captain of a merchant-brig, was persuaded by him to offer a studied insult to Bau. The prince with a fleet of thirty canoes set sail to avenge himself. When the hostile fleet made its appearance at Ba, Pickering climbed to the mast-head of the "Gambia." Thakombau, having punished

his enemies by destroying all their canoes, went on board the vessel, and said to Pickering, "You have now no shield from a leaden bullet: you only live by my clemency." Hartwell apologized; Thakombau said he would trouble the traders no more, and the expedition set sail for Bau.

On their return-voyage, some of the smaller craft espied an unfortunate canoe, which they immediately attacked. They succeeded in killing the nine men who were on board. The reason why this was done was, that they might not return empty to Bau. This was in accordance with the custom of the Fijians, who, when out on a war-excursion, kill all those who may unhappily cross their path. When an army is about to commence a march, it is usual to send messengers to the friendly towns in the way, that all may keep in their homes. In this instance some of Varani's people (to whom he was much attached) were slain, and he begged Thakombau to prevent the eating of the bodies, which were then only burnt.

All this time the Rev. John Hunt, who has appropriately been called "the Apostle of Fiji," was endeavouring to enlighten the mind of Thakombau and to convert him to Christianity. One day the following conversation ensued:—

*The Chief.*—"If I am the first to become a Christian among my people, I shall be first in heaven, shall I not?"

*The Missionary.*—"If you love God the most, and serve Him the best, you may have a higher place in heaven."

*The Chief.*—"But Namosimalua has become a

Christian. Have you given him glass windows for his new house, and English carpets for his floors, and have you sent to England for a vessel for him? He gets no riches because he has renounced heathenism."

*The Missionary.*—"We do not come here to give riches to those who become Christians, but to tell you about God and Jesus Christ, that you may love Him, and your souls be saved."

*The Chief.*—"Then I will not become a Christian. What will become of the bodies of those who have been eaten, and of those who have been buried? Will they rise again from the dead?"

*The Missionary.*—"Your body, the bodies of all those whom you have eaten, and the bodies of all who are in the graves, will rise again at the day of judgment; and if you and they have not repented, you will all be condemned and cast into hell-fire."

*The Chief.*—"Ah, well! it is a fine thing to have a fire in cold weather."

*The Missionary.*—"I shall still pray for you with a good mind, although you treat the subject so lightly."

*The Chief.*—"Go on with that."

But though the prince "being often reproved" hardened himself, his friend and companion, Varani, chief of Viwa, yielded. The conversion of this chief was evidently a work of God. Mr. Hunt's interesting account of this notable event is as follows:—"He had long been convinced of the truth of Christianity, but was prevented from making a public profession of it by his connexion with Seru, the chief of Bau. He has long acted as the human butcher of this young chief, who is the Napoleon of Fiji. Varani

learned to read during the early part of the year; and, what was of still more importance, he began to pray. Often would he retire into the woods to entreat God to have mercy on his soul. He was, in fact, so fully convinced of his need of a Saviour, that the name of Jesus became very precious to him. If he found, in the course of his reading, a passage which referred to the love of Christ to sinners, he would kiss the book for joy and thankfulness. Varani would talk about nothing but religion, either to heathens or Christians. He was obliged to go to war; but it was exceedingly against his will. The Lord protected him in a remarkable manner. On one occasion he was ordered to attempt to set fire to a town, and had to approach very near to effect his purpose. He was perceived by the enemy, and a musket-ball passed close to his head. He immediately fell on his knees to thank God for his deliverance, not merely from death, but from hell, which he feared much more than death, and which he fully believed would be his portion, if he died without making a public profession of Christianity. He felt that praying, while he still remained a heathen, would not do; but that he must take up his cross, and follow Christ, as His professed disciple, before he could hope for salvation. This conviction induced him, at length, to inform the chief of Bau that he must become a Christian. The chief, as might be expected, endeavoured to dissuade him from taking such a step, at any rate, at present. This, however, only led Varani to exhort the chief to join him. Seru, the chief, knowing the firmness of the man, said no more; and thus gave an unwilling assent to what he evidently

disapproved. All that remained was to take the important step; which is always done, if the person is able, by bowing the knee in the house of God at a public service. Providence, even as to the time of taking this step, evidently interposed. I had published, on the Sunday before Good Friday, that we should observe that day as a 'sacred day,' in honour of the death of our Saviour. Varani heard of this, and determined that this should be the day of his decision. He came early in the morning to inquire when this day would return. I informed him, of course, not till another year. 'Then,' said he, 'I'll become a Christian to-day.' A short time after, the bell rang for the morning prayer-meeting, which Varani attended, and at which he publicly, to the great joy of many, bowed before Jehovah's awful throne.

"I observed that the time of his embracing Christianity was evidently an interposition of Providence. Had he been an hour later, the Bau chiefs would have suspected him of having embraced Christianity because he was angry, and the whole affair would have had a political aspect, which it was very desirable to avoid. As soon as he returned from the chapel, a messenger came from Bau to inform him, that Komaibole, a chief of Lasakau, had been shot during the previous night. This chief, a man of great rank, had long lived under the protection of Varani, his own people being opposed to him. Finding it impossible to kill him while he remained at Viwa, they pretended to be reconciled to him, in order to persuade him to return to his own town. He went on a visit to them first, intending to remove his family



after a while, believing, in part at least, their professions of friendship. One night he was invited to drink *yagona* with some other chiefs, and, it is said, was warned not to go. He, however, determined to go, as he had been invited. He had taken his bowl of *yagona*, and was sitting down to smoke a Fijian cigar, when a person from without, employed by the chief who had invited him to his house, shot him in the breast. He fell at once, and his wicked host rose up with a hatchet-club to finish the murder. The father of the fallen chief, though an old man, rose up to intercede for his son; but the monster pushed the poor old man away, and, having dispatched his son, turned round and killed the father. It was all done in a few moments. They insulted the unfortunate chief by cutting his body with knives; after which he and his father were buried. This was a most cruel affair, and a great insult to Varani. If he had heard of it before he had embraced Christianity, probably it might have put him off for some time; at any rate, it would have been the occasion of much misrepresentation and wrong feeling. It was very affecting to see the anxiety manifested by the wives of the murdered chief to be strangled. One of them came to Varani, while I was in his house, begging him to dispatch her. She, however, was too late. They were all spared; and are now all professing Christians, and some of them are meeting in class. Varani bore the painful event like a Christian, and has never mentioned it in my hearing in any way that indicates a desire to be revenged on his enemies."

Thakombau was not, however, going to lose his friend, his greatest warrior, without a struggle.

When told that Varani had embraced Christianity, he asked in an angry tone, "Have you seen him pray?" "Yes," was the reply. "Tell him, then, to go to his God for his food: he shall have none from my lands. He has not hearkened to my speech! I told him to wait a little, and then we would become Christians together. Tell him to stay at Viwa. He is not to come to Bau any more, or receive riches from me." When the message was delivered to Varani, he replied, "I do not want riches. I want to go to heaven more than to receive riches, and go to hell. The lands are the Lord's. If He sees fit, I shall not want food. If I am hungry, it will be but a little time before I shall die, and go to heaven; and I shall never be hungry there."

The next day the chief sent to demand the riches which Varani had obtained by his conversion. "They belong to us. Why have you become a Christian? What have we done, that you have become angry with us, and left us?" Varani sent back the following answer:—"You well know that I receive no riches by becoming a Christian. You ask, Why have I become a Christian? My reply is, To save my soul. It is not because I am angry with you; but I was afraid to wait longer, lest I should die and lose my soul. Some time ago you wished me to build a temple. I did as you wished. After the temple was built, my child died. I cut the posts for another temple; and another child died; my intimate friend was killed also. I then began to think that the gods of Fiji were lying gods, and thought I would see what the books said about the white man's God. The teachers sent to me, and told me about the true

God. I believed that He would not lie. I did not dare to wait for you ; and now I have promised to serve Him."

One of the king Tanoa's wives having embraced Christianity, "to give efficiency to the English medicine" she was then taking, was compelled by Thakombau to return to heathenism as soon as she was recovered. "You are only a Christian to save your neck from strangling when my father dies," was the remark of the chief when he ordered her to apostatize.

On the occasion of an American ship coming to arrange with the chief for a cargo, he inquired whether the captain would persuade or influence the people to change their religion. "If so," said he, "the Fijians shall not trade with you, and I will burn your shore-establishments." "Your religion," continued he, "is well enough for the white races ; but we Fijians are better as we are."

The prince soon found that while he was thinking of killing others, there were not wanting those who desired to effect his own death, and that his own position required attention ; for his own brother Raivalita had originated a conspiracy to take away his life. This restless spirit, a *vasu* to Rewa, had secured the secretly-pledged support of several chiefs, and returned from Somosomo, where he had been staying to allay any suspicion that might have been attracted to his movements to carry into execution the plot for killing the young king. Before Raivalita arrived, some of the conspirators had made the prince acquainted with his treachery ; which being surmised, he was warned by some of his companions,

who advised him not to land, but to take immediate flight. Yet he persisted in coming ashore; and after paying his respects to the Vunivalu, he directed his steps towards his own residence.

The inhumanity of his father, the Vunivalu, in this interview is an apt illustration of Fijian life. The state councillor announced the presence of Raivalita. "Whence has he come?" inquired the king. The son is questioned, and the councillor again reports to the Vunivalu. After a time, the son says, "I go, sir." The councillor communicates the son's wish to the father, and the parent makes the usual assent by a nod of his head, although he knows his son goes forth as a sheep to the slaughter. The father sat unmoved all this time; not a kiss, not a tear, not a sigh for a son whose living face he knew he should see no more. The son then made his exit, accompanied by a foreigner, both being armed with a brace of loaded pistols. As they turned round a corner, two chiefs seized the arms of Raivalita, and made him their prisoner. The foreigner drew his pistol, intending to fire, but was commanded by a wave of the officer's hand to leave the place. He hastened to the king's palace weeping. "What is it?" says the councillor. "They are killing Raivalita," was the reply of his friend. The king is informed in the usual deliberate manner. "Let some one go and see," is the mandate issued. The councillor rushes out, and the streets are silent as the grave; for the people know a tragedy is at hand. Turning the point, he sees the helpless victim on the ground, whilst Thakombau and another brother are clubbing him. He is indignant—not at the fratricide, but that

the deed is being executed near one of the town-ovens; and he thunders forth, "Why do you not choose a more appropriate spot?" The murderers retreat. The councillor carries the wounded man to a short distance, calls for mats on which to lay him, and then strangles him in the usual form.

His body was buried at night near Thakombau's house, where his enclosed grave still stands as a beacon to any who may hereafter conspire against the powers that be. One of his companions was strangled the same evening. That was indeed a day of terrors. As the prince, with fierce countenance and warlike gait, passed the houses, every one closed his doors and windows, conscious that blood would soon be shed in the streets. And during the execution of the fatal deed, the stillness of death reigned; for the royal brothers were engaged in deadly combat, and who could foretell the result?

Ten days afterwards, Thakombau urged the councillor to destroy a third object of his vengeance, who had been a party to the plot. The minister gave instant orders to secure their prey; but the victim succeeded in leading his pursuers a long chase before he surrendered. When taken into the presence of the councillor, he was reprov'd for making such a fuss about being strangled, when he well knew that he was guilty of treason. He was forthwith suffocated.

Towards the close of the year (1845), the capital of Rewa was destroyed by the Bauans. The war with Rewa originated in a quarrel between Thakombau and Ratu Qara, one of the Rewa king's sons. When playing together as boys, they would fre-

quently boast of what they intended to do when men. One would say, "We will then fight." The other would reply, "And I will destroy your fortress." The first would rejoin, "And I shall eat you."

Ratu Qara, when on a visit to Bau during the absence of the prince, became improperly intimate with Thakombau's wife. The prince retaliated on his return, and, in fact, caused the death of Ratu Qara's wife. Such reciprocity in the sins of married life is an established usage in this land of vice. Ever since this occurrence, these two chiefs hated one another with a most perfect abhorrence.

Roko Tui Dreketi himself (the Rewa king) had given offence to the Bau Vunivalu, by allowing some of his chiefs to associate with some of Tanoa's harem, who had absconded from Bau to Rewa; and also by refusing to pardon an offending brother when requested to do so by Tanoa.

Rewa also insulted Bau by attacking and destroying a Bau town, during a time of peace. Other affronts were offered; and, after enduring repeated outrages, Bau declared war against Rewa.

The sting of the insult consisted in a state falsehood. After having destroyed Suva, and having killed about fifty of its inhabitants, the messenger was sent to report to Bau, to state that Rewa, having maintained its dignity, would now leave Suva unmolested. When the messenger returned, he was surprised to find that he had been hoaxed, as the chiefs were off to hunt up the fugitives who were seeking refuge in the forests. The spot of the last massacre is still covered with bones. The origin of the first attack on Suva was the refusal to give up a pig to

Rewa, which had shown a very unusual forbearance; many of the chiefs, including some members of the royal family, being strongly inclined to remain friendly with their neighbours.

Both powers sent forth their feudal armies; but they never met one another in the field. The Bauans would besiege a town, and endeavour to carry it by assault, or gain admission by treachery. Rewa acted in the same manner. The war was thus conducted in a very tedious way. Cannibal feasts were held every week in both towns. But the Bauans gained many advantages. Rewa also was not united. One of its three princes joined Thakombau, placing at his disposal a fortified town situated very near to the city of Rewa. Kidnapping was now carried out on a large scale. "The Bau ovens were never cold," as the natives say.

Through the propitious circumstance of Cokanauto (Phillips) joining Thakombau, several districts turned to the assistance of Bau. The feudal armies of Rewa were thus brought for the first time to fight against their own king in support of the Bauan Vunivalu. With a prince of Rewa at their head, and a Bauan leader who was himself the son of a *vasu* to Rewa, it was now regarded as a venial offence to fraternise with the enemy.

The Rewa missionary\* furnished an account of the war in his published journals, from which the following extracts are given as illustrations:—

"The attacks have been principally made from the Bau party: the Rewa people have therefore been engaged in the defensive, and driving back their enemies.

\* The Rev. Thomas J. Jaggard.

Towns on both sides have been destroyed, and many persons have been killed. Latterly, there has not been any regular attack; but people are now and then taken by surprise, through parties forming ambuscades, and thus taking their enemies as in a net. They are continually going out on such errands; and sometimes they kill and bring home their prey, whilst at other times they return unsuccessful.

“Several white men have been joining the Fijians in their wars here; which circumstance has caused a bad feeling, and has tended more closely to block up our way to and from many parts of the group. One young man has entered so fully into the spirit of the Fijians as to throw off his clothes, blacken his body all over, and with a strip of native cloth twisted round his waist, according to the native fashion, to go day after day with the natives to the fight. It is to be regretted that there is not some restraint put on such characters, which would prevent them from placing other white people in perilous circumstances through their impropriety and wickedness.

“It is rather remarkable that many of the priests of the Rewa party have been cut off in the war. They have, in their fits of inspiration, declared certain success; and the people have, at their instance, gone cheerfully to the attack; but the priests have frequently fallen victims.

“January 13th.—Several of the allies of Rewa were cut off to-day. The night before, the god said to the people of a certain town, ‘Come, let us go to such a town, and bring my dead men away from thence.’ They went, and lay in ambush; and while yet in their concealment the enemy found them out,



and killed thirty of them. Among the number was the said priest who had the previous night promised them success.

“22d.—This day the chiefs and people of Rewa, and their dependencies, went to prepare a town by throwing up mounds and building fences; when a kingdom of some importance, which had heretofore sided with, and in a certain way been subject to, Rewa, rose up against them as an enemy. Seventeen men were killed, and the others put to flight. The whole was done by treachery; and the murderers thus declared that they had turned to the Bau party, and become hostile to the Rewa district. Our party burnt their town to ashes, but were obliged speedily to retreat. They appeared greatly disconcerted. One of their chief priests was shot whilst swimming across the river, and, together with his musket, sank to rise no more. Poor fellow! I knew him well: he called on me two days before his death, to talk about some fowls he wished to sell me. He informed me that his temple had been just prepared, and meat-offerings and drink-offerings, &c., had been presented to the sacred edifice, for success in the war.

“From what I can learn, a plot was laid for some of the Rewa chiefs to be killed on this occasion; but, from some cause or other, it did not succeed, though many of the native carpenters were clubbed. The Rewa people seem very much scared by their friends having been killed, and the towns turning from them to Bau.

“February 2d.—The dead body of a man was brought here.

" 8th.—Since the last date, several of the enemy have been devoured at Rewa. This evening the chiefs ordered a suspected chief to leave the town ; and, when the sun was down, he was stepping into a canoe, in order to return to his own town, when a man from behind him unexpectedly knocked his brains out by order of the chiefs.

" 15th.—The enemy made a powerful attack this day on a town two or three miles distant. The discharge of musketry was great. The enemy burnt more than one town, drove the Rewa people before them, and approached near to us, so that we could see the smoke of their muskets when fired ; and had the day been long, they would have certainly made some havoc. The king and a select few were at the time drinking *kava* at the gate of our premises : they were, however, soon dispersed, and great confusion followed ; for there is nothing like order amongst them on such occasions. Some were killed of each party.

" May 1st.—This evening, by moonlight, some of the enemy from Nukui entered a small town near Rewa, and whilst those who were watching therein, or rather pretending so to do, were busy preparing ashes to daub their heads, suddenly rushed upon them, killed six men, wounded two others, put the remainder to flight, and carried off the whole prey.

" 8th.—Twelve of the Rewa party were killed and carried off.

" 13th.—Two boys went to-day to catch eels : they were discovered by the enemy, clubbed, and carried away. A foraging party also this morning killed a man belonging to the enemy.

"26th.—The Rewa people, with their fishermen from some other towns, lay in ambush on the coast, and on some uninhabited islands near Nukui, to see if they could intercept any of the enemy who may be travelling by land or by water. It unfortunately happened that some canoes were returning to Nukui from one of the enemy's towns on the coast, whither they went yesterday for the purpose of procuring bread-fruit, &c. They were ignorant of the plans of their opponents, and were entrapped. One canoe which was captured passed between two islands on which the foe lay concealed, so that they were in the midst of it, and ignorant of it until the enemy shouted over them as conquered: it was then impossible for them to make their escape. There were one woman and four men in the canoe. One man jumped overboard, and escaped by swimming to a great distance; the other three were caught: of these, the female and two men were clubbed, and the remaining man taken alive and bound. He was with some difficulty brought here; for he was a strong, well-made young man, six feet high, and perhaps thirty years of age. When brought ashore, he was placed bound on the ground, and forced to chew dried *kava* for Fijians who wished to drink it. He was quite naked, having been stripped even of the little native cloth the natives wear round their waist. In this state he remained several hours, exposed to all kinds of malice and ill-treatment of the people, who are greatly exasperated on account of those lately cut off at a town near Rewa, and belonging thereto. Men, women, and children assembled in hundreds; and no one hindered them from torturing him according to

their brutality and revenge. He was truly a lamentable spectacle to every one but the heathen, who seemed in a state of general rejoicing. The others who were killed when he was taken were laid out just before his eyes, to aggravate as much as possible his circumstances, and to keep him every minute in remembrance of what his fate would be. Some stoned him, others speared him, others struck or bit him, some pulled his hair, others fired arrows into his body. Some menaced, jeered, and laughed at him; others derided him with an assurance of being set at liberty. One of our *lotu* people made his way among the heathen, and oiled the poor fellow all over: he said that he longed for them to put him quickly out of his torture, for he was sure that he would be killed, and the sooner they did it the better. He seemed to envy the speedy removal of the other three. In the afternoon he was brought in triumph, with the three dead bodies, to be presented, as trophies of success in the war, to the chiefs of Rewa, by those who killed them. The canoes passed before our premises, and landed across the river just opposite our little town. I saw the poor fellow, truly in his enemy's power, and in the most painful and unenviable situation. My heart bled for him, and I felt assured that God Almighty would signally visit for such things. He walked into the middle of the *kore*, and was made to sit down in the open area, where the chiefs and people assembled. After remaining there a certain time, he was taken to the bank of the river and clubbed.

“Among the many hundreds assembled together on this occasion, he alone seemed dejected, and he alone seemed to feel the awful situation in which he

was placed. The captain of a little schooner, which was here at the time, offered to give two muskets, to which some white men were willing to add four large whales'-teeth, (which are most valuable in Fiji, and for which individuals and towns are often destroyed,) to the king of Rewa, if he would spare the life of the poor man: he also promised, if they wished it, to take him away in his vessel out of the country. But they would not spare him, they would not yield; their revenge had not been satiated on their victim, and for his blood they clamoured, for his flesh they lusted. It was considered by them giving up their enemy at too easy a rate. 'Implacable, unmerciful.' Much as they love property, yet in this instance, when they were called upon to make such a sacrifice, they would not look at it.

"The king said, in reply to the request of the white men, that the man had been wounded in the head, and that he would die if they bought him; and that such a thing as that would be bad, so that he had much better be clubbed. Some of the Rewa chiefs were very angry because any foreigners interfered with them so as to intercede for the life of their enemy; and said that it was the practice of Fiji to kill and eat their foes when they could catch them. The king's reply was merely an excuse.

"The dead body of the female was a very horrid spectacle. Her skull had been cleft in two equal parts. The man who was taken alive had been living with Thokanauto, the king of Rewa's youngest brother; and, when residing at Rewa, was frequently at our house with his chief. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel; but this treatment, horrifying as

it is to us, is most lenient in comparison with the means which are used on some occasions to torture men. I was, however, much affected when I witnessed the poor creature's situation, without having it in my power to help him out of it. The *lotu* people who are residing in our little town were also greatly moved by the scene. All else seemed elated with glee; and every little occurrence which added to the misery of the victim added in a proportionate degree, or to a greater extent, to their savage hilarity and barbarous merriment. Some of the heathen, as they passed by, spake of the poor fellow as being a fine turtle and a fat pig. Do not think that all the horrid evils of Fiji have been told you.

"June 1st.—This day a town belonging to Rewa, but which has turned to Bau in this war, was burnt by some of our allies, and thirty-six persons of the enemy and of this party killed. They had, however, to retreat with all speed, and were only able to obtain the body of a child of three years old, which they brought to Rewa to be cooked and eaten.

"I would here just mention, that some canoes, which were returning from Kandavoo to Rewa, a short time since, and who knew not that the king's youngest brother had been driven to Nukui, were unexpectedly attacked by a Bau canoe, which had come from Bau to Nukui, and nearly thirty individuals were shot, or clubbed, or speared to death. Some of the bodies sunk; but most of them were carried to Bau. Men, women, and children lost their lives on this occasion. Some of the Bau party were wounded, and one or two killed. Two or three escaped by swimming. One man got free in rather a curious way. When the

two canoes struck, the mast of that from Kandavu fell, and the poor fellows were entangled in the sail, and thus clubbed. When they were all dead, as was supposed, the party who had conquered threw the sail into the water, and having taken what things they more particularly wanted from the canoe, permitted it to drift away to sea; thinking, perhaps, that they had better escape as soon as possible, as the shades of evening were gathering around them. One man, however, managed to conceal himself in the sail, and when it was thrown overboard floated away with it. Some of the enemy again wished the sail to be secured, others opposed it. He heard them talking about it; and knew, if they again obtained the sail, he would be discovered and be killed. They did not, however, take the sail. He said that he was almost dead with fright, but that he prayed to his little god, and he saved him. When the enemy were out of sight, he swam to the canoe, which was afloat, although filled with water. He then called out with all his strength to know if any of his friends were yet alive by swimming; after some time had elapsed, he saw two men making towards the canoe. When they reached it, they commenced baling the water out of the canoe by taking off their native dress, and soaking up the water and then squeezing it out; and thus in time she was fit to be propelled. They then got ashore, climbed some nut-trees, and made a sail from some of the leaves, and thus were able to reach Bengga, an island about twenty miles from Rewa, and were thus saved. It was some time after this happened before it was known that any were saved. I have conversed with this young man since his return

to Rewa; and received the above-mentioned account from his own lips."

March, 1845, the missionary writes:—"A week or two ago an attempt was made, or rather preparation made, to take the lives of the king of Rewa and his brother. But a friend of the two chiefs privately made them acquainted with the design, and warned them against appearing in a particular part of the town, as a certain young chief was determined to shoot them. So the plot failed, and the young man was soon ordered away from Rewa. About the same time two men had agreed to club Phillips, (the brother who had joined the side of the enemy,) instigated, it is said, to the perpetration of the deed by a stratagem of the king of Rewa. It was to be effected in the following way:—The Rewa people were to make an attack on Nukui, a town where Phillips resides. Then, when the enemy had reached the fence of the town, these two men were to set the town on fire from within, and kill Phillips. They lived with him, and to despatch him was to be their work. This scheme was also discovered, and the two men obliged to run. They first took shelter in a town belonging to Rewa, which has turned to Bau during the present war: Tanoa heard of it, and ordered the chief of the town to kill them. It was thus settled; but on the chief's arrival at his town, he found that the men had already escaped to Rewa. This chief had gone to Bau to report proceedings; for he has had much to do with the present war. The Fijians are so treacherous in their character, that they cannot trust each other for any length of time; and this is assisted and strengthened by equally dangerous jealousy and



revenge. Thakombau, who is in fact the ruling chief of Bau, is determined not to rest until he destroys Rewa, in consequence of the insulting language repeatedly spoken by the chiefs of Rewa against him and his partisans.

“The Rewa party feel more of the effects of the war than their enemies, in consequence of so many of their allies having deserted them, and declared themselves in favour of Bau: so that not only are they now fighting against their former friends, but very much of the food which the Rewa party had planted in their respective towns the Rewa people altogether lose; and, in addition to this, their enemies are so near them, that very little food is left, for they on certain occasions go out for the express purpose of destroying all the food they can find, cutting down, pulling up, and burning every kind of food which grows. The Rewa party have done the same where they have had the opportunity.

“One evening six large Lasakau canoes started from Bau on a man-hunting expedition. They got down some distance to the leeward of Rewa, and the next morning got in close to the shore, pulled down their sails, and poled their canoes quietly along, to avoid all suspicion of being strangers. They saw a party out at the reef catching fish, belonging to a town which had not taken any part whatever in the war. When they had them within their power, they hoisted sail, and took the unsuspecting people prisoners without any skirmish; for they were without defence, and exposed to their foes. They took twenty-eight persons, men and women, alive, with two children; the latter of whom they hung to the mast-head:

the remainder were killed at Bau. Some of the poor creatures were flung on the red-hot stones which were to roast them while yet alive. One poor fellow thus served sat up, told the people his name, also the name of his town, and begged them to save him; but they so disregarded his earnest and feeling appeal, as to take up a club and despatch him by dashing his brains out.

“The Lasakau people are very blood-thirsty and cruel, and are much feared on that account: the circumstance of their having plenty of canoes at their command, enables them more effectually to carry their schemes into practice. During the time of our being at Rewa to remove the property, we were one afternoon, at about three o'clock, suddenly alarmed by a very heavy fire of musketry, seemingly proceeding from the centre of Rewa town. We were soon at the river-side, where the firing was being carried on with great spirit, and without any abatement. We were soon relieved on hearing that it was not any disturbance among themselves, but that it was occasioned by the passing of a great number of Lasakau canoes in front of Rewa town, on their return from the leeward, where they had killed three men belonging to Rewa, whom they found fishing on the reef. This bold step of the enemy caused great confusion at Rewa. The enemy did not commence firing, but were only passing by, without once intending to make an attack. The king of Rewa was just at the time leaving his residence in a canoe, to go on board the ‘Triton’, then lying at anchor off Nukulan. He saw these canoes coming down the river, and for some time supposed them to be some of his allies

and friends ; but, on their nearing him, he discovered them to be actually his enemies. The king jumped into the water, and made his way, as fast as his bulk would allow him, into the house of a white man on the bank, and just at hand. The Rewa people first fired ; and it was then continued very briskly, for perhaps half-an-hour, on both sides. The balls were whizzing over our heads at a little distance from our premises. This was a bold attempt on the part of the Lasakan men."

Thakombau's skill in treachery gained the day. A large body of Rewa's militia, consisting of the Tokatoka tribe, which had charge of the northern bank of the Rewa river, yielded to bribery, and unexpectedly turned their muskets against their own feudal lords. A narrow river was now the only separation between the Bauan army and the city of Rewa. But the powerful chief of Nakelo remained firm, and was on the spot to annoy any Bauan army that might advance towards the threatened city. The prince secretly made friends with a party in Rewa, who engaged to betray the town on the first attack of the enemy. To make assurance doubly sure, Thakombau promptly offered his sister to the lord of Nakelo, if he would desert the cause of his masters. The brilliant offer was accepted ; and before the desertion was publicly known the drum beat to arms, and the savage hosts fraternised, and rushed towards the devoted city. The town was fired by its betrayers, who also commenced the massacre of their own kinspeople. Resistance was useless. The flames spread swiftly, and the traitors were supposed to be much more numerous than they really were. In this

bloody tragedy Thakombau sadly disgraced himself, by allowing the king of Rewa to be killed after he had surrendered his club to his conqueror. This indeed was a violation of the established custom of the country; and, to make the crime worse, the king of Rewa was brother-in-law to Thakombau, who refused to yield to the eloquent pleading of his sister that he would, on her account, venture to spare the life of her vanquished husband, the father of her children. Thakombau and his brother themselves clubbed the king. From four to five hundred lost their lives on this occasion.

The late Rev. John Hunt gives the following account of the destruction of Rewa:—"Rewa has no existence. The king is killed, his family is in captivity; his brother, who remained loyal, in exile; and the town utterly destroyed, and by this time almost grown over with weeds. The chief, Phillips, who joined Bau against his brother, is residing at Nukui, a small town not far from Rewa; but it is not certain how the affairs of Rewa will be finally settled.

"The taking of Rewa was a most perfect Fijian tragedy. Some time before the event occurred, a chief of considerable importance in Rewa had been sent to negotiate a peace with the chiefs of Bau. This was a fatal step. Instead of negotiating peace, the Bau chiefs engaged the messenger to enter into a plan for the destruction of Rewa. It was this:—The Bau chiefs were to besiege Rewa with a large army, and at a fixed time the Rewa chief above mentioned was to set fire to the town, and he and his party to join the besiegers in destroying the inhabitants. The plan was completely successful. The Bau chiefs

placed their men in different positions round the town, the leading chiefs, with Thakombau at their head, placing themselves directly opposite the king's house, that they might be able to save the queen of Rewa, who is a Bau princess of great rank. A Bau chief called to the queen to come over the river in a small canoe to her friends, and to bring her children and Bau domestics with her. She immediately obeyed the summons; and her husband, the king of Rewa, seeing her going, followed her to the river-side. No one knew for certainty what would be done, and all appeared to act on the impulse of the moment. One ran this way, and another that; and, it being early in the morning, many were asleep in their beds. The Bau chiefs seeing the king of Rewa step into the canoe in which his family were embarked, called to him, to forbid him coming over. 'Stay in your town,' said one, 'and make your town strong, that we may continue the contest.' The king said, 'No, I will accompany my family: you may do as you please with me.' Some one fired a musket at him as he was passing over the river; but the ball missed him: another speared him as he was leaving the small canoe to get in the large one where the chiefs were standing. Thakombau then ordered a Bau chief, called his brother, to kill him: but he refused, saying he was afraid. The king pleaded hard for life, and offered to do anything as its purchase: his requests were urged by the queen; but to no purpose. Thakombau told him that his words had been so wicked against Bau, that he must die; and, taking a club with the head of an axe made fast to the end of it, he clave his skull into several parts in the presence of his wife

and children. The town was by this time in flames, the warriors were all in it, and the work of destruction was going on at a fearful rate. Three hundred were massacred in a very short time, and it is said one hundred of them were killed by the Rewa people themselves. Even some who had not previously joined the enemy, now became the murderers of their neighbours, through the hope of gaining their property, though they themselves would perhaps be plundered of their dishonest gains and murdered by some stronger neighbour the next minute. The king's brother and many other chiefs made their escape, as well as a great many of the male population. Several of the chiefs have been killed since, and it is not certain what has to follow before the thirst for blood is satiated. The king and his family were taken to Bau in the same canoe in which he was killed. The queen and her children have been residing at Viwa lately, on account of her son, who is indisposed, and under my care. She appears to be treated with the respect due to her rank; in which she has, I believe, no superior in Fiji. She was, before her troubles, one of the best-looking women in the group; she was much beloved by her husband, and has a very interesting family. The king was *buried* of course, and a great many others who could not be eaten while eatable. It was with difficulty that anyone could recognise his relation, their bodies were so disfigured with the hatchets and clubs of the furious and wanton warriors."

The conqueror now resolved to punish Varani and the Viwa people for having embraced Christianity. With more than a hundred warriors he arrived at

Viwa, fully resolved to satisfy his revenge on his old foe Namosimalua, and to put a stop to the spread of Christianity. To a few poor Christians at Ovalau he had already sent a message, telling them that Viwa was to be destroyed, and that they must go to the doomed place and share its punishment.

On arrival, the chief went to the house of the Rev. John Hunt, and sent a court-messenger for Namosimalua, who immediately obeyed the dreaded summons, entering the house, with submissive respect, on his hands and knees. "As he crossed the room, the king said, 'Split his head with an axe!' Just then Mr. Hunt's voice was heard, saying, as if all were well, '*Sa loloma, saka!*' (My love to you, sir!)" This made a diversion, and saved the Viwan's head. Thakombau then declared that he had come to execute his threats. Mr. Hunt begged him to adjourn to the stone house; and there the missionaries pleaded with him, for a long while, to be merciful.

"The Christian natives were very firm. Two of them, meeting near the mission-house, shook hands warmly, and with a cheerful smile exclaimed, 'Heaven is very near!' They even prepared food to set before their enemies. They retired to the bush, their usual place for prayer; and many a voice was heard there in exulting praise, and many praying for the salvation of their persecutors.

"The heathens said, 'O, if you missionaries would go away! It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, you would not have reached Moturiki,' (an island close by,) 'before all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!'

"While the consultation was going on in the

stone house, Lydia Vatea, the converted Viwan queen, entered, and on her knees, with many tears, besought her kinsman Thakombau to join the *lotu* which he threatened to destroy. She told him how happy the religion of Jesus made her, and how it fortified her against all fear of death. The great chief wondered at this strange religion, which enabled its disciples to be so happy in prospect of the ovens.

“All that day, the returning warriors, armed with clubs and muskets, were arriving in Viwa, until the place was filled and surrounded with the forces of Bau, against whom the Christians were powerless. But they showed no wish to resist. They were God’s people, and He, in whom they trusted, cared for them. In proportion as the heathens grew in number, so they seemed to waver in purpose, until they said, ‘We came to kill these people, and we cannot lift a hand.’ Towards night they withdrew quietly, acknowledging that the Christians’ God was too strong for them. As they passed through the bush to their canoes, many of the converted Viwans, whom they had come to destroy, accompanied them, carrying for them the clubs which had been brought for the expected slaughter.”\*

A son of Namosimalua threw off his profession of Christianity, and became a heathen again, at the instance of Thakombau, who gave him one hundred fathoms of native calico as an inducement. His first act afterwards was to steal a pig to present to his god.

The great event of the next year was the Natewa war. In anticipation of this, the late Rev. John

\* Rowe’s Life of John Hunt.



Hunt wrote as follows :—“ It appears certain that the chiefs of Bau encourage the Natewa people to rebel against their chiefs, and are, in fact, using them to pay some of their old debts to the Somosomo chiefs. When they think they have done enough, they will go to Natewa with a large force, and pretend to conquer it, and Somosomo will have to pay the price, and bow its neck a little more willingly to the yoke of Bau. Fijian politics are as mysterious as the black art itself, and indeed bear some resemblance to it : there is so much of the devil in all their movements, that he may well be called ‘the god of *this* world.’ It is almost impossible to know what their intentions are, especially with the Bau chiefs : only one thing is plain, namely, that they will, if possible, have the whole group under subjection to them.”

The war was undertaken by Thakombau with a view to conquer some provinces that had revolted from his allies and tributaries, the chiefs of Somosomo. An eye-witness, the Rev. Thomas Williams, shall give its history :—

“ The Somosomo people have long been waiting for the promised assistance from Bau against their enemies. About the 12th of June, the chief received certain intelligence of the near approach of his friends and allies, and the following preparations were made for them. Five of the best temples were first built, and then five strangers’ houses were added to them, and several other large houses are to be vacated for their use. Thirty-eight thousand yams, besides large quantities of arrow-root, are interspersed among the buildings, and many thousands more of yams are in store for their use. Sixty large

turtles are secured, and fishers are continually adding to them. On the opposite land, many pigs are in reserve.

“About forty huge bales of native cloth, and hundreds of head-dresses, are ready to excite the strangers to deeds of valour, also a completely-equipped new canoe, a lot of *kava* brought from Rabi in five canoes, which, when piled, formed a wall thirty-five feet long and seven high.

“June 12th.—It was reported that all the warriors had assembled at Vuna. On the 13th Tuikilakila, with forty of his chief men, joined the Bau party at Vuna to perform the ceremony, when the chiefs were presented with one large bale of native calico, forty dresses, and fifty large whales'-teeth. The Vuna people prepared food, danced, and presented a quantity of native cloth that excited the surprise of the receivers. On Monday Thakombau arrived at the chief town with a fleet of sixty-six large double canoes, and sixteen single ones.

“The canoes had scarcely reached the shore, when a succession of shouts from behind the settlement announced the arrival of hundreds who came inland from Vuna. The Lasakan people burned several towns on their way, and some natives were killed at the lowering of the masts of some of the Bau canoes. When the Bau chiefs had landed, the ceremony of swimming to the canoes was performed, when they received about one hundred dresses, twenty whales'-teeth, and a quantity of baked yams, taro, and pigs. On Monday night, the inhabitants of Somosomo, with those of many other towns, were employed in preparing food. On Tuesday two hundred people were

employed till noon in piling food. The warriors passed their time in shouting and in blacking themselves.

“The accumulated labours of the cooks were seen in the shape of one large heap of ground taro puddings, four heaps of baked taro, and yams covered with arrow-root puddings, and turtles. Seventy turtles were placed by themselves in another heap. These hills of food were flanked on the left with a wall of *kava*, thirty-five feet long and seven high. On the right was a fence of uncooked yams, numbering thirty-eight thousand.

“After the food was set in order, a large bale of cloth was brought and placed opposite, leaving a space of two hundred yards between. This was followed by twenty others laid side by side, which elicited from the warriors a shout truly deafening. After a space, a Somosomo chief came to the fence with a train of native printed calico, sixty yards in length. A stout man had brought a marked dress thus far for him, and then assisted in placing it upon his shoulders. After being thus equipped, the lad marched manfully across the open space to the place where the Bau chiefs sat, when he tossed off his dress, and marched back again amid the shouts of the multitude. He repeated this ceremony five times, leaving a dress each time. After this the warriors retired to form themselves into a procession, which entered the western avenue to the arena. Two young chiefs, sons of Tuikilakila, came running from the town by different ways, raising their fans on high, and kicking up a great dust with their trains of sixty yards in length. They were followed by their father,

whose train measured one hundred fathoms. His squire came behind him, bearing an immense dress; and was followed by two hundred men, each bearing a dress hanging in immense folds. Two men came next, with bamboos on their shoulders, from which were suspended four large dresses hanging in bunches. These were followed by one hundred men bearing bales of cloth, who took their seats on and about the cloth, and were joined by one hundred and fifty men, all bearing cloth. The sons of Tuikilakila commenced running again, shortening their distance, however, each time as the procession of warriors approached the arena by the easterly entrance. They came in the following order:—

“Thakombau and Tuikilakila, bearing beautiful spears and clubs.

One hundred men bearing spears and clubs.

Five with two muskets each.

Ten with one musket each.

Five with one musket each.

Ten with two muskets each.

Sixty-eight with one musket each.

Six with two muskets each.

Fifty-one with one musket each.

Two with two muskets each.

Thirteen with one musket each.

Two with two muskets each.

Sixty with one musket each.

Twenty carpenters with American axes.

Sixty men with clubs and spears.

One man with bow and arrow.

Twenty-eight with muskets.

Sixty with spears and arrows.

One bearing bows and a large bundle of arrows.

Thirty with clubs, spears, and hatchets.

Sixty-one with muskets.

Forty with clubs, spears, and hatchets.

Twenty with muskets.

One hundred with clubs, spears, and battle-axes.

Eighty-five with muskets.

Twenty with spears and clubs.

Six with two muskets each.

Twenty-one with muskets.

One old man with a large bundle of spears closed  
the procession.

“The warriors of Bau formed a line four deep in front of the provisions, the musket-bearers forming the right, and the club and spear men the left wings. These had scarcely formed in order, when our ears were saluted with the most frightful yells, with clanking of arms and axes. On looking in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, might be observed a large company of the common fighting-men, who, after shaking their spears awhile, rushed *en masse* into the open space, some through it, and others over the fence. After these had run, capered, and shouted till they were tired, they retired to the sea-side, behind the Bau chiefs, waving a white banner whereon were painted several marvellous figures. The enormous bales of calico were then removed, and the shouting again commenced. Tuikilakila took a hundred whales'-teeth upon his shoulders, (he is almost a giant in size, and quite one in strength,) and, approaching Thakombau, stooped and made a speech. When he had finished, he arose and returned to his place, bearing the teeth with him. Thakombau then commenced the public challenge of the enemy, and was followed by many of the chiefs, singly, then by companies of eight and ten each. As the respectability of the company decreased, the numbers in-

creased; all endeavouring by their gestures and words to evince their valour. A Bau chief now took the whales'-teeth from Tuikilakila, and other Bau men took about twenty bundles of spears, and laid them at the feet of Thakombau. Several ceremonies connected with welcoming the Bau warriors to Somosomo were then performed; after which the multitude dispersed with yells, and shouts, and firing of muskets. Thakombau is accompanied by one Tubou, a Tonga chief, and his tribe. It is said that the army of Thakombau numbers about three thousand, including the Tonguese. A new temple has been built to propitiate the god who has been invoked; and he is so pleased with his new temple, that his godship has promised them entire success in the coming conflict. Tanoa's little boy, who is *vasu* to Somosomo, has taken one double canoe and twenty-one single ones: this *vasuing* is a great affair. It is said that it is mostly done while they are children, as, when the *vasu* becomes older, they are ashamed to help themselves in this way.

“It appears that the Natewa people were determined to give their enemies battle; and some of their bravest men singled out Thakombau as their victim. The warriors approached so near the fighting-fence as to converse with each other. ‘Where is Thakombau?’ asked some. ‘Here I am,’ he replied: ‘I have brought these warriors here.’ The Natewa people had sheltered themselves in a place difficult of access. The roads are represented as being less than three feet in width, with frightful precipices on either side. When our warriors had gained the small flat on which the town was built, they erected a fence to

serve as a guard against the shot of the besieged. Then a brisk but slightly-effective fire was kept up for some time.

“The Somosomo people were desirous to assist in the skirmish; but Thakombau told them not to interfere, for the war was his, and he should manage it. After some firing, the besieged made a sally, and a fine young man was killed. Thakombau shot a man who was in the act of darting a spear at him. This appears to have been the heat of the battle. The besieged retired into their town, which the warriors assailed, and succeeded in making a small breach in the fence; when Thakombau stopped all further proceedings for the day, saying, ‘We will take the town to-morrow.’ Whether he intended to give the inhabitants an opportunity to escape, or whether he felt that they had achieved glory enough for one day, is not known: probably the first, as there is reason to suppose that the Bau chiefs had determined that Natewa should not be destroyed, and they engaged in the affair that they might gratify the old king of Somosomo, and increase their own powers, by bringing the Somosomo people under an obligation to them, and by bringing the Natewa people to submit to the dominion of Bau. Thus Somosomo has to bear all the expense of the war, while Bau gains all the glory and advantage.

“To-morrow came, and the warriors entered the town, where they found the houses standing and ready to be destroyed, the inmates having fled. The body of a Bau man, who had been killed the day before, was baking in an oven; and the body of another was cut up, ready for cooking. Several towns,

which had been vacated during the night, were burned. The spoil collected consisted of four bars of soap, some fishing-nets, and a small quantity of sinnet.

“The forces next moved to Koro-ni-Yasaca ; against which place Tuikilakila was very bitter. A fence was built, as before ; and a ceaseless fire was kept up for several hours, to the alarm of the women and children. During the night a man stole from the town, and early in the morning was conducted to Thakombau. His business was to inform the chief that the inhabitants wished to make atonement to Bau. He was told that it was good for them to do so. Soon persons appointed were seen approaching, bearing whales’-teeth and baskets of earth. The men approached Thakombau, as is their custom, on their knees ; first presenting the teeth as their atonement, and then the baskets of earth to signify their full surrender of their lands to Bau. The atonement was accepted, and notice sent to Tuikilakila, who replied, ‘If it is good to you, it is well.’ After the atonement was accepted, the Somosomo people amused themselves by throwing stones, and even firing, at the Koro-ni-Yasaca fence ; which coming to the ears of Thakombau, caused him to send to know who it was that continued hostilities after he had said, ‘Let there be peace.’ ‘The people have submitted to Bau ; and had they not done so, I should have finished them. I have said that they shall live. They shall live !’

“The Natewa people did not make atonement so readily, but fled from one fortress to another ; till at length a Bau chief, well known to them, was sent to inquire why they conducted themselves in this manner. They replied, ‘We mean to make atonement.



Will you be of a good mind, and present our atonement to Bau? Not to Somosomo; for they will be sure to kill us.' The Bau chiefs could not agree to their proposal, and the Natewa chiefs were afraid to go themselves to offer their atonement. At length they concluded to send six youths with the teeth and earth, as representatives. The atonement was accepted, peace was declared, and the war ended.

"Tuikilakila with his company returned very quietly. A few days after, about fifty canoes returned with shouting, beating of drums, firing of muskets, blowing of conch-shells, &c. Several of the warriors left for Bau on the Cakaudrave side, where they amused themselves by destroying plantations, placing traps for the destruction of the unwary, &c.

"In the course of a few days the Somosomo people danced before the Bau people, and left large quantities of native cloth for Bau. Hundreds of mosquito-curtains and marked cloths have been presented since the return of the warriors. The people complain that there is nothing left.

"The Bau people are complaining of their bill of fare since their return, having nothing to subsist upon but taro and land-crabs. They indulge in observations like the following:—'How many men are there in Somosomo,—a hundred or not?' 'Natewa has nothing to fear!' 'This is a land of pork; but where are the pigs?' 'This is a land of plenty,' said Thakombau; 'a plenty of water, and a plenty of impudence.' The Somosomo people make the following remarks:—'This has been a bad war, a useless war. Bau hates us, and we will be revenged.' The Natewa people say, 'We shall know Bau only. We have long

been tired of making atonement to a people that are never satisfied. We do not wish to be always hearing of clubs and ovens. Why should they ever be baking our people?’

“Somosomo is just as much at enmity with Natewa as ever; but their hands are tied: they can do nothing now unless they brave the displeasure of Bau, which they are not in a condition to do. The bodies of the slain were all presented to Tuikilakila, who, with his people, devoured them. A part of one was sent to Thakombau after it was cooked; but he sent it away untouched.

“Aug. 6th.—The warriors have departed, and quiet is again restored. Their time has been mostly spent, since their return, in teaching and learning dances.”

Thakombau now allied himself yet more closely to Lasakau by promising to give its chief, Gavidi, the sister whom he had previously betrothed to the chief of Nakelo, on the occasion of his treachery. By so doing he sowed the seeds of another war with Rewa. It was evidently his policy to destroy the political power of the latter.

Some women belonging to Gavidi attempting to run away to Rewa were stopped, and taken back to their master. Now it often happens, that when a chief is conspiring against the life of his fellow, he will send some of his wives to carry messages to those with whom he wishes to hold correspondence. If they are missed, he will appear to be angry that they have run away. It therefore appeared necessary to Gavidi to prove by stern treatment of these women that he had no connexion with their errand to Rewa.

He therefore caused them to be stripped of their narrow fringe, and fastened to stakes; where they remained as targets for all those who chose to fire at them, till death released them from their sufferings. One of the victims received twelve musket-shots in her body before she was wounded fatally. On the missionary Hunt expostulating with Gavidí on the subject, the Lasakan chief replied, that if he had pardoned the women he would have given mortal offence to Thakombau, who would have suspected him of treacherous correspondence with Rewa.

The princess in question was formally "taken" to Gavidí three weeks afterwards. A lady who was present on the occasion thus describes the ceremony:—"We went first to the house of the bride's father, where we saw the marriage-portion and the bride. The latter looked quite modest and rather bashful. We remained here but a few moments, and then passed on to the new house that had been prepared for the bride. We found the happy bridegroom seated on the door-sill, his face well besmeared with dirt, and his dress not remarkable for cleanliness. He desired us to walk into the house, and he seated near his mother. We observed in front of the building a wall of roasted fish, about ten fathoms in length and five feet in height. We did not see the vegetables, as they were in some other place, with pigs and turtles. The floor of the house was spread with four or five layers of the best of Fijian mats: these had been provided by the Lasakan tribe. In one corner of the house, a basket, ten feet long, four wide, and three deep, was suspended from the rafters, filled with green leaves, and on these were placed pigs and turtles.

“The Lasakau matrons (no maidens are allowed to take any part in the marriages) were seated in the centre of the house, leaving a broad space unoccupied near the door. On the right hand of the principal entrance, the mother of Gavidi was seated with her foreign guests. The Lasakau ladies all wore old dresses; and their persons were oiled with cocoa-nut oil, scented with sandal-wood. Each one, the mother excepted, wore a garland of flowers thrown over one shoulder. The garlands were made of sweet-scented flowers. One was offered me, and I threw it over my neck; which seemed to please the company exceedingly. Gavidi was ordering the arrangement of the food; and when all was completed, one old man said to the chief, ‘The food is now ready. We hope that the god will be pleased with your marriage, and that you will live long and happily with your young wife.’ The speech ended with clapping of hands. The bridegroom then took seven whales'-teeth, and sent them by four old men to Tanoa, with a complimentary message, and a request that the king would send his daughter to the house where his people were waiting to receive her. Gavidi then departed, and was seen no more for the day in that vicinity.

“After this, two old Lasakau men and one old Bau man came in, and seated themselves near the central door on the left. In a few moments the grand procession appeared, consisting of the bride and the married ladies of her tribe. Her mother was not present. The procession came singly, and moved very slowly. About one hundred preceded the bride, and then the lady herself appeared. She wore a band of small white cowry-shells around her head, and

bracelets of the same on her arms, a necklace of small whales'-teeth on her neck, and in her hands she carried two large whales'-teeth. She was arrayed in a new, handsome dress, with a bale of marked native cloth attached to it, and a train of some forty yards in length: the latter trailed on the ground, and the former was borne by two women. Oil was dripping from her person. As she entered the house, she laid the two large teeth at the feet of the old men; then turned, and seated herself by the mother of Gavidi. The rest of them now followed, and all were seated in the unoccupied part of the house. The Bau ladies were dressed in new, handsome dresses, and wore flowers in their hair. After all were seated, the old Bau messenger presented whales'-teeth to the Lasakau messengers, accompanied with a long speech, enumerating the names and titles of the king, his greatness and goodness, and love for Gavidi, which he had now shown by the gift of his daughter, who was of high rank, being his daughter by the queen, who was a woman of the highest rank in Somosomo. At the conclusion of the speech, the Bau ladies clapped their hands. The Lasakaus then took the teeth, and promised for their chief that the young princess should ever be treated kindly; that they hoped wars would cease, in order that he might not be separated from her; that the winds might be favourable; that she might have a plenty of fish to eat, and that yams and all their food might ever be plentiful in their lands; and ended by complimenting the king upon his greatness and goodness, and pronouncing him a god whom his enemies could never kill. At the conclusion of this eloquent

speech, the Lasakau ladies clapped their hands, and the men departed. I inquired if the men were priests; and was answered that they were not, and that the priests had nothing to do with marriages.

“After the departure of the men, the bridegroom’s mother, and two other aged matrons, proceeded to divest the bride of her ornaments. The oil was wiped from her person; her handsome dress was exchanged for an old one, and taken, with all the other ornaments, by the mother-in-law of the bride. The Lasakau ladies had been chanting continually, from the time of their assembling till the present, only stopping while the old men made their speeches. The Bau tribe now commenced, and chanted for the space of an hour or more, when they concluded their music. The Lasakau ladies now proceeded to exchange their dresses with the Bau ladies, and began to chat and frolic as though the minister had departed. The garlands were also presented to the Bau party.

“After some little time, quiet was again restored, and the singing recommenced. We inquired if the ceremonies were ended; and were informed that the parties would remain and sing a little longer, and then retire.

“The Bau party were to take with them all the mats from the house, and bring the bride’s portion in return. Tanoa had given his daughter ten servants, and Gavidid had provided five to commence house-keeping with.

“Samanunu (Thakombau’s wife) now came to chat with us; and from her we learned that the bridegroom would not visit at the house of the bride till

the next day, or perhaps for a week, or a month. The feast is prepared for the Bau tribe alone; and is divided into portions according to the rank of the family, and sent to them. When the marriage is fully consummated, the Bau people are again feasted, and some of the elderly ladies of the tribe proceed to the house of the young married lady, and cut off the woolly tresses from her head: these had hitherto remained uncut from childhood.

“We now prepared to depart, when the mother of the chief desired us to go to a house belonging to him, where another of his four wives resided, and partake of some refreshments; observing that she had some of my favourite puddings in store for me. We complied with her request, and then departed.”\*

\* “Life in Fiji, by a Lady” (Mrs. Wallis, of America).





## CHAPTER VII.

*Resistance and Condemnation.*








## CHAPTER VII.



### RESISTANCE AND CONVICTION.

*The Nakelo War—Ratu Qara—Visit of Rev. Walter Lawry—Work and Character of Rev. John Hunt—Rev. R. B. Lyth—Visit of Captain Erskine—Extracts from his Journal—Rev. J. Culvert—Visit of Captain Fanshawe—Visit of Lieut. Pollard—Death of Gavidí—Hopeful Signs—Mr. Lawry's last Visit.*

S Thakombau had broken his engagement with the Nakelo chief by withholding the sister whom he had promised as a reward for his treachery, the aggrieved chieftain tendered his support to Ratu Qara, who was then in very reduced circumstances. The Bauans immediately attacked Nakelo, and destroyed it, the inhabitants having fled on their approach. The enemy, however, succeeded in rebuilding Rewa, and drove off those forces which endeavoured to hinder their operations.

Once a party of Bauans approached Rewa, and, finding the town so silent, supposed that it was vacated. Advancing with joy to set fire to the houses, they encountered a sharp fire from the defenders,

which killed twenty, and caused an immediate retreat.

It must not be forgotten that women were always strangled on the occasion of the death of the men. In the case of one who was made a widow during the attack on Rewa, the king gave orders that she was to live to take care of her infant child. But she insisted on being killed, that she might rejoin her beloved husband.

This second war is called the Nakelo war, as it arose out of Thakombau's breach of promise to the chief of Nakelo. The coveted lady herself was taken ill after her marriage with Gavidi, and her husband presented large offerings to his god for her recovery. These failing, he applied to the Rev. Richard B. Lyth for English medicines, as he supposed the gods were angry with the alteration made in the appropriation of the lady. She recovered, and is still living.

The Nakelo chief was quietly put out of the way by a successful plot. A Bau town was instructed to send messengers to him, offering to turn to Ratu Qara. So plausible was the tale of Thakombau's agents, that the Nakelo chief, on behalf of his master, appointed a time and place for meeting; on attending which he was barbarously murdered by those who had made the overtures to him. It had been hoped that Ratu Qara himself would have been secured on the occasion.

Simultaneously with this assassination, Thakombau attacked the Kuku towns, at the head of a very large force. These towns profess nominal subjection to Nakelo, but belong, in reality, to an independent tribe from the interior, forced towards the sea-board

through intertribal wars. The Nakelo people, thirsting to avenge the late murder, rushed to the defence of Kuku, and compelled the Bau army to retreat. The Nakelo people then returned home. This was the very thing Thakombau wished. Before the Bau people themselves knew of the plan, the whole district of Kuku was destroyed, and the inhabitants compelled to seek refuge with their Nakelo friends. By night a fresh force of eight hundred men had been secretly conveyed to the spot, and, having surprised and destroyed one of the enemy's towns, proceeded to set village after village in flames.

On September 1st, 1847, Rewa was again destroyed by Thakombau. The night previous to this, whilst the army was quartered at Tokatoka, Thakombau sent a message to Ratu Qara, who was in the city, to the following effect:—"I am angry with Nakelo only. As Nakelo rebuilt your town, you must allow me to burn Rewa again. In the meantime, do you remove to the island of Nukulau, and let me kill the common Rewans. When I have once more burnt Rewa, I will give up fighting, and you may all collect, and occupy the sites of your fathers' houses." Anxious to bring the war to a close, Ratu Qara informed the Rewa chiefs of the message, and ordered the town to be abandoned. Next morning Thakombau found it empty, and it was consumed by fire. One Rewa chief was found and killed. Ratu Qara prudently retired, not to Nukulau, but to a hill on the mainland, whence he could view all that took place, and secure flight into the interior. From this elevation he saw the Bau canoes proceeding to surround Nukulau, to cut off his retreat. With a Fijian

exclamation ("*De ni vuaka*") he said to his followers, "Does Thakombau take me for a fool then? Do not I know his treacherous character?"

In the mountains he waited in vain for the messenger authorizing the rebuilding of Rewa. His life was still sought for. Presents of turtles and of valuable property were repeatedly sent to the mountaineers, with the request that they would give up Ratu Qara. But they refused to betray their friend. They ate the turtles, however, and kept the property. Yet more was sent to induce compliance with Thakombau's wish. The chief probably hoped to weary them into yielding. But Ratu Qara had secured the personal respect of those from whom he received shelter. He openly talked of times yet coming when he would eat his opponent; and the exhibition of his revengeful feelings led to his receiving the name of "The Hungry Woman," by which he was afterwards called. "Remember," he would say, "my gifts are a sort that generate increase, and will frequently be repeated; whilst Thakombau's presents are once for all. Give me up to him, and the supply is stopped. Receive his gifts; but do not comply with his request. Thus you will have his property, and mine also. My presents will cease only with my life."

Amongst other plots may be named one which is pronounced by the natives themselves as being superlatively bad.

A Bau tributary (Naitasiri) was secretly commissioned to join Ratu Qara's party, and endeavour to kill him. When a suitable time had elapsed after his change of sides, Naitasiri wished to "present yams" to Ratu Qara. A day was fixed for the pur-

pose, and a great quantity of food was prepared wherewith to feast the Naitasiri people on their arrival at the town of Lokia, near Rewa, which was then the head-quarters of the patriotic party. But the guests made not their appearance till after dark. This delay was caused by their wish to conceal any agitation that the inexperienced members of the party might betray. The formal "greeting" was postponed till daylight. Both the guests and the hosts retired to rest. Just before cock-crow the Naitasiri men began simultaneously to massacre their respective hosts; and so complete was the surprise, that upwards of one hundred, including several individuals of rank and influence, were massacred on the spot. Ratu Qara, however, was not secured, as he was absent.

Thakombau's imperious bearing towards foreign creditors at this period of his career is seen in his treatment of Captain Bowles. Bowles had paid the price of a cargo of oil, and was afraid that Thakombau would not deliver the cargo. This annoyed the prince, and he exclaimed, "Why did you come here? I did not send for you. However, white men make good eating: they are like ripe bananas." He then ordered the captain to leave his house. But with the foreigners generally he acted honourably. Those who paid in advance, however, had frequently to wait until it was perfectly convenient for the chief to settle their accounts. What else could they expect?

The Rev. Walter Lawry, during his visit to Fiji in 1847, makes mention of the prince as follows:—

"Sept. 24th.—I received a visit from Thakombau, who is about thirty-five years old, above the middle

size, of a very dark complexion, but rather comely. He has many wives, and knows no restraint: two were killed in his house lately, because a house of his had been burnt, and they *might* have done it! He is an absolute ruler: whom he will he kills, and whom he will he keeps alive. Upon the whole, he is rather favourable to our mission here, but does not *lotu*. He professes great dislike to the introduction of Popery. War is his delight, and feasting on the bodies of the slain. He is sitting by my side while I write, and is urging me to persuade Governor Grey to visit him in a war-steamer, in order that they may be allied friends. He reposes confidence in England, but not in France; for the barefaced outrage of *protecting* Tahiti is known to him, and heartily denounced. He and his chiefs say that they shall one day *lotu*, and that the Gospel will triumph in *Viti* (so they pronounce the word Fiji). They seem to think that they shall be overcome and submit to it, rather than seek unto the Lord that they may be saved. Their two great obstacles are,—casting off their many wives, and wearing decent clothes to hide their shame. But for these formidable difficulties, many of them would openly avow what they now secretly whisper,—their belief in Christianity.

“This pagan king has very little majesty, having little cultivation; but he has a feeling of pride or consciousness of power, which oozes out at all points. He has ceased to blaspheme our holy faith, as was his custom formerly. His hair is neatly dressed, and he has a small bandage round his loins, with a string of blue beads round each arm and round his neck, to which is suspended a circular boar’s tooth. These

are all his clothes and ornaments, except a strong black beard projecting about eight inches from his chin, and an abundance of oil besmearing his sable skin. His attendants, smoking about the mission-house, are few, and not over dignified; but the court-ladies are still more offensive than the men.

"It is, however, due to this people to say, that first impressions concerning them are generally the worst; for, while their character and customs are full of contradictions, they unquestionably possess many fine qualities.

"October 2d.—I went over to the imperial city of Bau, with Mr. Hunt and several missionaries. Here we saw the *élite* of Fiji. The king says, that the *lotu* is near, but that he has a few more towns to burn before he and his warriors *lotu*. The houses are far superior to anything else I have seen in the South Sea Islands. The large double canoe of the king will carry from two to three hundred men; and they are just now preparing to start on some warlike expedition. Their spirit-houses are finely ornamented.

"The men paint themselves, and both they and their many wives go nearly naked. We have preaching at Bau; and shall, by God's blessing, soon have a missionary there. Bau is the lion of Fiji; and dark are the deeds of which it is guilty. It sends out its little war-parties, who fall upon men, women, and children, as the case may be, and the carnage is all their own. I do not find that Fijians are at all celebrated for courage; but quite the contrary: their way is to fall upon the defenceless, and to overcome by numbers, rather than by personal bravery. It is, however, very encouraging to observe a gradual



melting down of this icy mountain, and a breaking-up of their iron system of cruel tyranny. The light is breaking in upon them, and the power of the truth is felt by many."

Soon after this, a woman who had apostatized from Christianity, and who was living in the king's house, offered in mockery to preach a sermon, and forthwith began; but the king, who was till lately very strongly opposed to Christianity, said to her, "You shall not ridicule the *lotu* here. Religion is true, and a weighty matter, not to be trifled with." And he did not stop there, but proceeded to punish the scoffer in a way rather novel even in Fiji. There was a huge *bêche-de-mer* pot in the house, which he directed to be turned over upon the woman. She remained whelmed and coiled up under it all night. The iron pot would probably measure four feet in diameter. From under it she dared not stir till orders were given to that effect by Thakombau.\*

The Bauans now rebuilt Rewa; and Thakombau appointed one of the Bau chiefs to act as governor, as Phillips, the ally of Thakombau, had not the courage to reside there, on account of Ratu Qara, who remained in the mountains.

Thakombau commenced the erection of a stone palace; but his mason, having received some pay in advance, absconded to America, and it was never finished.

In 1848 Fiji was visited by H. B. M. ship of war, the "Calypso," Captain Worth, who destroyed a town belonging to a chief who had murdered two white men. The proud bearing of Thakombau excited the

\* Lawry's Journal.

just indignation of Captain Worth, who also strongly suspected him of meditating an organized plan of resistance. But for the earnest importunity of the Rev. John Hunt, the city of Bau would then have been destroyed.

Mr. Hunt had striven hard to be the instrument of the prince's conversion to Christianity; but the appointed time had now come for that diligent missionary to rest from his abundant labours, and to receive from his Master the crown of glory. On October 4th, 1848, his spirit departed to eternal blessedness. His dying message to Thakombau was as follows:—"Tell the king that I love him. I entreat him not to forget his oft-repeated promise to me, that he would become a Christian. Tell him that religion is profitable."

Let us here pause a moment in memory of this good man. Looking at the question after the experience of twenty-five years, it is impossible to allow that the appointment of the Rev. W. Cross as the missionary to Bau was most judicious. Thakombau most certainly considered him as his personal enemy; and had he remained at Bau up to the present time, the probability is that the chief would still have refused to embrace Christianity. True, it may be said that personal contact might succeed in disarming the opposition of the chief, and give him an opportunity of ascertaining that Mr. Cross was his friend. And it cannot be denied that the faithful reproofs of that missionary were well calculated to influence the chief. It may also be conceded that on many grounds he was well fitted for his station, as "he always kept clear of Fijian politics and parties."

Yet it was well known that the king personally disliked Mr. Cross; and this was surely a sufficient reason why some one else should have been appointed. If Mr. Cross was so successful, in spite of the chief being prejudiced against him, how much more probable that another would have had yet greater success. And as for politics, a Methodist minister meddling with politics is a rare sight anywhere.

Thakombau's first call on Mr. Cross lasted four hours, which were spent in religious disputations; the chief declaring that he would never become a Christian. Mr. Cross said, "But your children will." "They shall not," was the reply; "for I will on my death-bed enjoin on them not to change their religion." Such an injunction is considered binding.

The chief's care of Mr. Cross during the Viwa war was, according to Fijian notions, a humiliation of the missionary for formerly doubting Thakombau's power to protect him. It said, "I did not promise protection if you would live at Bau. But you see I can defend you from harm even in a town not my own." Had Mr. Cross been a Fijian, he would have been greatly annoyed, at the weight of obligation under which he was placed. The Somoso chief thus perplexed Thakombau himself in after-years, when the latter was in distress. Indeed, it is even whispered and believed in certain quarters, that Thakombau consented to the murder of his Somoso friend and ally on this very ground.

The mission of the Rev. J. Hunt, however, was a glorious success. There was no prejudice against him; whilst his personal appearance, particularly his height of stature, was prepossessing,—a point, at that

time, of some moment amongst the heathen. But his amiable character and his self-sacrificing spirit rendered him peculiarly adapted to make an impression on the chiefs at Bau.

The result of this change soon showed itself. The missionary Cross had been permitted to preach occasionally at Bau to the ex-usurper, or to the Tongans. Mr. Calvert, when on a visit, had preached in Fijian to the Tongans visiting Bau, when some of Tanoa's sons and other chiefs came to hear. But Mr. Hunt received permission to hold *regular* divine service in the city of Bau on the Sabbath. Thakombau also allowed one of his own children, who was ill, to embrace Christianity, and receive instruction from Mr. Hunt. The king's opposition was greatly modified. "We are at war," said he, to the good missionary Hunt, "and cannot attend to Christianity at present." On another occasion he remarked, "You can go to any part of our dominions; but we at Bau shall not become Christians at present."

Mr. Hunt was highly favoured in his colleague, the Rev. Richard Burdsall Lyth, to whose qualifications of missionary zeal, gentlemanly courtesy, and ministerial fidelity, was added a knowledge of medicine, in the professional study of which he had been brought up. Mr. Lyth could retain the influence which Mr. Hunt had secured; and no minister was ever more faithful and pointed with Thakombau than he. It was to the united influence of these two devoted missionaries that the change in the prince at this period must be attributed.

The memory of the late Mr. Hunt has been

somewhat harshly dealt with, as regards his lavish generosity towards the chiefs. But all the early missionaries were equally to blame, though not in the same degree. To their credit be this said; for no righted-hearted man would have acted otherwise. But when the time arrived for modification, the necessary change was accepted and adopted by all, even by Mr. Hunt himself, who, on his death-bed, requested the people "not to beg so much from his successor."

But the invariable unselfishness of Mr. Hunt was such a contrast to the opposite trait in the chief's character, that a deep impression was made on the latter. "Mr. Hunt," said he, on one occasion, "is ready to give when he can ill spare the article we beg. He is a loving man." Hence the secret of his influence,—*the chief felt that Mr. Hunt loved him.*

It may be said, that there was want of consideration for his family on the part of the missionary. But in all other respects his conduct was unimpeachable. What he gave was either his own, or was presented to him for the particular purpose by his English friends.

Mr. Hunt's influence over the chief was most undoubted. The promise to become a Christian was a direct contradiction to his former assertions to Mr. Cross. But the time was not yet. It is "in the day of trouble" that this proud chieftain will call on the name of the Lord.

In 1849 H. B. M. ship "Havannah" visited the Islands. Captain Erskine, in his "Journal of a Cruise, etc.," has given the following account:—"Hitherto the chief of Bau has not admitted a missionary into

his city ; but Mr. Calvert, who has great influence over him, has obtained the promise of a site for a house, and is contemplating putting one up shortly. This remarkable chief, whose name is Seru, took that of Thakombau, by which he is generally known, some years since, from his having raised an insurrection in Bau, which consolidated his father's authority ; and he has more lately assumed the title of Tui Viti, or chief of Fiji, by which it is said he had been addressed by General Miller, the British consul-general for the islands of the Pacific. He is about thirty-five years of age ; and his father Tanoa is still alive, who, according to Fijian custom, has ceded the sovereign rule to his son, although he still takes an occasional part in politics, and has great influence.

“The town or city of Bau seems to consist of three divisions: viz., Soso, Bau, and Lasakau ; the latter meaning the fishermen, of whom Gavidi is chief, being next in importance to Thakombau, and his great friend. Other tribes are also considered as actually belonging to Bau,—the sailors, (or Butoni,) for instance, who, from the redundancy of the population at home, are permitted to hire out their services to other chiefs, under the obligation of returning to the capital at intervals of several years, to pay tribute to their own sovereign.

“The last great visit of one of these tribes had taken place but a few weeks previously, when four hundred men, women, and children of the sailors, spoken of above as the ‘Butoni,’ had arrived in nine large canoes, and were still remaining at Bau. An account of the mode of their reception and entertainment, as given to me by our hosts, (whose wives

played a conspicuous part on the occasion,) and corroborated by the testimony of many of the whites resident here, affords such an illustration of the manners of Fiji, that I insert it in full, particularly as I shall have to refer to it occasionally in relating my interview with Thakombau, and as it necessarily influenced our opinions and treatment of these people during our stay among them.

“This visit then, being the first paid by the Butoni for six or seven years, and the quantity of tribute being very large, it was considered proper to give them a handsome reception. A large house, called the ‘Ulu-ni-vuaka,’ or ‘pig’s-head,’ was prepared for the accommodation of themselves and their families, and food collected from all directions for their entertainment. According to custom, a family called the ‘Vusaradave’ was called upon to furnish meat for the first breakfast; and, as it concerned their pride that this should be of the best, steps were taken to provide one or two human bodies. As Bau was not actually at war with any of the neighbouring tribes, and no enemies were to be had, some little management was necessary to secure this supply; but at last, through the co-operation of a tributary town on Viti Levu, called Nadavio, and, it was said, by the assistance of two Tahitians, or Malayo-Polynesians, residing at Bau, two poor wretches were entrapped on a small island called Yanuca, and brought to the capital, where they were slaughtered and eaten. The missionaries, who are disposed to think well of Thakombau’s intentions, suppose that, had the example not been set by the Vusaradave, he would have been satisfied with supplying his guests with pigs. It now, how-

ever, became a point of honour with him, his turn for supplying the breakfast having arrived, not to be excelled in munificence by his inferiors; and the chiefs of Nasilai, a city of Rewa, which had been lately subjugated, were ordered to forward the required provision to Bau. One man only was obtained from this source, when Gavidu, the 'Turaga ni Lasakau,' or chief of the fishermen, whose duty it is more particularly to procure human flesh, and who might have taken offence at the presumption of the Vusaradave in preceding him, was ordered to perform his horrible office. Taking with him accordingly the priest, he started with several canoes from Nakelo, a town situated on a river or branch of the sea connecting Rewa with the coast of the mainland opposite to Bau. An ambush laid here having failed, it became doubtful whether it would not be necessary to have recourse to their own resources; that is, to slaughter some of their own slaves to furnish the Butoni banquet,—a sacrifice, of course, to be avoided if possible. The priest's aid was accordingly invoked; Gavidu hinting, at the same time, that, should they continue unsuccessful, he (the priest) would probably be one of the victims himself. The oracle having been consulted, a hundred bodies are promised by the gods, and the party continued their course, skirting along under the overhanging mangroves to the village of Noco. Here they lay concealed till low water, when the women are accustomed to come to the coast to pick shell-fish for food, and, sallying out at the proper time, secured fourteen of these defenceless and unsuspecting beings, one or two being clubbed to death, as a rush was made to escape. One man attempting



to save either his wife or daughter shared her fate; but, with this exception, all were of the softer sex; and they were immediately conducted in triumph to Bau.

“On Sunday, the 29th of July, the hollow sound of the awful ‘lali,’ or sacred drum, bore across the water to Viwa the intelligence that a cargo of human victims had arrived in Bau; and a native Christian chief, (I believe Namosimalua,) who had quitted the capital to bring the information to the mission, related to the shuddering ladies, whose husbands were absent at Bua, or Sandal-wood Bay in Vanua Levu, on their usual annual meeting, the whole of the circumstances of the capture. In the course of the day, different reports as to the intentions of the authorities were brought over; but in the evening came a definitive one, that all were to be slaughtered on the morrow.

“And then was enacted a scene which ought to be ever memorable in the history of this mission.

“On the Monday morning Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, accompanied only by the Christian chief above mentioned, embarked in a canoe for Bau, to make an effort to save the lives of the doomed victims. Each carried a whale’s-tooth decorated with ribbons, a necessary offering on preferring a petition to a chief; for even in this exciting moment these admirable women did not neglect the ordinary means of succeeding in their benevolent object. As they landed at the wharf, not far from the house of old Tanoa, the father of Thakombau, and in this instance the person to whom they were to address themselves, the shrieks of two women then being slaughtered for the day’s entertainment chilled their blood, but did not daunt

their resolution. They were yet in time to save a remnant of the sacrifice. Ten had been killed and eaten, one had died of her wounds, the life of one girl had been begged by Thakombau's principal wife, to whom she was delivered as a slave, and three only remained. Regardless of the sanctity of the place, it being 'tabued' to women, they forced themselves into old Tanoa's chamber, who demanded, with astonishment at their temerity, what these women did there? The Christian chief, who well maintained his lately-adopted character, answered for them, that they came to solicit the lives of the surviving prisoners; presenting at the same time the two whale's-teeth. Tanoa, apparently still full of wonder, took up one of these, and turning to a messenger, desired him to carry it immediately to Gavidu, and ask 'if it were good.' A few minutes were passed in anxious suspense. The messenger returned, and 'It is good' was Gavidu's answer. The women's cause was gained, and old Tanoa thus pronounced his judgment: 'Those who are dead are dead; those who are alive shall live.' With their three rescued fellow-creatures these heroic women retired, and already had the satisfaction of experiencing that their daring efforts had produced a more than hoped for effect. A year or two ago no voice but that of derision would have been raised towards them; but now, on returning to their canoe, they were followed by numbers of their own sex, blessing them for their exertions, and urging them to persevere.

"Any further remarks on the conduct of our countrywomen on this occasion would be superfluous. If anything could have increased our admiration of

their heroism, it was the unaffected manner in which, when pressed by us to relate the circumstances of their awful visit, they spoke of it as the simple performance of an ordinary duty.

“14th August.—After breakfast this morning, having sent round the barge to the side of the island fronting Bau, we embarked with Messrs. Lyth and Calvert for the capital, a distance of about two miles.

“The island of Bau itself is scarcely a mile in length, and, with the exception of the summit, which serves as the deposit of all the dirt and refuse, is covered with houses, disposed in irregular streets, reminding one, in a degree, of the poorer parts of some of our West India towns. The houses are certainly of a better description than any we have yet seen, and more calculated for the privacy of domestic life, although the freshness and cleanliness of the more open Samoan and Tongan habitations are wanting. The principal feature of the town is the great ‘bure,’ or temple, which stands in an irregular square, on a basement a few feet above the level of the ground, its roof being two or three times higher than the walls, beautifully thatched, and ornamented with cocoa-nut plait, and the long external ridge-pole decorated with white cowrie-shells. Many smaller temples, like chapels, similarly adorned, are seen in different directions, and show a much more organized system of religious worship than among the Malayo-Polynesians.

“We landed at a good wharf, close to the house of old Tanoa, who was absent at Rewa; but we entered and inspected this singular den, the scene of the late

interview with the ladies of the mission. The low door admitted but one person at a time, and the chamber was small and dark, containing only a bed of mats elevated a few feet above the floor, on which lay an enormous club, while a few muskets and other arms were suspended from the rafters. The chief's women invited us to enter the adjoining house, their residence; which, except in its larger dimensions,—being sixty feet long by thirty feet wide, with a very high roof,—differed little from that of Tui Nayau, at Lakeba. It was full of all kinds of valuable merchandise, such as rolls of native cloth and cocoa-nut fibre cordage, with large quantities of bowls and cooking-utensils, of crockery of native manufacture. As in other houses, a fire being kept constantly burning, and there being no chimney, the smoke was very oppressive, and had tinged the rafters and every part of the roof a deep and not unpicturesque brown colour.

“We arrived at last at the residence of Thakombau himself, and here we were received with much ceremony. An entrance having been cleared for us through bundles of native cloth, immense coils of cordage, and other articles, the produce of the late Butoni tribute, the chief himself—the most powerful, perhaps, of any in the Pacific, and certainly the most energetic in character—was seen seated in the attitude of respect to receive us. He rose, however, as we entered, seeing that it was expected, unfolding, as he did so, an immense train of white native cloth, eight or ten yards long, from his waist, and invited me to occupy the one chair he possessed, the others taking their seats on rolls of cloth, or, like the na-

tives, sitting cross-legged on the floor. It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief. Of large, almost gigantic, size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of the skin, a clear but decided black; and, in spite of this paucity of attire,—the evident wealth which surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity,—he looked ‘every inch a king.’ The missionaries said that he was a little agitated with the prospect of our interview; but I confess I did not discover it. Not far from him sat his favourite and principal wife, a stout, good-looking woman, with a smiling expression, and her son, Thakombau’s heir, a fine boy of eight or nine; and he was surrounded at a respectful distance by a crowd of crouching courtiers. This crouching posture must be adopted not merely when sitting, but when moving about in his presence; and I have even seen Gavidu assume it when passing before him. He saluted Messrs. Lyth and Calvert with kindness, and, saying a few words of courtesy to me, resumed his seat, and awaited the opening of our proceedings. This I soon did by requesting Mr. Calvert to translate an address to the chief. The speech, carefully and deliberately translated by Mr. Calvert, was listened to with great attention, and, except on one occasion, when the language in repro-

bation of cannibalism appeared somewhat too strong, in perfect silence. At the time alluded to, Thakombau's feelings got the better of his natural politeness, and he said, in a hurried tone, a few words, of which I could only catch the expression '*bula-ma-kau.*' He recovered himself, however, immediately, evidently ashamed of the impoliteness of the interruption, and, when Mr. Calvert had finished, made me a very civil reply. With every protestation of a desire to live well with the white men, and especially to protect the missionaries, in which I believe he was perfectly sincere, he touched lightly on the subject of cannibalism, giving a kind of conventional denial to its habitual exercise, and saying it had been the custom of their fathers, but was now giving way to better habits. He ended by inviting us to eat with him,—a piece of attention which Mr. Calvert said he had never yet shown to any European; which we accepted, promising to return at the dinner-hour after strolling through the town. On retiring, I asked Mr. Calvert the meaning of the chief's interruption to his translation of my speech, and was told that, at the moment of expressing our horror at the practice of eating their fellow-men, he broke out, 'that it was all very well for us who had plenty of beef (*bula-ma-kau*) to remonstrate, but they had no beef but men.' Mr. Calvert added, that a look of satisfaction with the terms of my speech from his wife, to whose opinion he pays great deference, and who has lately adapted the missionaries' notions on this subject, had excited him to a very unusual outbreak on so formal an occasion; for which he was heartily ashamed, as a reflection on his good-

breeding,—a point the chiefs pique themselves on extremely.

“After leaving Thakombau’s house, we came at last upon an irregular square, on which stood a building, probably one hundred feet long, the ‘strangers’ house,’ still occupied by the Butoni, and we entered it by a door in the centre. The interior struck me at first as resembling the lower deck of a ship of war, there being a passage down the centre, and the families living in separate messes on either side, divided, however, from each other, in some cases, by partitions of coloured native cloth. We met the usual welcome from the people who happened to be there; and several of them followed our party out, through an opposite door to that by which we had entered, to a small level space between the back of the house and the hill, which rises somewhat abruptly behind. The first objects of interest to which our attention was called by these strangers, as if to vaunt the goodness of their reception in the capital, were four or five ovens, loosely filled in with stones, which had served to cook the human bodies presented to them after the payment of their tribute. They certainly did not understand the expressions of disgust which rose to our lips; for, leading us to a neighbouring tree, they pointed to where, suspended from the branches, hung some scraps of flesh, the remains of the wretched creatures slaughtered to satisfy the monstrous appetite of their fellows, who had not even the miserable excuse of enmity or hunger to plead for their fiendish banquet.

“The temple itself contained few objects of interest. A cloth screen covered the sanctuary, and

on the ground lay a few neck-pillows, and an elephant's tusk, which had been presented many years ago to Tanoa by the supercargo of a trader, and by him dedicated to the god. As whales'-teeth are much valued, and constitute, in fact, a species of currency of indeterminate value, such a specimen of ivory was doubtless considered as beyond all price. The building stood on a raised platform, and was surrounded by a few trees of graceful foliage, under one of which lay the large 'lali,' or sacred drum, beaten at festivals and sacrifices; and overshadowed by another was the place where the bodies of victims are dedicated to the 'Kalou,' or evil spirit, previous to their being handed over to those who are to cook them for the banquet. The lower branches of this tree had evidently been lately cut away to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground; and we were told that this had been done after the reduction of Rewa, a few months before, when a mound of no fewer than eighty corpses, slain in battle, was heaped upon the spot.

“Evidence of the extraordinary blood-thirsty character of this people's institutions met us at every step. Having pointed out to Mr. Calvert, when on the hill, two blocks of stone which had been hewn into rude pillars by apparently an European workman, nearly overgrown with grass, he besought me earnestly to take no notice of them; adding afterwards, that they were intended for a monument or mausoleum to the memory of Tanoa's father; but that their erection, if ever it should take place, would most certainly be accompanied by the sacrifice of at least two human victims, it being considered neces-



sary that in works of such a nature, or even in the construction of the house of a ruling chief, a man should be buried alive at the foot of each post, to ensure the stability of the edifice."

Captain Erskine having offered to convey Thakombau to the "Havannah," they embarked together in the ship's boat for Ovalau.

"15th August.—There being very little wind, our row up to the ship at Levuka, upwards of twenty miles, was a tedious one, owing in great measure to the boat being encumbered with spears, clubs, pottery, and different curiosities. Thakombau looked very dignified, seated in the stern-sheets, his head decorated with a new turban of smoke-coloured gauze, beneath which projected a long pin of tortoiseshell resembling a netting-needle,—a necessary instrument for scratching the head, which no finger-nails could be long enough to reach.

"On one occasion the conversation took a curious turn. Thakombau, whose manners are extremely polite when in good humour, seeing probably that he engrossed too much of the conversation, asked Mr. Calvert, if we, the strangers, understood what passed between them. The opportunity for reading him a lecture was not lost by the latter, who replied that it could not be expected that we, who had lately come to Fiji for the first time, should understand their language; but, he was sorry to say, the Captain had learned sufficient to comprehend the meaning of that unseemly interruption to his speech yesterday, in which the chief had endeavoured to excuse, on the plea of absence of other animal food, the disgusting practice of eating their fellow-men. The chief was

for a moment in great confusion, but soon recovered himself, and begged Mr. Calvert to explain to me that such was not the purport of his interruption, which had been misunderstood; but he had intended to say, that although the custom of eating men instead of beef was that of their fathers, they, who now knew better, had determined wholly to renounce it.

“This ready appreciation of our horror of cannibalism, and the evidently increasing influence of the mission, affords, it is to be hoped, a confident expectation that a habit so unnatural, and a bar, as long as it prevails, to all improvement, will pass away from among this people as rapidly and completely as it has already done in New-Zealand.

“16th August.—Captain Jenner, who slept in one of the side-cabins, was awoke this morning by the awful-looking visage of Thakombau, who had begun early to gratify his curiosity by exploring all the corners of the ship, gazing intently upon him as he lay in his cot. Some of the officers' pea-jackets, which had been inadvertently landed from the barge into my cabin, had afforded him and Gavididi the opportunity of appearing in what they evidently considered full dress, although the heat of the morning caused them to look very uncomfortable, and soon after breakfast to lay their adopted clothing aside.\*

“In the forenoon we went to quarters, having previously laid out a target (a hammock, with the figure of a man painted on it) against the face of a conspicuous rock on the beach, at a distance from the ship of eight hundred yards. Thakombau was evidently

\* According to Fijian notions, this circumstance would be a proof of the chiefs' friendly feelings towards their visitors.

in great anxiety until the firing began, although he tried to conceal it; and when he saw the smallness of the target, expressed some incredulity as to the possibility of our striking such a mark. I furnished him with a spy-glass, and placed him on the bowsprit, where he was not incommoded by the smoke; Gavidi, Tui Levuka, and one or two of the latter's followers, being also present. Either the first or second shot struck the figure on the head; and, our men being in beautiful practice, scarcely one missed the mark, and a very few rounds were sufficient to knock the target to pieces, which was replaced by one or two others in quick succession. Even the short time necessary for this was too much for Thakombau's impatience, who had now worked himself up into a state of high excitement; and he begged us not to wait, pointing out, first, a man on the beach, and afterwards a canoe with several persons in her, as more worthy our expenditure of ammunition than the inanimate objects we had chosen; evidently considering that his permission would be quite sufficient to satisfy our consciences, and surprised at our scruples. One or two shells, which burst with great precision, concluded the exhibition, which had greatly astonished all the chiefs. Thakombau, approaching Mr. Calvert, said, 'This indeed makes me tremble: I feel no longer secure. Should I offend these people, they have but to bring their ship to Bau, when, having found me out with their long spy-glasses, my head would fall at the first shot.' Notwithstanding these professed fears, he was most pressing in his entreaties that I would take the ship to Bau; being desirous doubtless of exhibiting his powerful allies to his for-

midable neighbours of Viti Levu ; and often repeating, as he had done to Captain Wilkes, that Bau was the place for gentlemen, the people of Ovalau being all 'kai-sis,' or slaves. Whether he intended to include our friend Tui Levuka in this condemnation, I cannot say ; but I was a good deal amused by the condescending manner of his accosting him. The latter, who had not met Thakombau for some time, and was apparently very anxious to be noticed by him, stood for at least half an hour close to his superior, who did not by word or gesture exhibit the slightest sign of recognition. At last, some better shot than usual called forth, apparently addressed to Tui Levuka, an exclamation of '*Vinaka, vinaka!*' ('Good, good!') when, the conversation being begun, it was taken up by the other, the two chiefs seeming to be afterwards the most cordial of friends.

"17th August.—Our warlike display was continued this morning (the opportunity being favourable for exercising our men) by the landing of all our small-arm men and the field-pieces, (which drew a great concourse of people,) and the firing of a twenty-four-pounder shell-rocket from the beach over an adjacent hill into the forest. As might be expected, the latter, from its great length of flight, and the simplicity of the apparatus, appeared to the chiefs the most powerful and astonishing of all our arms ; and Thakombau was very desirous that I should try another, in the direction of his enemies the Lavoni, to prove to them that they were within our reach,—a demonstration which I, of course, declined to make.

"The chief, who, with Gavidi, had accompanied me on shore in the gig, was received on his landing

by several crouching natives, bringing him offerings of fish and other articles of food.

"I had another long and earnest conversation with Thakombau and Gavidi on the subject of the approaching visit of the Somosomo people to Bau, and of the disgusting habit of cannibalism generally. No denial of the practice was attempted in this instance, and Thakombau concluded by making me a promise (which it will be afterwards seen he performed) that when the anticipated visit should take place, no human bodies should be sought for, nor sacrifices made at Bau. It seemed to me then, and I have since had reason to believe correctly, that for the first time the chief began to suspect that the horror shown by the missionaries to their barbarous customs was not a mere religious fancy on their part, but a feeling entertained by the best class of white men, even when, like ourselves, employed in warlike pursuits."\*

About this time Bau was engaged in war with Verata, and succeeded in taking the principal town, which had hitherto been considered impregnable. On the intercession of Varani and the Rev. James Calvert, then resident at Viwa, and who, like his predecessors, was most assiduous in his efforts to convert the prince, Thakombau gave permission for some of the people to be taken to Viwa, where all embraced the profession of that religion which had instrumentally saved their lives.

In October, 1849, H. B. M. ship "Daphne" visited Fiji. Captain Fanshawe, R.N., and the Rev. J. Calvert

\* Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, in Her Majesty's Ship "Havannah," by Capt. John Elphinstone Erskine, R.N.

endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the king of Rewa and his alienated brother Ratu Qara. Thakombau accompanied them. These three chiefs met on board the "Daphne." Ratu Qara stipulated that Buretu, a Bau town, which had aided him, should receive a full pardon for the part it had taken; Thakombau refused, and the negotiations ended.

Captain Fanshawe afterwards addressed the following letter to Thakombau:—

"BEING now about to leave the Fiji islands, I am led, by an earnest desire for their welfare, and also by a sincere esteem for yourself, to address a few words to you in the language of friendship.

"These beautiful islands have been, until now, the scene of the grossest impostures, and the most degrading superstitions, that have ever disgraced mankind, leading in their results to practices in which treachery and murder are the stepping-stones to the vilest passions and appetites.

"No people ever did, nor ever will, become great and honourable whilst sunk in so profound a depth of ignorance and crime; and it is because I know you to be far too intelligent to be deceived by the flimsy superstitions which surround you, that I would entreat you, for the good of your country, to use your powerful influence in stopping those abominable cruelties which disgrace it, and which cannot be thought of without disgust by any enlightened mind. I am confident that you cannot contemplate the kidnapping of unoffending women and children to supply a cannibal feast, nor the murder of a wife on the death of her husband, without shame for the cowardice of the

former, and for the folly of the latter, as well as for the cruelty of both.

“Depend upon it, such practices cannot last ; and great will be the honour acquired by that chief who has the courage to oppose them. There is one man, and only one man, who can effectually do this ; and that man is yourself. I would say to you, therefore, Do not leave for another the opportunity which has fallen to your lot of conferring so great a blessing upon your country. Let it be seen that cowardice and cruelty are no longer to be forced upon your people by a gross and ridiculous superstition. They are an industrious and intelligent people ; let them be protected and encouraged, and they will become great and prosperous ;—how much greater will be the ruler of such a people !

“These few words have been written in the spirit of friendship : they are intended to promote the real welfare of your country, and your own true dignity and honour. I therefore trust that you will give them your serious attention.

“I will conclude with a request, which I make because I think it will in a very great degree forward those objects :—

“We must expect that in a short time your father will be numbered with the dead. According to a terrible practice to which I have alluded, many women of his household would be murdered in cold blood on this melancholy occasion. Let me ask, as a personal favour, that you will interpose your authority to save these poor women from becoming the victims of such atrocious superstition. I beg their lives at your hands ; and I earnestly hope that your

compliance with my request will be one step towards the happiness of Fiji.

“That Fiji may be blessed, and that you may be truly great, is the sincere wish of your true friend,  
(Signed) “E. G. FANSHAWE, Captain.”

Lieut. Pollard, of H.B.M. schooner “Bramble,” visited Fiji in 1850. The following is extracted from his account:—

“29th June.—I visited Thakombau, or Tui Viti, soon after anchoring, and found him at dinner by himself, but with several chiefs sitting or crouching near him, which is the native posture of respect. I was struck with the remarkable cleanliness observed in serving his food: the boards on which it was served, like small butchers'-trays, were very clean, and covered with banana-leaves, and the food rolled up in small balls and also covered with green leaves. He had several different dishes, each in its own tray, and each removed when finished by a little boy, who crawled up to it, and crawled back again. Lastly, he had water brought to him to wash his hands and mouth; and when he had finished, there was a general clapping of hands by all present. He invited me to join him, but I declined.

“Mr. Calvert accompanied me as interpreter, and, after a few compliments, I made Thakombau a speech; saying how glad I was to visit him again, and to be present at such an acknowledgment of his power as that of the paying tribute by the Somosomo chiefs; but begging that, as a mark of friendship towards the Queen of Great Britain, he would not only prevent any human bodies from being killed to feast these



people, but more, if any bodies were sent as presents, he would cause them to be buried,—a step which, I had been told, he had lately taken with several corpses which Thakonanto had presented him with. The first part of my request he complied with; but his answer to the second was, that ‘the bellies of the Somosomo people must be the graves of all human bodies sent as presents.’

“I had to content myself with this answer; the former part of it alone being a great boon, and the first of the sort that had ever been granted, even at a minor feast; to say nothing of the present being the greatest held among these islands, and one dreaded by the missionaries on account of the cannibalism likely to take place.

“I also took advantage of a late occurrence to dissuade the chief from continuing the practice of strangling the principal wives of a chief on his death.

“Two of the bodies of Tui Levuka’s enemies, which he had sent as presents to Bau, probably arrived there on the afternoon of Thursday, after I had sailed. The canoes containing these bodies had, when within a few miles of Bau, been driven back by a strong breeze to Moturiki, where one body was eaten, and the other two cooked or baked to preserve them.” \*

The Lasakau chief, Gavidj, was killed in the course of the war with Verata. It is supposed that he received his death-wound from the foe; though there are not wanting those who assert that he was

\* Lieutenant Pollard’s Journal, in Erakine’s “Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific.”

shot by his own friends, and that the attack in which he lost his life was got up for the express purpose of securing the death of Gavidí, whose presumptuous bearing of late had given great offence to the principal Bau chiefs. Two things are quite certain: first, that Thakombau was unusually anxious during the attack, and his mind seemed to be occupied with something else rather than with the battle; and, second, that as soon as Gavidí was killed, the signal was given for general retreat, after which the attack was not repeated.

When the death of Gavidí was reported at Viwa, the missionary Calvert hastened to Bau, hoping to avert the strangling of some of the widows. But, on his arrival, he saw, to his sorrow, the bodies of three females, whose lives had already been sacrificed to accompany the spirit of the departed chieftain. Mr. Calvert then proceeded to visit the prince, who had returned home after having personally assisted in the strangling of one of the deceased ladies. On arriving at the dwelling, he found, to his amazement, that the prince, whose hands had so lately clutched the death-cord of Gavidí's mother, was fast asleep. Presently the great man awoke, and started up on beholding the missionary, exclaiming, "How now?" "I came," replied the missionary, "hoping to be in time to entreat you to spare the lives of those just strangled; but I find that, though you knew the action was wrong, yet you have kept up, in this instance, a wicked custom for the abolishment of which we are continually entreating." "O!" said Thakombau: "you see you are too late; besides, it is a sacred duty with us to strangle some females on

the death of a chief. But what," continued he, "have you got in your bag?" "I brought whales'-teeth," said the missionary; "in the purchase of which we willingly exhausted our property, under the hope that by our prayers and by our gifts we may save human lives." "You may leave the bag," said Thakombau. "Thank you, sir: I will take it home again," was the rejoinder.

The missionary returned to Viwa, thankful that he had possessed the opportunity of once more bearing his testimony against this murderous institution. In a day or two he was greatly encouraged by information which came like a gleam of hope to his almost desponding soul. It seems that, after Mr. Calvert's departure on the above occasion, the chief spoke in extravagant terms to those who surrounded him of the nobleness of the exertions made to save life by the missionaries; and concluded by expressing his regret that the Fijians, as a people, adhered to those customs of their country which required the constant slaughter of each other.

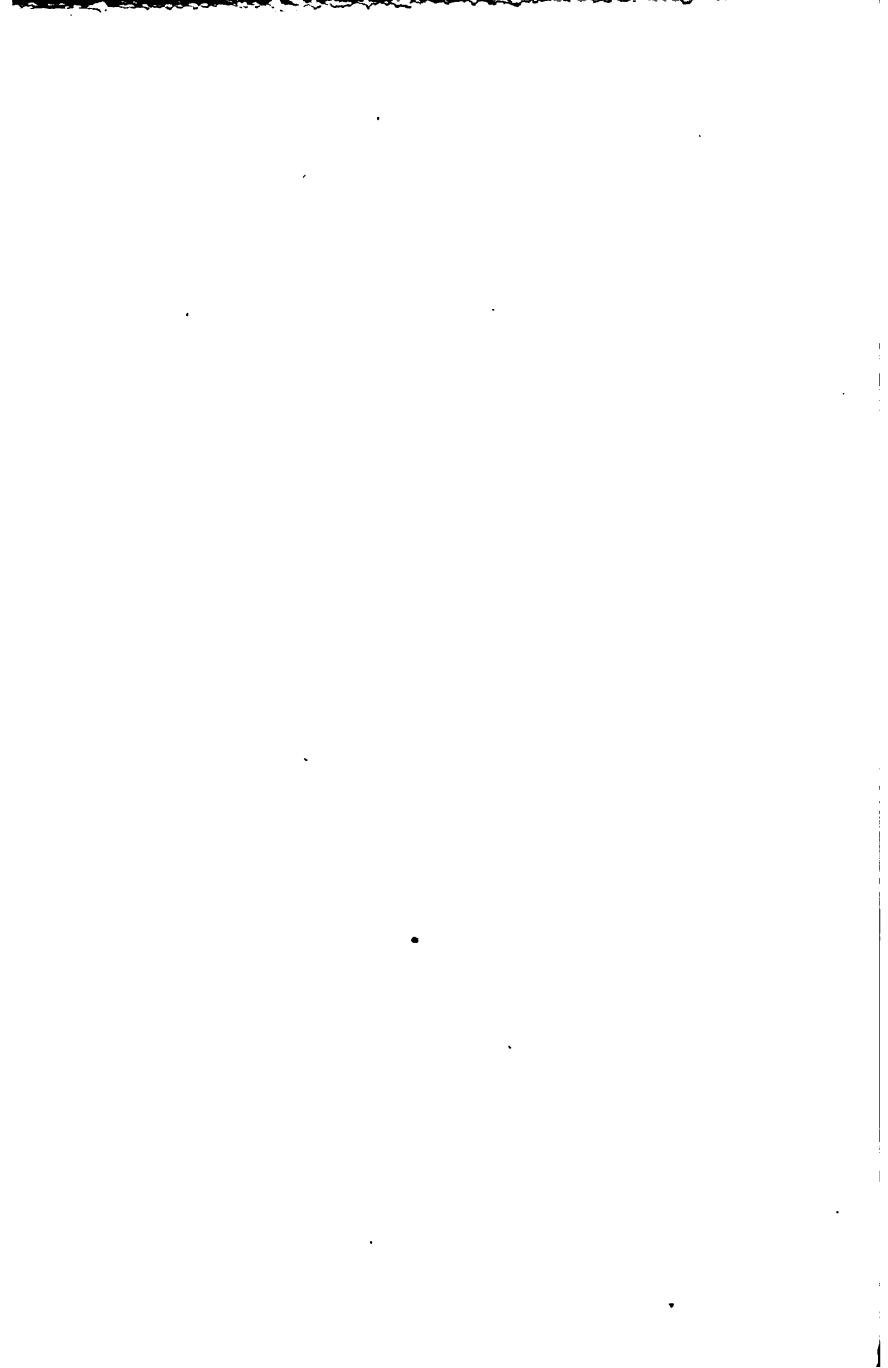
Four days afterwards, the missionary again visited Bau. Thakombau eagerly inquired of him, "Where is now the soul of Gavidi?" "It is not in the province of man to make assertions on the subject," replied the missionary; "but the word of God says, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.'" "Then Gavidi has been four days in hell," soliloquized the prince.

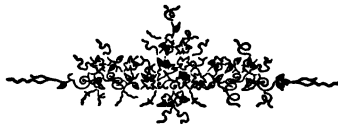
The Rev. Walter Lawry visited Fiji, for the second and last time, during 1850, and makes the following entry in his published journal:—

“August 27th.—I had a visit to-day from Thakombau, sometimes called, but incorrectly, the king of Fiji. He is naturally black enough; but he had besmeared his face with black colouring-matter, and looked liked what he was,—a cruel, murderous savage, who kills and eats men, women, and children. Mr. Calvert, who never misses an opportunity of letting in light upon him, communicated his own views and mine upon the *lotu*;\* and the black chief evaded what was said with considerable cunning; but he contrived to get his head into every room, and his hand into every dish. He has no charms for me, after a visit to the superior chiefs of Tonga, who, compared with this naked and cannibal warrior, are high in the scale of civilization. It may, however, be set down to his credit, that he lately fed Tuikilakila with pigs instead of men, as was the custom aforetime. His becoming a Christian is the only way open to him to escape the dark infamy which lies before him.”

\* The Christian religion.



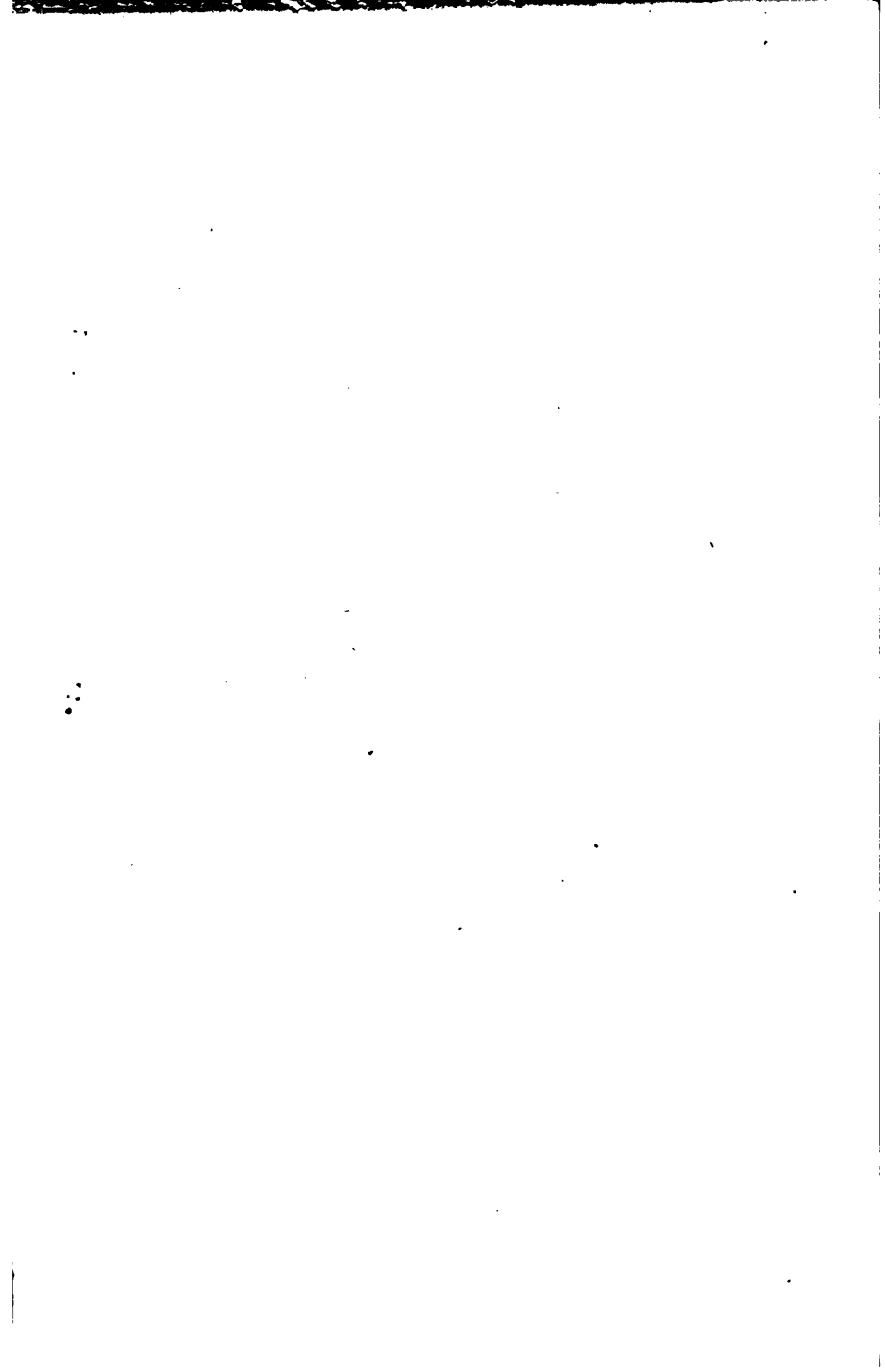




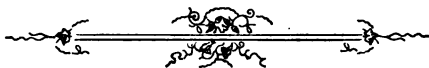
## CHAPTER VIII.

*Often Reprob'd.*





## CHAPTER VIII.



### OFTEN REPROVED.

*The Writer's Introduction to Thakombau—Mara and Lakomba—Open Persecution—Siege of Dama—The Tongans involved—Warnings—Apparent Success—Disappointment—Continued War with Ratu Qara—Steadfast Christians at Koro—The Difficulty with Mr. Williams—Captain Magruder—Ratu Qara heads the Rewans against Bau—Arrival and Disappointment of a Romish Bishop—Fresh Perplexities—Sir J. E. Home—Death of Tanoa—Funeral Horrors—Crimes—Political Reverses—Bau burnt—Revolt at Kaba—Rev. J. Watsford—Inauguration of the King—W. Owen, Esq.—Affairs at Ovalau, and Death of Varani—Mara's Doings.*

**I**T was in 1850 that the writer became personally acquainted with Thakombau. At the very first interview, I said, in Fijian, "Let me live at Bau, sir." An emphatic "No," in English, was the instant reply of the chief. On that occasion he could well have been compared to Lucifer for pride. He was almost naked, which added to the appearance of great stature; his face was painted up to the eyes; his massive head of hair covered with a



white gauze turban ; his beard, of great length, bore evident marks of having been carefully dressed ; his eyes looked blood-thirsty. A score of armed men, who all looked like professional cut-throats, followed closely at his heels.

A few days afterwards, the chief made arrangements to attack a district on Great Fiji. "First divide, then conquer," was his maxim. Having secured, as he supposed, the help of certain of the enemy, he sent over to his friends to make the necessary arrangements. The chief's messengers returned to the metropolis, and reported thus:—"The people say, 'Go and tell your chiefs to come over and destroy their enemies, for we will help you.'" Thakombau accordingly went with fifty canoes to his allies. As his canoes arrived at their destination, the people disembarked and proceeded unhesitatingly to the friendly tribe, without waiting to go all together in a body. On nearing the town, to their astonishment, their allies fired on them, and wounded several. A precipitate flight was the only result of this warlike demonstration.

Thakombau had frequently been urged by Mara, his half-brother, to proclaim war against Lakemba, ostensibly on account of irregularity in the payment of the tribute, but really because he wished to make forcibly a welcome addition to his harem. He secured the ear of the prince by declaring repeatedly that Christianity alone had made Lakemba indigent and rebellious ; and then he asked permission to be empowered to lay waste the windward islands of Eastern Fiji. The chief gave his consent to the scheme, but refused to furnish the means. Mara,

however, soon raised a force, sufficient indeed to arouse the suspicions of the said islanders, but, when compared with the work he had contemplated, truly contemptible. After a signal failure, he returned to Bau, when he was surprised and pleased to find the chief prepared to heartily support him in his long-cherished purpose.

It had ever seemed strange to the Bau court that the young king so often wavered in his treatment of the Christians. Now he tolerated and then savagely persecuted them. One day he honoured them; the next, treated them with indignity and contempt.

The truth was, he was greatly annoyed with the Christians. He could not forget that he was the greatest chief that Fiji had seen; and that, after death, he would be deified. He may have thought himself to be already a god. But the Christians regarded him as a mere man; and some of them whispered that he was a *bad* man. Some of them encouraged their persecuted friends by reminding them that the prince could not hurt the soul.

To this jealousy of his honour as a god incarnate may be added a keen sense of the injury done to his pride as the head of his nation. A few "dresses," as the religious were reproachfully termed, on account of their wearing a decent amount of clothing, refused to assist the prince in his aggressive wars. This vexed him exceedingly. Sometimes parties suspected of treason would craftily assume the sacred name of Christian, and take up their residence in the missionary townships. These were so many cities of refuge, the inhabitants of which boasted of their self-

constituted exemption from war. Some murderers, who were punishable even by Fijian law, fled for protection to mission-stations, and hypocritically professed an anxiety for Christian instruction.

It became evident that there was a party in the nation over whom the prince exercised but slight authority. It was equally manifest that numbers of this party were not merely apostates from the faith of their fathers, but were secretly disaffected towards the government. The prince, unconscious that he was following a royal example, resolved to have a St. Bartholomew's eve of his own.

The extirpation of the Christians was planned. The missionaries and their families were to be uninjured, so that there should be no excuse for foreign intervention; but the native disciples were to be exterminated. The missionary Hunt had predicted, that unless Thakombau professed Christianity, he would become a persecutor; and the prediction was now on the eve of fulfilment.

A hint from Bau soon assembled thousands of heathen on Great Land, who invaded the two mission-districts. Thakombau himself visited Viwa, and required that the Rotumah servants should sleep on the mission-premises.

Dama, a town near Bua, was besieged by a large force. Varani, the Viwa chief, was compelled by his convictions to side with his fellow-Christians against his former companion in arms, and placed himself at the head of the oppressed. Remaining himself in charge of his own town, for the protection of which he employed a night-guard from the mainland, he despatched Namosimalua, his superior in rank, to

throw himself into the besieged town of Dama, with some hundreds of warriors and a large quantity of ammunition.

The white residents, who had been permitted to return to Ovalau, now felt the importance of the movement, and supplied both ammunition and vessels where needed. The native Christians at that date were, as a body, trustworthy and true in their commercial dealings. Besides, the whites felt that they would not be murdered by the "dresses," whilst they had sad experience that the heathens' feet were swift to shed blood.

The Viwa missionaries vainly endeavoured to persuade the young king to stop the war. He treated both them and Varani with marked contempt.

The missionaries now appealed to a Tongan chief, who was then at Bau with three hundred men. With all their faults, the Tongans invariably rally round the missionary in the hour of danger. After some hesitation, arising from a desire not to offend Thakombau, the Tongans told the prince that, as the missionary was in danger, they must send a canoe to his relief, or their negligence would expose them to the wrath of their own king. The canoe arrived at its destination; and, owing to the imprudence of some of the young men, some of their number were killed. The Tongans were now involved in the war, and Thakombau saw that he would soon have them in arms against himself unless peace was established. A messenger was at once sent to raise the siege of Dama, and peace was again proclaimed. Cursing the Tongans, the whites, and Varani, the prince comforted himself with the reflection that he would

carry out his bloody purposes at a more convenient season.\*

In March, 1851, I went to Bau to preach. During the sermon, I was greatly alarmed by the house being shaken under a shower of stones. I quite expected it would bury me. Most of the people fled; but a few remained. For a time I was considerably confused, but felt quite resigned to meet death while preaching Jesus to the poor idolaters of Bau. The

\* The two oldest missionaries wrote as follows. The Rev. R. B. Lyth, 11th March, 1851:—"That which characterizes the present disturbances is, that it is a war against Christianity, and a war encouraged by Bau, the ruling power in Fiji: it is, in fact, a persecution of the unoffending Christians. Among the outrages committed by the infuriated heathen, is their deliberate and treacherous murder of George, the Christian chief of Dama; and a young man, a teacher, called Shadrach. These were killed on the spot. Elijah Varani, of Viwa, who was with them, had a narrow escape with his life. Being unarmed in the midst of their enemies, they were too tempting a prey for blood-thirsty heathens to resist, and but for a special providence must all have fallen into their hands. Before this unhappy event, which took place on the 13th of December last, there had been much opposition manifested on the part of the heathens against their Christian neighbours, which had been in part overruled by the timely interference of Mr. Williams, whose mediation resulted in the turning of ninety heathens in one day to Christianity. So unexpected a result had irritated the remaining heathens, when the second pacific interference, that had so disastrous a termination, was determined upon. The death of the chief of Dama was the signal for the heathen party carrying out their opposition with greater vigour. They enlisted on their side all the heathen towns far and near for a long extent of coast. . . . Our king Tuinayau, of Lakemba, feels anything but comfortable on hearing of the real and threatened doings of persecution."

The Rev. J. Calvert, 29th March, 1851, writes:—"War was declared all on that coast, an extent of fifty miles, I suppose. It was said to be heathens against the *lotu*. A canoe came to Bau from the heathens of Vanua-Lovu, and permission was obtained from Bau to fight the *lotu* people. The news spread. Viwa was in great fear! Lakemba was startled! A general war in Fiji, heathens against Christians, was expected. The accounts from Vanua-Lovu were alarming. It was said that the heathens were assembled near Dama. When they destroyed our *lotu*-towns, which they hoped to do with ease, our mission-premises at Nandi were to be destroyed, and then Bau to be attacked."

stones were thrown by the order of the prince. A chief of rank, who was present, was very indignant. "Am I a pig," said he, "that I should be stoned?"

A few days afterwards, Thakombau visited the mission-house at Viwa. I dealt faithfully with him, telling him that if he did not refrain from injuring the work of God, he would most certainly be humbled by the strong arm of the Lord. He was so surprised at this, that he denied having given the order for the late outrage. Mr. Calvert, who was present at the interview, wrote to a friend, that he "trembled" for me that day. But I myself had no such fear. I thought the time was come to take a firm stand in the maintenance of right against this Nebuchadnezzar, and boldly proposed, if concessions were refused, to divert my labours from Bau, and direct them to those other parts of Fiji where the people wished to embrace Christianity. The king listened with astonishment. I then requested him to give a proof of the sincerity of his friendly professions towards the civilized world,—1st. By receiving a missionary: 2d. By allowing public worship at Bau on the Sabbath: 3d. By declaring freedom of conscience in matters of religion. Thakombau was thunderstruck, and I immovable. At last he yielded, and the day was apparently gained.

A site for the mission-house was chosen, and the jungle cleared away preparatory to its erection. Divine service was also held every Sabbath at Bau. But four weeks afterwards, when I waited on the king at the conclusion of the Sabbath-morning service, I was told that the heathen priests had petitioned that a mission-house should not be built, and that

their request had been complied with. I found the high-priest sitting at the right hand of Thakombau, whilst the priests' offering of a very large root of *kava* lay at the royal feet. For two hours I expostulated with the prince; but in vain. When, in conclusion, I reminded him that we three, the king, the priest, and the missionary, would meet together once more before the judgment-seat of God, he said, in derision, "O! I suppose a vessel from the other world has arrived in England. You seem to be well up in information from the day of judgment."

War was still carried on between Thakombau and Ratu Qara, notwithstanding the death of the brother of the latter. As another campaign was opening, it is probable that Thakombau feared lest his gods should withhold success from his arms if he built a mission-house. Notwithstanding all this, he received a defeat, the enemy compelling him to raise the siege of a town which he had expected would surrender.

Determined to propitiate the Bauan Mars, the prince now ordered some Christian Tonga-Fijians to erect a palisade around the great temple. He thought they would refuse, and then he would kill them. They applied to me for advice; and I acquiesced in their refusal to enclose the temple; but suggested that they should offer to fence in the whole of the city instead, if required. Their firmness saved them.

Soon after this, I visited the island of Koro, where a number of people then embraced Christianity. I promised to send them a native teacher. But, when the news reached Bau, the prince sent an armed force

to command the new converts to apostatize, and to demand four females as hostages for their loyalty. The chief of the clan said to the messengers, "Take our wives, if you doubt our loyalty; but tell the prince, we must obey God rather than man in the concerns of the soul."

The prince's troubles with Mr. Consul Williams, late of New-Zealand, now commenced. When the claims were investigated on board U.S.S. "Falmouth," and U.S.S. "St. Mary's," (1851,) they could not be substantiated. Captain Magruder, of the latter vessel, reported to his government, "that he was sorry to find a bad state of feeling existing between the American agent and the king. They had had business-transactions together, in some of which he thought Mr. Williams in the wrong."

Captain Magruder made a powerful appeal to Thakombau on the subject of the anticipated strangling at his father's death. He reminded the chief that the responsibility of the transaction would rest entirely on himself, since only he possessed the power to prevent the custom. The reply was, that Tanoa was too great a chief to die alone.

A request made to the captain of this ship of war will illustrate the feeling of Thakombau at this period. It was to the effect, that he would feel himself greatly obliged to the American government, if Captain Magruder would at once depart from Fiji the consul, and all the whites, with the single exception of the missionaries. The gallant commander succeeded in persuading the king that his request was unworthy of a ruler who wished to elevate his country.



When Cokanauto (Phillips), the installed chief of Rewa, and the Bau ally, died of dysentery, at the fortress of Nukui, where he resided for safety, the Rewa chiefs immediately resolved to throw off the Bauan influence, which had proved so antagonistic to their independence; and sent to Ratu Qara, requesting him to forgive the past, and to assume the royal office, now doubly his by the death of the rival brother. He consented.

To the surprise, then, of Thakombau, Rewa was fortified during one single night, and independence was once more claimed. The Rewa chiefs wished the new king to remain in the mountains until after the attack, then expected from Bau, was over. But Ratu Qara said he would join them in the risk of battle, and at once came to Rewa. Thakombau soon led on a large army; but the attack proved unsuccessful. The Rewans only possessed seven or eight muskets at the time; but they were united among themselves, and fought so bravely as to cause the more than two thousand men to beat a retreat. It is said that, during the whole of the war, Thakombau never took a town, except through treachery or by surprise. This speaks volumes on the question of Fijian bravery.

The Bauan governor and seven of his followers were killed and eaten just previous to the entrance into Rewa of Ratu Qara. The governor's lady, residing at Bau, was saved from strangling at the intercession of the missionary, who happened to be in the city when the news arrived. "But," said the prince, "I deny that it is sinful to strangle new-made widows. I grant your request, however, in this instance." Had the point mooted been disputed by

the missionary, the widow would probably have been strangled, to prove that the custom was not sinful. Happily, the applicant was more anxious for the life involved, than for the pleasure of argument.

The capture of a Rewa cruiser, furnishing a feast of thirty-three dead bodies, which took place soon afterwards, was a slight compensation for the late loss. The reply of the Bauan commander, who boarded the enemy, made to some of his leading men, who objected to the venture, is worth recording. His people represented the weakness of their vessel, and that the shock sustained in boarding would probably shatter it, and cause it to sink. The undaunted captain answered, "I know my canoe will be lost; but it is mine, and I devote it to destruction: the enemy's vessel is good and strong, and we will return home in it." The signal was then given, and the combatants joined battle. The issue was as predicted by the officer.

To consular difficulties, and the Rewa revolution, was now added another subject of trouble. A Popish bishop, of Polynesian renown, visited Thakombau, and endeavoured to cajole him into the receiving of a French missionary, and the adoption of the Popish faith. The successor of the apostles of peace presented the king with two muskets; and the prince said that a priest might land at Viwa or Ovalau, but not at Bau. Varani prevented the landing at Viwa, and the holy father eventually took up his abode at Ovalau. The bishop asked the king "if he knew how it was that the English missionaries had not obtained access to Bau." On receiving a reply in the negative, his lordship informed Thakombau, that

“the Virgin Mary was keeping Bau for the Catholics; and that, when he became a Catholic, he would have to order the Protestants to change their faith.” Whereon the king told the bishop to leave him and his city to the care of the Virgin, and to come again when the Virgin had converted them.

In the meantime, the prince was deeply perplexed in arranging for the payment of two schooners, which he had ordered, to be used as gunboats, each of sixty tons. The “Thakombau,” built in America, was the first to arrive. Thousands of natives were employed to dive for the *bêche-de-mer*. Being a new tribute, many refused, from the very first, to pay it. Others, indeed, did not object to take the sacks; but they allowed them to rot in their houses, before they made any attempt to fill them. In some places they were unceremoniously burnt.

In January, 1852, the prince started on a *bêche-de-mer* expedition to Mucuata, hoping to raise, by his own exertions, the requisite balance. A thousand fishers, in eighty canoes, accompanied him. But his people were much dissatisfied, and worked grumblingly and negligently. They were, in fact, doing work which they considered their inferiors ought to have performed. After several weeks' toil, Thakombau was compelled to return home, without having accomplished his purpose. He was the last man, however, to give up the work, and set a noble example of daily labour. He brought to Bau eight women who had sought refuge in his fleet from Ritova's cruelties. Two others were drowned in effecting their escape.

To increase his difficulty, the other vessel had

arrived from Sydney, and the agent succeeded in securing a considerable quantity of "fish," as the *bêche-de-mer* is called; which he felt himself justified in reckoning as part payment of the expenses incurred in bringing the schooner, and another vessel, which was intended to convey from Fiji the purchase-produce of the gunboat.

Nothing daunted, the chief made an arrangement with the owner of the American gun-boat to convey some Fijians to New-Caledonia; where "fish" was gathered and put on board in a sufficient quantity to induce Captain Wallis to hand over the "Thakombau" to her owner. The purchase of this schooner was the most unpopular measure that the king ever adopted, and indeed almost accomplished his ruin.

The prince had exasperated the country by imposing the *bêche-de-mer* tax: he now excited the anger of God in the commission of "the greatest crime which he, or probably any Fijian, dead or living, ever committed; because so fully warned, enlightened, and convinced." \*

For years the missionaries had earnestly besought him to abolish, on the death of his father, which was supposed to be near at hand, the ancient but cruel custom of strangling some of the widows to accompany the soul of the departed to hades. Many of them had made the request a matter of personal favour; and had entreated the chief to indulge them in this petition, if he denied all others. Captains in the Royal Navy, and the U.S. Navy, had also urged the same solicitation. Captain Sir J. Everard Home, of H.M.S. "Calliope," had delayed his departure

\* Rev. James Calvert.

from the group for several weeks, hoping that the death might take place during his visit, and furnish him with an opportunity of being on the spot at the very moment when interference would be of use. On leaving the islands, the baronet addressed a powerful letter to the chief, from which the following is an extract:—"Having done all that I can, I shall leave you to carry on the works of darkness, which you have for so long a time been doing, as the devil's agents upon earth; which is the more detestable, as you have the light of Christianity before your eyes, and are able to see and understand the great advantages of it in this world, at all events, if not in the next."

After urging him to become a Christian, Captain Sir Everard adds, "If you declare the change to have taken place, all Fiji will very shortly follow your example; and you will be happy to see the good that you have done. The murders of the women and of the chiefs will cease; and they will live to bear children, to be good subjects to you, each having one wife only; the brutal and disgusting habit of eating one another will also cease,—customs which make Fiji the scorn of all the world.

"Be careful, when it shall please God to take your father from this world, not to add to the sins with which he is already overloaded, by taking the life of any one whatever; for he will partly answer for it; and you will add to your own burden, because you know that it is wrong, much more than he does."\*

\* Sir Everard Home also visited Ratu Qara, of Rewa, and entered a powerful protest against the evils of Fiji. Such was the force of his reasoning, that the Rewa chief wept, in his presence, like a child. Writing to the author, (23d Sept., 1852,) Sir Everard remarks, "What is

In the visit of Sir J. Everard Home, the prince might have discovered a closing visitation of mercy. But he seemed utterly blinded. The thrilling predictions, and the earnest supplications, of the baronet might have excited his fears, and moved his compassion. His honour, as a great chief, might have been saved, by the announcement that the vile custom was abolished out of courtesy to Her Britannic Majesty. But, if he yielded, he would lose his prestige as the Prince of the Cruel. By such an act he would admit that there was some being on earth for whom he entertained the respect of fear. Come what might, he resolved to act the Fijian; and, in the bloody execution of his hellish deed, he compelled Heaven itself to set itself in array against him.

Captain Sir Everard Home treated him in a manner very different from any other commander. Indeed, it was time to make a change in his regimen. The observance of ordinary courtesy had fattened his pride, and it was necessary to remind him that he was a disgrace to humanity. Sir Everard would not shake hands with him, *because he was a cannibal*; would not allow him to defile the deck of Her Majesty's vessel with the footsteps of a cannibal. Nothing but a moral madness would have dimmed the perception of the intelligent chief.

wanted to be required at Bau, in my opinion, is peace with Rewa; that the two chiefs immediately embrace Christianity; and that murder and man-eating be for ever forbid in Fiji, under pain of death. It is as well to demand plenty." Again, (October 2d,) "I am told that I have given Tai Viti more than he has had before. I was an hour-and-half at him yesterday. I propose that, instead of strangling five women upon the death of his father, which can do no good, he should dedicate ten to the Queen of England, and send them to Viwa to be made Christians. This seems reasonable."

On the 8th of December, 1852, king Tanoa, having faintly inquired how many would be strangled to accompany his spirit, was gathered to his fathers. The Rev. John Watsford happened to be the only missionary within reach of Bau at the time. On going to the royal residence, he found that the king was dead, and that the prince had already given orders for the performance of the usual sanguinary custom. The principal widow was a lifeless corpse, with the strangling-drapery still round her neck. A second was in the midst of death, her strangulation being effected by the prince himself and his companions. Two or three were pulling the cord on either side, whilst a lady of rank, forgetting her Christianity in her desire to honour her royal relative, pressed down the covered head. Just as the third was making her appearance, Thakombau recognised the missionary; a sight which caused considerable agitation. "How now?" exclaimed the prince. "Refrain, sir," said Mr. Watsford, with tears in his eyes, and compassion beaming from his whole countenance. "Two are already strangled; let them suffice; spare the remainder. I love them." "We also love them. But there are only a few—only five. But for you missionaries many more would have been strangled." The third lady then bade farewell to her relatives, and knelt down. The cord was then adjusted, the covering thrown over her, and she died without a sound or struggle. Two others followed. All this was effected without the slightest noise, hurry, or confusion. A stranger might have supposed it to have been a wedding of the living, rather than of the dead.







LEVUKA, CVALAU, IN 1854.

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The Ovalau natives picked  
the story of which is lamentable



Yet the voice of conscience made itself heard. For several days subsequent to this sad event, Thakombau was frequently engaged in talking about the departed women, and expressing his wonder whether mankind will know each other in the eternal world.

The young king had gratified his pride; and, notwithstanding his assertion that, "but for the missionaries," many more would have followed the five, he effected the strangling of a *greater* number than had ever been put to death, on similar occasions, in Bau! It is difficult to believe that a single life was spared on the sad occasion.

Thakombau had long been possessed of the power of the king: he now became entitled to the name. His frequent contact with civilized nations did not, however, induce him to become, as a magistrate, "a terror to evil doers." Early in 1853, three lamentable occurrences, illustrative of this, took place under the immediate observation of the writer, who was then stationed at Ovalau. A canoe belonging to that island set sail for Gau, but was capsized on the passage. The crew continued to keep hold of the vessel, which drifted towards the island of their destination. They even arrived there in safety; but, unhappily, to use the native phrase, "they had salt water in their faces." They landed at a spot where they would have been welcomed, had not the sad accident happened to them on the voyage. As soon as they reached the beach, they were all clubbed, cooked, and eaten.

The Ovalau natives picked up a double canoe, the story of which is lamentable in the extreme. It

had been capsized; but sixteen of the crew reached an island, about ten miles distant from the writer's house. They were all cooked and eaten. Parts of bodies which drifted to Ovalau, though tainted, were consumed in the usual way by the natives.

A Manilla Spaniard had been trading at an island, and, during his stay in the harbour, had insulted the resident natives, who took summary vengeance by killing him and the boat's crew, dividing amongst themselves the property of those whom they put to death. It betrays no want of charity to surmise that the unfortunate creatures were eaten.

Although these shocking acts were perpetrated in dominions under the more immediate jurisdiction of the king, yet he instituted no inquisition respecting them, and did not ever threaten to punish the offenders.

The king's political reverses date from this period. Ratu Qara in the city of Rewa was a far more formidable enemy than Ratu Qara in the mountains. He was able to purchase largely from vessels, and to raise a considerable tribute from amongst his subjects. He soon essayed to corrupt from their fidelity the Bau feudal towns, and in several instances succeeded. At the head of a large force, the king invested the revolted town of Naliga. But some companies were in secret communication with the besieged, and the plan of the campaign was continually divulged. After devastating the surrounding country, the king was reluctantly compelled to raise the siege. An unlucky soldier belonging to the fortress was, however, captured alive, and was made the subject of the savage amusement of the

retreating forces. He was made to roll down several precipices; but it seemed as though he could not be killed by this cruel usage. He lived to further gratify the warriors. As they approached the city, they stripped him quite naked, and slung him across a pole, in the manner in which dead bodies for eating are usually carried. Then the multitude danced round him, brandishing their weapons, and chanting the cannibal song. On their arrival at the square, the body was forcibly thrown on the ground, and left. After some time, it was announced that the oven was ready, and the victim was released from his lashings. He stood up, and prayed for mercy. His action was pronounced highly entertaining. At length an executioner approached, and felled him to the ground with a stroke of his club. Whilst he lay senseless, but long before life was extinct, the body was dexterously cut up, and laid in the oven. As usual, the head and entrails were left to be devoured by the pigs.

This poor man was a native of Kuku, a town which had revolted from Bau, on account of the tyranny of the governor of Na-mata. This governor had ordered a large quantity of food, which was taken to him in due course. Yams, pigs, and puddings were heaped in the front of his dwelling. This was effected in an evil moment, when the governor was regretting that he had no "men" to take for the repast of his Bauan lords. His wicked heart suggested a plan, which met the case:—two of the bearers of the Kuku provisions might be killed! The governor rose, and immediately ordered his household to massacre two of the finest of the strangers.

This was done. The governor saved his credit at Bau; but Kuku placed itself under Rewa.

News arrived of the indignation felt amongst the king's English friends on account of the late strangling. Wrote Sir J. E. Home: "I have been much disappointed in not being able to repeat my visit to Fiji. Had I visited Fiji, I should not have gone to Bau, nor would I have seen Tui Viti. The thought of him is enough to turn one sick." When this was read to the king, he was speechless. He evidently foresaw a storm.

The next stroke of punishment inflicted on the unrepentant king was the burning of his city; which was accidentally destroyed by fire at midnight. Cagawalu's great temple had then only recently been rebuilt; and it was considered to be the best piece of architecture in Fiji. The king had made an immense offering of riches to his Mars, which filled the temple. The Fijian value of this offering would be enormous. The greater part of this was the property of the high-priest. But the fire destroyed a large portion of it; and the remainder was stolen by the fishermen, during the confusion that prevailed.

A greater disaster was soon announced to the king. The miniature isthmus of Kaba was peopled by five hundred of his household servants. To their care was committed a large war-canoe, the sails and ship-stores of the gun-boat "Thakombau," and a magazine of ammunition. One night, to the surprise of every one, and, in particular, to the amazement of the king, the Kabans beat the drum of rebellion, and seized upon all the king's property.

Nor was their revolt bloodless. Some unsuspecting neighbours, to the number of eighty, were massacred by the Kabans, as their note of introduction to the king of Rewa.

Six months afterwards, a deputation from the missionaries, consisting of the Chairman of the District (the Rev. R. B. Lyth), the Rev. John Watsford, and myself, waited on the king, to know if he still declined to receive a missionary. It was hoped that his late reverses would have exerted a softening influence on him; but it proved to be otherwise. He refused to allow any missionary to reside at Bau, though his habitation were merely an empty oil-cask.

On the occasion of the missionary Watsford's preaching his farewell sermon at Bau, he was treated very rudely, and it was supposed that the king was the instigator. Mr. Watsford had resided at Viwa for twelve months, and frequently came into contact with the king and chiefs of Bau. To possession of the idiom of the native tongue, and of a voice commanding immediate sympathy amongst his hearers, Mr. Watsford united the unabated fire of youthful zeal, and a forcible manner of manifesting his loving indignation at the crimes and sins of the cannibal community amongst whom he laboured. Many a time did his aristocratic auditors secretly tremble under his fierce denunciations. The times were favourable for the labours of such a man; and a deep impression was made at Bau by the uncompromising and warm-hearted efforts of the Reverend John Watsford.

The king was formally inaugurated as Vu-ni-valu



on 26th of July, 1853. The bodies of eighteen persons had been secured as a feast on the occasion. Five only were living by the time the Rev. James Calvert was on the spot, to endeavour to prevent the recurrence of the barbarous custom. But the king refused to entertain the application of the missionary; and said he would be quite prepared to explain his conduct on board the next ship of war.

“As the missionary approached Cagawalu’s temple, a dead stillness rested upon Bau, which was suddenly broken by a loud shout, proclaiming that Thakombau had just drunk the *yaqona* of the Vunivalu, during the preparation of which none were allowed to move about. Another shout from the Lasakan quarter made known that the bodies were being dragged; and soon the horrible procession came up,—the dead and the dying, dragged along by their hands, naked, with their heads rattling and grating over the rough ground. As each approached the temple, the head was violently dashed against a great stone, which became stained with blood. The usual ceremonies in honour of the young men who had taken the victims, and in the presentation of the bodies, now took place, amidst the glee of all assembled.”\*

It was on this occasion that an Australian merchant signalized himself. William Owen, Esq., of Adelaide, told the Somosomo chief, who was then on a visit to Bau, that unless the cooked human flesh was given up for burial, he would, at once, close his business-transactions with him. Tui Cakau could not forego his man of business; and therefore he delivered up to Mr. Owen eighty-four cooked por-

\* Fiji and the Fijians, vol. ii., p. 327.

tions of men's bodies, which were conveyed by that gentleman to Viwa, and there deposited in the ground.

In August the king made an unsuccessful attack on Kaba, which was now well fortified, and crowded with troops from Rewa. The town would have been taken, but for the treachery of some of the assailants, who succeeded in alarming their comrades, and then fled, leaving some of the Bau chiefs unsupported. The king's cousin, Yagodamu, was wounded by a musket-ball in the leg, but was carried off on the shoulders of a friend. Some chiefs were shot dead, but their bodies were not left in the hands of the enemy.

By this repulse Bau lost its prestige in the war, and other towns thought they might now venture with impunity to rebel.

The next reverse was almost overwhelming. Varani, the king's former companion in arms, and most constant friend, who was again anxious to help his royal master, was murdered in his own town of Ovalau.

Ovalau had long been ripe for rebellion. The chief of Levuka, its principal town, had secured the affection of Thakombau, when quite a youth, and, by the aid of Bau, had murdered his elder brother, in order to become the heir-apparent. It is even suspected that he was cognisant of the subsequent murder of his father, by the mountaineers of that island. The notice which Thakombau took of him had confirmed him in the idea that he was a man of considerable importance. He became proud and haughty. The Bau chiefs would have

quickly laid him low; but he was most obsequious to the young king, and received protection at headquarters. He had thrice given unmistakable evidence of his secret design to revolt, but found that the leading whites would not support him in a war with Bau, and had pacified his liege lord by humbly asking pardon.

The foreigners themselves had many grievances. They had been cruelly driven away from their home with scarcely any warning. Thakombau himself had made dishonourable proposals to the Samoan wife of one of the shipwrights. His son, nicknamed "Scissors" on account of his shearing propensities, had lately threatened to burn the house of another, unless a musket was given to him, as satisfaction for a trifling but unintentional insult. The king's son-in-law elect had threatened to beat an honest carpenter, who respectfully requested the payment of a claim of three years' standing. These are mere illustrations of the cause of their opposition to Bau. Nor must it be forgotten that they were aware of the king's request, made to Captain Magruder of U. S. S. "St. Mary's," for their deportation.

The natives were tired of oppression. They had nothing they could call their own; and could not help contrasting the position of the whites with theirs. One petty chief had bought a work-box. Before it had been in his house five minutes, it was seized by a Bau chief, who had followed the owner in pursuit of the treasure. Another, when on his way home, was stripped of some clothing that he had bought, ostensibly because he had accidentally frightened some wild ducks at which a Bauan boy, yet in

his teens, was taking aim. A third was gratuitously eased of a canoe-load of provisions, which he was conveying to the foreigners' market for sale.

At length a train of circumstances favoured Tui Levuka's ambitious schemes. The cutter "Wave" was seized by the natives of Malaki, an island subject to Bau through Viwa. Part of the white crew were made prisoners, and the cargo appropriated by the assailants. By the aid of a native catechist, who resided within twenty miles of the spot, the remainder of the crew reached Levuka in two days. All the whites (except the missionaries) were assembled to determine respecting the release of the prisoners. It was felt that there must now be action taken in self-defence; and it was resolved to liberate the captives by force, and to punish the natives, if they had killed the unfortunate men.

In spite of my remonstrance, Tui Levuka, the chief, was permitted to accompany the expedition with forty of his warriors. Two hot-headed individuals, one lusty for notoriety, and the other thirsting for an opportunity of injuring the king in person, or in state, in revenge for conceived injustice, adroitly assumed the command of the party. When the boats arrived at Malaki, they found that their comrades had escaped from the island. A council of war was held, when moderate views prevailed. But it was easy for the two unprincipled leaders to make an arrangement more in accordance with their own personal views; and, to the amazement of the whites, the Levuka natives commenced a massacre amongst the Malaki people, whilst the latter were in the very act of making restitution. Some, who exclaimed against the murder,

were told by the leaders, that the Malakians themselves had commenced the affray, and had wounded some of their visitors. Several of the whites immediately joined the Levuka bloodhounds in consequence of this statement. Fourteen of the islanders were killed on the spot,\* the town was pillaged and burnt, and thirteen female prisoners were taken to Levuka by the whites.

On their return to Ovalau, Tui Levuka sent his ambassador to Bau, to give an account of his proceedings, and to beg pardon for having taken so hostile a step without the sanction of the authorities. The gift of atonement was accepted; but the king expressed his disapprobation of Tui Levuka's proceedings, by saying, "What have you to do with these foreigners? Why did you not leave them to settle their own differences?" Had the king himself inquired into the outrage, instead of leaving the foreigners to the mercy of his savage people, he would have secured the good-will and gratitude of the whites.

The settlers were further exasperated by an injudicious letter, written at the request of the Viwa chief, Varani. Instead of expressing sympathy with the sufferers, and comforting himself with the reflection that his people had merited their unhappy fate, he sent a communication to Mr. Whippy, the American vice-consul, prohibiting the whites from trading in all those parts of Fiji which were under the Bau and Viwa influence. Months and years after this, the unwelcome obedience to this order, on the part

\* The two leaders in this expedition, on whom the *onus* of the slaughter rests, subsequently met with premature deaths. One committed suicide; and the other was lost at sea.

of the whites, was deeply regretted by Thakombau and his people.

On the 22d of December, about 10 p.m., Levuka was burnt by an incendiary; and hereby the whites lost nearly all their property, amounting to several thousand dollars' worth. It was supposed to have been effected by the order of Varani. On the 22d the king arrived to express his sympathy with the whites, and to assure them that he had not consented to the deed. It was a visit terrible to the once-formidable chief. As he passed the foreigners, they indeed grounded their loaded muskets, but not a soul spoke to him. He courted a friendly recognition; but it was withheld, and the king then marched past the corps with all the dignity and pride of a conquering general. The Levuka chief would not consent to see him; and a mountaineer, had he not been prevented by the whites, would have killed him.

On the 25th the mountaineers sealed their allegiance to Tui Levuka in the murder of ten persons. Two of the slain bodies, and the part of a third, were brought to Levuka to be eaten; but were given up for burial, at the earnest solicitations of the writer. The populace vainly attempted to intimidate me in the discharge of this trying duty.

The next day another victim was offered to the god of Levuka. A clan came to swear fealty to Tui Levuka, and killed one of their company, as a sacrifice, previous to entering the town. Poor fellow! how unsuspectingly had he left his pleasant home that morning! With what glee had he united in the cannibal dance while on the journey! How surprised when he found his friends and relatives were deter-

mined to offer him as a sacrifice! His corpse, still warm and quivering, was presented to the deity of the spirit-house, and then handed over to me for burial. But the whites were alarmed at the excitement amongst the natives, caused by this bold innovation on the fiendish but popular custom of cannibalism, and, to a man, refused to render that aid, in the removal of the corpse, which they had tendered on the previous occasion. With the help of two or three Christian natives, whom I hired for the purpose, I succeeded in placing out of reach the remains of the victim, by casting it from a boat into the deep ocean, after tying weights to the body. "After all our trouble to get this, the best of food, the missionary is to throw it away," was heard in several quarters. The rage of the populace at the loss of their "food," as they called it, was sufficient to account for the fears of the whites.

But Varani, the Viwa chief, was not at all disposed to lose his influence over the Ovalau mountaineers without an effort to retain it. He had long been aware of the secret dissatisfaction amongst that tribe, who complained of the king's insufficient pay for warlike services. Koroicava had sent a very significant message to Varani, and begged him to send them two muskets. The chief communicated this request to the king, who, in a most irritating manner, refused to comply, and taunted him with unfriendly feelings. The aggrieved Varani sent one of his own muskets to Koroicava, with an explanation of the circumstances under which it was sent. Soon after this the revolution broke out, and Varani sent his brother to try and prevent the Lovoni people from

joining Tui Levuka. The mountaineers forbade him to land, and, in the manner that is regarded as highly honourable, told him that they were going to follow their relative of Levuka for a season, and that Viwa must stand aloof. In a short time, however, their chiefs might visit them, and they could then arrange a return to Varani. Instead of regarding this intimation, in accordance with the usage of the country, Varani resolved to attempt in person the recovery of their allegiance. He was the more decided on this measure in consequence of the king's ill-timed remark respecting himself. He would give himself up to death for his master, who would then know whether he was a friend in need or not.

In accordance with this fatal resolution, he proceeded to Ovalau, after taking a solemn farewell of his family, and of the missionary. The king accompanied him part of the way, and then parted with him, with the conviction that the errand was one of extraordinary danger, but of great importance. With two of his brothers, and four of their people, Varani landed by night at an uninhabited part of the island, and proceeded to Lovoni. The sole survivor says, that Varani engaged in prayer with them several times during the land-journey. On entering the town, Varani presented five necklaces of whales'-teeth to Naduva, the principal chief in charge, who accepted the property, and ordered a notification of its receipt to be made public by the usual beating of the drum. Messengers were then sent to Levuka to inform the Lovoni chiefs that their suzerain had arrived, and was in the town. Tui Levuka felt that either he or Varani must die. In self-defence, he levied an immediate



tax on both natives and whites, and presented the property to his mountaineer relatives, promising also to give his sister to them if they would bring him the body of his enemy. Koroicava, though of inferior rank, engaged to fulfil Tui Levuka's wishes. Starting for Lovoni, he at once made arrangements for the destruction of the entire party. His superiors wished to allow their suzerain to escape; but eventually, by his energy and threats, he secured their consent to his plan. The next morning, after prayer, Varani and his party went—unarmed, of course—to bathe. As they returned to their lodging-house, they were surrounded by more than a hundred men, who closed in upon them, and put them all to death, with the exception of Taba, who escaped into the bush, and was fruitlessly pursued. It is said that after Varani was wounded, a man came up to club him, but the renowned chief wrested the club from him. "Are we to be killed?" he demanded. "The moon sets to-day," was the reply. Varani's assailant was at the mercy of his chief. But the wounded warrior threw away the weapon he had seized. Just then he was fatally wounded by a musket-ball, and, falling on the ground, received the clubs of his enemies on his skull. The bodies of Varani, and of some of his companions, were conveyed to Levuka; and, after being presented to the god of the spirit-house, were handed to me. By the assistance of Mr. Whippy, the American vice-consul, and other whites, I was enabled to give them honourable and Christian sepulture in the same grave. Thus died the once-dreaded Varani, a martyr to his king.

Taba succeeded in reaching the mission-house one

night about midnight. Here he stopped, until an opportunity presented itself for his removal by sea. The people looked upon that establishment as a sacred place of refuge. His chief came to see him, and was most indignant that he fled when his superior was killed. "You are a mean slave," said he. "When Varani was sacrificed, who, of his company, would wish to live? You were unworthy of so noble a fate! You live to be a disgrace, and to be the object of general contempt. But you are with the missionary, and therefore safe." Afterwards the chief told the missionary that Taba might be employed as a servant. "Do not keep him in-doors, lest his health suffer. You have nothing to fear from us. Having once been received by you, we will not molest him." By this speech he hoped to decoy the poor fellow, and to lead him to stroll out of doors. But, after his departure, the chief's wife came, and told the missionary that her husband had lied unto him. And so it was; for scores of musketeers kept watch around the house, so long as Taba remained there.

Whilst the grave was being prepared for the four bodies, Varani's small schooner, the "Glyde," hove in sight, and entered the harbour. Leaving Mr. John Binner, my missionary colleague, to read the burial service, I hastened to warn those on board of their danger. Hundreds of armed natives lined the beach, prepared to kill all who landed; but the warning was given before the boat anchored. The "Glyde" immediately stood out to sea, and those on board were saved from unmerited death. The sad news she conveyed to Ban and Viwa filled many houses with lamentation.

For the third time Varani's wife was a widow; and, singular to relate, her three husbands had all been killed when separated from her, so that she had not the mournful satisfaction, in any one case, of seeing the corpse of her deceased husband. It was when she was a widow for the second time that Varani forcibly carried her off, and made her his own wife, having met her searching for shell-fish on the edge of the reef.

Soon after this, the brig "Spec," from Australia, arrived at Levuka, with one of Thakombau's messengers, as passenger, who had been to Sydney on the king's business. Cannon and ammunition were also on board to the king's order. Pickering was consignee, and refused to forward these articles to their destination, the whites having resolved to strictly adhere to Varani's unfortunate letter, foreseeing that the measure would reduce Bau to extremity.

The royal messenger wished to stay at Ovalau, until he could proceed to his master. Tui Levuka, on being consulted by the missionary, unhesitatingly consented to his remaining for this sole purpose at the mission-house. But after the "Spec's" departure, he treacherously withdrew his permission, and coolly told the writer to send Peter away lest he be killed. Fortunately a small boat was ready for sea, and he was sent off during the dark of the night. The next morning, the mountaineers came to drag him from his asylum, the sanctity of which they refused to recognise any longer.

With the Ovalau revolt the hopes of Mara II. revived. This chief had absconded from Bau at the

time of Thakombau's *bêche-de-mer* fishing expedition. He first visited Ovalau, and presented whales'-teeth to some of the mountaineer chiefs; and then hastened to Rewa, where he was received with welcome by Rata Qara. But he soon found that he did not possess his ally's confidence. With the thoughtfulness characteristic of the Fijian politician, the Rewa monarch suspected Mara of being the secret agent of Thakombau, either to act as spy or as something worse. He also remembered that, supposing this view of the case to be wrong, he could not rely for a day on the exile's fidelity. For, after all Mara had done, he was still a Bauan, and might be moved by patriotism to desert the Rewa standard, should his mother-country be reduced to extremity.

Mara had had one narrow escape already; and that was from treacherous hands at Ovalau. Soon after the Kaba rebellion he prepared to steal a visit to Tui Levuka, in accordance with previous arrangement. But Tui Levuka only intended to entrap him. Mara received warning from a trustworthy source, and was saved from making the fatal experiment.

When Tui Levuka renounced his allegiance to Bau, he sheltered himself under the name of Rewa. But the king of Rewa was too cautious to venture so far from home as Ovalau, and it soon became necessary to seek some one of rank, whom all Ovalau would obey. The whites, and Tui Levuka himself, were afraid of civil war. The mountaineers, it was well known, were wavering and unsteady in their attachment to their Levuka relative. The Bau coast-towns had never, in the memory of man, defied their masters. The district of Bureta had seldom remained on

friendly terms with the Lovoni mountaineers for many months together. Tui Levuka could not even depend on his own portion of the island. The towns tributary to him might request the Bauan king to remain friendly with them.

At that time Tui Levuka, as a compliment to the civilized residents, professed to dislike the shedding of human blood; but he saw that it would be good policy to lead all these parties to the commission of those deeds which would render them, respectively, the irreconcilable enemies of the king of Bau. This is the key to the secret of those murders, and warlike movements, which took place at Ovalau during the first few months of the revolution. This, also, is the reason why Tui Levuka assumed the title of Vunivalu.

Tui Levuka saw that if these measures failed, he must inevitably lose his own head. Could he not employ Mara as his tool? If the game were lost, Mara must himself pay the stakes, and he might escape. If success awaited them, he could easily make himself Mara's master.

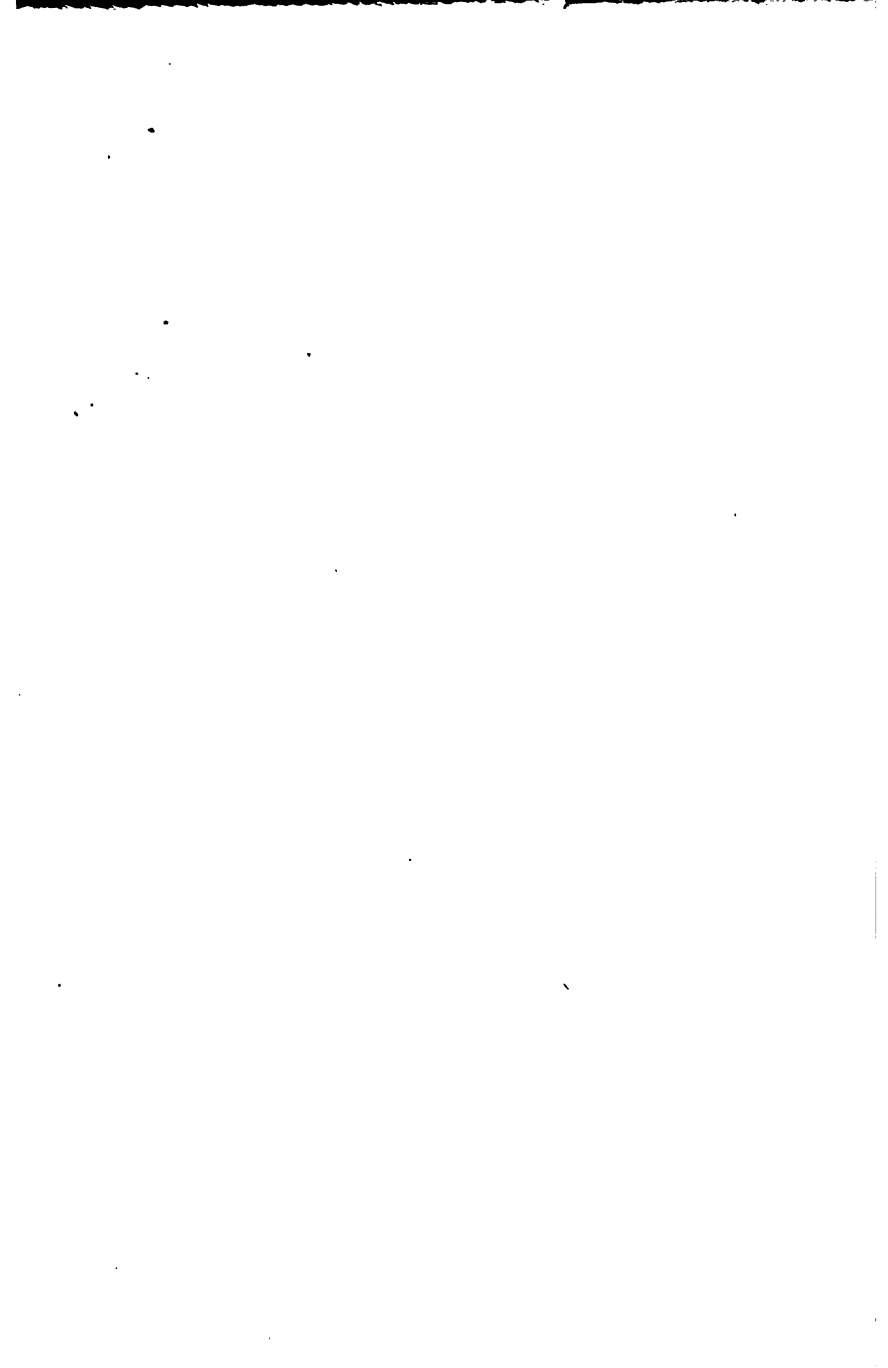
To gain his end, Tui Levuka addressed the whites, urging them to send for Mara, to strengthen his rule on Ovalau. They had far less confidence in Tui Levuka's power on Ovalau than he himself had; and therefore they willingly consented.

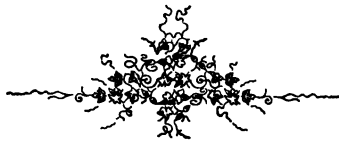
A schooner-boat was despatched after Mara. He was then at Lakeba, seriously thinking of returning to his friends at Bau. But when the message from Ovalau reached him, he again saw a vision of future greatness. Yet he remembered Tui Levuka's former duplicity. Can he trust him again? He goes to

the missionary, the Rev. Richard B. Lyth. "Mr. Lyth, will *you* guarantee my safety at Ovalau?" The missionary asks what *he* has to do with politics and revolutions. "The white men have sent for me, and I am willing to depend on them; but I cannot trust Tui Levuka." The missionary says it is quite foreign to his department to make any remark; and urges Mara to be as anxious to become a *good* man as he is to be a *great* man. Eventually a letter was written by Mara's amanuensis, to inform the foreigners that Mara would accept the Ovalau invitation, trusting his personal safety in the hands of his friends, the whites.

For two or three days after his arrival at Ovalau, Mara was evidently ill at ease, a loaded revolver being always in his hand. He then became more unconcerned; and, as soon as he had disposed of his anxiety, abandoned himself for a season to his habitual gluttony and bestiality. He at last received a check, in the communication from certain of the whites, that they could not allow him to insult their wives.

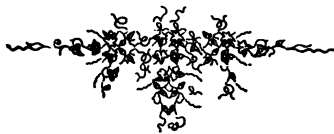






## CHAPTER IX.

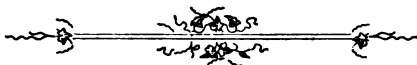
**Hopeful Signs.**







## CHAPTER IX.



### HOPEFUL SIGNS.

*The Missionary at Bau—Visit of King George Tubou—Rev. Robert Young—A Victim rescued—Mission-house built—Burning of Bau—Koroiravulo's Treason—Defeat at Kaba—Consultation of the Gods—Second Defeat—Nagalu's Vengeance—King George's Letter—Mr. Consul Williams.*

**M**R. CALVERT, perceiving that it was the time to make a breach in the citadel of heathenism, urged the king to receive a missionary. After some demur, he consented. Whereon Mr. Calvert took charge of Ovalau, and the writer proceeded to commence the mission to Bau.

On Sunday, 30th October, 1853, after landing Mrs. Waterhouse and child at Viwa, I hastened to the city, and presented myself in the presence of the vacillating monarch, having resolved either to strike a decisive blow, or to return immediately to the scene of successful labours at Ovalau. The following conversation took place at the interview :—

*Missionary.*—“As you, sir, are now willing to build

a mission-house, and have sent for me to reside at Bau, I have come to report my arrival."

*King.*—"Twas Mr. Calvert's mind, not mine."

*Missionary.*—"Do not trifle with me, sir. Mr. Calvert brought your message to me, in consequence of which I have come."

*King.*—"No, no : not my message, but his own."

*Missionary.*—"Impossible! But what am I to do?"

*King.*—"Do? Go and live at Viwa for the present."

*Missionary.*—"Chief, listen to me for a few moments. You have frequently befooled the missionaries. For years we have listened to you, and have kept a missionary uselessly waiting until you would build him a house at Bau. We can be played with no longer. I myself have left an island where your countrymen, though heathens and cannibals like yourself, love and respect me as a missionary ; the dead have been given to me for burial, and the lives of many have been spared at my intercession. I know that you will not be very ready to follow their example ; for you told my father that you would destroy and kill as long as your life lasted. But if you will build me a house, though I may labour without success, yet I will reside with you, and endeavour to do you good."

*King.*—"Very well : don't be angry. Go to Viwa ; and when we are at leisure, we will build your house."

*Missionary.*—"Angry I am not, as the king well knows. But I reprove you publicly on the present occasion, as private expostulation has failed. Please oblige me with a house in which to deposit my books, furniture, &c."

*King.*—"Bau is quite full : we have no room. Go to Viwa."

*Missionary.*—"I must now respectfully but firmly inform the king, that he must be pleased to furnish me with a shed for my goods, and also to send a canoe to the vessel for the said goods, or I shall be compelled to return to Ovalau to-morrow. The king cannot have forgotten that the goods belonging to the missionary Watsford were brought to Bau, with the king's full consent, who then refused to allow of the landing of the same. To guard against a similar mishap, the king must be pleased, in this instance, to despatch his own men to the vessel; more especially as the brig is six miles distant."

*King (inwardly agitated, but endeavouring to maintain an outward composure).*—"Don't talk like that. Perhaps the Manilla man would lend his stone hut to you."

The result was that the effects of the missionary were landed at the city by the king's own people. They were stowed away in the stone hut, room only being left for a bed for the stranger. A site for a house was chosen on the Bauan summit, but the king gave no orders for building.

This removal was not effected without a serious loss to missionary influence on Ovalau. The wisdom of making the exchange still remains questionable; for no one seems now capable of curbing the ambition and the passions of Tui Levuka. The foreigners, the mountaineers, the coasters, all sent respective deputations, urging that their own missionary should not leave. But his successor was inexorable, and iron necessity compelled me to tear myself away from a most promising field of labour. A few days after my departure, the American vice-consul prevented,

with difficulty, the enraged heathen mountaineer-chief from burning the mission-house, in revenge for the loss of their "father." \*

Within a few days, Tui Levuka, having killed and eaten all the king's cattle then grazing on an island adjoining Ovalau, sent a message by his missionary, the Rev. James Calvert, inquiring if the king would forgive him. The reply was favourable; the king adding, "You can also tell him, that I sympathize with him in his difficulties; and that he may keep this treaty secret until he feels desirous of punishing the mountaineers, when I will be ready to help him."

\* The other side of the question is forcibly stated in a letter dated February, 1854: "Mr. — and Mr. —, with myself, think that Providence has opened Bau. . . . Why, we cannot say: perhaps, because its salvation is near; or, perhaps, that before the day of visitation closes, the light may shine more brightly. We think, too, that no one of our band is so fitted for that place as you. You will be the foremost in the battle; your trials will exceed ours. But, if Bau repents like Nineveh, or perishes like Sodom, you will do the will of God, if you are firm and faithful; and, hereafter, you will know that the 'reward' is according to the work.

"My conviction is deepened that we must not be disheartened by the apparent unfruitfulness of our labours. God appoints the harvest-time. I think much of our influence is imperceptible, but powerful, and gradually deepening. Future generations may reap great and lasting benefit from what now appears useless. Barren soil may become fruitful by frequent turning. We sympathize with you, and pray for you; and we remember the Lord of Hosts is with us.

"But why be disheartened? Is it nothing that the chief should send for Mara through your exertions? Is it nothing that that youth should be saved? Every blow we give weakens the chain of evil; every life we save makes future successful interference easier. Who can expect hellism to be destroyed by a single blow? Who can anticipate that these heathen, accustomed from their youth to evil, will embrace the good instantaneously?"

Another missionary, under date of 5th January, writes: "Bau is certainly a very important place, the stronghold of sin in Fiji; and if you can make your way there, it will make a great impression on all Fiji. But you may expect plenty of trials and disappointments; and all your grace, faith, and patience will be called into exercise."

In November the king was agreeably surprised by an unexpected interview with the sovereign of the adjacent groups of Hapai, Vavau, and Tonga, known under the collective name of Friendly Islands. King George Tubou was then on his way to visit Australia, to make a personal inspection of civilized society. The arrangements for his voyage having been made somewhat hurriedly, and the intercourse between Fiji and the Friendly Islands being then exceedingly rare, the Tongan king was unable to send the usual messenger in advance to prepare his way.

As soon as it was reported that King George was on board the vessel that had just anchored, King Thakombau hastened on board, and gave him a hearty welcome to his country. George presented the customary gift of introduction,—in this instance one of great value; and Thakombau invited the traveller to visit the metropolis,—an invitation which was heartily accepted.

The Rev. Robert Young, King George's travelling companion on this occasion, gives the following account of the visit:—"The town, with a population of not more than 1500, I found furnished with upwards of twenty temples. We entered one of them, and saw the priest and several persons apparently enjoying themselves. Some were smoking, and others eating fish, near to the sacred cloth behind which the god of the temple is said to descend when he comes to inspire the priests, and make known his mind to the people. Several beautifully-carved clubs were hung up near the spot. Leaving this temple, we went to another; and on asking why a neat new fence had been put around it, a woman replied that it was

to influence the god to change the wind ; that he had accepted the offering, changed the wind accordingly, and the absent canoes had returned.

“We next proceeded to pay our respects to Thakombau, and found him and his principal wife waiting to receive the king of the Friendly Isles. They were both seated on the matted floor, with their hair elaborately dressed, but without any covering, save the very scanty supply of native cloth around the loins which the custom of Fiji prescribes. I spoke to the great chief on the subject of religion ; and I also informed him that it afforded me pleasure to hear that he had consented for one of our missionaries to reside at Bau, and hoped he would aid and protect him. He appeared to receive my statements with pleasure.

“King George soon made his appearance, and, having taken his seat near Thakombau, a large bunch of kava-root was laid at his feet. The palace, if it may be so designated, was now well filled with chiefs and other persons of distinction. The kava-ring being formed, preparations for making the kava were commenced, and soon the popular beverage was ready for use. We remained until the first bowl of kava had been drunk ; and then retired, lest our presence should be a restraint upon the conversation of the two great chieftains.

“The house of Thakombau was well stored with bales of native cloth, whales'-teeth, and a variety of European articles, which the chief had received as presents.”\*

\* The Southern World : Journal of Deputation, &c., by the Rev. Robert Young.

In the course of the interview, King Thakombau feelingly referred to his present reduced position. George expressed his sympathy, making a graceful allusion to the death of Varani, the Christian hero, of whom they had favourably heard at Tonga. Amidst the general compliments, Thakombau presented George with a large double canoe, expressing the wish that kingly help might be afforded. George said, "The rebel fortress seems to me to be anything but impregnable." It was evident that each king understood the other. The canoe, "Ra Marama," measured as follows:—length, 102 feet; breadth, 18 feet; height of holds, 6 feet; breadth of large hold, 5 feet.

In the meanwhile I was waiting patiently for the fulfilment of the king's promise. On the 28th of December I was favoured with some slight degree of success. Some of the enemy had been captured, and killed on their arrival at Bau. A young man, who had been spared for the purpose, was being interrogated by the king respecting the plans of his foes, whilst the ovens were being prepared into which he would soon be thrown, with the bodies of his late comrades. I hastened to do what I could towards the saving of life. With heaving bosom I wandered along the lanes of the guilty city on that inauspicious day. No man said, "God speed thee!" The blackest looks were directed towards me. I requested a Tongan chief to aid me; but he said, "I pray thee, have me excused." He, however, sent one of his men to protect me. Away we went; frequently compelled to turn aside, and conceal from our sight the operations of the human butchers. At length I entered the presence of the guilty monarch, whose



bearing seemed to say, "Hast thou found me, O my enemy?" I spoke; but he interrupted me. With a hellish look, he exclaimed, "The man CANNOT live!" I made no reply, but prayed in silence unto Him who can soften the hardest heart. The mysterious power of the Eternal Being touched the stony heart of this prince of cannibals, and he seemed to relent. Again did I, in meekness, plead the cause of my captive fellow-man, and the king listened rather more respectfully. He eventually promised to spare the young man. The youth was then informed of the pleasing change in his destiny, and ordered by the king to go and bathe. During his absence, a Fijian approached the king very respectfully, and begged his majesty to give him the young man to kill and eat that very day. With diabolical eloquence did he urge his suit, notwithstanding my presence. But the king adhered to his promise. *The king had never yielded in such a case before*; and I was encouraged to labour more incessantly. One of the bodies was left within three yards of the door of the mission-hut for several hours.

This success was the forerunner of another advantage. The queen had for some time listened attentively to the exhortations of the missionary; and at length she promised to use her influence with her husband for the erection of the house. Through her intercessions, the dwelling was at last commenced; and on the 23d of February Mrs. Waterhouse joined me at Bau. On landing, she was received by the inhabitants with boisterous acclamations; whilst individuals of all ranks pressed round her, to see the lady that had landed as the first foreign female resident

amongst them. A little rudeness was pardonable on the occasion. Adi Samanunu, the queen, presented the missionary's wife with a beautifully-wrought mat, seventy feet in length by twenty-five in breadth. Divine service was thenceforward conducted twice every Lord's day in the mission-house.

The fickle Tui Levuka now displayed the traitor's feather. Some Kaba men were on a visit to Ovalau; and Tui Levuka sent word to the king, informing him of the day appointed for their departure, and suggesting a plan for their capture. The canoe-ambush was laid; but the Kabans fortunately escaped, owing to a sudden change in the wind. The whites had proof of Tui Levuka's guilt, in his own confession, when accused; but they apparently reconciled themselves to his inconsistent and wavering conduct.

On the 4th of March the city of Bau was destroyed by fire. It was feared that some conspirators designed to effect the death of the king. Thakombau, suspicious of treachery, remained in his own house, and many of his people congregated around his dwelling to keep guard. The queen was obliged to go herself to superintend the launching of a large canoe which had been hauled ashore for repair, and which was in danger of being burnt. The incendiary proved to be one of the principal priests; and the populace cursed him publicly in their rage, loudly demanding his death; and some even called out that they would become Christians. He presented an atonement to the king, who pardoned him, as the fire was apparently accidental. At night the missionary, at the instance of the king, kept watch, lest his house should also be burnt; it being

the custom to fire those houses which had escaped the flames, that thus all might "share and share alike."

This misfortune did not delay the commencement of the second campaign against Kaba. The enemy had recently received a valuable accession in the person of Koroiravulo, a fine manly chief, of industrious habits, great energy, renowned corporal strength, and considerable ambition. He had already secured a lady of rank for his wife, by whom he had a family. But he had lately taken Vatea, "the princess," to his own house, and installed her as chief mistress. This bold step nearly cost him his head. "Who was Koroiravulo," asked the jealous chiefs, "that he should have *two* titled ladies?" This matrimonial feat having been accomplished in an informal manner, Ezekiel, the Viwa chief, (successor of the late Namosimalua and Varani,) took satisfaction, by seizing a peopled estate on Ovalau, the property of Koroiravulo's tribe. The king connived at the ambitious alliance; but soon seized the Cautata clan and their gardens, (which belonged also to the same tribe,) as part payment. The loving husband was willing to give way to the king, but was not so ready to yield to Ezekiel. A dispute arose; but the Vunivalu recognised the right of the new claimant, and confirmed the intruder in his possession. The now irritated chief resolved to aid Tui Levuka in his ambitious schemes, and engaged to join him if he would revolt.

Koroiravulo had witnessed with secret pleasure the Ovalau revolt; and early in the year, having privately made all the various necessary arrangements with his friends at Bau, he exiled himself from the land

of his birth, accompanied by Vatea and her attendants, and took up his residence at Sawakasa, on the mainland. The haughty-spirited Thakombau treated this movement very lightly, merely remarking that the runaway was a chief possessed of no influence. Had the proud chieftain sent a friendly message to Koroiravulo, a reconciliation might, perhaps, have been effected; but Thakombau's pride has ever been his humiliation, and so it proved in the present instance.

Lydia Vatea wished her husband to remain quietly at Sawakasa; but he knew that the step which he had already taken was sufficient to secure capital punishment, and he resolved to join the enemies of his chief. He knew that the opposition party was becoming very powerful, and he entertained hopes of ultimate success. At that time Thakombau was collecting his forces to invade the isthmus of Kaba, and lay siege to the town which had revolted from him, and which had routed his forces on a former occasion. Koroiravulo knew that if Kaba were taken, Sawakasa would soon be invested by the king's feudal army. He therefore privately purchased the alliance of five hundred men, stipulating that they should remain at home, instead of marching to the rendezvous at Bau.

On Sunday, March 12th, a body of six hundred warriors, under the leadership of Nagalu, of Namena, entered the city. Koroiravulo's politic act was not known to the king until his forces were already assembling; when he was alarmed at the serious defection, which had not merely lessened the main strength of the army, but had also prevented many

of his warriors from joining at head-quarters, by the fear that their own towns might be attacked during their absence.

On the 15th the king reviewed a body of fifteen hundred troops. If the number had been fifteen thousand, more ceremony could not have been employed. On the day previous, a great quantity of food, of the best description, was prepared. At the hour previously appointed, the different companies took up their allotted quarters. The king and his retinue of chiefs and followers then entered the assembly-ground. Young chiefs, of high rank, encumbered with trains of native prints twenty feet in length, ran hither and thither, with large sun-fans in their hands, calling to the respective divisions to "come to the help of Bau." Others followed, beckoning to the approaching warriors, and urging them to "make haste." The troops, however, waited patiently a sufficient time to weary the chiefs, and to raise expectation on the part of strangers. At last one company entered the square, in single file, with arms in their hands, paint on their bodies, turbans on their heads, and defiance on their tongues. The first division having got into position, the heralds were sent after the next. At length all were duly marshalled, and the review commenced. A chief held some whales'-teeth in his hand, and called on a certain division to accept of the earnest of their pay as soldiers. The company indicated then sent forth some of its chosen braves. These rushed into the presence of the king and court, each man with club uplifted, as though he were about to slay an enemy, and struck the ground with his weapon at the dis-

tance of two or three yards from the feet of the ruler, uttering an exclamation, as follows:—"Hear, sir, how the earth groans under my club; and I am going to fight for you." Another would say, "This, sir, is the club which will feed you." A third, "I am going to fight, sir; and to-morrow you will be sick with eating dead men." A fourth, "My club sounds best on the skulls of men." A fifth, "Why, sir, did you not send for me before? then your enemy would have been exterminated." An impudent fellow, fixing his eye on the missionary, shouted, "I kill white men;" at which the three thousand spectators roared with laughter. The whales'-teeth were now surrendered to their leader, a few new spears were given, and the commander pledged the fidelity of his followers amidst their deafening shouts of defiance. Another chief, with a fresh lot of whales'-teeth, then called by name on a different company, who acted as the one before it had done; and the same routine was observed. At the conclusion the warriors received their feast. The troops were nearly naked.

Two days afterwards, a hurricane exhausted its fury on Ban, and on several parts of the group. The Kaba (enemy's) war-fences were levelled to the ground, and the fortress would certainly have been taken had a vigorous attack been made. But the king strangely allowed the precious opportunity to pass unimproved. One of the enemy's towns on the mainland was attacked, under these circumstances, by a Baanan force, and destroyed. But no bodies could be taken to the city, on account of the hostile districts that intervened. The victory was therefore considered a drawn game.

On the 22d the Bauan Mars was formally consulted, with the usual state.

The high-priest seated himself at the front of the temple, surrounded by his brethren in the mysteries of heathenism. All the Bau chiefs advanced towards them, and sat down respectfully. Roko Tui Bau, the chief who holds an office assimilating to a combination of perpetual lord mayor and high sheriff, stood up, carrying a few fruits of the earth. Ere he could speak, the priests began to tremble, the high-priest to shake and foam. The congregated chiefs simultaneously removed their turbans, and gave the shout of respect; for the priests were now inspired, and reverence must be tendered to the gods dwelling with the men. How that shout thrilled through the heart of the missionary spectator! Chiefs, who never saluted their fellow-men, were now unduly honouring their inferiors, and doing homage to mere slaves because they were regarded as inspired! The sacred king then spoke: "Take knowledge, O ye gods! of thy servants' wishes. Our slaves rebel, and we go to destroy them. Grant us success, O ye gods!" The high-priest's bosom was copiously bedewed from both eyes and nose, his frame quivered, he wept. The god responds: "What do I see? The mighty chief of Bau supplicating my aid? Aha! ye have not served me faithfully. Ye place not credence in that in which ye formerly bestowed your confidence. But to-morrow\* your unbelief ceases. Ye shall destroy Kaba! Kabans were formed to plant food for my table. They rebel; they are ambitious. I will punish them! Go, hasten to destroy

\* Figurative language indicative only of an early date.

them. Do not I give them up to your pleasure?" After proceeding in this strain, the god intimated his intention to depart, and the closing scene was enacted. Six young chiefs, of high rank, leisurely advanced, stoopingly, and in single file, each carrying a banana-leaf containing *kava*. The god drank; the remainder was poured out as a libation; the deity exclaimed, "Good bye! I am going;" and the wretched performance was at an end.

Some of the inferior priests, still shaking, were conducted to their respective temples, and there supplied with *kava*.

On a previous occasion, the king had requested the Rev. James Calvert to be present for the purpose of embarrassing the sacerdotal fraternity. When Mr. Calvert reached the foot of the steps of the temple, the high-priest came down, having many folds of native cloth wrapped round him, and accosted him very pompously, saying, "Why have *you* come? Do you think I shall refrain from making promises because *you* are here?" The missionary gave the priest's hand a shake, and spoke in friendly terms to him; whereupon he returned, and seated himself in the centre of the row of priests. Mr. Calvert sat in an elevated position, where every eye was upon him, as all knew for what purpose he had come.\*

The king had invited me to make my appearance, on the present occasion, for a similar purpose. "Come," said he, "and make a fool of the priest. We had rare fun through what Mr. Calvert did; and you will manage yet better." To the king's astonishment, I refused; saying, "I will go, sir, if you

\* Calvert's Mission History.



wish me : but I will tell you beforehand that it will be to 'make a fool' of *you* ; for the priest is a mere agent, only awaiting your mandate. If there is no heathen *king*, there will be no heathen *priest*." The effect produced by this reply showed that a diversity of treatment is sometimes beneficial.

Within one hour the sea was covered with a hundred canoes, conveying the Banans to Cautata, which was to be the next rendezvous. A reinforcement of five hundred men having joined the main body, the king again reviewed the troops ; and the next day the whole army was successfully landed on the isthmus of Kaba.

Two or three days were spent in preparing and clearing paths to the line of fortifications, which consisted of inner and outer. In this instance, there was such an unusual space between the two as to lead the common people to make the assertion, that the place would be taken with ease. The paths which were being cleared so patiently were made for the purpose of securing a rapid retreat ; for, in attacking a town by assault, the first thing the Fijian does is to make a way for ready flight. The king, as generalissimo, then planned the attack. On the 27th of March the assault was made. Out of a body of two thousand men, scarcely three hundred were engaged in actual combat, when a panic seized the army, and a hurried retreat ensued. Now was found the utility of the paths they had previously made. Very few were killed. A body of six hundred men, whose motions were watched, may be taken as a specimen of Fijian warfare. As they approached the fence, about thirty of them concealed themselves behind the trees, and

fired at such of the enemy as showed themselves. The remaining five hundred and seventy waited patiently, out of reach of musket-shot. By-and-by the advanced guard was relieved by others, who in their turn gave way to others. When they were rather tired, a body of twenty or thirty of the besieged came outside the fortifications, and drove off that division of the army. Those who sallied out would shout, "You cannot take the town; so return home again." A small force was about to scale the fence in another direction, with every prospect of success, when some of their number noticed that the main division, which had charge of the heights, was flying in discomfort. Afraid of being behind-hand, they then immediately commenced to rush back to their canoes. Woe to the last in a Fijian retreat! In such an emergency a slave has been known to kill his own chief, so as to get before him; and this when the defenders of the town numbered but a tenth of the attacking army. The hired soldiers were received with maledictions at Bau. Thakombau's "second queen," Adi-mai-Naikasakasa, said publicly to one of them, "Shame on you, to return without even one man for me to eat."

But faint as this attack was, the fortress would doubtless have been taken, but for the presence, and active assistance, of some of the whites and half-castes, who wished to protect Kaba in order to preserve Ovalau.

Thakombau had scrupulously observed every propitiation which could ensure the favour and help of his gods in this campaign. The evening previous to the assault he had sent his brothers to Bau, to

present a sin-offering to the shade of his father. The youths proceeded to the grave, and, in the darkness of night, besought their deceased parent to forgive their past offences, and to help them in the war. The priests themselves had promised the conquest of Kaba. I was the only one to presage evil, as I shook hands with them as if I should see them return no more. I was requested to utter a prediction; but declined to appear in the character of prophet. Speaking as a mere man, I told my friends that I thought it probable they would meet with a repulse on account of their own numerous sins, and also by reason of the energy of the foe who was fighting against tyranny and oppression.

Nagalu, the chief of Namena, near Sawakasa, now informed the king that he thought by treachery he could succeed in entrapping the troublesome Koroiravulo, whose late act had greatly exasperated the authorities. The king consented to his scheme. Nagalu accordingly sent to Sawakasa, to inform the enemy that he was willing to become friendly with them, and join in active hostilities against Ban. It was necessary to hold a personal conference with Nagalu; and Koroiravulo, remaining himself at home, lest treachery should be intended, sent the chief of Sawakasa in his stead. His substitute, accompanied by an ambassador and an assistant, proceeded to Nagalu's town, with property, as the earnest of a promised subsidy. They were received with welcome, escorted to the strangers' house, and made their report in due form. The Namena statesmen complimented their visitors on their auspicious arrival; prayed to the gods for success on the allied

arms; and then, with a general clapping of hands, they made a simultaneous exclamation of "Very good! very good!" So far all seemed very promising. But Nagalu himself now began to speak, and the deputation listened with breathless attention. He began the enumeration of the property that was promised; referred to that now brought; and then said, "But, chief of Sawakasa, do you suppose that it was for the sake of this paltry stuff that I sent for you? No! I sent to entrap you, that I might kill the brother of my father's murderer! Chief of Sawakasa, prepare, sir, to die! Guards, kill these my enemies!" Thus ended Koroiravulo's negotiations with Nagalu.

The bodies of these three fine-looking men were taken to Bau in canoes. As the vessels approached the city, the sails were furled, the death-drum rolled, and the crews, standing on deck, danced to the cannibal song. The citizens assembled on the beach; scarcely any one remained in their houses, but the town poured forth its mixed population,—chiefs and slaves, strong and diseased, old and young, male and female,—to gaze, with eager curiosity and satisfaction, on the perfectly naked, and shockingly disfigured and mangled bodies, which were cast on the beach in the most ignominious manner. The king himself was there; and the only disappointment, to some, was that Koroiravulo was not amongst the dead. The bodies were prepared to be cooked and eaten as usual.

But the missionary's warm remonstrances, on the subject of cannibalism, were now authoritative. My words were those of a citizen. In some degree,

at least, I was one of themselves. I asked whether the city of the chiefs was to continue a custom which the slaves of Ovalau had renounced at my request. I reminded them of the fact that Bau was losing her influence, through her obstinate attachment to these revolting practices. The young men crowded round me, and applauded my sentiments. They begged of me to lift up my voice, and to appeal to the chiefs for the abandonment of cannibalism. The king himself heard of the commotion; and, when I waited on him, solemnly promised me that no more human flesh should be eaten in Bau.

I returned to my house with a glad heart, thinking that cannibalism, at any rate, had disappeared. But what did I see fastened in front of the windows and doors of my house as I approached? Fragments of the cooked bodies. Some of the more inveterate had come to tease me. They asked me to join them in their meal, whilst they partook of the human flesh in my presence.

Still, the repast was at a discount. The remaining portions were diligently collected by the titular king, whose peculiar province it is to see that the bodies are consumed. To make the hashed meat more palatable, he caused it to be made up with cocoa-nut into *vakalolo* (puddings).

Koroiravulo was not allowed to rest very long. Three days after the death of his friends, and whilst he and his companions were still in ignorance of their fate, the town in which he dwelt was suddenly attacked by sea and land; the beating of the death-drum announcing to the people in the town the death of their chief. Koroiravulo sounded the alarm; but

the people were thunderstruck at the complete investment of their town, and the intelligence that their chief and his attendants were killed and eaten. Koroiravulo inspired the people by urging them to revenge the disgraceful death of their comrades: they flew to arms, and stood to their posts so well as to compel the king to retreat. By accident, I met the returning fleet. The crew of one canoe, annoyed that the missionary should witness their want of success, stripped a man naked, and laid him on deck at full length. They then danced the death-song over the unfortunate fellow, brandishing their clubs, spears, &c.; hoping thereby to deceive me into supposing that they were bringing home the corpse of a slain foe.

It was on the 24th of April that the fleet returned to Bau from Sawakasa. The mind of the king was strangely agitated. All seemed lost. It seemed that his enemies must soon conquer him, and that the missionaries were his only friends. On entering his house he found the following letter:—

*“Nukualofa, Feb. 28th, 1854.*

“TO THAKOMBAU,—I write to make known my love to you and the Bauan friends. When I arrived in Sydney, I received a letter which concerns you and the people of Bau. The letter is the writing of the consul at Rewa; and I hear that a letter has been sent to Great Britain, and another to America; and I am not certain whether Fiji will be in danger, or whether it will escape; for the consul's letter is a bad one. He says, you commanded the property of the white people to be burnt.

“I expect to visit you with the Tongan friends to bring away my canoe; and when we have finished planting, we shall come to you. It is good, Thakombau, that you should consider the thing which concerns the white people; and when the Fiji friends wish to do their minds, do not be guided by them. It is good you should be humble; it will be well for you and your land. I wish, Thakombau, you would *lotu*. When I visit you, we will talk about it; for I desire that Bau and the Fiji friends may stand well. But it will be well for you, Thakombau, to think wisely in these days. This is the end of my writing.\*

I, GEORGE TUBOU.”

The king of Tonga, having visited the colony of New South Wales, had returned to his dominions deeply impressed with the necessity of accelerating the civilization of Tonga and Fiji; and despatched a canoe with the above letter to the Bauan king.

Thakombau's hope revived. A former king had saved his head and his state by the opportune introduction of Charles Savage and his musket. He would try King George and the Tongans. But no thanks to his gods. They abandoned Naulivou as they had abandoned him. Some unknown god must have sent the English and the Tongan deliverers. What if the Christian religion be true?

Accompanying the letter was a Sydney newspaper, in which Mr. Consul John B. Williams appealed to “the different nations” to destroy Bau. The ease with which this could be done, “while one is smoking a cigar,” was one of the consul's arguments. When

\* Kindly translated by the Rev. Walter J. Davis, of Tonga.

he wrote this letter, he must have forgotten the poser which a commander in U.S. navy gave him, in reply to a similar request: "It is easy enough, Mr. Williams; but how could we justify ourselves before the world, since there is no clear reason why we should attack Bau?" Commercial interests did not require it; and the officer declined to forcibly abolish cannibalism and strangling, without orders from his government.

Mr. Williams, unfortunately, did not confine himself to the truth in this communication; so that all the foreigners in Fiji could testify to its falsehoods. One example will suffice: when narrating the seizure of the "Wave," he adds—perhaps for the purpose of effect—that one of the crew "was made fast, and fires made to roast him on, when he wrenched off the thongs, and made his escape!" This is utterly false.

The following are extracts from the consul's letter:—

"No inquiries having been made about the very many murders, plunder and spoliation of property, and other outrages and depredations committed on foreigners, has only emboldened the Fijians to greater acts of violence—to this dreadful and serious outrage. For a ship of war to visit Fiji, and harangue and caution these natives, is only a waste of time; they merely laugh the matter to scorn. Say to a Fijian what you intend to do, and fulfil your promise to the letter. One murder has succeeded another; pillage after pillage of property; depredations after depredations have now brought the people to an awful crisis, requiring immediate action.

"Bau ought to be destroyed, and the people swept from the face of the earth. Then, and not until then, will commerce move uninterrupted in this archipelago, where the merchants can carry on so lucrative a business, and where they can find exports numerous.



"It is time the respective nations were aroused from their slumber, and visited this group of islands, and punished the knowing and wilful cannibals for their concealed attempts at murder, and the very many outrages inflicted on them, and avenge the wrongs of their people. Their treatment to the natives has been kind in the extreme ; but this is one of the traits in a Fijian's character, to return evil for good. I now fear, through deceit, treachery, stratagem, and stealth, unless a ship of war shortly makes her appearance, and chastises the natives—for they are not ignorant of the punishment for murder, crimes, plunder and spoliation of property. Why then should they go unnoticed?)—that all the missionaries, white men, and all foreigners, without the slightest warning or provocation, will be unsuspectingly massacred, and ships cut off.

"Let ships of war delay the punishment a little longer, and there will be cause for very deep repentance. I can only impute the existing difficulties to the leniency of the English ships of war, who spoil the natives by kindness, giving no true experience of the force of Foreign Governments. They are aware of our wealth, and consider us a prize because they know but little of our force and justice. To treat with Fijians as you would treat with civilized America or civilized Europe is positively absurd. The native must be taught by experience, and not by words.

"Finally, if the Fijian will not dispense with the horrible practice of eating human flesh, the cannibal ought to be stopped by coercive measures.

"A ship of war could lay off Bau, knock down and destroy that town, while one is smoking a cigar. If you suppose me to be severe in my remarks, I ask any man to remain here six weeks and follow the people step by step, and see the butcher-inhabitants of Bau—the human slaughter-house—a cookery of cannibals ; and that observer will perfectly coincide with me in my remarks and observations herein specified. The very atmosphere we breathe is filled with the fumes of roasted human flesh : it is quite enough to fill one with disgust. The pirates that infested the Isle of Pines, in the West Indies, in its worst days, were nothing compared to this Bau : the most vivid imagination cannot describe this hell upon earth."

Mr. Williams probably never meant to become a Methodist missionary, but this letter was worth a hundred sermons in the king's present excited state. Though he denied that he had done the commercial wrongs that the consul imputed to him, yet he could not deny that he was the great mainstay of Fijian cannibalism and cruelty.

So anxious was Mr. Williams to "destroy" Bau, that he forgot his position, and dishonoured his uniform, by allowing a Tahitian to wear his clothes as a disguise, on the occasion of the Tahitian's visiting, in behalf of Ratu Qara, a Bau town which was supposed to be vulnerable to the arms of mammon. In addition to the loan of his consular garments, Mr. Williams secured a passage for the messenger in one of Captain Crandell's whale-boats. From this time, both consul and king took little pains to conceal their mutual hatred.

The Tongan canoe did not remain long at Bau. The king allowed it to return, without any reference to his royal friend's pressing request, that he would become a Christian.

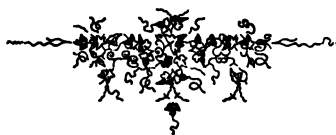






## CHAPTER X.

*The Crisis.*





## CHAPTER X.



### THE CRISIS.

*Causes of Change—Murder of Tui Cakau—Good Offices of the Queen—The King yields at last—Announcement to the Chiefs—Heathenism renounced—First Christian Sabbath at Bau—Important Changes—Schools—Fijian Opinions of the Change—Commotion of Priests—Threatening Predictions—The Prophets cured—Further Revolts—Naulivou—Bau in Danger—Victory at Koro—Ratu Qara again at War—Prayer and Fighting—The King in Peril—Proposed Political Reform—Good Influence of Captain Denham—The King's Illness—The League—Constant Alarms—Efforts to save Life—A Tale of Treachery—The Weeping Dalo—Death of Ratu Qara—Notes on his Life and Character—Important Help of the Ivngans—End of the Rebellion.*

**T**HE work of Providence is "as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel." In 1854 the movements of these wheels became more intelligible to those in Fiji who anxiously watched the signs of the times; and the historian marks this year as the commencement of a new epoch.

The prevailing opinion was, that Fiji could not be worse. All thought that a crisis was at hand. Many imagined that the impenitent ruler would harden his heart, and meet with an untimely fate. A few, indeed, did venture to contemplate the possibility of the opposition party advocating municipal reform, and a change in the national religion. All around was darkness, black as night, a night of storm and earthquake, before the morn of better days dawned on Fiji. Those missionaries who encountered the full unbroken fury of the political, social, and religious upheavings of this period, may justly place a deep black mark against this eventful year.

The lamented death of the faithful Elijah Varani was one of the proximate causes of this great change. Though he had recently been very ill-used by his royal friend, Thakombau, yet he sealed with his death a life of devotion to his master. His early grave betokened the fidelity of a meek Christian to a heathen tyrant.

In Elijah Varani's death the king had not merely lost a trusty counsellor and mighty warrior. When he allowed the Viwa chief to retain his connexion with the new religion, he had made, as he considered, an investment in Christianity. That investment he had now lost. His conscience was therefore discontented: for hitherto, when entreated to become himself a Christian, he had refused; satisfying himself by the reflection that he had made a sufficient sacrifice in the gift of his friend. "*A noqui tavi ko Varani*," ("Varani is the share I supply,") could no longer be urged on the missionaries in defence of his procrastination.

Another instrument was the indefatigable Rev. James Calvert. Combined with special anxiety for the spiritual salvation of Ratu Thakombau, he possessed a thorough acquaintance with the political perplexities of the chief, and a familiarity with the idiom of the language, which rendered his appeals in conversation almost irresistible. Perceiving the breach in the walls of the citadel, he advanced with steady determination to the assault.

Nor must the opposition of the white residents, and the hostility of Mr. Consul Williams, to the Bau king, be forgotten; for it was a blessing. These (with only a very few honourable exceptions) had successfully opposed the introduction into Bau of a missionary. So late as 1852, the consul had sent to inform the king, that if he permitted the erection in the city of a mission-house, he would find that by so doing he had broken his pitcher, and would lose the gain of years. All these were now encouraging the king's enemies, and could no longer exert their baneful influence over the mind of the chief.

But the Bauan ruler was most alarmed at the assassination of the king of Somosomo, a principality within the king's suzerainty. Tui Cakau had not been pleased with Thakombau's proceedings during the Natewa war; and his generous assistance to his suzerain, artfully granted in a time of need, had placed the Bauan king under an irksome obligation.

The politicians of Fiji were anxiously observing the state of Somosomo. They had noticed that in the case of Rewa, soon after the withdrawal of the missionaries, that city had been destroyed. They attributed its destruction to its refusal to embrace



Christianity, and the subsequent departure of the religious teachers. They had heard with alarm from the native converts that the Sacred Book contained the following sentence respecting the rejection of the Divine religion :—" Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." (Matthew x. 14, 15.) Somosomo was their difficulty. Missionaries had laboured in that region for eight dreary years, but the opposition of the chiefs had compelled the half worn out brethren to direct their labours to other channels, where success soon crowned their work of faith and labour of love. Six years had elapsed, and no adversity had befallen the forsaken city. The king had secured the friendship of a merchant, William Owen, Esq., whose noble and praiseworthy conduct has immortalized his name in the history of the Fijian mission. This gentleman, an old South Australian colonist, had commenced trading operations in that locality after a long dearth of vessels, and the people were thus enriched with their much-prized English muskets and British manufactures of all sorts. Proud of this change in their circumstances, the title of " Deliverer or Exalter of Somosomo " was bestowed on Mr. Owen by the chiefs. There was more in this circumstance than a stranger would suppose ; for the old heathen king meant to declare by it his defiance of that God whose messengers he had despised. The city politicians, and Thakombau himself, began to think that Somosomo had rejected Christianity, without any

degree of punishment being visibly attached to the present generation. This was the point that they were concerned to know.

The commencement of 1854 solved this problem. One midnight three conspirators stealthily entered Tui Cakau's house. One of them gently lifted up the mosquito-curtain, when the house-lamp revealed the position of the unsuspecting victim. The other two ruffians clubbed the sleeping chief. It is said that he awoke, and inquired, "Will you kill me?" The reply was, "Sir, the moon sets to-night." A well-directed blow with a battle-axe then finished his unfortunate career. His death was the signal of a sanguinary civil war.

The politicians were alarmed. The fourteenth and fifteenth verses of the tenth of Matthew were again quoted. It was no mitigation that a missionary was now actually living at Bau, and could abandon them if they refused to hearken to his instruction. Doubtless this consideration weighed heavily with the king of Bau. He was the first to communicate the intelligence to the missionary. This he did with much solemnity. For a day he kept uttering, "Tui Cakau is dead!"

The actual presence of the missionary in the heart of the camp was unquestionably of incalculable service at this critical period. During his last visit to Bau, Tui Cakau had opposed the building of a mission-house. All the heathen priests were united in the same course; boldly affirming that their gods would kill the missionary, whom they designated "the bird that has roosted on the hill." But, in spite of all this, a site had been granted, and a house built.

Never before had the king been so constantly and fully warned and instructed. It was the time to cry aloud and spare not, and Providence supplied the voice.

The panic during the late attack on Kaba also made a deep impression on the mind of the king. The gods had been propitiated, and had promised him success. Yet he had never sustained a defeat so unaccountable. What if the words of his missionary be true? What if his former success has been the result of the wisdom of his own plots, and the valour of his own followers? Then his past victories were not "of the gods," and he has been believing a lie. Why should he not embrace the truth, and become a Christian?

Then fell that well-directed shell which was thrown by him who so ably rules the Tonga group.

King George's letter arrived at the right moment. It presented to the king an opportunity of altering the national religion with credit to himself, and abundance of excuses to his followers. His own heart told him that the time for repentance and reformation had come. But the carnal mind is enmity against God; and he delayed.

His principal queen, Adi Samanunu, now urged decision. Her efforts were ridiculed by the majority of the regal harem. "The queen wants to escape the strangling which will take place on the death of her lord," said some. Others asserted that "the queen knew that such was her influence over the king, that she would become his married wife; and that was the sole reason why she wished him to become a Christian." Amidst these galling remarks, the queen continued to side with the missionary.

On the 27th of April the missionary had an unusually long interview in private with the king, entreating him to take up his cross and renounce heathenism. As his past life was brought vividly before him, he wept silently before his faithful reprover. "Will not God cast me off, if I call upon His name whom I have so ill-treated?" was his inquiry. At length he resolved to make the venture; and briefly, in a spirit of meekness altogether novel to his character, announced his decision to the missionary, who bade farewell to the king with a heart excited with thankfulness and joy, striving to repress the misgivings he could not but feel, that, after all, this good promise might not be fulfilled.

The day following the king held a full meeting of the chiefs, and governors from the adjacent towns on the mainland. Smothering his new-born feelings, he appeared in their midst as an acute man of the world. Having referred to the contrast between his own country and that of Tonga, and having expressed a wish to make some beneficial changes, he requested the missionary to state the purport of King George's despatch, and to translate the consul's letter. This was done. The missionary added a few remarks on the importance of the human soul. A long conversation ensued. Some endeavoured to cause the king to procrastinate, but he remained firm.

On Saturday Thakombau assembled his male relatives and the principal chiefs of the city. The political aspect of the question was fully discussed. A near relative of the king ventured to remind Thakombau, that he himself was the only man troubling Fiji; and that if he resolved to become a Christian,

the whole country would rejoice. It was eventually resolved that the king and Ratu Mua should wait on the missionary, as a deputation, to make certain inquiries. The result of this interview was deemed satisfactory, and the deputation returned to the meeting, and made its report. It was then resolved that the religion of Christ should be substituted for the vain traditions received from their fathers.

Immediately there was no small stir, it being the great day of preparation. Bales of native calicoes were opened, divided, and distributed amongst those who wished to clothe themselves. Several tons of taro were brought for the Sunday's consumption; and the provision was shared out amongst those who intended to renounce heathenism. The missionary was a partaker of the regal bounty.

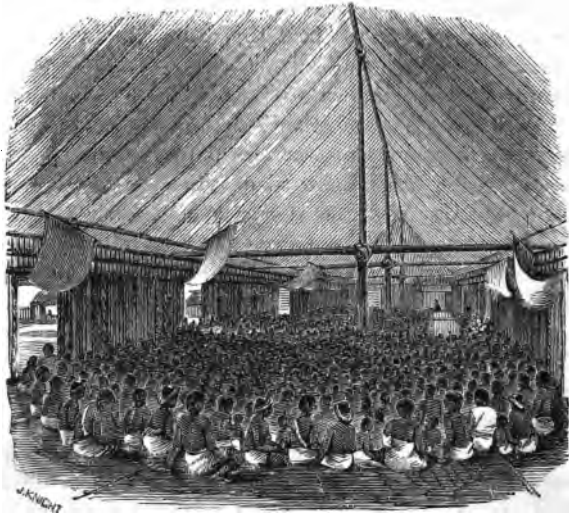
As a just tribute to the labours of the worthy missionary Calvert, I invited him to preach on the memorable occasion. The king, still anxious as to the policy of the movement, consulted Mr. Jones, a respectable Welshman, then at work in the city, as to the correctness of the movement. "It is the best act you ever performed," was the reply; a statement which was directly the opposite of those which the king had so frequently heard from other white men.

On the 30th the sun dawned propitiously on the eventful Sabbath. It was one of Fiji's loveliest cloudless days. Early in the morning, the mission families arrived from Viwa, including Mr. and Mrs. Calvert and their children, and Mr. E. P. Martin, whose hearty and praiseworthy labours in the print-

ing department have greatly enriched all Fiji. The word was passed to "beat the drum." The sound thrilled the hearts of all. The two great wooden drums of Fiji—known to the natives by the name of "The Publisher of War"—had never before been used but to congregate warriors and cannibals. Their sounds had often betokened death to the living captives who awaited the strong arm of their human butchers to relieve them from their awful suspense; their piercing pat-pat-pat had resounded when two hundred victims were piled in a heap, and had rolled as an accompaniment at all the bloody orgies of Bau. These drums were now beaten to assemble those who were willing to enrol themselves under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

The place set apart for the public service was the large dwelling (one hundred and twenty feet by thirty feet) known as the Strangers' House. In front is the Bau assembly-ground, in which the reviews are generally held. At the back are a number of ovens for cooking human flesh, now filled up, it is hoped, for ever. Near these is a large tree, on which are notched the number of those who have been cooked and eaten: it is covered from top to bottom with these mementoes of Fijian disgrace. Close by are the evergreen shrubs where certain portions of the eaten parties were hung as ornaments, and were now removed for the first time. This was the spot where the message of love to God and to man was now publicly proclaimed.

The king, preceded by his grey-headed, long-bearded family-priest, first entered the dwelling. About three hundred chiefs, women, attendants, and



PREACHING AT BAU.

children, followed the ruler. His own children, sat in the front; his wives and sisters, the other women of rank, and all the females, on the right hand: the king and all of his sex occupied the left. The change in the people was very striking. All had clean faces, and were suitably clad. True, the long beards of the men, and the well-dressed heads of hair of both men and women, remained; but the congregation was orderly, serious, and attentive. Previous to the commencement of worship, the chiefs respectfully removed their snow-white turbans.

The morning preacher was the Rev. James Calvert, the missionary who was the longest resident in the islands. The pleasing sight, the blessed reality,

half unnerved his powerful tongue. At the conclusion of the service, crowds came to the mission-house for alphabets, and groups assembled in various houses to learn to read.

I conducted Divine worship in the afternoon, and preached a sermon on the sin, repentance, and pardon of Manasseh. "And when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto Him: and He was entreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the Lord He was God." (2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13.)

On Monday the missionary, assisted by some pious natives, commenced family-prayer in the various dwellings, going from house to house. These devotional exercises were regularly conducted, until some of the people, in each house, began themselves to read the Scriptures and engage in prayer.

The following Sabbath three hundred more embraced Christianity.

Next day the temples were spoiled of their ornaments. Prayer was invariably offered to God in each temple before the act was done. Many of the new converts trembled whilst performing the deed. One of the deities, Langa, the god of rain and of fine weather, was carried in triumph to the mission-house.

An attack was also made upon a sacred forest in the vicinity. The carpenters were conveyed by water to the spot. Solemnly bowing before the great Creator, one of the teachers prayed aloud, and besought Him to prevent any evil from coming to them while they attacked "Satan's forest." They then



felled some of the monster iron-wood trees, which have been considered sacred for ages. Some of the poor carpenters trembled very much, lest an evil spirit should kill them. They were taught by tradition that their forefathers felled some of these trees on one occasion, and then retired to rest for the night. The next day, on repairing to the spot in order to square the logs, they were surprised to find that the trees were again in their proper position, and still growing!

Messengers were now sent to several islands, authorizing the inhabitants to renounce idolatry.

Public day-schools, for teaching reading and writing, were immediately commenced in Bau. The children's was held in the morning, and the adults' in the afternoon. Some of the young men learnt to read well in three days. These were immediately employed to help their fellows. The most marked attention was paid to the religious services. One day the king repeated to the missionary nearly the whole of the sermon he had heard on the previous afternoon.

On the 28th one hundred and fifty more Bauans entered the strangers' house, and joined themselves to the congregation of Christians. On the 1st of June it appeared that upwards of a thousand had renounced heathenism and placed themselves under the religious instruction of the missionary.

Let us pause for a moment to listen to the opinion of the country on this important reformation.

"His new religion shall not save Thakombau," exclaimed some. "It is only a fresh scheme to gain time; and when he recovers his position, he will throw

off his dress," said others. "His new God is a *spirit*, and cannot save his *body*, which we shall now easily kill," was the language of many. "He has forsaken the gods of his fathers, and is even now our prey," said a fourth party.

The enterprising Mara, who had himself long since professed to be a worshipper of the true God, was greatly confused when he heard the intelligence. He had hoped to secure the support of all the Christian parts of Fiji on account of his being himself of the new faith. The profession of Christianity by the king destroyed this hope, and Mara unintentionally discovered all his latent ambition. "So Thakombau is a Christian! Then we must fight for something different to religion. So long as he has a child, or a grandchild, in power, I will fight with him or with his descendants. I must myself be king."

Very different was the sentiment of the Lakemba people: "There is an oven in which all the Fijians are being cooked to be afterwards eaten; that oven is at Bau; and that oven is now closed. A remnant of our race will yet live, to cultivate the soil, and to occupy the country God has given us."

It was not to be expected that this national religious change would take place without great commotion amongst devils and priests.

What the Society of Jesus has been to Roman Catholicism, that has Daku been to Bauan heathenism. When idolatry has been on the decline, new life has been infused into the system by the sacerdotal clan of Daku. The town is indeed known by the title of "The Reviver of God-Worship." \*

\* See chapter on Mythology: *Eadi ni bure rua*.

One morning, a few weeks after the memorable 30th of April, there was a great stir in Daku. "*Sa rairai na Kalou!*" ("The god appears!") is shouted from house to house. A strange child has been born which is, according to Fijian ideas, a god; but in English parlance a monster. The child has a large head, and five deep imprints in his forehead, like the marks of so many thorns. He sits up unaided, and laughs immoderately: he must be ridiculing the new religion! On the fourth day he prepares to speak. Surely he will now demonstrate the truth of the ancient worship. A crowd congregates. The child assumes an erect position; begins to chatter; falls back, and expires! How unfortunate that no one could understand and explain the oracle!

Daku was then, notwithstanding its close connexion with Bau, wholly heathen. After this incident no Dakuan embraced Christianity for the space of two years and a half. Thirty thousand of their countrymen changed their religion before a single inhabitant of Daku ventured to do the same.

In the city of Bau itself there was considerable excitement. Commoners were seized with fits, which they alleged were the works of the renounced deities; nor would anything quiet and relieve such, but prayer offered to the true God on their behalf. The sceptical missionary resorted to various means, but all failed except prayer. The priestly converts became involuntarily inspired amidst the performance of their daily avocations, and announced in tones of deprecation that "the gods were going to leave Bau." One priest went in a great fright to the missionary. "Sir," said he, "Degei's son has clubbed me." On

inquiry, it appeared that the poor man had spasms, and cordials were administered; but he refused to leave the house until special prayer had been made for protection from Degei's son.

At last a pseudo-priest is inspired, and tidings of woe are announced in consequence of the late profession of Christianity. Then another, late the high-priest, becomes the shrine of the great and much-feared god, Cagawalu, and declares that the king and his chiefs are to be punished in a signal manner for their presumption in imputing frailty to the Fijian deities. Yagodamu, the king's cousin, who was to be, according to the country custom, the king's assassinator, summoned the high-priest to give an account of himself. "Why do you predict evil to Thakombau?" said he: "Everybody expects he will be killed in revenge for past deeds. But let your god tell something about me, who have no enemies; and if the event follows, we will again credit you." The king was vastly pleased when he heard this loyal and sagacious speech of his now trusty cousin, and felt himself to be at liberty to harangue the dreaded priest. He consulted a Tongan as to what was to be done. "Please, sir," replied he, "king George whipped the devil out of his priests." "And so will I," exclaimed the king. The priests therefore were all sent for on the 6th day of June. They came, and sat in a ring around the king. Thakombau made a set speech on the general subject, and concluded by asking the two principal priests whether the gods had lately been making revelations to them. The reply was in the affirmative. "But as the predictions were not favourable to me, why did you not

conceal them?" inquired the king. "Sir," simultaneously replied the two, "we feared the gods." Thakombau rose, called to his Tongan attendant to bring the whip, and began to severely beat them. "You fear the gods whom you have never seen; and are not afraid of me, your chief, whom you have seen." The men roared with pain. "Which will you fear most in future?" inquired Thakombau: "the devil or me?" "You, sir!" was the answer. The castigation ceased. All the other priests were then asked whether the gods had been troubling them; but the whole conclave denied being guilty. The king's drubbing was evidently more real than Degei's. This public action gave evidence that Thakombau no longer feared the gods of Bau. The populace were amazed; and were soon alarmed as well.

Rumours of evil and dissatisfaction came in from all the provinces. The island of Koro received the state enemies, and the whole of that important place was on the verge of being lost. Then three towns, within two or three miles of the city, revolted. A number of influential chiefs, including two of the king's younger brothers, absconded in a large canoe, and joined the enemy; whilst it was publicly stated that they had arranged with Yagodamu to assassinate Thakombau, as soon as they could bring an army within sight of Bau. Koroiravulo had long since arranged with the three towns that they should join his party. Thakombau had well treated these people ever since he had usurped entire authority over them; but they remained faithful to him no longer than their legitimate owner permitted. At his signal, the drum of rebellion was beaten; a suspected man, who lived

in the town, was killed and eaten, to show that the movement was no feint; and the town itself was occupied as the enemy's extreme outpost. The two parties were now within musket-shot of each other, and daily skirmishes took place under the eye-sight of the writer. Thakombau now saw that he had miscalculated the energies of his more youthful opponent.

The leader of the runaways was Naulivou. Young as he was in years, he was no stranger to the sweets of despotism. When about sixteen years of age, he called at the island of Susui, near Vanua Balavu, where he fell in love with a pretty girl. He knew that he could not gain the lady by fair means; so he instantly resolved to employ violence. When the people were in the assembly-ground, presenting the customary cooked provisions, he immediately seized the two local chiefs as prisoners, and conveyed them to his canoe. The inhabitants endeavoured in vain to propitiate their guest, and to secure the release of the captives. "There was only one thing that could cut the cord," was the suggestive reply. The girl must be given up. O! what weeping! Her companions distracted, her parents overwhelmed, her lover raving, she was led to the Baanan canoe, and exchanged for the prisoners.

A few days after this, Naulivou seized a canoe which he met at sea, and sent the prize as a present to his Bau friends.

Sympathy with the oppressed was, therefore, far from being the motive of Naulivou's desertion. He was probably influenced by the opposition of the whites; for he readily perceived the superiority of

civilization over barbarism, and perhaps supposed that in this instance the foreigners were in the right. Yet it must be admitted that his situation was peculiarly distressing. He had recently been sent to a Nakelo town, where he spent a week of misery, arising from the trying circumstances that invariably accompany the treacherous "turning" of a Fijian town, or rather the changing of its masters. When Serudakuwaqa designed his revolt from Rewa, he first communicated with Bau. Ascertaining that the intended movement would be acceptable to the Vunivalu, he then requested the Bau king to send some chiefs to protect him, whilst he beat the drum of rebellion. Naulivou was sent for this purpose, accompanied by a force of fifty able men. This, of course, was only moral force; intimating the firm concord that had been caused to exist between the Nakelo Seru and the Bau government. The change was then effected. But however composed Naulivou might be externally, he had a host of inward fears. What if he and his followers are only entrapped? He eats; but he is marvellously and rapidly satiated. He sleeps; but he keeps one eye open. In a few days he is satisfied that the movement is genuine, and is relieved from his unpleasant fears; yet he returns home as soon as etiquette allows him to leave the new ally.

And now Bau was hemmed in; and, unless the missionary's influence prevented an outbreak in the city, the king must soon fall before his numerous enemies. A letter was sent to me, in the names of the king of Rewa and his Bauan allies, warning me to leave the city, as it would soon be burnt, and they

feared that they would be unable to protect me from the ruffian warriors.

Appearances and rumours were very alarming. Kaba, the head-quarters of the enemy, swarmed with hostile forces, the hills being covered with men, as seen through the telescope at Bau. A fleet was conveying these troops to Cautata, whence they would be able to march without hindrance to the city. This was seen ; but other thoughts engrossed the attention. It was whispered that there was to be a simultaneous action between the besiegers and a traitorous party in the town itself. Yagodamu, the king's cousin, was to massacre Thakombau in the chapel, or on the way to it, in revenge for the murder of his father, when the son was a beardless boy. Having removed my family to Viwa, with the wives of the teachers, I remained, awaiting, in a state of the most anxious suspense, the dawning of the Lord's day. With the death of the king, there would probably be a relapse into heathenism, and certainly a fearful slaughter in the town. I waited on Yagodamu, acknowledged Thakombau's guilt, but implored him to exercise mercy, lest the cause of Christianity be injured. The chief consented ; but I knew too well the native character to trust in any such promise. I laid the matter before my Master in heaven, and ordered the church-bell to be rung. But the demon of fear stalked in every street and lane, and no one appeared. After a time, a few men approached slowly ; but they were armed, and sat down outside the chapel. Presently the king arrived, accompanied by an armed guard ; and then his cousin, at the head of a similar force, entered the building. The service was commenced ; but every man eyed his neighbour,



none the preacher. I prayed. A man belonging to the king remained standing as sentry, with a loaded musket. The service was short, the congregation was dismissed, and so far, thanks to an ever-present God, the crisis was over. But the disembarkation of the hostile army was continued at Cautata. Thakombau, with twenty picked canoes, sailed thither, and was completely successful in scattering the enemy's fleet, and separating his forces. The enemy was amazed. Instead of treacherous co-operation, he received a bold attack at sea.

As the two fleets met, there occurred an incident which is historically parallel to that which took place at the battle of Fontenoy.\* After the Kaba and Lasakau men had saluted each other, the latter said, "Chiefs of Kaba, fire!" The Kabans replied, "Chiefs of Lasakau, we do not fire first: fire yourselves." The Lasakauans then began to discharge their muskets.

Whole districts soon joined the enemy, and Bau itself, for the first time since the bloody revolution of 1837, was placed in a state of defence. In the meantime the king gave way to despondency. Only two men in the city openly showed themselves to be friendly to him; the missionary and a faithful Tongan. Yagodamu's house was crowded; and a long array of orphans, whose fathers had been killed by Thakombau, followed his train wherever he went. The king himself and the missionary both thought

\* The reader will remember that the English officers saluted the French by pulling off their hats. The officers of the French guard returned them the salute. Lord Hay, captain of the English guards, cried, "Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!" The Count d'Auteroche replied in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, we never fire first: fire yourselves!" The English then gave them a running fire.

the hour of vengeance had arrived. I endeavoured to lead the man of blood to repent of his past misdeeds. He spent his days privately with me, no longer concealing his compunction of conscience. It was at length necessary to urge him to attend to the affairs of the state. A friend suggested to Thakombau that Yagodamu would be better employed in reducing the Koro rebels to subjection than in causing fear in Bau by his presence. The cousin was therefore despatched on this warlike errand.

Yagodamu did his work leisurely, but well. The rebels had obtained possession of one half of the island at the time of his arrival. But he said that was no matter, they must pray the more; to encourage them, he could tell them that he had heard the missionary say in a sermon, that "with God all things are possible." He frightened the enemy as much with his prayers, which he caused to be said before every attack, as by his cannon. He collected heathen troops from Gau and Nairai, and told them to "fight as well as the Christians." In short, he restored confidence to the royal party. The rebels were at last driven into a town, well fortified with a stone wall and cannon. Yagodamu surrounded the fortress, but acted more like Joshua at Jericho than like a Bau chief. Prayer, prayer, prayer, all day long. The heathen portion of his army began to admire the devotion and the apparent faith of the new religionists. Suddenly, when the besieged thought there would be more prayer than battle, the chief ordered an immediate assault, and the place was taken by surprise. All the rebels were spared, although some of the besiegers were clamorous for

their extermination. Several hundreds on both sides renounced heathenism, as the sequel of this expedition; and peace was established at Koro. Three months were thus occupied in its subjugation.

In the neighbourhood of Bau, Ratu Qara was re-opening hostilities. He had successfully defended many towns from Thakombau; but it remained to be seen whether his army would be as invincible in aggression as in defence. He selected the town of Dravo as the object of attack. If that town yielded, the army could at once march into Bau, mingling with the fugitives. Dravo sent to Bau, demanding help. It could ill be spared; for a body of the enemy, stationed at Cautata, annoyed the city daily, and skirmishing was constantly going on. But the preservation of Dravo was essential to the safety of Bau, and as many as could be spared were sent to help in its defence. Most fortunately for Bau, Captain Dunn had just arrived from America with a large quantity of arms and ammunition. He refused to recognise the compact between the whites, by means of which they hoped to see Bau destroyed, but at once sailed to Bau. His visit was most opportune. Muskets, powder, and lead were purchased greedily, and Bau was saved.

The conduct of the Dravo defence was entrusted to Thakombau's eldest brother, who had been a very staunch heathen. It seemed strange to him to commence warlike operations without any reference to the temples. When the approach of the enemy was reported, he laid a strong ambush outside the town, at the head of which he remained. As the vast army rolled on, burning to avenge the wrongs received at the hands of the great king, whose power was now

on its wane, the chief, alarmed at his situation, commanded his men to chant the Lord's prayer on their knees. On came the enemy whilst the Bauan party were thus engaged. The ambush was discovered, but the enemy was disconcerted at finding their foes on their knees. The assailants paused; the chanting ceased; the stentorian voice of the Bauan leader exclaimed, "Fight away!" and the men of prayer charged the enemy with an impetuosity that bore all before it. Portions of the ambush closed in on some of the leaders of the enemy, and killed them. Nine or ten fell, and the grand army was seized with a panic, and fled. This engagement was regarded by the populace as a trial between the gods of Fiji and Jehovah; and afforded them more proof of the truth of the new religion than all the works ever written on the "Evidences" would have supplied.

The king's enemies still used every means within their reach to humble or annoy Thakombau. His own party were worn out. "There is only one man to be killed," said they; "and then we shall have peace." The king seemed likely to reap as he had sown. He had ill-used *every* friend, and turned the hearts of all men against him. The populace, long favourably inclined towards the new religion, but prevented by Bauan opposition and persecution from embracing its profession, now hated Christianity, *because it was the religion of Thakombau*. His death was sought, not because he was a Christian, but because of his former ambition, pride, cruelty, and ingratitude to tried friends.

Thakombau felt that he deserved death, and became more humble and teachable. But, for a long

while, he would not allow himself to entertain a forgiving spirit towards his enemies.

After a time, the chiefs assembled in council, and decided upon seizing, by a *coup de main*, the canoes belonging to the rebel chiefs. But, in consequence of the king being advised to forbear a little longer, the order was countermanded. Although this step originated with the king, yet the common people, secretly encouraged by mischievous chiefs, blamed the missionary for the measure, which, as they thought, deprived them of very considerable plunder. The chief of the Lasakanans asked why the mission-house should not be burnt for this act of interference, as he termed it. This was sufficient encouragement to stimulate his men to annoy us ; which they did in their own effectual way. They spoke openly of stoning me, and robbed my premises almost hourly. A constant discharge of stones was kept up for several evenings. At night my sheep were killed ; and two attempts were made to enter our house, but were frustrated. The king entreated the missionary, with tears in his eyes, to endure this harassing persecution, protection being out of his power. "You are suffering," said he, "because you uphold my authority. Those who ill-treat you are traitors, and desire to deliver me into the hands of my enemies."

The king of Rewa and his allies again sent to me, urging my departure from Bau, or they would not be answerable for the consequences. I still believe that if I had taken that step,—a step to which also some of my brethren directed my attention,—the conflict would have been ended, within twenty-four hours of my departure, by the death of the king. But, by the

grace of God, I resolved to remain at Bau at all hazards. I saw distinctly the great change that was taking place in Thakombau, and in the people generally; and I could not forsake them, although they had ill-used me. When the king was informed that I was unmoved by the message from Rewa, he was deeply affected, and said to me, "When the vessel is sinking, every one is anxious to provide for his own safety, as many of my own relatives are now doing; but you, whom I have reviled, remain to perish with me!" I replied, "Only be faithful to God, and follow the guidance of His word, and I will remain with you until your death, should it be permitted to come to pass during the present agitation."

Thakombau now made offers of peace to his old adversary, Ratu Qara, the king of Rewa. This chief had negotiated for peace *no less than fourteen times*, when he was in adversity; but Thakombau had refused to become friendly with him. *He* was now gaining ground, and there was but a step between Thakombau and death. The Rewa chief looked like a man being consumed with a desire for revenge. He remembered, with great feeling, that he had humbled himself fourteen times in vain; that, in spite of the entreaties of his sister-in-law, Thakombau had killed his brother with his own hand; and that, when Rewa was destroyed, his three sons and heirs, who were far too young to fight, were barbarously murdered. Still it was hoped that a message *from* Thakombau to his irritated kinsman would be sufficient to pacify him.

For the first time, under the influence, not of fear, (for he would have placed his head under the club

sooner than acknowledge his error, or his political weakness,) but of a clemency, originating in his maturing belief in our holy, "pure, and undefiled religion," Thakombau made an advance towards reconciliation with the man whom he had so repeatedly injured. The friendly proposal was instantly rejected with scorn, and with defiance of Heaven itself. "We shall see," said he of Rewa, "whether Jehovah, who is a *spirit*, can save the *body* of Thakombau." Turning to Mr. Moore, he rejoined, "Had a Fijian brought that message, I would have killed and eaten him."

Simultaneously with this, one of Koroiravulo's spies was taken in the act of bribing a Bau town. Instead of being clubbed and eaten, as he would have been a few months previously, he was presented with food and clothing, recommended to become a Christian, and then escorted in safety to his own town. His friends, supposing that he had been killed as a matter of course, had strangled a woman, to pay respect to his memory.

I now urged the king to occupy the attention of the people by some scheme of political reform. By request, I drew up the following simple plan, which received the royal consideration:—

(PROPOSED OCTOBER, 1854.)

"HAVING embraced Christianity, and being desirous of elevating our country, we, the King and Chiefs of Bau, do hereby agree:—

"1. To take no revenge for past offences amongst ourselves or kindred.

"2. To forbid within our dominions strangling, cannibalism, and internal war.

"3. To engage in no war without the consent of the majority of the Chiefs in council assembled. We will endure all the insults that the enemy can devise against us by mischievous talking and boasting; and will no longer engage in war on account of a woman.

"4. To condemn, by our example, the practice of polygamy, which is so injurious to our land.

"5. To tolerate every religion within our dominions so long as our just laws are respected by its professors; and we will not allow any Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Heathen to be persecuted on account of his faith.

"6. To abolish the title and rank of Vunivalu, and substitute that of King, to commemorate the establishment of this improved order of government. The King shall be aided in the government by the Chiefs, who shall meet monthly for the purposes of deliberation, and whose conference may be continued day after day, until prorogued by the King.

"7. To allow every accused Chief belonging to the said assembly a trial before his assembled peers: those of inferior rank to be tried by the King, or by his deputy-judge.

"8. To allow every Chief of this assembly to be a magistrate *ex-officio*, to dispose of minor offences.

"9. To allow to every town and district the right of appeal to this assembly, in the event of an improper or extortionate tribute having been imposed upon it; and the assembly shall judge righteously in all such cases."

The king acknowledged the force of many of these suggestions; but his mind was not yet prepared for a



constitutional government, and he rejected the whole, with the characteristic remark, "I was born a chief, and I will die a chief."

On the 8th of November the king had a conference with his rebellious brother Mara, on board the "Dragon." Captain Dunn brought the two chiefs together unexpectedly, with the hope of making peace. When the king found out the arrangement, he at first refused to see Mara, and hid himself in the fore-castle. But he afterwards relented, and a long and interesting interview was the result. Mara appeared to soften, and the king forgave him. But there was no satisfactory result.

The next day Thakombau accepted the invitation of Captain H. M. Denham, R.N., and went on board H.B.M. surveying-ship "Herald," lying at anchor in the port of Ovalau; where he offered to meet all those who had exiled themselves from Bau, hear their grievances, redress their wrongs, and pardon their crimes. But none of the rebel party went near.

The king also wished on this occasion to set himself right with the whites as a community. He had sent complaints to the Sydney government; and he had also teased his missionary into writing to Captain Denham, stating that he had "very grave charges against" certain "British subjects." The king also wished to prove his innocence of the burning of Levuka. Under these circumstances, Capt. Denham held the court on board H.M.S. "Herald." But the whites refused to attend, with the exception of Mr. D. Whippy, the U.S. vice-consul, and Mr. Humbers; who were received as the representatives of the British

and Americans. The following are some of the questions which suggested themselves, and answers ensued as annexed:—

*The President.*—“Of what grievances do the white residents complain?”

*Mr. Humbers.*—“Levuka was burnt fourteen months ago; and it is quite evident it could not be burnt without the consent of Thakombau.”

*President.*—“Of what does that evidence consist?”

*Mr. Humbers.*—“He being king of the Fijis, or so styled, the act must have been done under his knowledge, as a matter of course; until he fixes it upon somebody else.”

*President, to the King.*—“You are accused by Mr. Humbers of having burnt Levuka. What have you to allege to the contrary?”

*The King.*—“Three days after the Malaki affair a messenger came from Levuka, to appease me for what they had done. I said, ‘What business have you to help the white men? If anything happens to them, leave them alone to themselves; for they are from another country.’ I know nothing of the burning of Levuka.”

*President, to the King.*—“As a Christian man, having the honour of a king, did you know then, or have you heard since, at whose instance the act was perpetrated?”

*The King.*—“No one reported to me they were going to burn the town. If any one had done so, I would now reveal it.”

*The President.*—“Have you any other grievance, or act of oppression, to accuse Tui Viti of, subsequent to the burning of Levuka?”

*Mr. Humbers.*—“None; except our being restricted from trading with certain places. This restriction was issued by Varani, chief of Viwa.”

*President, to the King.*—“Did you approve of the act of Varani which restricted the trade of the white men?”

*The King.*—“Varani reported it to me, and I told him to please himself about it. This was after he, as chief of Viwa, had sent a letter to that effect.”

*The President.*—“Have you, the whites, anything else to accuse Tui Viti of?”

*Mr. Humbers.*—“He has not had the power to do anything else; his power being on the decline.”

*President, to the King.*—“Have you any complaints to make against the white residents at Levuka?”

*The King.*—“None.”

*President, to the King.*—“Are you ready and willing to protect them and their trade in your dominions?”

*The King.*—“Yes.”

During this conference Thakombau officially stated the extent of his dominions; the smallness of which, as compared with the country at large, caused much amusement to those who had been styling him “King of Fiji.” On his explaining his position with reference to Somosomo, Lakemba, &c., Captain Denham exclaimed, “Why, he is more than a king; he is an emperor!” But when asked what portion of Fiji constituted the kingdom in which he would protect the whites, he gave the answer as recorded in the minuted matter. The title “King of Fiji” is entirely of English origin. Thakombau has never been installed or recognised as such by the Fijian princes generally. It is questionable whether its adoption

has been of any real use, as it has caused very great jealousy. "He the king of Fiji!" said Tui Cakau in 1851: "Why, he cannot pay for one only of the two vessels that have come for him; whilst I could pay for both. But what do the foreigners know as to who is king?" "The king of Fiji!" exclaimed some saucy independent tribes: "Who is he? We have heard of Namosimalua; but who can the king of Fiji be?" Still, he is unquestionably the greatest Fijian king; and, in the event of confederation, he would undoubtedly be chosen as the leader.

It was, however, in vain that the king professed that he had no complaints against the whites, under the hope that they would thus become friendly. They continued to distrust him, and to assist those who were opposed to him. Nor was he more cordial towards them. His conduct on board the "Herald," in exonerating those against whom he had said he had "very grave charges," is a forcible comment on the words of inspiration, "Put not your trust in princes."

Ratu Qara, of Rewa, had offered to end the strife by fighting a duel. "'Tis a shame," said he, "that so many are being killed: let you or me die." Thakombau replied, "Are we dogs, then, that we must fight it out ourselves? We are both chiefs; and let us fight like chiefs, employing our own men."

In addition to the extremity to which Bau had been reduced by the league,\* the king was in a very

\* The league consisted of the king of Rewa, and his colleague, Mr. Consul Williams, Mara and Company, Tui Levuka, and the Ovalau whites. The purpose of this league was thus stated in a letter dated November, 1853, addressed by Pickering to the consul, and afterwards made public:—"We are all united on this island, both black and white.

enfeebled state of health. He was greatly afflicted with sores; and some of the rebels feared lest death should prove a swifter messenger than the club. Some knowing ones said the illness was all a sham, and that he would be well quickly enough should his party begin to gain any success. There were not wanting those, however, who attributed the illness of the king to the anxiety of the missionary to lead him to repentance. These supposed that drugs were administered to make the king ill, and that when he had become spiritually healed, medicine would be given which would restore him to his wonted state of energy! On one occasion, some hostile chiefs requested me to administer poison instead of medicine, and thus relieve them of their great foe!

Of course, in these distressing circumstances, desertions from Bau were frequent. In the morning, the first question asked in the city was, "Has any one else run away last night?" Some of the king's menials occasionally absented themselves.

In the dead of night an alarm of danger was frequently given. Spies were sometimes discovered, but escaped; and it was supposed that they had come to fire the town. There is no doubt whatever as to the enemy sometimes coming to reconnoitre the mission-house by night. A call to arms at midnight

The agreement is to stop all ships of going to Bau. I hope you will help us in a just cause. I send you some pens and ink by Macomber. Should you want anything at any time, don't be backward in sending for it. If you are short of small stores, or anything, send for it. If you don't, I shall think hard of it. The first ship of war comes, I shall send you on a boat directly, as now we are, as America is, saucy and independent."—The consul afterwards used Pickering's "pens and ink" pretty freely. Subsequently he visited America, and secured a terrible visit from a man-of-war. The "small stores" would be very acceptable, as Mr. Williams was in very reduced circumstances at the time.

was by no means rare. Sometimes the Sabbath service was abruptly concluded, as the men were called to battle.

The most alarming reports were carried to the distant mission-stations: such as, "The king is killed and eaten;" "The mission-house has been burned;" "The city is destroyed;" "The mission-family has had to flee from Bau at a moment's notice," &c.

There were also traitors in the city; and their signals, made with lighted reeds by night, were sometimes visible to the townsfolk. Watches were set; and once, but once only, the daring signal-man had a very narrow escape from capture.

For nine long dreary months Bau was thus almost besieged. The people were often without food till late in the afternoon. The mission-party were sufferers with the others. They knew not what a day might bring forth. The cannibal death-drum was heard almost every night, and sometimes in three or four different directions. More than once did the missionary family see, from its own residence, some poor creature, sometimes a member of the congregation, killed and carried off to be cooked and eaten. If I went from home for a mile or two, I frequently heard a bullet whizzing over my head. For months we had reason to apprehend injury by night from the hand of the incendiary, and at all hours were we aroused with tidings of impending danger.

At those places on the adjacent coast of Great Fiji where preaching was kept up, the people came armed to the service, ready at a moment's notice to engage with the foe. On such occasions there was more reason to be afraid of the loaded fire-arms in a

crowded house than of the enemy that were hourly expected.

This pressure from without aided the cause of the missionary. A public prayer-meeting was held every night and morning, which was well attended. The spiritual leaders of the people endeavoured to impress upon them that they should be as much alarmed for their souls' welfare as they evidently were for that of their bodies.

The saving of the lives of war-prisoners was now introduced by the Bauan king. All who were taken alive were spared; and it was announced to be Thakombau's wish that prisoners should be captured alive, if possible. This was not in accordance with popular feeling; but a little money soon removed the difficulty. It was made known that the missionary would present property for every prisoner whose life was saved. This gave efficiency to the new regulations; and I was repeatedly, and with much satisfaction, called to redeem my pledge.

To maintain my neutrality, I made the same offer to the enemy. "Let the odium of killing the prisoners remain with your king," I said. "If you save life, you will receive recompense from me; and the Rewa king, your master, will pay you just the same, whether you deliver your captives dead or alive." To this, assent was apparently given. But it was sweeter for them to kill than to save: or perhaps they received a hint from Rewa that no living Bauan would be welcome. A few mornings after their interview with me, the enemy killed four men whom they could have captured alive with the greatest ease.

The case of one of the recipients of this mercy illustrates the deceitfulness of the people. A certain man, having quarrelled with his wife, resolved to join the Bau side. Leaving his own town, he proceeded towards the hostile town of Naisausau, the inhabitants of which were then waiting in ambush. The unlucky individual walked into their net, and was instantly captured. In vain did he give his captors to understand that he had approached them for the purpose of joining their side. His tale was treated as an idle excuse, and he himself pronounced a fair prize. Some were for killing him; but the majority desired to secure the garden-tools which were offered by the missionary as a reward for saving life. The captive was then stripped naked, and led with triumph, first to Namata, and then to Bau. The cannibal song was sung over him. At Bau he was re-clothed and fed; and the next morning was sent home to his friends. He had had enough of joining the Bau side, and resolved to retaliate on the Namata people for having insulted him by dancing the death-song over him.

Some time after this, the chief of Namata was surprised one night with a stolen visit from the same young man. "Sir," said he, addressing the chief, "I come to engage to betray Nananu, as a token of gratitude for your saving my life." The hearer rejoiced; for here was a prospect of renown. A conspiracy was formed. The young man said that the Nananu people were going to steal an attack on the Bauan town of Dravuni; but that he would find an excuse for remaining at home; that the Namata chief should lead his forces to Nananu at the appointed time, and



he himself would betray the place into the chief's hands by setting the town on fire. The conspirators parted.

The day previous to that named by the traitor witnessed the entrance into Dravuni of a strong reinforcement of Bauans.

Next day Roko Tui Namata marched in full force against Nananu. The gates were closed, and all was silent, as was expected; for all egress is forbidden after the departure of the fighting-men. The man who preceded the army as a sort of spy now made the concerted signal, by burning a few dry leaves. The reply was given from the town in a solo, sung by the traitor. The warriors drew nigh. They were to attack the town in three several places, and at the same instant the incendiary was to perform his work. But an old man ventured to entertain doubts, and climbed up a high tree. Within the town appeared a forest of spears, clubs, and guns! "Treachery! Double treachery!" is the cry. The advancing divisions halt. The town pours forth its hosts,—an army congregated from miles around,—and the Bauans retreat. Narrow had been the escape. Indeed, if the enemy had taken the precaution to station a force in one of the woods to cut off the retreat, there would have been a fearful slaughter. As it was, the casualties were few.

Early in the new year (1855) a strange rumour reached Bau. A certain vegetable (*dalo*) had been cooked at Rewa, and served up on a wooden tray, to supply one of Ratu Qara's wives with a repast. Suddenly it became evident that the taro was weep-

ing. Her curiosity being excited, Adi Civo inquired why it cried. Was Rewa about to be destroyed? A note of dissent issued from the *dalo*. Was her own father near his death? Was Thakombau? The names of some scores of chiefs were mentioned; but dissent was still expressed by the taro. At last the alarmed lady inquired, "Is my lord, the king of Rewa, about to die?" The sign of assent was given, and the crying ceased.

The report caused universal excitement; for superstition exercises a powerful sway. Suddenly the beating of certain drums ceased. A chilling report paralysed the drummers. The king of Rewa, Ratu Qara, "the Hungry Woman," "the Long Fellow," is dead! The whole country seemed hushed in dismay; for a mighty man, Thakombau's only formidable rival, had fallen. At any rate, it now seemed certain that the Christian religion would be established.

Thakombau's elder brother was restrained with difficulty from beating the cannibal tune at midnight, on account of the great news.

Ratu Qara was a firm and consistent believer in the faith of his fathers. When a refugee, he was officially advised to become a Christian. "What!" said he, "become Christian? Why, we could not then avenge our wrongs!" "O," said his minister of state, "let us change our religion, and still carry on our plan for revenge." "No, that will never do," was the reply of the chief: "we cannot worship a God of love, and seek to murder our fellow-creatures."

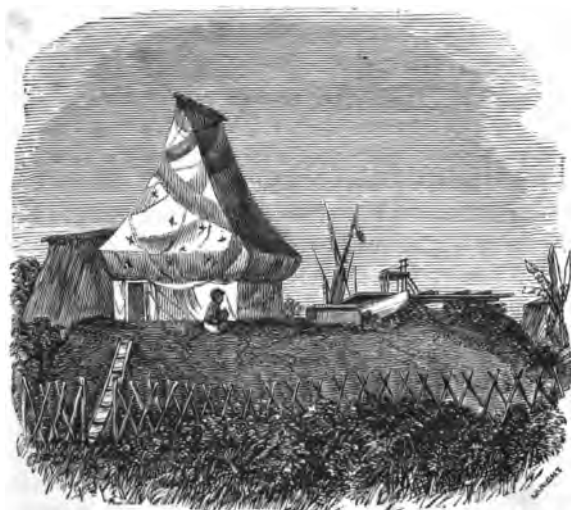
His intercourse with the civilized world did not abate his faith in the traditions received from his ancestors. A few months previous to his death, he

offered to go into the river, whenever sharks were discovered, to prove to the missionary Moore, that his person was peculiarly sacred.

Though originally a persecutor, yet he subsequently became the friend of the missionaries. The Rev. William Moore re-occupied Rewa in 1854, nine years after the town had been vacated by his predecessors. He found Ratu Qara personally as kind to him as he had been to them. But he would not allow Mr. Moore to plant in the mission-garden during *tabu* months, nor to make any noise by means of the wooden drum. The missionary was most zealous in endeavouring to induce the chief to renounce heathenism; but his efforts were, on the whole, unsuccessful.\* Yet it was evident that an impression was made on the mind of the chief; and, but for the advice of some of the foreigners, he would probably have become reconciled to his personal adversary, King Thakombau. On one occasion he relented so far as to give up a slain body to Mr. Moore. For hours had the missionary pleaded with him, and begged to be allowed to bury the corpse, which had been brought for the oven. Ratu Qara replied that human flesh was all he received from his warriors in return for the costly subsidies with which he constantly supplied his troops,

\* The Rev. William Moore, under date of the 13th of December, 1854, writes: "The chief is doing all he can to make sure work of Bau. No stone is being left unturned. The two very nice temples are finished. The chief has sent a very polite message to me, saying we must not continue the religious services at Na Vunise, [the sacred part of the town,] lest the god be angry at the noise. He wishes us to have the worship at our own end of the town for the present. This led to a very pleasant conversation about the gods, in which he said he was not paying any intentional disrespect to Jehovah; but was putting his own gods on their final trial, and of course must not offend the priests." Of course this gentle mandate was obeyed.

and therefore he could not throw it away in the manner proposed. At length—and it was past midnight—the missionary gained his point. The corpse was deposited in a secure place for the night; and Mr. Moore, grateful for the first gleam of success, returned home to rest his weary limbs. Early in the morning he arose to superintend the burial of the body, but was astonished to find that it had been stolen during the night! The secret had oozed out, and the cannibals, after all, secured their meal.



RATU QARA'S GRAVE.

Ratu Qara was buried with somewhat less than the usual state. The missionary Moore entreated the chiefs not to strangle any of the widows; and they so far yielded to his prayers as to be satisfied with the

death of one only. The chief was then buried at Muanidele; and his flag, musket, powder-horn, chest, mats, native drapery, canoe, &c., were placed over the vicinity of the grave.

The partial prevention of the customary widow-strangling was the result of missionary Moore's presence on the spot. He was exceedingly anxious to gain the point, as it would form a precedent in the case of men of less rank. To ensure success, he first sought the co-operation of the Roman Catholic missionary, the Rev. Mr. Matthew. But Mr. Matthew politely declined to make united effort against the strangling; stating that "it was contrary to his instructions to interfere with the customs of the country." A strange excuse! Why, his very errand as a missionary was antagonistic to the "customs" of Fiji. Idolatry and religious acts of cruelty are "customs," which must disappear in proportion to his success as a missionary, and which his mere presence should condemn.\*

\* The following extracts of letters from the Rev. William Moore give particulars of Batu Qara's death:—

(23d of January, 1855.) "Tui Dreketi is very ill with dysentery. He has been near death's door during the last week; and Rewa has been filled with alarm. He would not allow his priests to come near him for some time. The priests, and chiefs, and all say that they are only waiting for the word of the chief to embrace Christianity. I have had a good deal of talk with the chief; who does not promise to *lots*, but says he will see, if he gets well. He still keeps firm as to having Thakombau killed."

(29th of January.) "Roko Tui Dreketi died on Friday morning, about daylight. We have been in a great deal of excitement ever since. It is only through the mercy of God that some of us have not been killed. I have not feared much as to myself, although some of them have charged me with killing the chief. But I have feared most for the Tongans, or lest our house should be burned by some of the *Bati* [king's paid followers]. But, thank God, things are settling down a little. I have been placed in unpleasant circumstances from the way in which

Most remarkable it is, that Thakombau's enemy died so far deprived of the faculty of speech, that he was unable to bequeath the war as a legacy to his followers; a bequest which would have compelled them either to conquer, or be utterly vanquished before they surrendered.

A treaty of peace was soon made between Bau and Rewa; but the Bau rebels still held out against the king.

In March, Thakombau had the pleasure of welcoming his former guest, King George of Tonga. The Tongan monarch was accompanied by about forty large canoes. After endeavouring in vain to act as mediator between all parties, in the course of which one of his chiefs was killed, the Tongan court unanimously resolved to help the king in the subjection of his rebellious people.

The expected interference of the foreigners secured to the rebel party the alliance of many tribes, who

the chief treated the state-ministers and the priests. They went several times to him to *soro* [express regret], and he sent them away. They blamed me for the whole; and said, I was making the chief weak and ill as you did Thakombau, in order that he might become a Christian; and lots of other unpleasant things. I took but little notice, as I thought the chief was getting better; but on Thursday he had a relapse, which terminated in death. They have strangled but one lady. She was ill, and, they said, 'was of no use to live.' The Noco lady was not strangled: I do not know the reason why. Of course I did all I could to prevent the expected strangulations; and Mrs. Moore also went, and presented her request for the lives. The Bau ladies waited for Koroiravulo and the Bau chiefs of his party, who came, and refused to strangle any; for which the Rewa people are very angry.

"The chief is buried in the best new temple, which has just been built, Muanidele. We feel his loss very much, as he has been very kind to us.

"How thankful we feel that no more lives have been sacrificed! Some were talking of strangling Adi San, Adi Tubekoro, and two old ladies. Has ever a chief of such a rank in Fiji been buried with only one companion? See what the Gospel is doing, directly and indirectly."

forgot their minor differences in their anxiety to humble the Tongan invader. The entire heathen party, who felt that their craft was in danger, joined the enemy. All who had anything, real or supposed, to fear from Bau, exerted their influence to strengthen the Kabans, and prevent the ascendancy of legitimate authority. The gods appeared to men. The oracles spoke. The priests were inspired. It was predicted that most of the Tonga-Bau fleet would be left at Kaba, for want of hands to work the canoes when the battle was over. It was foretold that the faith of untold generations was to be re-established in the destruction of the allies.

The allied fleet sailed, and waited near Kaba for three days; but no friendly message came. The enemy's fort was crowded with volunteers, who went to collect the muskets which, the gods had declared, would be thrown away by the Tongans in their hasty flight.

On the 7th of April the infatuated rebels discovered the Tongan canoes bearing down on the southern town. The sails were lowered, and a landing effected at once. To the astonishment of the Fijians, the Tongans left their wounded and dead to the care of their women, and pressed on to the attack. The simultaneous and rapid discharge of musketry also surprised them, contrasting greatly with their own lame mode of fighting.

King George Tubou had decided to invest the town, build fortifications, and starve the besieged into capitulation. But the Vavan division pressed on, and took the town by assault. At an official inquiry into this act of insubordination, held after the war,

the Vavau men excused themselves by stating that they were looking for the Kaba-town war-fences; that they had no idea that they had taken possession of more than outworks when they entered the town; that the "fortifications" were unworthy of the name, &c.

The Tongans suffered a loss of fourteen killed and thirty wounded, of whom about six died afterwards. The Bauans escaped almost free. Upwards of two hundred of the enemy were destroyed; the greater portion being killed by the heathen Fijians on the royal side. Two hundred prisoners were taken.

Thus was the authority of King Thakombau re-established. All the rebel provinces submitted, and twenty thousand of the Fijians attested their determination to live at peace with each other, by following the example of the king, and adopting the profession of Christianity.

Of the numerous rebels, there was one, Kororavulo, whom the king wished to put to death. The influence of King George and of the missionary living at Bau were combined to avert this; and Thakombau was saved from disgracing himself in the hour of victory.

Here, for a season, let us part with the king of Fiji. Human society is essentially forgiving. Let Thakombau, now by profession a Christian, henceforth lead a life of purity and chastity, of forbearance and benevolence, of honour and uprightness, of peace and civilized activity, and the degrading parts of his past history will thereby be obliterated.

Be it known, that naturally bad as Thakombau



may appear to be, yet he is infinitely better than his contemporaries.

As a sequel to this volume, a history of the first decade of the Christian Era is being prepared, and will be committed to the press. It embraces the political, social, and religious history; records the American difficulty; narrates the proceedings respecting the proposed cession of Fiji to Her Majesty the Queen; discusses various important missionary questions; glances at the native church of the future; and remarks suggestively on the climate and capabilities of the country as a field for English settlers.





## CHAPTER XI.

*About the People.*





## CHAPTER XI.



### ABOUT THE PEOPLE.

*Courtesy—Pride—Duplicity—Shrewdness and Cunning—Reasoning—Mechanical Skill—Husbandry—Knowledge of Nature—Business—Home—Moral Character—Education—Betrothal and Marriage—Strangling of Widows—Polygamy—Cannibalism—War—War-Songs—Diplomacy—Self-Sacrifice and Suicide—Destruction of the Sick—Burial—Funeral Observances—Infanticide—Witchcraft—Punishments—Thefts—Murder of Wrecked Persons—Proverbs—Preservation of Food—Tobacco—The Tama—Various Characteristics—Yaqona—Atonement—Traditions—Superstitions—Language.*

**T**O the stranger, when once he has overcome his repugnance, arising principally from the nudity of the people, the Fijian is prepossessing in his manners. He is courteous, though inquisitive; ostentatious, to make you believe he is of rank or of importance, though the next moment he may be compelled to assume the position of a serf; hospitable to the extreme, though he may regret your presence, or may have already resolved to murder you during the night. Thus, King

Thakombau himself complains of a certain captain in the U.S. Navy, not on account of the threat to hang him on the yard-arm, but because he was not, in the meantime, supplied with a dinner.

The Fijian is pre-eminently proud of his customs, his pedigree, his language, and his person. Hence he will listen attentively to the most wearisome repetition of any statement which feeds his vanity. He will delight to surprise you with an attention which he tells you, with a parade of modesty, is the "country fashion;" he will recount his influential connexions, and boast of the family-standing in days of yore; he will draw you out on the subject of his mother-tongue, whilst his eyes glisten with joy as you remark on its force and its beauty; and he will not hesitate to scrape his bare legs, or dress his hair, whilst he is in your presence. He measures his visitors with his own gauge, and will dose you with his own ideas of your wealth, your rank, your scholarship, or your personal appearance. You are "richer than a king;" "the son of a chief;" "speak like a native;" or are "a handsome man." On one occasion, when a missionary was endeavouring to do a work for which he was evidently too short, the teacher's wife intimated that "perhaps her husband could accomplish it, as he was taller." You should have seen the look of her liege. "Susanna! the chief not tall? how could you say that?"

And he is very susceptible of personal affront. A sarcastic remark, or a taunt of inability, nettles his heart; and he will either give you proof positive to the contrary, or resolve quietly to bide his time for revenge. Amongst themselves, the chiefs often

go to war for a great variety of reasons, when in truth war had been declared in the heart on the very day of the conceived insult, and the real cause was concealed from all others.

Yet the Fijian acts prudently. He counts the cost. So long as anything is likely to be gained, either in the shape of property, or of protection from an enemy, he will not appear to be offended. Once let it be apparent that there is nothing more to gain, and he opposes you with all the strength of his nature. Once let it seem that the influence of a man is on the wane, and a whole host arise to join his enemies. Thousands will war against a "sinking" chief who scarcely knew him in his day of prosperity. And in the town there is no lack of witnesses against a courtly favourite who is threatened with disgrace or death. To kick a man when he is down, is quite the country fashion.

He is thoroughly two-faced. Thus, one took a message from a missionary, urging a certain tribe to embrace Christianity. He faithfully fulfilled his task; but, at the conclusion, added, "And now, having told you what the teacher says, I will give you my advice: do not become Christians." A chief will consent to your request with reference to his people; but his messenger, when he gives the order, tells them to find an excuse for non-compliance: or he will send two messengers; one public, whom you may afterwards question, and whose testimony will prove the fidelity of the chief in his engagement; and another private, giving the order for that which is to be, and whose visit you can only suspect. Or the man will start on his journey, and for some plausible reason return with

his errand unaccomplished ; and he is never re-sent. Direct refusal is rare ; but the accomplishment of your wishes is cleverly frustrated. Thakombau sent a message to an infuriated people, and the messenger returned, giving a suitable reply ; when, in fact, he had never communicated with them. When you remember that fidelity in this case might have ended in the messenger being cooked and eaten, you will make some allowance. An improper proposal was made to a professedly Christian chief, who replied, "You must yourself arrange matters with the woman, as I don't want to be known in the affair, lest the missionary should find it out."

But you must not falsely accuse him of crime ; as it is usual, in such cases, for the person to go and do the very thing laid to his charge, on account of the improper accusation. Thus theft, treacherous correspondence with the enemy, and adultery, are frequently committed. A chief was once faithfully dealt with by his superior, who enumerated various improprieties of which he had been guilty. The man returned home ; not to amend his ways, but to meditate on the twentieth accusation, which was false. "Who was the author of that ?" was his diligent inquiry for many days.

He will let you have your own way with him, that you may be under the obligation of complying with his wishes in a more important matter. Nothing is more usual than for a tribe to join a chief in his war, for the purpose of afterwards requesting him to do something, in the very moment of success, which will frustrate the great end of his appeal to arms, and accomplish their own sinister purposes. The party

under obligation feels bound to return the compliment. Hence the issue of war is often far from satisfactory.

He is naturally shrewd. Divine service was to be held on board an American ship, and certain women were sent out of sight as the missionary came on board. A heathen chief who was present inquired of the captain, "Will your religion fill your ship with its cargo, that you have service?" A minister of religion was recommending his fellow-townsmen to destroy, for the sake of health, the offensive weeds that abounded within the precincts of the city, and his audience seemed disposed to acquiesce. One of them, however, instantly remarked, "Yes, the weeds are unfit for your goats; the grass will be better." The effect was electrical. There was no weeding, as it was believed to be self-interested advice. A late English settler was much amused with this trait in the native character. Their cunningness in avoiding work was frequently the subject of his conversation. "Why, sir," said he, one day, "only imagine one of them sitting down for two hours to think how he can cheat me out of five minutes' work." Once he had bargained with a man to clear a small square piece of ground, the said plot of ground being defined by some small shrubs. The labourer went in due course to announce the completion of his contract. The settler went out with him to inspect the work. Yes, it was finished. Yet it looked smaller. But there were the small trees which had been fixed upon as boundaries. It was strange he could have made such an error in his calculation of the extent. He began to walk round the plot; when, be-



hold ! he found his clever workman had cut down the small trees, and grafted them to the trunks of other shrubs, which were in the middle of the plot.

The Fijian soon knows his man. Some he will not tempt: they are men of "one mind." Others are tried; "for they give in after a few refusals." The report brought by one is pronounced to be exaggerated: "he makes much out of little." A letter from a white man was read to a chief, who quietly remarked, "Had any other foreigner written that, I should have believed it; but this correspondent's sole property is pen, ink, and paper." So when Her Majesty's commissioner, Col. Smythe, landed at Bau, the king said, "Ah! an inquiry: then the cession question will end in state papers!" The event showed that he was not far out.

He is a lover of discord, evidently acting on the idea, that when rogues fall out, honest men secure their own. Chief is set against his rival; settler against settler; visitor against visitor; and, if he could, he would set missionary against missionary. He will partake of your hospitality, or of your generosity, and then at once proceed to your neighbour and supposed rival, and draw comparison between your friend and yourself, which shall be anything but favourable to you.

The Fijian is logical, in his way: he does not believe without proof. Proof positive is tendered by ocular demonstration. Some natural object is generally pointed out as the evidence of alleged facts. The traditions of the country are full of this, as may be noticed in the course of this volume. A chief had a peculiar colour in a tuft of his hair. "It was the

spot," said he, "where his father had placed the feather of a sacred fowl, which had been sacrilegiously killed when he was a boy." The superiority of the Christian religion was thus demonstrated among themselves:—

Everything English is better than Fijian:—their axe superior to our stone axes; their musket to our bow and arrow; their knife to our cockle-shell: The English have a God: Therefore the God of the English must be superior to ours.

So with the immediate worshippers of Degei, who, when first they heard of the Christian religion, said that it was from the "Sacred Mountain." Their argument was as follows:—

Degei is the true God:

Jehovah is the true God:

Therefore Jehovah is Degei.

On the removal of a missionary, some of the natives questioned the right of his successor to the use of certain church-lands, and placed the case thus:—The said land is Mr. M.'s personal property: Mr. M. gave us the charge of all his effects: Therefore the land is under our control.

In his manufactures the Fijian, as far as variety of personal skill is concerned, contrasts favourably with the European. The latter divides his work into many departments, and one minute branch only is generally appointed to each department. But the Fijian begins and completes every part until the whole is finished. The European procures his materials ready prepared for use; the Fijian makes use of the unprepared gifts of nature. The division is that of labour, rather than of parts.

By inclination and habit he is a cultivator of the soil; though he could contrive to live on the mere produce of his forests, were he so inclined. He loves to watch the growth of his vegetables, and seems to venerate the earth for its yield of increase. In the yam-planting months, he allows no other engagement to interfere with the business of the season, and, though he is not actually pressed for time, he indulges himself in the pleasing fiction that he is. He understands the art of planting simultaneously two or three crops of various kinds, to arrive severally at maturity during successive periods. He will willingly plant any seed with which you may supply him. He it was who showed the white settler how to save his cotton crops, by gathering the mature buds, and housing them, previous to the heavy rains. He it was who brought the recently-introduced Chinese banana into the market almost as soon as the fruit of the parent stock was ripe; thanks to the promptitude with which he had stolen the young plants.

With the botany and natural history of his country he is well acquainted. He has named every herb, shrub, and tree; and for most of them he assigns a use. From one he extracts his glue; from another, his poison. From others he gets his medicine, his lotions, and his dyes. With a creeper he stupefies and catches his fish; whilst he relieves his head-ache by wrapping his temples with a mint. He shows you a leaf which will preserve the colour and beauty of the cowry, if used as its wrapper; and will bring the bark of a tree, the use of which will accelerate the ripening of a bunch of bananas. The barren

banana and the false kava-plant he cheerfully awards to the maintenance of the merry imps, with which he regards the forest to be infested. The flowers of the forest are his almanack, and direct him when to plant; whilst he readily extracts therefrom the scents with which he perfumes his oil. Every sort of insect, of bird, of fish, and of shells has its name, and with the habits of most he is very familiar. Nor is he ashamed to learn of them; for he has borrowed the model and the material of his water-pot from the nest of the insect which he calls the "mother" of his crockery. His eyes and his ears are ever open, learning of nature. In the densest bush he is never lost; whilst those who follow can readily find him. Should he have occasion to retrace his steps, he places a reed in the abandoned track, the position of which points out the true course to his pursuer.

He is fond of commerce, and likes to make a good bargain. But he will hawk about his wares until he is compelled to take less than he has already refused. A property-compensation from a white man, for an injury inflicted accidentally, is generally satisfactory; and a few tomahawks will heal the wound of your duck-shot. He will purchase from his fellows the right of knighthood. On the fall of an enemy, he only can be knighted who strikes the victim with a club. But as the injured man is considered the property of him who inflicted the wound, the young soldier may secure the right of clubbing by purchase, and thus secure knighthood.

The Fijian has an excellent idea of domestic comfort. He is not migratory, but loves a settled home, though fond of occasional travelling. Should he be

driven from his house by war, he returns as soon as possible.

In his house may be seen a good fire-place, well supplied with cooking-materials, drinking-cups, wooden trays on which to serve up food, and the women at their posts, cooking for the family. Meals are served up with great cleanliness, and at the proper time, hot and well dressed. The man, however, eats first; and the woman or women must be content with what is left. His social character is decidedly better than his moral character. It is customary to invite any friend who is passing by the house at the time of meals to "come and eat." In his hospitality, he will share what he has with his visitors; and very often he and his household will themselves fast, to be able to provide more sumptuously for others.

But such a thing as conscientious morality is scarcely to be found. If an advantage is to be gained, the Fijian will speak the truth, be honest, or be as gentle as a lamb; but if not, he will lie, or steal, or be as ferocious as a tiger. His virtue consists in the study of self-interest. Such an idea as disinterestedness is too elevated for his conception. Thakombau once said at the close of a private interview, "You missionaries may be able to practise it; but never, never, never shall we Fijians be able or willing to do so."

The Fijian is suspicious, and stoical. Even when good advice is tendered, he suspects that some latent self-benefit is the end aimed at. Amongst his countrymen he easily detects the signs which betoken an act of treachery, and never feels safe amongst strangers. When fate seems to declare against him,

he can be as stoical as a Turk. If intended mischief is once frustrated, he will cease to entertain the idea of repeating the attempt. A house is set on fire; but the flames are extinguished in time. The incendiary submits to his defeat, and makes no further effort of that description. A murder is prevented: the agents consider it to have been so decreed. An unfortunate captive is taken: he makes no attempt to save himself. His only wish is to secure a speedy termination of his sufferings.

Though certain classes, principally the commercial, are industrious, yet, as a people, the Fijian race must be considered indolent. Occasionally they make great exertions; but such efforts generally arise either from war, tribal levies of property, or the mandate of the chief.

The education of the children commences at an early age. They are taught by being employed to help their parents in their work, either by looking on, or by rendering as much assistance as they like. When tired, they leave off, and no inducement will cause them again to assist at that time. As an inducement to imitate their parents in all things, the old people relate to them, during periods of rest, various traditions, which are always of the marvellous kind; illustrative of the doings of their ancestors, or the blessings received by attention to the duties of religion. Scarcely ever is punishment inflicted beyond that of angry looks and words. Generally, when the children make themselves vile, the parents restrain them not, but tacitly approve.

The infant girl is early betrothed to one of the same age as herself, or to one who is already grown

up. The bridegroom elect will wait till she is sixteen years of age, when she is taken to him with due state. In the meantime she is considered as his wife; and it is her duty to be strangled on the occasion of his death, unless a senior wife, or other female relation, supplies the necessary demand. In several instances the young betrothed girls have evidently longed for life; but their parents and friends insisted on their being strangled. Just entering on life, the poor unfortunates have been forced, by this cruel custom, to part with all they love.

When married, the woman dwells with strife and jealousy, arising from her connexion with a polygamist. If she has a family, she may love her children, for she knows their affections are all her own; but her husband is not wholly hers. But her boys, alas! soon learn to despise their neglected mother.

The Fijians are as strongly attached to their offspring as parents in other lands. On the arrival of the first-born, the wife takes the name of "mother," and is called the "mother of the warrior," or of whatever else the child may be called. Sons are more warmly welcomed into the world than daughters. Should their fathers be murdered, they are called "the children-of-the-dead;" which designation is attached to them until they have avenged the parent's blood.

The widow who is not strangled with her husband lives to re-marry, or to return to her home. But she is more or less the subject of insult, shame, and misery; and, however chaste, is spoken of as a licentious character. She who dies at the death of her husband considers the doom an honour. But if the widow has recently become, or is likely soon to be, a

mother, she is lawfully and honourably excused from the strangling-cord.

No origin of the practice of strangling can be discovered, except that their religion teaches the Fijians that the wife must rejoin her first husband in another world, and will there be again under his power. By this act of conjugal affection, she rises from obscurity, in the view of all, to the eminence of a heroine. It is accomplished amidst the excitement of the moment. The husband is dead—perhaps killed in war. His wife is taken by surprise. There is no time for reflection. Within an hour or two the point is settled, and her earthly career is over.

It is not in accordance with etiquette for the betrothed wife to mention the name of her husband. She will either speak of him as “the chief,” or will use the personal pronoun “he.” In several places this custom is also kept up after marriage.

Rank descends chiefly through the females: an arrangement which, on account of the licentiousness of the people, was probably originated in order to escape the difficulty of deciding the parentage on the other side.

The Fijians are slaves to custom. Indeed religion, custom, or fear may be said to account for all their actions. Though they may condemn a thing in itself, yet, if it is “the custom,” they abide by it. Custom decides the most trifling observances. A few of the principal national institutions may be named.

**POLYGAMY.**—This is frequently a source of honour, and invariably of wealth. Amongst the lowest classes, the additional labour which the wife supplies is of itself of considerable value. In the higher classes,



the wife's friends are constantly taking property to her; and her children, as *vasus*, have the right to seize any article they like, that is possessed by their maternal relatives. There is due subordination in a house containing several wives. The first of them is the mistress of the family. The others, whom she is expected to treat as younger sisters, are called by a name answering to that of auxiliary wives. A respectable female in becoming a secondary wife is entitled, however, to an establishment of her own. Thakombau had three queens in 1853, and was associating with a fourth, whose dwelling was not, however, erected. Still there is frequent jealousy; and some of the ladies have practised indescribable cruelties on those of the auxiliaries who have been the favourites of their husbands.

Polygamy is a source of much evil. Of course it leaves many of the men without wives. Some of these will court favour with a chief, to secure the loan of a wife; in compensation for which, the man so obliged becomes the willing instrument of villanous deeds, at the instigation of his wife's master. Others eagerly engage in the promotion and continuance of war, under the hope of terminating their forced celibacy by securing a female prize. In any treacherous dealings with any of the enemy, the promise of a woman generally turns the scale. To encourage warriors to fight, two or three women are sometimes given to the army.

**THE STRANGLING OF THE WIDOW OR OTHER FEMALE RELATION.**—In the case of the widow, besides the reasons already alleged for her destruction, it has sometimes arisen from the jealousy of her dying

husband, who wished no other man to possess his wife. A Rewa king once gave one of his young wives, for whom he did not much care, to his son, who refused to have her for a season; but afterwards they lived together, and became very much attached to each other. Several months afterwards, the king happened to see his son's wife, who had much improved in personal appearance, and was now esteemed beautiful. Irritated and jealous at his loss, he loaded his pistol, —the only fire-arm then in the kingdom,—and sent for her. On her approach, he fired the pistol, which wounded her fatally, and she fell dead into the river.

A chief, still living, once proposed to his own daughter, who is described as having been perfectly beautiful, that she should become his wife. On her refusal, because it was *tabu*, he immediately killed her, making the remark, "Then no one else shall have you."

The surviving relatives may also have seen the policy of securing the death of such important females as many of the respectable women are, lest the honour and wealth accompanying them should pass into other hands. King Solomon himself resented Adonijah's request for a widow of importance. (1 Kings ii.)

CANNIBALISM.—Perhaps the most strikingly barbarous and repulsive feature, in the character of the Fiji people, is their frequent indulgence in the disgusting practice of cannibalism, in which they exceed all other known races.

The Rev. Dr. Lang attributes the origin of cannibalism amongst the Polynesians to the necessity of feeding on the bodies of some of their number, on the occasion of their first migratory voyages.

In opposition to this may be placed the traditional

fact, that certain districts in the Fijian group are designated as places in which the custom originated. All tradition agrees in the statement that the practice began spontaneously. It may therefore be inferred that there was a time in the history of these people when cannibalism was not known. Its great increase is stated to have been the growth of the last century. One tradition notifies that the human body was at first offered to the gods, in consideration of its being the best sacrifice that could be found. As all other offerings of food are afterwards eaten, the same observance might have been eventually extended to this, and so not improbably cannibalism had a beginning.

But however curious may be the speculations as to the origin of this custom, there is no difficulty in assigning the reasons of its perpetuation. The cannibalism of the present day is practised on the grounds of revenge, religion, pride, and appetite.

Many savage nations have occasionally gratified their revenge by feasting on the bodies of particular enemies. The Fijian is no exception. In the district of Nadroga, the liver and hands are preserved by smoke for the gratification of this passion. When the possessor of one of these portions is seized with regret for the death of any who were killed by the person, parts of whose body he has thus preserved, he will unroll his bundle, and cook and eat a portion of it. In this way he gratifies his revenge for one or two years, till all is consumed.

But cannibalism is not the highest flight of Fijian revenge. The acme of revenge is to cook the body, and leave it in the oven, as not fit to eat. In the course of gardening at Bau, I dug up one of these

ovens, which was immediately pronounced by the chiefs to be of this order.

The Fijian religion requires cannibalism. When the priest promises the applicants that they shall be successful in war by slaying some of the enemy, the bodies are given by the gods not to be killed merely, but to be eaten also. Now it is *tabu* for an inferior to reject food supplied by a superior. Such an action would be a grave offence. Thus, if a slave cannot eat a cooked yam, which may be given him by a chief, he carefully covers it up and carries it home for a future repast. Should he throw it away, it is done secretly, and he is very particular in observing that no one sees it. And so with the slain body: it must be eaten. Thus, in 1853, the king of Somosomo said, "We *must* eat the bodies, if Thakombau gives them to us."

Many eat the flesh through pride. Cannibalism is considered manly. Chiefs and tribes will boast of their fondness for it, to instil fear into their neighbours. Captain Erskine, R.N., speaks of the "point of honour" in the supply, by the chiefs, of human bodies for a feast. In the sense of "fame," this is doubtless correct.

It cannot, however, be denied that many are cannibals from actual liking. However repulsive this food may be at the first, taste is soon created, and the appetite henceforth craves after it. I have myself seen and conversed with a monster who killed and ate his own wife. There have been several instances in which professing Christians have actually returned to this horrible diet. On one occasion the people of a town, under my own ministerial charge, who had only recently abandoned heathenism, could not resist

the temptation to eat the body of a woman, whom they had killed at the request of her husband.

Women are not generally allowed to partake of human flesh. Notwithstanding this, certain Bau ladies, I have good reason to know, are reformed cannibals. One lady, who was ill of dysentery, and was receiving English medicine for that complaint, was found to be secretly indulging herself in this diet, and was not cured until she abstained from it.

There have been no instances of cannibalism in consequence of scarceness of food.

The teeth of the devoured victims are made into necklaces; the thigh-bones are formed into needles for the purpose of sewing sail-mats; and the skull and other bones are hung in trees. There have been cases in which the skull has been used as a drinking-cup. The *tobe* (ornamental tuft of long hair) is frequently preserved as a memento, and worn in the girdle of the conquering chief.

At Nakelo the bones of their enemies of the Toka-toka tribe are preserved till peace is proclaimed, and then ground up among the puddings presented to any guest from that rival clan that may visit them. These two tribes are almost always fighting with each other.

The language supplies a word to designate the dead body of an enemy slain in war, which word (*bokola*) implies that it is designed to be eaten. Another word is used for the feet of a human being that are to be cooked and eaten (*duarua*): the ordinary word for feet would not be employed. The beat of the wooden drum, when human bodies are killed to be eaten, is called the *derua*. The said beat betokens cannibalism.

Human flesh is not cooked in the ovens or pots used ordinarily. Vessels and ovens are kept for that particular purpose. In some districts wooden forks are used by the chiefs when partaking of this meat.

Occasionally the slain body of a man is saved from the oven, at the request of a friend, who may happen to be associated with the party who killed him. In such a case the enemy is informed by call, and the relatives are allowed to take away and bury the corpse. Previous to the funeral the relatives remove the nail of the right thumb, and fix it on a four or five pronged spear. This is kept in a temple, as a memento to remind them of the good deed of the man who saved the corpse from being eaten. Soon after peace is declared, the relatives will present valuable property to him, as his recompense.

The Fijians, as a people, are addicted to WAR. It would appear that they always were warriors. Formerly the presence of one or two men of renown in any town would inspire their neighbours with fear. Such characters have released their towns from tyranny, and were called "deliverers." The Book of Judges reminds the old men of what their grandfathers told them of the times of yore. The introduction of fire-arms has, however, placed the giant on a level with the dwarf. But few now care to sacrifice themselves in an attack in order to secure the object of the war. Each warrior considers the preservation of his own life to be necessary to the best interests of the state, and contents himself with encouraging others to "go on," while he promises to follow.

The occasions of war are very numerous. The

possession of land and women, and the commission of murder, are the principal causes. To these may be added, personal affronts to chiefs; the refusal to give up a particular club, bird, or shell; the unlawful eating of the turtle; the lust of conquest; the wish to murder, amidst the din of battle, a chief of their own, who is suspected of ambition; a violation of the *tabu*; love-affairs; and last, not least, a determination, on the part of the country at large, to check despotism.

When war is resolved on, the first thing is to consult the oracles. If the answer is favourable, preparation is at once commenced.

Tribes expecting war will abandon their town if considered indefensible, and choose a more inaccessible spot for their fortification, often in a swamp, or amongst the mangrove-bushes, or on the top of a hill protected by precipices, perhaps with all sides inaccessible save a narrow pass. Fences are erected, trenches dug, breastworks thrown up, and other defences prepared, adapted to protect against invaders. Pitfalls armed with bamboo-spikes are also made, the presence of which creates great caution on the part of the enemy, as they are very dangerous to bare feet. A man thus wounded is often slain.

An army will sometimes keep up the siege for several weeks; but rarely is a town taken without treachery. Battle in the open field is unknown, though it is said it was customary before the introduction of the dreaded musket.

The native weapons are clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and the small club, for throwing, which is generally carried in the girdle. There is a great

variety of spears, which are only thrown when an enemy is supposed to be within reach: they are often used with unerring precision. The slinging of stones is sometimes employed. The battle-axe, the hatchet, the bayonet, the sword, and the musket are also now in vogue. No defensive armour is worn, but fences are erected for the protection of those who are stationed near the besieged town.

Each tribe of the besieging army keeps together, and forms an encampment of its own; but the operations of the whole army are conducted by the general, who is almost always either the principal chief, or some member of his family. He communicates with the chiefs of divisions.

A most striking feature in the arrangements for attack is the primary preparation for defeat. Many days are sometimes spent in preparing the *oruas*, (paths by which to run away easily in case of defeat,) while the subsequent attack may not last over many hours. Each division prepares its own *oruas*, all of which tend towards some part of the enemy's fortifications. During the year 1863, as many as eight of these *oruas* were prepared in an attack on Kuruduadua's town. When the assault was made, it appeared as though the town were deserted, and the army hastened on to set fire to the houses. But just then a shout was heard. Kuruduadua and about one hundred men were in their rear. All thought of defeating the enemy was lost in the desire for self-preservation, and the thousand warriors took to their heels. Kuruduadua's small party, which could easily have been cut off, succeeded in killing fifty of their assailants; whilst fifty more only saved their lives by throw-



ing away their muskets, and causing a scramble for the prizes.

Frequently the army feigns retreat, and draws out a sally from the town, a portion of which is then almost invariably cut off by ambuscade. Generally the assailants will lie in ambush, so as to cut off any small party which may happen to venture into their trap. Women and children are not spared. The slaughter of a pig is apparently equivalent to that of a man. "Seven were killed, the seventh being a pig," is sometimes reported.

When out on a war-party, warriors are painted, generally in black. On collision with the enemy, the painted faces reveal that the party is prepared for battle. In the absence of this, the foe would be led to hope they had taken their adversaries by surprise. A painted face has sometimes thus saved a man.

Each clan has its own peculiar war-cry, which is uttered on the death of an enemy. The watch-word in question is peculiar to the clan, but is never the name of the tribe itself.

If a town holds out successfully, some of the assailants frequently change sides and join their former enemy. During the war, each party tries to buy over, with property, the towns on the side of its foe. When property is thus sent, and the people do not intend to accept it, the town will communicate with the general, who has to *dirika* (break it up—previous to maturity), by presenting property, of the same or of superior value. The enemy's tender is then sent to the general as a return. But if he fails to *dirika*, it is considered that he is not anxious to retain the town. When a town, under these circum-

stances, is favourably disposed towards the enemy, the property is concealed, and as soon as they can murder some of their own party in the neighbourhood, they do so, as their *vukivuki* (turning), and take the bodies of their victims as the equivalent for the property employed to turn them.

When Bauans are from home and engaged in battle, it is *tabu* to cut fire-wood for household use, or to close the water-pot with fresh grass, lest the offender's husband be killed. Thus there is great employment when a fight is postponed.

It is a breach of etiquette for a friendly visitor to return home when the Bau chiefs are going to war. However inconvenient it may be to him, the visitor is expected to accompany the expedition. It is also *tabu* for a visitor to go direct to the war-party. You must first proceed to the city, and the authorities in charge will send a messenger with you or your message. Probably this custom originated in the fear lest news should be spread among the army calculated to dispirit the troops.

The warriors on their return home intimate their success by the exhibition of flags, one for every victim slain; whereupon they are met by the women with songs of praise, the words of which and the accompanying gestures are exceedingly obscene. Those who have slain an enemy are afterwards knighted, during the performance of which ceremony they fast by day, and eat at night. These play at a game called "upsetting the pot." Whoever accomplishes the feat, becomes the possessor of both food and pot. In its performance the arms are sometimes fearfully scalded.

The returning army, on approaching their town, dance songs and brandish weapons. The following songs were heard by the missionary at Bau :—

“ Ai tei vovo, tei vovo,  
 E ya, e ya, e ya, e ya ;  
 Tei vovo, tei vovo,  
 E ya, e ya, e ya, e ya.  
 Rai tu mai ; rai tu mai ;  
 Oi au a viriviri kemu bai.  
 Rai tu mai ; rai tu mai ;  
 Oi au a viriviri kemu bai.”

“ Toa alewa tagane  
 Veico, veico, veico.”

“ Au tabu moce koi au  
 Au moce ga ki domo ni biau.”

“ E luvu koto ki ra nomu waga,  
 E kaya beka au sa luvu sara.”

“ Nomu bai e wawa mere  
 Au a tokia ka tasere.”

The principal check possessed by the Fijians upon the despotism of their chiefs, consists in the frequent opportunity which each tribe or town has to desert from their rulers, and place themselves under some other chief who is waging war at the time. This is done very stealthily, and is frequently accompanied with murder. The party under whom they now place themselves is expected to furnish them with help to complete their fortifications, and also to protect them in the event of attack. In time of war it is scarcely necessary to make any other arrangement than to proclaim a “turn” by beating a drum, and

killing a few friends as a note of introduction. This system usually acts as a great preventive of tyranny; for as the real consequence of a chief depends on the number of his vassals, a strong motive is supplied to render himself popular with them. The same reason also leads the unpopular chiefs to hesitate as to declaring war; as it is impossible to foresee how far any dissatisfaction extends. Should a town revolt from Bau, or a friendly tribe challenge Bau to a trial of strength during time of peace, the king first summons his chiefs, to know if any of them are parties to the disturbance. They of course deny any share in it, and urge the king to fight. The ruler has now to reckon up the probabilities: "What towns may be secretly annoyed with me?" If he thinks the evil will spread, he pockets the insult, and waits until the enemy forces him to action. But if he concludes the foe is unsupported, he takes immediate action. Sometimes his brothers will have ordered the town in question to initiate hostilities, promising to join the enemy. Hence, when a difficulty of this sort arises, there are great searchings of heart. "Which of my brothers, of my sons, or of my chiefs, want to fight with me?"

Should the people, headed by the tributary chiefs, begin the war, they generally endeavour to secure men of rank as the ostensible leaders. Thus Vugale has for the last two years been endeavouring to persuade Rewa to head them against Bau. Their messengers reported, "Our seers behold war! An attack! A battle! A fight on the banks of the shore opposite to Bau! Bau is swept and finished!" The Rewa chief is related to Thakombau, and, being inclined for

peace, ridiculed the vision of the seers. Afterwards another messenger came: "The deceased king of Rewa has appeared to us; we saw his whole body attired for war, his face painted black, his head dressed with a turban; he drank liquor with us, and told us there was war with Bau." The chief replied as follows:—"If we had not become Christians, we should have believed you, and should have rewarded you with valuable gifts for the intelligence you bring. But we are too wise to believe these tales now-a-days. Besides, the body of the late king is buried in our own town; and how could it travel in your parts?" At the present date these Vugale people are threatening to commence hostilities; and it remains to be seen whether any of the inferior Bau chiefs are cognisant of the movement. The general opinion is, that such is the case.

"They are decidedly a religious people," says the late Rev. D. Cargill, M.A.; "and if they are cruel, revengeful, and addicted to the revolting propensity of eating human flesh, their religion is the poisoned source from which these demoralizing qualities have been derived. They can find an apology for their inhumanity in the spirit of that religion which tradition and their priests have taught them, and assign a reason for many of their actions by pleading its injunctions."\*

Death by the hands of others, whose help is self-invoked, is by no means infrequent. Thus, a strong young man, suffering acutely from disease at the time, painted his face, fastened his turban, and otherwise adorned his body for death. Having sent for all his

\* *Memoirs of Mrs. Cargill, by her husband.*

friends, he bade them each farewell. "I die to-day," was all he said. At the conclusion of the scene he commanded his relatives to strangle him, which they accordingly did. A few months after Varani's death, Titoka, who had been much attached to him, set his own house in order, distributed his property, bade adieu to his relatives, then mounted the pile of mats, and was suffocated by his friends, at his own earnest request.

Suicide is generally committed by jumping from a precipice, or from the top of a nut-tree. A death by strangling, though originating solely with the party concerned, is not considered as suicide, but as a natural end. In the latter case the individual takes a final adieu of his friends, and goes through all the ordinary ceremonies on approaching death.

The incurably sick are either strangled, buried alive, or deposited in a cavern. Even after the abandonment of heathenism, vigilance is necessary to prevent the continuance of these time-honoured customs. It may be, the missionary supplies medicine during illness; but the patient appears likely to die. Suddenly the news is brought, the poor fellow is dead. By cunning inquiry you find that his neck has been dislocated. If the patient is supposed to be actually dying, his body is at once wrapped up and carried off to the grave. Frequently his voice is heard from under the ground, until it becomes fainter and fainter, and then ceases for ever. Sometimes the victim of immolation is himself a consenting party, and from his tomb ascends the smothered voice, bidding a last "farewell! farewell!"

Amongst those who have recently *lotued*, I know

a few instances in which the officiating teachers have found, by the utterance of groans, that the burial-service was being read over the living, and have had the invalids taken home again. Three of these, thus rescued, lived to recover their former strength; the others died in the course of a few days. No wonder the travelling missionary requests his Fijian friends not to bury him, but to carry home his corpse, in the event of death during the journey.

In some places the sick are conveyed to caverns, and supplied with food for a few days. When it is found that the food remains untouched, the friends suppose that the sufferer is dead, and make the usual mourning.

There seems to be no religious ceremony practised at the interments of the Fijians. A shallow grave is dug, broad enough to contain the man and his strangled companions. Four branches of a tree called *tarawanukarikaka* are placed at the bottom of the grave, the mats are spread, and the dead are then lowered. The mat on which the body is placed is let down gradually, and then thrice drawn up again. As it descends for the fourth time, it is allowed to go to the bottom. One of the relatives, or some old man, then whispers towards the inmate of the new grave, "The end of death!" and the grave is covered up. The priest is invariably present, but takes no particular part in the proceedings. Most persons attendant hold a few flowers of *uci* during the ceremony. This shrub possesses an overpowering and disagreeable smell. The last kiss bestowed on the corpse is either given in the house of the departed, or at the brink of the grave.

The last token of respect paid to the dead is the drinking of the *kava*, which is generally celebrated in the house of the deceased. It is also usual for personal friends to practise the same ceremony in their own houses, for such of their acquaintance in other parts of the world, whose death may be reported. On all such occasions the priest is an important personage. He invokes a whole host of deities, and prays, "Take knowledge, O ye gods! Let this be the last death."

Those who have attended on the sick, and those who have dug the grave, are *tabued*, so that they cannot touch any food with the hand, or do ordinary work, for several days; the period being about ten days for common people, and one hundred for a great chief. During this time they are fed by others who are appointed to the work.

The place where the deceased has actually died is itself the object of fear. Certain parties are appointed as the *toni* to continuously lie down on the very spot. This office is performed by the friends of the deceased; and if neglected, the spirit of the departed is said to kill some of its friends, or some of their children. The actual scene of the death is thus to be occupied, day and night, for a given period, sometimes for one hundred days. Should one of the two who are lying down wish to leave the house, the place is immediately supplied by some one in waiting. At the expiration of the proper time, the hands of all the *tonis* are rubbed over with raw fish, and they are then permitted to associate in ordinary with their friends.

The howling lamentation for the death commences



at the very moment of the supposed departure of the spirit. But if death has occurred during the night, the howl is of slight duration, beginning again with renewed vigour before break of day: with persons of high rank, it is kept up all night.

Many join in these lamentations out of professed sympathy; but they remind one of hired mourners. The ease with which the unearthly cry is made is astonishing. "I'll cry here," said one, when she heard of the death of a friend; and, having begun and finished her "cry" in the public road, she went home, not having once been near the house in which the death had taken place.

It is distressing to see the various bodily wounds inflicted as tokens of mourning for the dead. These consist of shaving the head or beard; the amputation of fingers, considered, in regard to the deceased, as being a proof of love next in importance and value to strangling; and the burning, cutting, or torturing of the flesh.

The soul is supposed to linger about the earth for four days. On the fifth night, it is usual to provide some means of comforting the relatives by causing laughter, as the spirit has now actually departed. On the death of a great chief, his house and its contents are sometimes burnt.

On the fourth day, there is a public game called the *veinasa*. The men begin by confiscating some of the property belonging to the women, who, in resentment, beat the thieves with their wooden pillows or with clubs. The men pelt the ladies with clay in return, and are not allowed to make any other defence. The occasion is seized by many to pay off old scores,

and to have satisfaction for wrongs which may have been inflicted. On such occasions, the hapless husband, who has rendered himself obnoxious to his wife, may be seen running for his life, with his help-mate at his heels, brandishing her club; he popping in at one door, out at another, and using every stratagem to get rid of his pursuer, but in vain; and ever and anon receiving on his unprotected person the blow of a club wielded by an injured and exasperated wife. In ten days the game is brought to a close by a public dance; when the city officer proclaims aloud that the mourning is at an end.

It is customary to erect houses over the graves of chiefs of rank, sacred to their memory. In Eastern Fiji large double canoes are built in commemoration of deceased persons of quality. Thus the "Ra Marama" (given by Thakombau to King George, of Tonga) was built to keep up the remembrance of a person at Cakandrovi, and is named "The Lady." At Rewa canoes are placed as monuments on the graves of the chiefs. Large double canoes thus mark the place where the kings are buried. The rotten timber of those placed over the graves of the Rewa kings who were buried at Burebasaga, in times of yore, is fast crumbling into dust.

Infanticide is practised on various grounds. Multitudes are yearly destroyed before birth, by means which frequently cause permanent injury to the mother. Many are murdered immediately after birth. Infanticide is more prevalent among the poorer classes than the rich. Anger, expediency, or the fear of diminishing the parent's personal charms, are generally the motives for thus dooming the young

to a barbarous death. Should a quarrel arise between the parents, the child is likely to be sacrificed. This institution is entirely in the hands of the women. The men generally express great regret for the existence of the custom. Females, being considered as less useful than males, are more often destroyed. Illegitimate children, almost invariably, are not suffered to see the light. One woman, known to the writer, destroyed her last child, because her other children were full grown, and she was ashamed to be seen with an infant in her old age. Difficulty in securing food for the young is the last reason that could be assigned for the custom. There is not even a tradition of famine; and it is highly probable that Fiji has never been visited with what Europeans would consider a dearth of food.

The discovery of crime is the work of witchcraft; a superstition which exerts immense influence. The wizard, however, has rarely time to announce the name of the offender before the criminal himself makes his appearance to confess his sin. Should he fail to do so, the wizard works enchantment to effect his death. Such is the fear of this magical influence, that those who know they are the subjects of it will frequently pine away and die.

A man was suspected of having stolen some yams from a plantation belonging to Tanoa. No one could prove his guilt; therefore they tried him by the following ordeal:—A native took a stick, and muttered over it some words, then handed it to one of their seers. If the suspected one is guilty, the seer feels a peculiar pain in his arm. In this case the pain came; and the man was pronounced guilty, and

condemned to die. But the man had taken himself out of the way. When this was told Tanoa, the humane monarch said, "Ah, well, take his father and kill him: it makes no difference." The innocent father was killed for the fault, real or supposed, of the son.\*

Crime, unless committed against a foreigner, is seldom concealed effectually. To secure immunity from its consequences, war frequently arises. Offenders are rarely surrendered on demand, unless the party making the request is one whose power is greatly feared. But even then the criminal is generally told to fly elsewhere. The mass of the people sympathize with criminals. There is no public opinion against them.

The punishment of crime is peculiarly Polynesian. It consists in robbing the relatives of the criminal, modestly called "confiscation;" in appropriating some of his female relatives, called "payment;" or in killing some of his tribe. In 1856 two young girls, then in full possession of health, were even buried alive as a punishment. The unfortunate creatures begged in vain to be strangled previous to the burial. This horrid transaction occurred within three miles of the Bau mission-house. If an attendant accidentally hurts a chief, his tribe would be subjected to confiscation.

The history of a few thefts may not be without interest, as illustrating the habits of the people.

King Thakombau was detected in 1851 with a stolen knife in his hand, just appropriated from the pantry; but he would not surrender it to the owner.

\* "Life in Fiji, by a Lady" (Mrs. Wallis).

It is clear, then, that no rank amongst the heathen is above the occasional practice of theft.

A native visiting Ovalau agreed to sell two baskets of sweet potatoes to the missionary. Having delivered the first, he returned to his canoe for the second basket. On his way he espied a pile of bricks, and stole two of them, which he took and concealed in the hold of his canoe. Now the theft was observed through the window; and, when payment was being made, I said, "The second basket must be equivalent for the bricks." "Bricks!" said the Fijian: "I thought they were blocks of red paint. The potatoes, however, are yours. Yet, before I leave, I just want to know one thing: how did you know that I had committed a theft?" I conducted the trader into the house, and, remaining at a distance from the window, bade him look through the glass. As soon as he perceived that the glass was transparent, he could scarcely contain himself for astonishment. He left, saying he would warn his countrymen against stealing where they could so easily be seen.

When I was first settled at Bau, the most trifling article, if left for a moment in the garden, would be stolen. Great inconvenience was caused by this constant pilfering. At last I made an appeal to the king, who directed me to the chief of Lasakau, the thieves' quarter. The Lasakau chief listened very attentively to the list of articles stolen, and then replied as follows:—"I understand why you should suspect us Lasakauans to be guilty of the stealing, on account of our reputation in that line. But I can assure you, that no Lasakauan has committed theft on your

premises. For it is a law with us, that if anything be stolen, an account shall be given of the same to us chiefs by the thieves. Whereon we say, 'Very well, hide it: if there is no inquiry about it, we will honourably divide the spoil.' Now, since no theft has been reported to us, there cannot have been any offence committed by our people." In vain did I urge that the Lasakanans might be learning and practising the foreigners' way of robbery. The chief said, his people dare not steal without his cognisance. Soon after this, the town was accidentally destroyed by fire. During the progress of the flames most of the people had time to save their property. Great was my surprise to discover, amongst the salvage, several of the stolen articles. The fire had declared who were the thieves. The Lasakan chief returned the property, and was very angry with the people for having concealed the theft from him.

It behoves the missionaries to use great caution in thus reporting theft to the native magistrates. At Lakemba several children, related to certain culprits, had each a finger cut off in consequence. At Rewa the king's messengers were sent secretly to kill a chief, who had been discovered in the very act of stealing from the mission-premises; and they successfully accomplished their errand, the body being left for burial.

At Bau, a man one day jumped over the palisades, and came deliberately into the verandah of the mission-house to purloin a blanket. An English lady, who was then our visitor, thought that so nude a figure could scarcely belong to the establishment, and questioned him on the subject. He immediately

dropped his spoil, and made his escape over the fence ; not, however, before a passer-by recognised him, and gave his name. I at once laid an information against him before the Soso chief. The chief was most indignant, and said he would kill the thief. I had now to plead for the life of the offender. The chief yielded the point at last, saying, " Let us understand each other. You dislike being robbed, but do not want the thief to be killed. Very well. I will only threaten to put him to death. Whatever I may say or do, you must not be alarmed ; as I shall only frighten him." The chief now sent for the parents and uncle of the young man, and told them of the theft. " Not," said he, " that stealing is anything new amongst us ; but it is new to do it so carelessly as to be found out. Your son has disgraced us, and he must die." The relatives gave their consent to the death. As soon as the criminal was found, he was sent to the chief, who harangued him thus :—" You are a thief ; a thief discovered in the very act of stealing. I am a thief, my father was a thief, my grandfather was a thief ; but were we ever found out ? Through your bad management, you have discovered to the missionary that we steal from him. You must die. Your father and mother and uncle have given their consent. However, as the missionary has interceded for you, I am willing to offer you terms, by compliance with which you may save your life. You may either cut twenty fathoms of firewood for my wife ; or furnish me with six pigs ; or be strangled. Take your choice." After some deliberation, the youth replied, " To cut twenty fathoms of fire-wood, sir, is very difficult, and would cause me very great fatigue, and I must therefore

decline that. To furnish six pigs is not in my ability ; and I have not five friends who would each give me a pig to add to mine, thereby to save my life. To die is the easiest : so you will please strangle me." "O, very well," said the chief : "then you shall be strangled." So the house was prepared ; the man was cleansed, oiled, and attired in the usual way ; the friends were kissed ; the knot was adjusted, and the cord was about to be pulled. At that moment the chief again offered life to the culprit. But the offer was rejected with anger. "Strangle me : I never shall give up stealing without you do strangle me. I wish to die." "O ! so you *wish* to die ?" inquired the chief. "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply. "Then you shall NOT be strangled !" exclaimed the now indignant chief ; "but you shall live, and you shall give up stealing as a punishment. Mind you are not caught again, or we will make you uncomfortable." And so ended the affair. The young man was not "caught" stealing again—for twelve months ; when he was once more seized in the very act on the same premises.

On a theft being reported by the missionary Williams to the Somosomo king, a difficulty existed in the way of punishing the offender. "He is one of my men," said the king : "stop till some one else is caught stealing." So the next offender had to bear the sins of the two.\*

\*The following extract from a letter written on the 25th of November, 1852, by the Rev. John Watsford, is somewhat amusing :—"A letter from Abraham, at Koro, was brought yesterday, from which I learned that Bolabasaga had taken your pig from Koro, and brought it to Bau. Abraham told him that it was your pig. I went to Bau in the afternoon, and spoke to Tui Viti about it. He said it was 'true,' and 'bad ;' and sent a messenger with me to the party concerned. I went into a house where were a good many persons. I told them that a pig of



Real gratitude is very rare. Certain actions are considered as requiring compensation; but the performance of any good deed, not included in the Fijian catalogue, scarcely receives the mere form of thanks.

The murder of those who are wrecked is a recognised institution, not originating in simple cruelty. It is rather the result of education. On the discovery of any who are called "swimming for life," the oven in which they are to be cooked and eaten is forthwith prepared. It would appear from research that the victims of this savage custom are usually natives of the Fijis, to whose misfortunes only is this severe penalty attached. Such are looked upon as abandoned by the gods; and the slaughter of them is considered acceptable to the deities, and indeed necessary. In weighing the evidence on the subject, let the following facts be remembered:—1. There are many small clans, now living, in various parts of the group, who are the offspring of Friendly Islanders, who were cast away on these islands long before there was any inter-

yours had been stolen from Koro; but 'We know nothing about it,' was all I could get out of them. 'But this letter says Bolabasaga took it.' 'O, he has gone to Ovalau.' 'Well,' I said, 'you must remember that when Mr. Waterhouse hears of it, he will perhaps say, Is it right for a Bauan chief to steal my pig?' The principal in rank then said, 'Go and bring the pig.' Bolabasaga himself, who was sitting near me, rose and said, 'I'll go, and bring it;' and away he went. When returning from Tui Viti's, we met Bolabasaga, who said, 'There's the sow;' and our lads laid hold of her, and put her into the boat. He went with me to the boat, and said, 'Letters are dreadful things. I brought that letter from Koro, and it tells of my own doings. It is truly wonderful.' He laughed heartily about the thing; as did Tui Viti, and all who heard the story. The stealing the pig, bringing himself the letter informing of himself, and having a policeman after him before he had been long in Bau, seemed like electric-telegraph work, and at all events electrified him."

course between Tonga and Fiji. 2. In another part of this volume mention is made of a Tongan woman, whose almost lifeless body was drifted on the shore of one of the islands, and who subsequently became a Bauan queen, from whom Thakombau himself is descended. 3. At Nadroga, the present king is the lineal descendant of a copper-coloured boy, who was cast ashore on that coast. The exhausted child was fed with ripe banana, and gradually recovered his strength. So soon as he was fully restored to health he was installed as king, in opposition to a candidate of well-known rank. A certain family at Nadroga still possesses the privilege of demanding ripe bananas from the king, on certain occasions, in commemoration of the fruit given by their ancestors to his, at the period of his first appearance.

Something of the Fijian's character may be learned from his proverbs. "Delay is ruin." "Will almost catch me?" "Night is an age:" meaning, that there may be many changes before morning; therefore do not despond. "When the fresh extends to the sea, there will be fine weather." "One house will have trouble; two houses will have ease:" illustrating the advantages of polygamy. "Running before the wind is cooked food," is much used by sailors. It is like saying, Keep well to windward: you can more easily bear away than luff up. "Every one is a wind in his own bay:" meaning every one is of importance in his own neighbourhood. "Plenty of guests render work easy:" meaning, Use your visiting friends, as many hands make light work. "The influence of a (revolted) slave-town is of monthly duration only:"

*i.e.*, towns of recognised position will eventually regain whatever they may apparently lose. "We rap the roots of chestnut-trees to call forth the voice of parrots," is a proverb of great signification; indicating that, by putting questions to a man, you will draw something out of him.

The Fijian fully believes that every reality has its counterfeit. The first he appropriates to himself; the second to the gods, to the dead, or to the imps of the wood. Thus the *kava* and the banana are for man, their counterfeits for the imps. The fruit of the *tarawan* is consumed by the living; the branch of the counterfeit is buried with the dead. The provisions of war, and the body of the slain enemy, are consumed by man; but not until they have been presented to the gods, who first satiate themselves on the soul and the essence.

The forefathers of the Fijian race have bequeathed an admirable plan for preserving the surplus food. It consists in burying such vegetables as the *dalo*, *via*, chestnut, banana, bread-fruit, and sweet-yam, in earthen pits. By this means there need be no waste during seasons of plenty. Enough "bread," as the article is called, is sometimes thus stored in a town to last twelve months, in case of war or other need.

The Fijians are peculiar in their use of tobacco. Instead of consuming the cigarette in whiffs, they invariably swallow the smoke. Men, women, and children are much addicted to the habit. The quantity of tobacco used at a time is not large; but its effect is kept up by the frequency with which it is replenished. The term employed, in speaking of the

use of the narcotic herb, is neither "smoke," nor "chew," nor "snuff,"—but "to eat tobacco."

It is customary for the people to make an audible expression of reverence or submission, when approaching a chief, or the house of a chief. This is called the *tama*, and is expected by every one of rank. The same shout is made on visiting sacred places or things. On one occasion the writer, quietly carrying a sacred club, went amongst a number of heathen, who were idling about in front of the mission-house. His friends soon recognised the shrine, and, to his astonishment, saluted it. At sea, the somewhat musical sound of fifty men, thus saluting the tropical birds, is affecting to a missionary. The *tama* varies according to locality; and that of the women is quite different from that of the men. The *tama* is not uttered in the afternoon, when it is usual to clap hands instead, and say, "It is afternoon, sir." If a tributary town is fighting with its rulers, it is customary for them also to clap their hands instead, and say, "It is *tabu*, sir."

The kings or head-chiefs of the principal nations are very punctilious and exacting towards those over whom they rule. With the investiture of office, all the airs, authority, and consequence of official life are assumed. Their will is law. Their veto nullifies the whole proceedings of the minor chiefs in council assembled. On such occasions they sometimes appear, by the wisdom and eloquence they display, to be head and shoulders above their peers. As in ordinary rambles they walk first of all the company, so in the transactions of the state they must take visible precedence, and appear to originate every movement,

or they will oppose it. Nor must there be any interference with their prerogative. For instance, the Rewa nation had engaged to send warlike help to Nadroga, and the king went to the islands in quest of canoes to be used as transports. But, on his return home with twenty canoes, he found that the chiefs had been making independent arrangements, which he considered was an encroachment on his prerogative. He therefore immediately sent the canoes home again, and has left the Nadroga question untouched ever since.

The number of chiefs is very great; so that, if there were not a king, there would be more masters than men. A king is a political necessity in Fiji.

The real power of a Fijian king is two-fold. In his own *matanitu* (kingdom) he is generally supreme. Amongst his neighbours, tributaries, or rivals, his power is only that of influence. King Thakombau was never supreme ruler over more than fifteen thousand of the inhabitants; though he could, at one time, influence, in various ways, perhaps one hundred thousand, or one half of the entire group.

The mode of addressing chiefs is fulsomely respectful. "My head," "Root-of-the-Rafter," "Eat me," and "Chief," are used synonymously with "Sir." Clapping of hands is usual after a person of rank has partaken of refreshment, smoked a cigar, or sneezed. It is also performed on certain approaches near the person of a chief.

The Fijian is extremely fond of gifts; and would rather dance attendance for days on one who is likely to bestow property on him "like a chief," than work

for a few hours, and purchase a similar article by his own honest labour.

He does not like to be the first to communicate bad news. Should the crew of a canoe arrive at Bau in possession of distressing intelligence, they will charge each other not to divulge it.

He keeps time rather by the year than by months. It is true that certain months have names; but these owe their designation either to religion, to the planting and digging seasons, to the appearance of certain fish, or to the prevalence of particular winds. There is no distinct name for each of the twelve months by which they are called.

It is no breach of Fijian etiquette to tease one into a compliance with the wishes of those who are importunate, provided that the applicant is a superior or an equal. This is a source of much evil. In times of war, towns will thus be teased into changing sides. The party yielding is apprehensive lest the applicant turn, and in retaliation inflict some injury. Probably the custom originated in the remembrance that a return-favour might be solicited at some future day, when one good turn would earn another. It is considered a good reason to assign, that "the messenger came five or six times about it." Superiors themselves will sometimes yield. Thakombau once justified himself by saying, "I thought, if I continued to refuse, they would say that I was their enemy." Expediency, rather than right principle, seems to govern the race.

There is every reason to conclude that originally the Fijians were a sober people. A hundred years ago, there were but two grog-bowls in Rewa, a town

then containing a population of three or four thousand people. These bowls were in the houses of the principal chiefs; and the drum was beaten to assemble those who wished to partake of liquor. Within the last thirty years, however, intoxication has become fearfully prevalent, by the use of both alcoholic and *kava* mixtures.

The use of *yaqona*<sup>f</sup> or *kava* root is said to have been made known by the Tongans. A tradition indeed says that the root sprang up originally from the grave of a Tongan leper, who had been addicted to *kava* drinking. This is given as the reason why the *kava* is difficult of digestion.

Toasting, in English style, is unknown. But he who is about to drink the *kava* will sometimes express audibly an earnest request for some particular thing. On such occasions, fowling-pieces, pigs, and even canoes, have changed owners. It is perhaps a species of gambling.

It is *tabu* to pass at the back of an individual. An inferior may not reach for anything which may happen to be above the head of a chief. He must also lower his club and crouch down when a chief passes him. Probably these customs originated in the fear of murder. The "falling down after" a chief, on the occasion of his stumbling, may be conjectured to have had a similar origin. In the latter case, it is usual for the chief to present, to those who "fall after him," any article of property that they may desire.

A rubbing together of the hands is the strongest denial that can be given.

Canoes passing to windward of certain chiefs are fined. At Bau one clan only beats the drum at sea;

another possesses the exclusive privilege of carrying a flag.

Fijians have been slain for disrespectful approach to chiefs.

It is believed that if the head and tail of a certain sprat (the *daniva*) is thrown into the sea, at Naigani, it "lives again."

In answer to an inquiry sent to me, as to "what is the origin of making atonement to the divinities with the whale's-tooth," it will, perhaps, be sufficient to say, that the whale's-tooth has probably not been in use much more than a century. Previous to its introduction, atonement was made by the small white cowry-shell. Indeed, in ancient times the Fijian currency consisted of this *buli-leka* shell, to which reference is so frequently made in the traditions. These shells were then used as the offerings to the gods, just as whales'-teeth have been since. They were also employed for the purposes of war, marriage, and treaties. Costly clubs and staves were used similarly.

The rite of circumcision is universal. It is performed very ostentatiously, at the ages varying from sixteen to twenty years. It does not appear to be a religious rite. When young men conform to this national institution, power to domineer over them is conceded to the women, which they seldom fail to use with telling effect. Its accomplishment is accompanied by much that is objectionable.

The great design in composing songs commemorative of massacres, murders, &c., is the promotion and sacred perpetuation of the purpose of revenge. Only the relatives and friends of the slain sing to the



memory of the victims. It would be a breach of etiquette, and the addition of insult to injury, for the murderers to chant a song detailing their own treachery.

The following traditions further illustrate the popular style of thought:—

CAKOBÉ (of Waikete near Buretu) aimed to secure tribute both from Bau and Rewa, and took up his residence between the two places. He caught a crab, and told his mother to cook it for him. But she was dilatory, on account of being anxious to finish a mat, which she was then plaiting. Becoming exhausted, Cakobe gradually sank into the ground, calling, at various stages, for his food. His mother then prepared to attend to his request; but it was too late. As she brought his food, he disappeared below the ground. This is employed to illustrate, first, the evil arising from over-grasping; as Cakobe missed both Bau and Rewa: and then, the danger of every one doing as they choose; the mother thus losing her son. The marks of an extensive pottery there seen are shown as confirmatory of the statement that he drove away from thence the pot-makers at Dravo.

The MOUSE and the MOON disputed amongst themselves as to the way in which mankind should die. The moon wished man to be immortal. The mouse said, "No! let men have children, and die one by one, leaving successors, as I do." As mankind wished to die all together, the human race has ever since hated the mouse. The mouse being the only indigenous quadruped, the people thus shrewdly account for the enmity of which it is the object.

THE FLYING FOX AND THE MOUSE.—A mouse

wished to fly, and made a pair of wings. The bat, or flying fox, passing by, offered to make the first trial; to which the mouse consented. But when the mouse wanted the bat to return the wings, he refused, saying he was delighted with his power to travel by wing. This is said to be the reason why the bats suckle their young, and, embracing them, fly about with them.

The Fijians give the following reason for the pig rooting about the ground:—"Once upon a time" there was a grand assembly of gods, men, and animals, to decide what would be the most suitable meat to place on the top of the baskets of cooked vegetables, when served up on the occasion of a feast. Various propositions were made. Some said that a cooked human body was the most appropriate, and all the animals assented. But the men said the human body was too long for the basket; the head and the legs must be cut off, and the look of the thing spoiled. After some discussion, the worm proposed that the pig should be adopted; remarking that, although the snout was long, it could easily be broken and turned up. This suggestion was agreed to; and ever since then, it is said that pigs root up the ground to find the worms, against which they have sworn deadly enmity. You frequently see the snout of the cooked pig turned up in the way said to have been suggested by the worm.

At Koro the natives speak of a time when the island was completely covered by water, with the exception of the summit of one of the highest peaks, upon which a *qiqi*, one of the smallest of the Fijian birds, is said to have alighted to weep over the deluged land.

There is likewise a tradition respecting the Tower of Babel, which appears to be local. Mankind resolved upon building a tower which should reach to the moon; but, when the edifice had been carried up to a certain height, the lower part rotted, and gave way, upon which the people dispersed. Probably in no country is there such a multiplicity of dialects as in Fiji.

There is a tradition that a man, from the interior of Great Fiji, was frightened at the water rolling in some old nuts which had been given him, and clubbed them, to drive away the god which he thought had possessed them.

The *Va Kalili O* is a driving away of a devil. When there is an impression of the unwelcome presence of a devil, a man climbs up to the top of a house, and there seats himself. He then calls to the devil to come, defying him to the utmost. When the devil appears, or is supposed to have appeared, the surrounding spectators shoot at him, and make all sorts of noise, such as blowing the conch-shell, &c. This causes the devil to take to flight.

Near Ovalau is a black stone which is said to have been a sacred pig. Some unbelievers had resolved to eat it. Having killed it, they put it in an oven to bake. Whilst it was being cooked, they went to bathe. On their return, they opened the ovens to satisfy their appetites. Judge of their surprise when they found that, after the shoulders and legs had been separated, the whole of it became transformed into stone (*lia-vatu*)!

A Sovivi canoe was destroyed at sea. When in

the water, the crew loudly lamented their fate. Those who sorrowed because they should no more see their wives and children, perished in the sea. But there was one, and one only, who regretted most of all that through death he should no longer see the sacred grove of his god. That man was saved. Faith's reward.

The natural history of the Fijian race furnishes rather more than its full share of physical irregularities, such as albinos, hermaphrodites, dwarfs, and six-fingered families. The average duration of life is not long.

It is possible to trace similarity to Malayan customs in the manner of fortifications, and particularly in the use made of bamboo-pits to render dangerous the approaches. And also in the way in which the canoes are concealed amongst the mangrove-bushes, ready to pounce out in overpowering numbers so soon as an unfortunate craft is in their power. The pottery is similar in design to that which is discovered in South America. The custom of preserving the skulls and bones of their slain reminds one of some of the old races of that continent. There is, further, a curious similarity between the word for God, "Nanitu," as used by one portion of the group, and the American "Manitu" and its variations.

THE LANGUAGE abounds in words to designate every object of experience; but it has none to express a spiritual conception. The Fijian can describe all his sensations and desires, and has a most copious vocabulary describing things within his knowledge, and

for ideas derived from his senses; but for spiritual things, and indeed for many matters of ordinary virtue, he has no words. He has no name for continence or gratitude; for conscience or ingratitude; for justice or holiness. The word used for god is also employed to express "anything superlative, whether good or bad."\*

Something may be learnt respecting a people from their language. If theirs be old, the Fijians must for ages have been respectful towards their superiors. The dual or plural form is generally used in addressing the gods and the chiefs. "They sleep," would refer to the repose of a young babe of rank. They must ever have been liberal. Words for *give* or *gifts* there are; but none for *lend*. And so exists the verb to *beg*, but not to *borrow*. The human chest is styled "the centre of the song;" therefore the custom of singing is probably as ancient as the language itself. The names of the fingers are very significant. The thumb is "the portioner of food;" the first finger, "the ordinary pointer;" second finger, "the chiefs' pointer;" third finger, "the hoarse with crying" (in lamenting the amputation of the fourth finger); little finger, "the gift of respect to the dead." The familiar salutation on meeting is, "Awake to you." At parting, "Sleep to you." Five colours only have names,—grey, black, red, yellow, and green. The word for green is also used for blue. Black is used for dark blue.

Some of the chiefs pretend an innocent conceit, asserting the non-existence in their social circles of

\* Hazlewood's Dictionary. A similar usage is found in Hebrew, and other Eastern tongues.

certain words. Thus, a man of great rank assured a missionary that there was no such a word as "anxiety" in his dialect. The precision with which words are employed to express the various stages of immorality and sin is fearfully admonitory.

A distinguishing feature of the language is its nice distinctions. The Fijian cannot say father or son, wife or husband: he must use a more definite expression, and limit the noun by including within itself the pronoun for the person to whom it relates. Thus, the doxology is chanted, "Glory be to *our* Father, and to *His* Son, and to the Holy Ghost." In like manner, the language is defective in terms that express generalizations. The forests abound, for example, in various kinds of pine: the Fijian has a special term for each kind, but no generic term including them all. So with the numerous sorts of bread-fruit trees: there is a name for each, but none for the whole. Every species of shells has its name, but there is none for its genus. The same is even true of the verb. Multitudes of words express the same action as modified by changes of its object. There is no verb *to be*, used abstractedly; the words employed including within themselves the idea of place or time. The pronouns form a very large class of words. They possess four numbers; the triad being one of position rather than of number. There is, however, no artificial distinction of gender. The pronouns, moreover, are modified by being used in an inclusive or exclusive sense. For "our father," no less than six pronouns could be used. There are also three sets of pronouns, each set embracing the four numbers and the two forms of inclusive and exclusive. One is

used for property, the second for eatables, and the third for drinkables. Thus "your body," if expressed by the wrong pronoun, would mean "the body you are to eat;" and "your ink" might thus be made a drinkable. A different word for "wash" would be used in speaking of washing the head, face, hands, feet, or body of a man; of his apparel, his crockery, or his house: in all, eight terms with different shades of meaning to the same idea. "No" is expressed probably by many more than twenty-five different words!\*

On a review of the whole subject of the language, it is evident that there exists a marvellous fertility of expression, and a wonderful precision; and yet this very copiousness is a defect, springing from the want of reflection and analysis. To the study of the Fijian, the intelligent foreigner brings the habit of analysis, and will doubtless enrich the language with the experience of civilization. The half-castes are already adopting new forms.

It has been said that the Fijian language, though consisting of many dialects, is one. But it is to be observed that the same word has different meanings in various districts. Thus *oca*, is "weary" at Bau; but at Nadroga and Vuda it means "anger."

The language may be classified in two great divisions, which may hereafter prove suggestive to the philologist as to whether there are not in reality two distinct tongues. It is somewhat remarkable that the districts in which the striking difference of tongue is observed, are those in which the mythology also varies; and this fact is therefore rather confirm-

\* Appendix III.

atory of the suggestion, made in the chapter on mythology, as to the existence, in Fiji, of two races. The words chosen as examples are such as, it may be supposed, should be similar. In other parts of the group where there is a difference in other words of minor importance, these particular words are essentially the same.

ENGLISH.	SUPPOSED ABORIGINES.	SUPPOSED IMMIGRANTS.
God	Nanitu	Kalou
Chief	Viaqane and Momo	Turaga
Pig	Vurei	Vuaka
House	Were and Sue	Vale
Temple	Bito	Bure
Human being	E cola	Tamata
Wood	Guto	Buka
Anger	Oca	Cudru
Hand	Lima	Liga
Man	Seiqane	Tagane
Bow	Vucu	Dakai
Song	Wesi	Meke
Cold	Driwadriwa	Liliwa
Hot	Tunutunu	Katakata
Sick	Raraci	Tauvi mate
Strangle	Nasu	Kuna
Grave	Lovolovo	Bulubulu
Kiss	Yabo	Regu

The word for "canoe" (*waga*) is the same throughout; but this would rather confirm the theory. So also are the words for "prayer" (*masu*), and for "atonement" (*soro*). But the immigrants have been shown to be the more religious party of the two, and their words for these acts of worship may have been adopted. Indeed, one district acknowledges that they have lost



their own word for "atonement." Another retains one, *na qa*, but it is obsolete.

Finally, all these supposed aborigines occupy adjacent parts of the country, dwelling principally on Great Fiji, and some of them occupying Vuda ("our origin"), a spot where tradition says the Fijian race originated. Their position may be noticed on the chart as including the districts of Serua, Nadroga, Vatulele, Vuda, Ba, &c.

A singular fancy prevails respecting the mentioning of their own names. When a Fijian is asked his name, he will look at some bystander, and request him to answer. Unless it is for the purpose of allowing another mouth to pompously declare and magnify his position, it is hard to account for this custom.

The same person will frequently have five or six different names at various periods of his life. His name at birth, his name as knight, his names as parent or grandparent, and his names bestowed in consideration of some particular actions. He is also known by the name of his house; as "He from Niukaubi." This is considered the more respectful form of speaking amongst the natives.

The language of the names is of itself an interesting study, as illustrative of the mental habits of the people. The following are selected from the names of those whose marriages have been celebrated by the writer. All of them are names adopted at the time of birth.

I. Relative to present or past circumstances attending birth:—

*Males.* — Day. Night. Blind. Beloved. Calms.

Locust. Long. Precious. Quick-as-lightning. Behindhand. Rain. Arrowroot. Imp.

*Females.*—The Stolen (*i.e.*, the fruit of sin). Living-together. Waited-for. Rheumatism. Red. Difficult, Repentance. Pitiabie.

II. Descriptive of supposed disposition :—

*Males.*—Rule-the-land. Shark (greedy?). Eats-like-a-god. Dog (savageness?). Perishable-house. East-wind (even temper?). Prawn (agility?). Box (covetous?). The Sun (eminence?). Lily (handsome?). Goddess (juggler?). Paint (outward bravery). Tickling-of-the-nose (readiness to forebode evil?).

*Females.*—Teeth (biter?). Good. In-flame (passionate). Impudence. Willing. Sleep. God (clever manager?). Chief (one who *will* rule?). Smooth-water (peaceful?). Lie. Pride. Truth. Fish (gratification of appetite?).

III. Prognostic of ultimate occupation or future career :—

*Males.*—Riches. Father-of. Banana. Land. Comb. House. Knight. Carpenter. Star. Trumpet. Top-of. The-observed. King-of-gluttony. Drunk. Reef. Spark-of-fire. Not-sufficiently-cooked. Temple-for-treachery. The-new-grave. Revenge. Remember.

*Females.*—Woman-for-the-eye. Good-looking. Renowned-wife. Wife. Cry. Sleeps-like-a-serpent. The-lady's-blossom. Lady. Wife-of-the-morning-star. Die-in-the-canoe. Drinker-of-blood. Orange. Spear. Fig. Mother-of-twins. Cause-of-elopement. Speech. Earthen-vessel (for water). Mother-of-a-wife. Wood-of. Sleeping-in-the-grass. Pillow. Mother-of-cockroaches. Elysium. Owner-of-language. Mother-of-

pigeons. Wife-of-the-lord-god. Inflammation-of-the-eye. Sky-on-fire. Wife-of-waterspout. One-who-quiets. Lip-of. Word-of-man. Sacred-cavern.

IV. In commemoration of contemporary events:—

*Males.* — Weeping-for-Bau. Drought. Long-treachery. Living-in-the-bush. Empty. Swim. War. Fence. Disturbance-in-the-town. Deliberation. Die-out-of-doors. Slain.

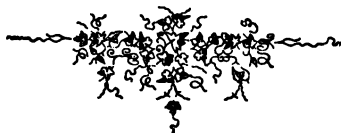
*Females.* — Vessel-sailing-empty. Waning-moon (decline of a chief's power?). Capsized.

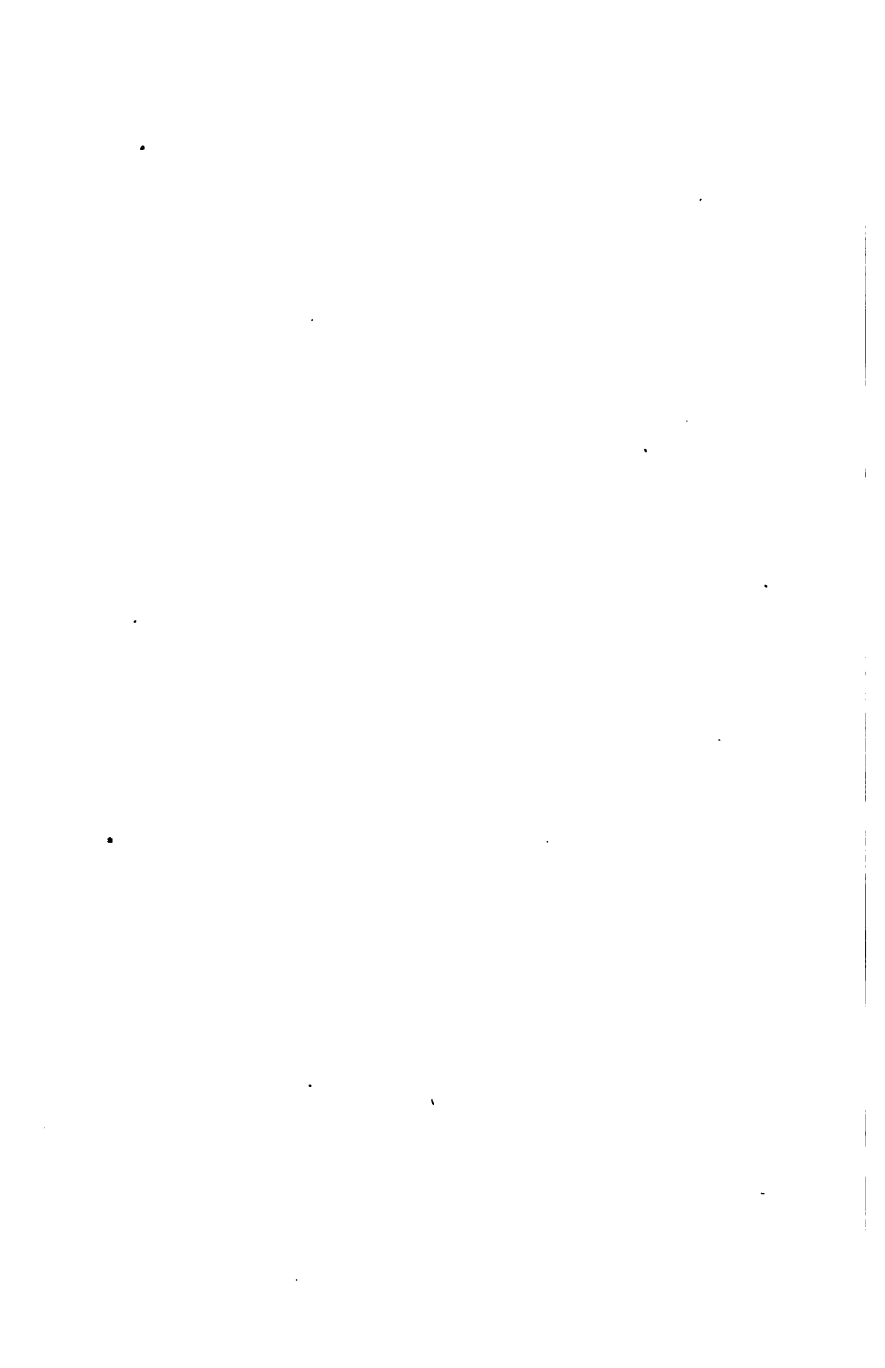




## CHAPTER XII.

*Mythology and Superstitions.*





## CHAPTER XII.



### MYTHOLOGY AND SUPERSTITIONS.

“TRADITION IS A METEOR, WHICH, IF IT ONCE FALLS,  
CANNOT BE REKINDLED.”—*Johnson.*

**I**T is impossible to ascertain even the probable number of the gods of Fiji; for disembodied spirits are called gods, and are regarded as such. But the natives make a distinction between those who were gods originally, and those who are only deified spirits. The former they call *Kalou-vu*, the latter *Kalou-yalo*. Of the former class the number is great; but the latter are without number. A third class consists of idolized objects.

There are various grades amongst the *Kalou-vu*; their rank being fixed by the number of their worshippers, the extent of their government, and the measure of their ability to save and to destroy. Thus, they may be classified as follows:—

1. Gods universally known throughout the group.
2. Gods of nations.
3. Gods of districts.
4. Gods of families.

## I.—GODS UNIVERSALLY KNOWN.

DEGEI ("Inspector"?) is the supreme god of Fiji. He is the creator of the (Fijian) world, of fruits, and of men. He it was who deluged the world in punishing the sin of his rebellious creatures. He sends forth his sons to visit the earth, who make their report to him concerning the piety of its inhabitants. His sons have performed miracles on the occasion of these visits. He is also a god of anger and of war.

He is enshrined in a serpent; and some say that the hinder part of his body is a stone, significant of eternal duration. He resides in a cave, on a mountain in the Rakiraki district, towards the north-east end of Na Viti Levu. When he turns over, he causes earthquakes. When he moves, there is thunder. He is universally known and acknowledged in Fiji; but not worshipped, except near his own cave.

On approaching Degei's cavern, the Fijian goes on his elbows and knees, neither head nor foot touching the ground. His sons are continually on the watch for visitors. On drawing near, the priest, who accompanies the party consulting the oracle, calls out, "O god, coil thyself!" The company then enter the cave, and remain in silence until they hear the exclamation of the sons, "There's some one moving." The priest now speaks. "It is we, sir," says he: "we are going to fight, and have come to inquire respecting the issue." "Listen, then," says the son. The worshippers hear a clashing of clubs, and a repetition of the sound for every individual that will be killed.

The earth was without form, and Degei sent Rokomantu, one of his sons, to pile up the land. In those places where Rokomantu allowed his flowing robe to drag over the ground there appeared a sandy beach; but where the god-son tucked up his garment, the beach became rocky, or else covered with the mangrove-bushes.

The first-born of Degei is Rokola, and was constituted a carpenter. One day he was building a canoe, at the command of the god. Buivesi, a goddess, came to collect chips for firewood, and became pregnant by a chip that struck her. She bore Siamese twins, Nakausabaria and Ciri Kaumoli. Rokola was very fond of them, and became their step-father. He manufactured bows and arrows, and gave them to the twins.

When they were grown up, they were sent by Uto (one of Degei's sons) to collect the leaves from which the ashes are made with which the Fijians dye their hair. He instructed the boys to rub together two pieces of wood, which they would find would ignite, and they would discover the element of fire. Previously to this, fire was unknown, and food was eaten in its uncooked state.

Whilst they were thus engaged, they saw Turukawa, the sacred watch-bird of the supreme god, whose duty it was to awaken Degei every morning. One of them, being very fond of mischief, proposed to shoot the bird, and, pointing his weapon at it, said, "I'll just try." His brother, being apprehensive of danger, and afraid of provoking the god, vainly endeavoured to prevent the execution of the sacrilegious purpose. The fatal deed was done; the arrow



entered the bird, and killed it. The lads plucked the bird's feathers, which were blown all about and covered the sacred mountain. They tried to collect the feathers, but did not succeed. They then buried the body.

Next morning there was much ado about the alarm-bird. Degei ordered Uto to search for it. It was found buried under Rokola's doorway. Full of fear, Rokola and his family fled to Nasaro, a town situated at the base of the sacred mountain. Degei sent an army to summon the town, and demanded that the offenders be surrendered to justice. The town refused to give up the guilty parties, and the god's army made an attack, which was repulsed, and the town proved to be impregnable. The god then employed a waterspout, which destroyed the town with a flood, washing it away with all its inhabitants. Rokola placed the twins on a tree, which floated towards Nakelo. Here the violence of the storm forcibly broke apart the hitherto united brothers.

At Natavea (Naitasari) the flooded deities inadvertently left their tools; which is said to account for the people in that part being able to build canoes. But they carefully preserved their sponges, and their *rogo*,—small mats for nursing children on; to which cause is assigned the fact that the chiefs' carpenters have such large families.

Wherever any canoe grounded, the *vesi* sprung up; a tree considered sacred throughout the entire group.

The chiefs' carpenters were eventually portioned out to Bau, Kadavu, and other places; but the majority settled at Rewa, which has since, on that account, been celebrated for carpenters.

Such appears to be the account of Noah's flood, darkened and perverted by heathen superstition, through a lapse of countless generations. There is a poem in celebration of the death of Turukawa. The late Rev. J. Hunt furnished the following as "between an imitation and a translation of the original:"—

"I'll try, I mean no harm, I'll only try,"  
 Pointing his arrow as he fix'd his eye :  
 His brother strikes his hand, the arrow flies,  
 And prostrate at their feet old *Turukawa* lies.

Stretch'd on the fatal ground, upon his back,  
 They see the deadly arrow's fatal track ;  
 His entrails all turn out, his flowing blood  
 Stains the white sand, and dyes the ocean-flood.

"This is no common bird," one faintly said :  
 "His glaring eyes retain their crimson red ;  
 His sacred legs, with many a cowry bound,  
 Crash'd as the monster fell upon the ground.

My brother, can it be ? is this the bird  
 Whose office long has been to wake the god  
 Whose serpent form lies coil'd in yonder cave,  
 Boasting the dreaded power to kill or save ?"

They strip him of his coat, by nature given ;  
 And, lo, his feathers rise in clouds to heaven,  
 Fly o'er the mountains on the gentle breeze,  
 Cover the mystic groves of sacred trees.

A grave, at once convenient and secure,  
 They find beneath the threshold of the door ;  
 They bury him with vows of self-defence,  
 Should Degei's anger visit their offence.

The god lies sleeping, nor has power to wake ;  
 He turns himself, and rocks and mountains quake ;

When gloomy night has laid aside his pall,  
He lists intent for *Turukama's* call.

Three suns have risen, but no call he hears ;  
His heart now beats with boding god-like fears ;  
The god, exhausted with suspense so sore,  
Sends Uto his dominions to explore.

"Go search my favourite bird, my precious store :  
O, shall I never hear his cooing more ?  
If distance weary, or the sun shall burn,  
Refreshing draughts shall wait thy glad return.

"Go, search 'mong tow'ring heights, 'mong vales  
beneath,  
'Mong gloomy caverns, and the cloud-capp'd cliffs :  
There dwell the murderers, so report declares :  
Vengeance shall now absorb our god-like cares."

If, on his return from the earth, Uto reports to Degei that the temples are deserted, and the offerings neglected, the god causes a hurricane, to rebuke the impiety of its inhabitants.

On one occasion Uto found two men weeping over the grave of their brother. He compassionated their misery, and brought to life the inhabitant of the grave, after he had been dead four days.

During a great drought, the women were away fetching water from the interior, by relays, and the men were lamenting over the children dying of thirst, when Rokomautu made his appearance, and inquired into the reason of their sorrow. On being informed that it arose from the want of water, he pierced a rock with his *milamila*, (a long pin, with which the natives ornament and scratch their heads,) and water gushed out.

The natives of Mololo told me that Degei particu-

larly favours them as a people. One day there was a very great calm and heat, which extended everywhere. In his love and pity, Degei sheltered these his people by the shadow of a great cloud, which remained over them.

Uto, a native of Namacuku, was planting *dalo*, when Degei passed, and commanded him to go to the Kauvadra (the sacred mountain). He immediately disappeared in the earth. When you tell the Namacukuans of the translation of Enoch, they mention this tradition in reply.

These and other traditions bear, at least, a remarkable seeming of resemblance to certain facts of sacred history.

The following evidence is proof sufficient to satisfy the uncultivated mind of the Fijian, that Degei is the true god :—

The Rakiraki reefs annoyed Degei with their roar. He sent Uto to silence the cause of his trouble ; which is said to account for the fact that the Rakiraki reefs do not roar to the present day, although the surf breaks over them as over all others.

The bats at the entrance to Degei's cave were very noisy, and he sent Naqai (another son) to drive them away, or order them to be quiet. An adventure arose out of this, which is subsequently recorded. The bats are silent in that place to this day.

The manufacturers of the native crockery disturbed Degei by the noise they made. With his foot he struck off those portions of the land which they occupied, and made them islands. This accounts for the islands of Malaki, Nananu, &c., where potteries exist, whilst there are none at Rakiraki.

The birds at Nacilan made too great a clamour at night to permit Degei to sleep with comfort. The god sent Naqai, who ordered them to sleep elsewhere. This is the reason why the birds leave that point after sunset, and return after sunrise to spend the day there.

Degei is evidently a god fond of quietness. At some villages near the sacred mountain, the women pour the water into the pots with great care, guarding against noise, lest the god be offended. If they transgressed, the god would turn the boiling food into serpents.

During the drought of 1838, Tanoa, the Banan Vu-ni-Valu, sent certain young men, as his messengers, to appease the great Degei, and to pray that rain might be given.

Some traditions say that the island of Bau, and the flat alluvial country constituting what is usually termed the Rewa territory, owe their origin to the great flood of Degei.

Degei is also recognised as a serpent-god in the Friendly Islands; but it is probable that the knowledge of him was received from Fiji.

In conclusion, perhaps Degei is a perverted idea of the true and only God. This would appear from the mystery connected with his name; the divine works attributed to him; the requirement, on his part, of gratitude (as worship) from the human family; and from his immediate connexion with the traditional occurrence of the flood.

The god most generally known, next to Degei, is DAUCINA ("Light"). He has various other names,

but is acknowledged, worshipped, and known under the one name of Daucina, by all the seafaring and fishing communities in Fiji.

In reality he receives more homage and attention than Degei. He is the patron of adultery, and his worshippers have not been slow to imitate his example.

Daucina is the great god of seafaring Fiji. He is called the "Lord of gods;" for, in an assembly of all the gods, it was discovered that he was the tallest in the company. Many say that he is a monster giant. When a child, he was only quiet when looking at a lamp. One day, his mother tied some lighted reeds to his forehead to amuse him. His fondness for light was the origin of his name.

When one of his tribes is about to engage in war, the chiefs and gentlemen assemble round his priest in the temple. The head chief then says, "We pray thee, lord, to appear." Soon the priest becomes inspired, and his word is thereupon considered as the utterance of the god. His promises are pledges made by the god; and his warnings intimations from Daucina himself. Before his departure he drinks *kava*; and then the priest quiets down into a mere man again.

He takes an active part in the wars of his people. Transforming himself into a man, he visits the towns of the enemy, to sell fish. After he has departed, the inhabitants perceive an unusual smell of fish, and know thereby that Daucina has been trading with them, and that some will be killed in consequence.

When he has sold his fish, he commands his people to attack the town, promising that they shall have as

many human bodies as he had purchasers. The people proceed to lie in ambush, and are invariably successful.

If the town be attacked during the night, or before daylight, Daucina walks round the suburbs, and illuminates the fence and the houses. The assailants know Daucina is there, and are greatly encouraged. As they land, the light disappears, so that they may not be discovered by the enemy.

Once he listened to some, who were arranging for the death of a favoured clan. One of the party finishing his address, all the conspirators heard distinctly a "Pooh! pooh!" from outside. A search was made for the offender; but it was fruitless, for the culprit was Daucina, and he rendered himself invisible. The god then informed his friends of the proceedings of their enemies.

At another time, he promised success in war to the same clan. The tribe started, and secured one of the enemy's canoes, carrying seven men. But when some of the captors embarked, in order to sail the prize home, they found that the canoe would only carry four of themselves, though they were no more corpulent than the slain. Daucina had buoyed up the ill-fated craft, and enabled it to keep the seven afloat until his followers captured them!

Owing to their being *Kalou-vata* (worshippers of the same god), the seafaring tribes have a sort of freemasonry amongst themselves. If any go to a town in which they are perfect strangers, and find a temple dedicated to Daucina, they enter it, and are treated as fellow-citizens.

When one of Daucina's priests at Nairara died,

there was the most fearful lightning afterwards, which was said to be the *lala* (omen) on the death of a chief.

RATUMAIBULU, ("Sir, from Hades,") known also under other names, some being his descendants, is the god of the crops, acting as the Ceres of Fiji. In December he comes from his residence in Bulu, and takes up his abode on earth, causing the fruit-trees to flower and bear fruit. The month is sacred to this god. The people sit quietly, avoiding all noise and unnecessary labour, lest the god be disturbed, and leave the earth before he has finished his work; in which case the season would be unfruitful. It is *tabu* to beat the drum, to blow the trumpet, to dance, to plant, to make war, to sing at sea, &c. At the end of the month, the priest bathes the god, who then departs. The priest blows the sacred trumpet; the people raise a shout, which is carried from town to town; and all kinds of labour and amusement are again constituted lawful.

His shrine is a serpent, which is said to lie in a very small cave, or rather hole, near Namara, within a mile of Bau. Food was taken annually to this sacred spot, and presented to the god; when the Bauans carefully weeded the immediate vicinity of the cave. Unlike the other gods, he does not drink the *kava*. Instead of the usual presentation of *yaqona*, the people blow the conch-shell, and the god eats the wind and the noise of the trumpet. After the god has departed, the priest partakes very gratefully of a copious draught of the *kava*. After all his shaking and snorting, the poor fellow needs it.



Koroika, a chief living at the Soso end of Bau, had professed to disbelieve in the existence of Ratu-maibulu ; and, as that god was then enshrined in a serpent, which lay in a small cave not two miles distant, he determined to satisfy himself whether Ratu was divine or not. Embarking alone on a small canoe, with a cargo of small fish, he poled towards the spot where the god was reported to be. On his arrival there, a serpent issued from the cave, and made its appearance to Koroika. The chief inquired, "Please, sir, are you the god Ratumai-bulu?" The serpent replied, "No, I am not : I am his son." The chief presented him with some fish, and bade him request his father to come and see him. Presently another serpent came in sight ; but he was a grandson ; and, having received a present of fish, was politely asked to solicit his grandsire to visit the hero. At length there issued such a serpent, so large, so noble, as to leave no doubt whatever on the mind of the chief that the god himself was before him. "Please, sir," said he, "here is some fish for you." The serpent-god took the fish, and retired with it ; but, just as he was about to enter his cave, Koroika shot him with an arrow, and immediately beat a hurried retreat. But the voice of the god followed him, uttering the prophetic warning, "Nought but serpents ! Nought but serpents !" Arriving at home, and recovering from his agitation, he ordered dinner to be brought. The cover was taken off the pot, the servant prepared to fork the food, and lift it out of the vessel ; when a shriek alarmed the hungry chief,—the pot was full of serpents ! The chief seized a jug of water, saying, "I will drink, at any

rate." But he poured out *serpents* instead of water! Unable to eat or drink, there still remained one source of comfort,—he could go to sleep. He unrolled his mat, and was about to fling himself upon it, when innumerable serpents appeared there, and terrified him. He rushed out of doors, and took a walk in the town. Passing a temple, he discovered, to his dismay, that its priest was making a revelation, to the effect that "the god had been wounded by a citizen," and that punishment would overtake the city. There was but one course left for him,—he would *soro*. He returned home, collected property, and offered it to the god as an atonement for his sin; and he was pardoned.

The snake is a god almost universally known and worshipped throughout Fiji, but under different and various names, according to locality.

In some towns, when one is found, it is taken up carefully, anointed with oil, laid in soft drapery, and taken to its temple. If one was found dead in the Bauan snake-temple, a priest invariably died soon afterwards.

The Fijian worship of this reptile seems to have been ancient and authoritative. It is called "The Offspring of the Origin,"—a signification pregnant with meaning, the full import of which is suggestive of "that old serpent called the devil." (Rev. xii. 9.)

It is curious that there is thus said to be a close connexion between the human race and the serpent. Degeri is a "*vu-i-mami*" ("our originator," *i.e.*, of the human family): the serpent is "*luve-ni-vu*" ("child of the originator").

When an offering to the snake was presented at

Bau, by Tunitoga (the state councillor) and the priest, they both first besmeared their bodies with ashes before commencing the ceremony.

It is also very remarkable that the appearance of the rainbow on land is said to originate with the snake. "*E veikau sa vuna na gata; e wai sa vuna na qio.*"

The snake is the patron god of the priestly clan of Bau.

Disembodied spirits are universally acknowledged as gods; but are not worshipped by the seafaring tribes, unless the spirits of chiefs of high rank.

I am inclined to think that this branch of their mythology throws some light on the origin of the Fijians. I venture to suggest that those who worship Degei, and the spirits of their fathers, are the aborigines, who have merely acknowledged the divinity of their conquerors' gods, and continue to worship their own. Those who worship Daucina and the *Kalou-vu* generally, I regard as the intruders, who, out of policy, have indeed nominally deified Degei, and the spirits of men, but who, out of custom, pay divine honours only to their gods proper, and to all those *Kalou-vus* which their respective tribes made known, as the spirit of rivalry for eminence grew with their growth into nations. The greatest national gods of Bau and Lakeba are both evidently of very recent invention; the ridiculous and disgusting origin of both being well known, whilst the others have been worshipped from time immemorial. The variety of names by which Daucina is known may have arisen from the independent and emulous spirit of the rising nations,

each anxious to preserve its own distinctiveness, and desirous of supremacy.

The aborigines would profess to adopt the gods of their invaders, out of veneration for the evident superiority of their votaries, and therefore of the gods themselves. Their native politeness would also lead them to acknowledge, at least, the divinity of these gods; as, indeed, Jehovah was, from the very first, acknowledged as a great god, though it was denied that He was "*the only*" God. He is still spoken of in heathen circles as "the god of the white people."

## II.—GODS OF NATIONS.

Some of these are worshipped by several nations, but not by all. Others receive divine honour from one nation only.

CAGAWALU, ("Forehead-eight-spans,") though of unworthy and disgusting origin, yet is the great war-god of Bau. He is the patron of murder and cannibalism; establishing his superiority by the truthfulness of his predictions, when consulted by the Bauan warriors previous to their engaging in battle and warfare.

The Rev. D. Cargill, M.A., had the opportunity of seeing the outside of his new temple, soon after its erection by Seru and his father. He says: "Whilst that edifice was in course of erection, many human beings were slaughtered and eaten. For this temple, the three men in whose murder the Verata war originated were killed; and perhaps more human beings have been put to death on account of this edifice than for any other building of the kind in

Fiji, although the number of persons who are deprived of their lives on such occasions is sometimes great. When the posts of a Fijian temple, or spirit-house, are erected, three, four, ten, or as many human beings as can be obtained at the time, are killed, roasted, and eaten. When the white shells are adjusted on the black sticks, which adorn the ends of the ridge-pole, on the outside of the house, as many more meet with a similar fate. When the posts of the place for the fire at which the priests and their associates warm themselves are arranged, several others are massacred for another feast.

Occasionally, after the workmanship of any temple has been completed, a tuft of grass is placed in the thatch; and after it has remained there for a certain period, it is taken down, at the caprice of the principal chief who is connected with the temple. He delivers it to some of his friends or followers, and despatches them to a certain settlement, against the inhabitants of which he has taken umbrage, with orders to massacre men, women, and children, without discrimination.

“Although these occasions are the most important on which human lives have been sacrificed by reason of the monstrous custom of killing and eating men on account of the erection of a Fijian spirit-house, yet during most of the time which was occupied in the building of this Bau temple, the emissaries of the chief were on the alert, to decoy and capture victims. Such a temple may, with much propriety, be declared an appendage of Satan’s throne. There he who was a murderer from the beginning erects his stronghold, and fallen angels revel in the degradation and misery

of the souls and bodies of men. The voice of truth and mercy has never been heard within its precincts, and the moral atmosphere by which it is surrounded is dimly dark and awfully pestilential. Let every friend of Fiji pray that such ramparts of superstition and misery may soon be destroyed, and that a Bethel to the only living and true God may soon beautify and adorn every abode of man in that extensive group of islands."

The erection of this place of worship was instrumentally the cause of the death of a great number of people. Mr. Cargill says that "three Verata men were murdered, that their bodies might be sacrificed and eaten during the erection of a new temple at Bau. The chief of Verata made retaliation on the aggressors, by causing some of his people to waylay and kill five Bau men. The chiefs of Bau were too haughty and resentful to brook such a retaliation of the injury done to their neighbours of Verata, and declared war upon them. About a fortnight before this massacre, they attacked a settlement in the district of Verata, and killed several persons. After that affray, the body of one of the victims was sent to Tui Dreketi; but, in consequence of our expostulation, he caused it to be buried. Since the commencement of these late hostilities, the fighting-men of Bau have made inroads on several of the towns, and destroyed many of the plantations, of Verata. In the last assault they mustered great numbers of their allies and adherents, and resolved, if possible, to strike a decisive blow, and effect the extermination of the people of Verata. Like a lawless troop of robbers and murderers, they destroyed many plantations, burned two settlements, killed two hundred

and sixty of the inhabitants, and made prisoners of many women and children. During several days the victors were devouring the slain, like infuriated wolves and hyænas.”\*

Let the cost of this temple be reduced to figures :—

Killed, in the first instance, by the Bauans . . . . .	3
Strangled by their friends, out of respect to the memory of the slain . . . . .	3
Widows, mothers or sisters, killed in revenge by Verata . . . . .	5
Strangled by friends . . . . .	5
Killed by Bau in retaliation . . . . .	260
Killed of the Bau people when making the attack . . . . .	unknown
Strangled by the friends of the same . . . . .	unknown
Known to have been strangled at Verata in honour of the 260 (the number being very much reduced by the Bauans having taken as prisoners many of the women) . . . . .	50
	<hr/>
	326

We may safely reckon that as many as three hundred and fifty lives were lost in the erection of this spirit-house.

BETANIQORI is a son of Ratumaibulu. He lives in a forest near the cave of his father. Food is taken annually to him, and his residence carefully weeded.

A club, one of the shrines of this god, is now in my possession. It was wrapped carefully in fine head-dresses, and deposited in the temple built in its honour. In order to show respect, whoever entered the temple moved circuitously so as to avoid the place where the shrine lay, and bowed low. It had a

\* *Memoirs of Mrs. Cargill, by her husband.*

month sacred to it, when all work and noise were prohibited. When the front of the temple was being weeded, and whilst the club was receiving its annual bath, the most perfect silence was maintained, after which the sacred shells were blown, and the new month was formally announced.

DAKUWAQA, ("Outside-the-canoe,") the Fijian Neptune. He assumes the form of a shark, tattooed on the belly. In his honour, all sharks are saluted when they are seen; and it is *tabu* to eat the flesh of that fish.

One day a priest was bathing in the sea, when Dakuwaqa came up, and rubbed himself against the man, as a pig scratches itself against a post. The priest was astonished at the friendliness of his visitor, but was delighted to hear from the shark that he was no less a personage than their Neptune.

A canoe was lost at sea, between the islands of Koro and Batiki. A native of Soso, the west end of Bau, prayed for deliverance to Dakuwaqa. "Inhabitant of the water, save me this day!" Immediately a shark made its appearance, and approached Mana. It was Dakuwaqa. The god swam before the man, keeping to the surface of the water. Mana caught hold of the fin on the shark's back, and the shark supported him until they reached Nasavusavu, a distance of sixty miles. The god only abandoned his follower when the shore was touched. All Mana's companions perished. For some time the Bauans had no idea that he was saved. He maintained the truth of this story throughout the whole of his life, greatly confirming the faith of Dakuwaqa's votaries.



Dakuwaqa jumped on the end of the Soso canoe, the owners of which were his priests, during the invasion of Natewa, in 1848. He stared at them; turned over, for them to see the tattooing; and then leaped again into the water. He then made his appearance to the chiefs of Somosomo and Bau, who were in the rear, and swam before their canoes to the town which was the object of attack, a distance of some miles.

He is a god of antiquity, and is worshipped by almost as many as honour Daucina. Perhaps he and Daucina were the gods of the immigrants.

The shark is worshipped in several islands, districts, and towns, but under many names. The natives say that each shark named is a separate god. It is probable, however, that it is the same god under different names; as something peculiar is attached to the appearance of most, and the same attribute of saving the wrecked is ascribed to several. The following are specimens of the names:—

Circumnavigator-of-Yadua. The Feeder-of-fish (by scattering fragments). Fond-of-canoe-yards. Way-layer. Rover-of-the-mangroves. The Expectant-follower. The Ready-for-action. The Sail-cleaner. Mr. Shark-that-calls (his companions). Tabu-white. The Tooth-for-uncooked-food.

At Yadua, for every human being the god seizes, he throws one of the thighs into a deep water-hole, near a narrow ledge of reef, that becomes nearly dry at low water, when the priest visits the cistern, and dives for his portion. He then takes it home to eat. The thighs are the parts allotted to the priest by the god.

Quite recently, the shark (Mr. Tooth-for-un-

cooked-food) is said to have saved Dalia, whose canoe was capsized between Kadavu and Vatulele. The god-shark landed his worshipper at Beqa.

At one place a shark was caught which wept like a man when placed on the canoe. It was tattooed, but the fishermen did not notice it. When they arrived at the beach, the priest came, and ordered them to release it, which was immediately done.

When the god-sharks attack a canoe to destroy it, the parrot-beaked fishes (*cumu*) make a hole in the bottom of the vessel, and scuttle her. The rainbow rests on one end of the canoe, to portend to the crew their approaching fate, that none may attempt to escape.

A dead shark drifted to Yadua; and when the people discovered that it was *qia* (tattooed), they reverently buried it, and raised over the grave a stone platform. A *vesi* (iron-wood) tree immediately grew from the sacred remains.

About A.D. 1840 one of the *tabu* sharks was eaten at Navukeilagi, Gau, and all who ate of it died.

A fleet of twenty Yasawa canoes were laden with the fruit of the cocoa-nuts, which are dedicated to these sea-gods. This was a grave offence; and the gods pursued them, and succeeded in destroying nineteen of the vessels whose crews had been guilty of the sacrilege. The shark-gods saved one man, however, and conveyed him to their residence, (Nacawa, Yadua,) where their captive was devoted to the work of making a perpetual noise, like that of preparing the cocoa-nut husk for the plaiting of sinnet. It is said that the sound of the unfortunate fellow's hammer can still be distinctly heard.

A rainbow at sea, or on the water, is said to originate with the shark, just as one on land is attributed to the snake.

Vusatinitini ("Ten-in-origin") lived in a cavern near Nacovu, on Great Fiji, near Bau. A shark came into their cave one day, and they tried to spear it. No sooner had one thrown a spear than he himself was irresistibly impelled to follow it. Thus went Radua ("Mr. One"), Mr. Two, and so on, till all ten were attracted towards the shark. Next came after them their grandmother or nurse. The shark then took them all to Malawai, Gau. A priest at Malawai, becoming inspired, revealed the fact of the Vusatinitini having removed. Whereon all their votaries left their town on Great Fiji, and settled at their present residence on the island of Gau.

### III.—GODS OF DISTRICTS.

OIRA NAI SAKALO (the gods of Famine). When there is either a famine or drought, it is said to be caused by the Sakalo, but more particularly the famine. When this happens, the Sakalo temple is rebuilt, and an offering presented. Unlike all other presentations, the oblation consists of very bad food, fit for neither man nor pig. The offering is then presented to the priest. The people say, "Ye Sakalo! behold our distress! see the straits to which we are reduced! We have no food to eat. Be pleased to give rain and fruit, that we may live." Thus they endeavour to cheat the gods by making them believe that they have no yams left.

The Sakalo are very numerous, numbering two or three thousands.

The iron-tree is sacred to these gods in all places where they are worshipped. Earthen pots are placed at the roots of these trees, for the gratification of their thirst. An iron-tree, when it is felled, cries; and the man who has committed the outrage is eaten by the Sakalo.

It is said of an inordinate eater, that the Sakalo have "entered him."

SAUMAKI ("Turnabout") is enshrined in a river-shark, and is worshipped by several towns of different tribes, each having its own peculiar deity, but united in the worship of Saumaki. He is frequently to be seen bathing in company with his priest.

If he makes his appearance with any one else, it is an intimation that the individual in question is engaged in treacherous intercourse with the enemies of the tribe.

RADI-NI-BURE-BUA ("Queen-of-two-temples") is a goddess with four breasts. She is mighty in battle; a destroyer. None of the towns under her protection has ever (1856) been taken in war. She may be styled "the Defender of the Faith," from her reviving heathenism whenever the cause has drooped.

She is served by priestesses.

ROKOMOKO ("He-who-embraces"—probably to defend), whose shrine is a lizard. He is a god of war. Though a god of Waimoro, he frequently appeared to the Bau chiefs.

When the Bauans weeded the vicinity of his temple, previous to a certain war, he swam off to their canoe. The great chief Tunitoga, who is still living, maintained the lizard at Bau for some time, and then took him home again in a basket of the small white cowry-shells, an article to which the god is very partial. The shells were deposited in the temple; and the Bauans, in acknowledgment of the god's courtesy, danced to the townspeople, and presented them with native property.

Rokomoko's chief soldier is called Rokotavo. He and his sons, in obedience to the command of the god, enter men, and make them invulnerable. As this takes place, the men are seized with a fit of frenzy, which proclaims the indwelling of the god's soldiers. They are then conveyed to a sort of barracks, where they live a life of separation from their families and the world, for twelve months at least. During this period, they enter no house, and converse only with those of their own sex. Their food is all roasted, in their own huts or in the bush; none boiled nor baked. The corps is constantly exercised by the priest, who keeps them practising continually. At length the priest pronounces them to be invulnerable, by saying, "The god is ready." The warriors are now led to action. If their path is crossed by any body of water, they must be ferried or carried over, as their feet must not touch water. The spear, the arrow, the bullet—as the case may be—cannot injure those who are thus constituted invulnerable. If it happens to hit them, it rebounds immediately. But this is only the case with those who retain the favour of the god. If any one has offended Rokomoko, the

god withdraws his protection, and the shot takes effect on the unhappy man.

There is an intimate connexion between the visible part of Rokotavo—a sunken log of wood, to be seen in the river near Rokomoko's temple—and the invulnerable. If the god permits a man to be injured, in punishment for his offence, there is no mark to be found on the log. But if a man is hit when in a state of favour, he remains unhurt, whilst *the log is injured*, and receives the imprint of the weapon with which the man has come in contact. The natives occasionally dive for this wonderful log, in order to gaze at the vicarious imprints.

TUI-DELA-I-GAU (“King-of-the-top-of-Gau”). This is a Gau god, whose traditions are rich in romance.

A heathenish game was to be celebrated at Namanaira, from which two men resolved to absent themselves, in consequence of their ill-feeling towards some of their comrades. Their wives were displeased at this decision, and said that, let their husbands do as they liked, they were not going to lose the enjoyment of such fun. The women accordingly collected flowers, wreaths, &c., for the purpose of decorating themselves on the occasion, and, at the appointed time, went to the scene of the game.

Feeling very lonely, their husbands thought they would have a picnic, and, providing themselves with cooked vegetables, went in the bush to search for land-crabs, which they intended to cook for their dinner. Whilst thus engaged, (the very spot is still shown,) they saw a man, of pleasing features and gigantic dimensions, coming from the forest towards

the sea. On his arrival at the beach he prepared for bathing. Addressing certain limbs of his body, he ordered them to go and bathe. "Arms! go and wash." The arms separated themselves from the trunk, and obeyed the mandate. He then commanded his legs to "go and wash." His legs left the body, and went into the sea. After every portion had thus been commanded to "go and wash," the head went and took up its abode in a *sinu*-tree. As the different members and portions of his body finished their ablutions, they returned and resumed their proper place. At this strange sight, the men were struck with wonder, and said to each other, "A god! a true god!" The reconstructed body being again crowned by the head, the giant retired into the woods. The spectators followed respectfully. The stranger walked leisurely to the highest mountain in the island, and the men pursued him. At length the god came to a very lofty cowrie-tree, and disappeared in it; and the two men, having fixed some reeds to indicate the locality, returned home, conversing of their adventure, and resolving to prepare to "hasten after another god."

The next morning, our heroes furnished themselves with a large root of *kava*, and returned to the cowrie-tree. Presenting the *kava* in due form, they addressed the divine inmate of the tree, craving his patronage and blessing. They did not wait long before the god again appeared bodily to them. They were now alarmed; and, continuing to sit down on the ground, they simultaneously clapped their hands. He inquired their errand. In reply, the bolder of the two ventured to say that they had accidentally been

so fortunate as to see his divinity bathe, and that they humbly solicited him to adopt them as his children, and become their god. The god at once made known his approval of their choice, and ordered them to prepare the *kava*, that he might quench his thirst with their drink-offering. This was done, and the god partook of the libation. Looking upwards, toward the top of the cowrie-tree, the god then called out, "Who's up there?" "A spade to dig an oven!" The men were terrified as they saw a spade thrown down, which began forthwith to dig a hole for an oven. The god then called for some cooking-stones. Stones were showered down, which immediately arranged themselves in the usual form. He ordered wood. It fell down, and began to ignite, burn, and heat the stones. When the oven was ready, he inquired of his victims, who were tremblingly alive to the expected punishment of their presumption, "Which of you will get into my oven to be cooked, that I may eat and be filled?" This was a severe trial of their faith; but they felt that they must obey or perish. With becoming hesitation, the bolder exclaimed, "I will, sir." "Jump in, then," said the giant god. With a tear in his eye, the unfortunate fellow leaped into the oven. The god called for leaves, which poured down, and buried the hapless mortal. A spade was called, and came to cover the smothered holocaust with the heated stones and earth. His comrade, more dead than alive, was transfixed to the spot with anxiety for his own personal safety.

In a short time the god pronounced the provision to be sufficiently cooked, and called for an instrument to come and open the oven. A spade descended,



and performed its office. The earth was removed, then the leaves and stones. But, instead of a cooked man, some beautiful mats were in the oven. These were removed, and then were discovered several pieces of tastefully-printed cloth. This was taken away, and out jumped the man, alive and well, with not one hair of his head singed. The god presented the two friends with the property, who rendered thanks for his bounty, and retired laden with their wealth. They quietly went home, and concealed their treasures.

The next morning was spent by them in fishing. Having secured four baskets-full of fish, the two men went to the scene of their exploits. They piled up the fish before the tree, and requested their invisible patron to accept of their thank-offering. They then retreated hastily.

The day after this, the two adventurers went in dishabille to see the game, which was not yet concluded. The company, annoyed at their untidy appearance, used insulting language to them. After loitering about, one of them proceeded to the centre of the dancing-ground. "Away with you, slave!" exclaimed some of the merry crowd. "No," said he: "we wish to make a feast for the chief." Before he could be removed, the attention of all present was arrested. "Who's up there?" cried he. "Please send a spade to dig an oven." The tool descended from above, as it had previously done at the mandate of the god, and an oven was soon prepared in the midst of the dancers. All the assemblage thronged round in a ring. The man imitated the actions of the god, and the various preparatory stages in cooking were accomplished. He then said to his companion,

“Which of us shall be cooked to-day, to make a dinner for the chief?” “I will,” said he who had before been the mere spectator. He jumped into the oven, and the necessary material and instruments came, at the request of his friend, to complete the burial of the oven’s contents. The survivor said to the surrounding concourse, “I will go and bathe, and then take my feast to the chief.” He departed, and having washed, he oiled and dressed himself in the beautiful garments he had previously procured in so novel a way. On his return to the oven, he found the multitude awaiting his arrival with impatience. The man invoked his new god, and the oven was mysteriously opened by a spade from the sky. Mats were visible, to the amazement of the company! One mat was drawn out from the oven, rolled up, and then another, and another, until a great number was piled up. Then came gaudy prints in a very large quantity. After the removal of this, out jumped the man who had been buried. He was now beautifully attired, and adorned with small white cowry-shells on his legs, arms, &c. The property was carried formally to the chief, and presented to him; after which the men hurried home, the envied subjects of applause. Their wives, who had been so angry, preceded them. Others of the gentler sex rushed into their houses, evidently desirous of alliance with the renowned. But their liege ladies drove away the bold aspirants, exclaiming, “Back to your own homes! We want no polygamy.”

No wonder the great shout was made, “Tui-de-lai-Gau, (‘The King of the Mountain-tops of Gau,’) he is the god!”

The wife of Tui-de-lai-Gau's priest having complained of the trouble of removing the outer rind of the edible Tahitian chestnut, her husband besought his god to relieve her. Immediately the bats came, and, in the presence of a number of people, stripped off the husk as the nuts stood on the tree.

The parrots stole the priest's plums as soon as ripe. The priest hung on the tree a stone wrapped in cloth, as a charm; after which there was no more pilfering, though the bats and parrots destroyed the plums belonging to the less influential of the townfolk.

The bats and parrots are of the sacred kind. This accounts for their respecting the *tabu*. If any bat or parrot break the restriction, the sacred ones kill him, and carry his body to the temple at Navukeilagi. The sacred bats are distinguished from the ordinary bats by being white or grey (*vilavula*).

NAQAI, ("Messenger,") one of Degei's sons. The following tradition is related of him. When sent by Degei to drive away the bats from a certain forest, he felled a large iron-tree to make a throwing-club. He then proceeded to expel the noisy creatures by casting the missile at them. Once his *ula* fell near the point of Nai Cobocobo, Great Land. He walked over on the sea to pick it up. He found it floating near that Cape. He took hold of it, saying, "A nice little thing to take ashore with me at this place." A Vuya god heard this speech, and went reporting to his fellows, "Here is some one who talks of bringing to the land, by his own strength, a large tree." The gods went in a body to watch the stranger, being resolved that, if he failed in his apparently pre-

sumptuous attempt, they would club and kill him. But Naqai walked with the greatest ease to the beach, carrying his weapon in his hand. Struck with surprise at the strange sight of any one carrying a large tree as a mere *ula*, and admiring the marvellous strength of the stranger, the gods feasted him, and promised that they would place an embargo on property so as to amass a large quantity of riches, which they would then present to him. Naqai returned home.

In due course of time, Naqai again proceeded, according to engagement, to Nai Cobocobo. His friends, the gods, feasted him with great heaps of food; but, to their dismay, their guest ate and finished heap after heap. They could not get enough food with which to satisfy his appetite. They then resolved amongst themselves to kill the gluttonous stranger. They endeavoured to entrap him, by persuading him to sleep at a certain house; but he apparently remained at his own lodgings. The next morning they had proof positive\* that the guest was an extraordinary god, and they unitedly worshipped him, respectfully inquiring his parentage, &c. The gods then brought their offerings to him. These consisted of mats, sandal-wood, native fruits, fishing-nets, pots, ladies' dresses, &c. Naqai then prepared to reciprocate. As soon as the gods had made ready the pig-fence, which their guest had instructed them to prepare, Naqai opened his armlet, and took therefrom *one hundred pigs*, which he placed inside the fence! A piece of drapery was in his ear as ornament, and this he pulled out to leave on the ground. He pulled,

\* Omissions are occasionally necessary for the sake of propriety.

and pulled, till thousands of fathoms of printed cloth were drawn out, and placed in a great heap. He then presented the whole to his wonder-stricken friends, who engaged to return his visit.

When this visit came to pass, the Vuya gods could not eat all the food that was presented to them. Their host then served them in the matter of lodging as they had treated him; which, unfortunately for them, issued in the death of their chief. Next morning the gods, missing their leader, and remembering their own treachery to Naqai, during his first sojourn among them, retreated precipitately.

To this day the Vuya people retire hastily from Rakiraki, when visiting that neighbourhood.

**RAVURAVU** ("The Murderer").—He went about for several years at Navukeilagi in human form. He killed several men and women; but having once been accidentally discovered in the act of murder, disappeared. He had a seat on the rocks. If any one sat on this seat, or followed in his footsteps, or touched with his hands the imprints of Ravuravu's feet, his hands or feet, as the case might be, would become white.

His priest, when inspired, used to make a show of eating stones, but he only bit them. All his teeth are broken; in other respects he is still a strong, powerful man.

**BUTAKO-I-VALU** ("The-Thief-of-war") is a son of Daucina. During war he assumes the human form, and visits the town of the enemy with fish for sale. After he has sold his fish, he returns, and makes it

known to his followers; who go and lie in wait for the enemy, and always succeed in killing the same number of victims as the god had buyers.

He does not confine himself to one shape, but assumes the appearance of any individual of the tribe in whose cause he is at the time engaged.

OI-RAU-NA-MARAMA ("The two Ladies").—Two goddesses resident at Vioni, Gau, habitually stole some banana-shoots on their return from fishing. The Vioni men, having missed their plants several times, set a watch to discover the thief. One night the watchmen caught sight of the pilferers, and, following them, became acquainted with the place of their retreat, a hole in the earth, at the mouth of which they fixed a reed as a mark.

The next day the injured tribe requested all the Gauans to come, and help them to secure the offenders. At the appointed time, the assembled tribes proceeded to the cave. They dug deep, following every turning of the hole. After very hard labour, they heard a voice, saying, "Come no nearer. Here is the price of our ransom." A female albino was presented to their view, who was seized, and taken in triumph to Vioni, where she became the wife of the chief.

In due course a son was born. The mother was remarkably inattentive to the cleanliness of the child, and the friends of the father frequently reproved her for her negligence. One day she answered very angrily to those who were thus expostulating with her. After reminding them that she was of unearthly origin, the albino suddenly disappeared before them by descending into the earth.

In compliance with the wish of the Vioni people, the tribes again congregated to repeat their former experiment at the cave. After great exertion in digging, they were frightened away by a noise made by the two goddesses, who immediately afterwards fled away from so unfriendly a soil.

Several years subsequently, the deities returned to Vioni, and entered two women, whom they constituted their priestesses. The goddesses maliciously killed all solitary travellers. The two ladies and their priestesses became much dreaded. No man would venture out alone. The Bauans, while visiting Vioni, adopted the same precaution.

**DELA-TABU-TABU** ("Fire-topped"). The ignis-fatuus of Bau. A Soso god, who has a pot of fire on the top of his head. He wanders on the reefs at night, catching fish, and broils them on the fire which he so conveniently carries about. He has neither priest nor temple; but there is a spot of ground which is sacred to him.

**TARO-TARO** ("Questioner"), and **KOMAIBURENITOTOKA** ("Him-of-the-temple-of-the-victorious"), two gods living near Nacovu, are exchangers of men. Tarotaro goes to the other: "Friend, I have come to beg you to give me one of your people. My worshippers have paid me tribute." "Very well," is the reply: "I give you one." The clan that worships Tarotaro now succeeds in killing one of the tribe that adores Komaiburenitotoka, their own god having voluntarily surrendered to death one of their number.

When Komaiburenitotoka's clan wants a victim, the patron god applies to his old friend for a supply, and receives a prompt payment for his former liberality.

VUIMABUA ("Origin-of-Mabua-clan"), and MOSI ("Pain") his wife. (The latter is now in possession of the writer.)—A god and goddess transformed themselves into stones, and took up their residence in a wood, on the summit of a pretty mound, at the foot of which two or three people lived. The evident peculiarity of the stones attracted the notice of the villagers; and their veneration was soon secured by the discovery that the goddess invariably gave birth to a small stone, simultaneously with the birth of every child born among themselves.

The people fell down before the divine stones, and worshipped them. A man was inspired, and proclaimed himself to be the favoured priest. He revealed the names, origin, attributes, and transformation of the gods. One day I went to see these deities. I passed through a grove of *ivis*, or Tahitian chestnuts, the protruding roots of which make it difficult to walk among them without stumbling. Here I was cautioned not to hit my foot against the *ivis*, and thereby insult the neighbouring gods, who are said to kill, without exception, any who intentionally or inadvertently thus offend. Having survived this ordeal, the worshipper of Mosi follows the road until he discovers the path leading direct to the residence of the object of his veneration. Here he utters the shout of respect, and removes his turban. He then selects and prepares four blades of



a certain grass, with which he approaches the god. Standing with his back to the deity, he throws the grass, blade by blade, on the stone, and then murmurs a prayer after the following fashion:—"One, Two, Three, Four. Ye gods! favour me. Prosper my journey. Make my tribe prolific. Grant me the desires of my heart. So be it."

No heathen ever passed these gods without thus worshipping them. When I first visited the place, there were proofs that no less than fifty had thus paid homage that morning, although it was only ten o'clock a.m.

Hundreds of her offspring, in the shape of small stones, surrounded the august mother. One had a white ring on it. It had been born simultaneously with the chief's son, who had a white mark round his neck. Another was black; the contemporary in birth of a black child. The Fijians make a distinction amongst themselves as a people, and consider some to be black, and some red (*i.e.*, copper-coloured). For an albino a white stone was born.

Mosi is the goddess herself, not her mere shrine,—*lia vatu* ("self-transformed into a stone").

VATUMUDRE, the god that formerly sent Gorai to the present Banans, is a god also metamorphosed into a stone. The following is his description as given by an intelligent chief. "*A kalou ni kai Korocau mai Cakaudrovi; sa kalou lia-vatu; sa rai toka ga na matana, e rai vakayawa.*" ("The god of the Korocan people at Cakaudrovi; is god metamorphosed into stone; his eye is always looking, and sees to a great distance.")

WAIKUA ("Two-waters") is the great war-god of Rewa. In one account he is said to have come from the valley of Namosi. In another he is reported to have drifted from Tonga. The traditions respecting him have probably been confused. It would seem that he was originally supposed to have come from Namosi, as the name is indicative of the great watershed whence spring the Rewa and the Navua rivers. His second name, Bakinamoka, also the designation of a deity in the Friendly Islands, may have been given to him by some shipwrecked Tongans, who would thus pay homage to him. The responses of Waiua are indeed given in Tongan; but this would be a consequence of the priest adopting the theory that the god was of Tongan origin. Marama, the goddess of the Vusanamu tribe, is his wife. Hence the Vusanamu may, with impunity, seize offerings presented to Waiua, on account of the relationship between the god and their own goddess. Waiua's sons are SEBUATABUA and TAVEALAGILAGI, who each has his own temple. The priests of all three sit together, in front of Waiua's temple, on state occasions. Taukai Rewa is their *kasu* (*i.e.*, brother) by an inferior wife of Waiua, and therefore the slave of the more princely sons. His children are Koli, Saronikau, Taukei-vucivuci, and Taukei-ni-vakavuku.

KABUYA ("Scatterer") is the Rewa god of rain and fine weather, of great antiquity. He is also a god of war. This deity is enshrined in a stone, now in the possession of the Rev. James Calvert; and the stone is said to sink deep enough in the ground to cover itself. The stone is said by some to be the god

himself. "*Sa kalou talega ko koya na vatu,*" said Ratu William Koroigavoka. ("The stone is also god.") One of his names is Kāvu ("Original"). The stone is treated with very great reverence. Any one touching it will become leprous. He is invoked in a Rewa curse : "*Me bui iko ko Kabuya mo vukavuka!*" ("May Kabuya mar thee with leprosy!") If any one arrives too late at a feast, he is said to have been delayed by Kabuya, so as to prevent his receiving a portion of the food.

A Tavuya woman, looking on a reef for fish, found a stone, which she thought would make a good mat-weight, and she therefore concealed it near the beach. The next morning she went for it, but found it at a considerable distance from the spot where she had deposited it, accompanied by the appearance of having moved away of itself, leaving its trail under the bushes. However, she washed it, and took it home. Then, beginning to plait her mat, she used it as a weight. To her astonishment, she found that as her work progressed, the stone rolled after it, as though conscious of its office. At first she thought the motion was the result of her accidentally dragging the mat; but she found it was not so. Again, the stone was too big to be easily shaken. So she concluded that "something must be in it." Away she went to her husband, and told him all about the wonderful stone. He thought as she did. So he proceeded to interrogate it. "Who or what are you?" "I am god, and a god of war. If I remain in this town, you will always be successful in your war-expeditions." The man goes and reports to the town; and the male folks come and worship the

stone. Two mornings afterwards the worshippers killed one of their enemies. Three or four days elapsed, and they slew another. Their success was reported far and wide. "It is the result of their new god, Kabuya." The Rewa authorities heard of it, and went to remove it to the town of the chiefs. The stone had to be carried three or four miles only; but the god rendered it insupportably heavy, and four days were occupied in effecting its removal. Just before the party entered Rewa, they rested Kabuya under a *dawa* (plum) tree. A plum happened to fall on the top of the stone; whereon the god said, "For the future, let *dawa* bear abundantly at Tavuya; but let it be fruitless at Rewa." This is the reason assigned for the *dawa*-tree being restricted to the former locality.

This god remained in his sacred locality until the re-occupation of Rewa by the missionary in April, 1861. Permission was then given to the Tongan missionary, the Rev. Daniel Afu, to move Kabuya, if he dared. He boldly laid his hands on the god, and removed it from its resting-place. Subsequently, some of the Rewa chiefs ventured to touch the object of their former veneration.

TĀKĒI is a god who assumes a leprous form when he wishes to make himself disagreeable. At other times he is handsome.

Being angry at having so small a quantity of fish shared to him, he resolved to entrap the Moon, and extinguish her by the application of salt water. When his mother heard of his intention, she was deeply grieved, and determined to do all she could to avert

so dire a calamity. Yet she knew it would be useless to openly oppose the action of her son. She made, however, great lamentation, as though the sad work would be accomplished: "O! what will the king of Rewa do, when he commands his fishermen to go a-fishing? There will be no midnight lamp for them! What will the king of Bau do also? There will be no lamp for the king of Bau's fishermen! And what will the king of Nayau do also? There will be no lamp for the king of Nayau's fishermen!" &c. &c. Amidst all this apparent sorrow, she contrived to get hold of the long bamboos which the god had filled with the sea-water for the purpose of destroying the Moon. Pouring off the salt, she refilled the bamboos with *fresh* water. When the Moon was in the trap, which was of considerable dimensions, and baited with most tempting food, the god hastened with his water-bamboos, with the contents of which he hoped to accomplish his purpose; but, to his surprise, it injured her not, and she succeeded in making her escape. A fortunate thing for Fiji, where the Moon is our only lighthouse! It seems that the Moon, being accustomed to rain, was uninjured by the fresh water. The dark places on her surface are the spots of the encrusted mud which were attached to her during the encounter!

A town, Na-dai-ni-vula ("Moon-trap"), takes its name from this tradition. The snare was made out of a large *damanu*-tree. The marks of the sweep made by the closing of the trap are shown. It is said that, when the Moon left her customary position, and came towards the trap, the spectators who thronged to see the result were innumerable.

DAUNIKEITUICAVULA, another god, disputes the performance of this feat with Takei.

ROKOSUISUIVAU.—A Siwa god, very poor in property, but rich in scheming. He collects pig's dung, and the old thrown-away fringe-dresses of women: the former he scatters about all around the outside of his house; the latter he carefully hangs up in conspicuous parts of the interior of his dwelling. Thus he makes a great show, as though he had plenty of pigs, and a great number of wives. But when asked where his women are, he says they are out in the fields, collecting herbs and leaves for household use. When inquiry is made as to the pigs, he replies, that they are in the bush, cruising about for the land-crabs.

A man who makes a great appearance out of nothing is said to be imitating this god.

RACINACINA's shrine is a falling star. On one occasion a great quantity of native printed cloth, the produce of a large tribal offering, was left on the dancing-ground for the space of three days, until a falling star appeared; whereon the priest became inspired, and the property was apportioned out. When the offering is made, the priest, touching the gifts, says, "Let it be acceptable to the sky!"

NAITONU is a god who hates clothing. Any one who passes his place in any other state than that of nudity, becomes a leper. Visitors are included amongst those who have to observe this *tabu*.

TAWAKITINI ("Ten-flags") is a son of Ko-irau-na-

marama. When his mother was shrimping, he fell off her back without her knowing it, and she lost him. An old Vioni woman found the child, and adopted him. When he came of age, he told his foster-mother that he was going to reside elsewhere. After he had dressed himself, he commanded the old lady not to look after him, on pain of punishment; and then he started. But her natural curiosity overcame her dread of consequences, and she ventured to look after him. She immediately squinted, *as do all her descendants to this day*; the punishment of her sin thus becoming hereditary. The tea-tree grows all round the temple of this god from the traditional fact of his foster-mother having used tea-leaves as his bed when first she nursed him. His temple is one of the numerous devil-houses in which I have conducted the worship of God since the abandonment of heathenism.

KALOU-ALEWA NI SOSO (the Soso goddess).—All who occupy this temple for the purpose of rest or slumber are, in all their actions and words, to conduct themselves just as they would in the presence of ladies. It would be well if this *tabu* were on all the temples.

RADIKIDIKI went to Sawayeki, having heard from Ralevu that the food there was of a superior quality. He stood at a point of land in the vicinity of that town, when its people were going to *taga balolo* (catch the November sea-worm). Now, it so happened that two boys were angry because their friends had not taken them with the party, and one of them,

in a joke, prayed, "O for a god to destroy the company with a wind!" Radikidiki immediately entered into this praying boy, and sent a wind, which caused their death. The boys then went home, and reported what had taken place. Some were for killing the lad, because their relatives had been drowned through his ill-timed prayer. But the others said, "Not so: let us first test yet further the power of the new god." Shortly after this, they resolved to try the god on occasion of a fight then expected. They presented food, and inquired of the oracle as to the issue of the proposed expedition. "You will burn Waikama," was the agreeable utterance. Next morning they attacked the town of Waikama, took it, and destroyed it. Whereon the people adopted him as their god, and built up a very high foundation for his temple. It is said that, in a scarcity of water, which one of the goddesses lamented, he pricked the rocks with his *milamila* (one-pronged comb), and water gushed out. This is believed to be the origin of the chain of ponds.

TIKOTIKOVAKADUA ("Permanent-resident") once took *liumata* (valuable property) to Degei, to show his respect. The great Degei commanded his son Uto to heat some water in a large caldron. When the water was boiling hot, Degei requested his guest to "jump into the pot," It was a severe trial to Tikotikovakadua; but he obeyed the mandate, leaving his follower, Raciwa, overwhelmed with grief at his master's folly. But after a considerable time, the god came forth through the sides of the caldron, alive and well, with his body highly ornamented with all that is precious. Degei then gave him a sort of early



banana, which he took home and introduced into the island of Gau. In commemoration of his obedience, Degei empowered him to enable his priests, when inspired, to strike orange and lemon trees with the palms of their hands, so as to let the thorns pierce through them, and then to withdraw them without being injured by the thorns. This is how the priests of this god came to possess this remarkable power.

**NAI-VUKI** ("Transform").—In the shape of a parrot, he enters the dwellings of the people for improper purposes. When search is made, he hides himself, and resumes the semblance of a parrot on his departure.

**RAVUVU** ("Jealousy").—A man saw an orange drifting in the sea, and picked it up. Happening to cut it in two, out sprang Ravuvu. Like Butako-i-valu, he goes about selling fish. His personal appearance is loathsome, as he is leprous. If any one spits on him to show his disgust, the offender forthwith meets with an untimely end. His temple is built on the spot where the orange was picked up, and is called "The orange-tree."

**LEWE-NI-CAGI-BULA** ("Contents-of-stiff-breeze") is a Vatulele goddess, to whom Lalai presented some living prawns as a gift of courtship. As they appeared to be cooked, she commenced to eat them, not suspecting that they were otherwise, as food on such occasions is always presented ready for immediate use. But she was disgusted to find that they were raw, and, in her anger, threw them away. The prawns are

still to be found in her pond, and are called "cooked-prawns," from the fact of their being red, and unlike living prawns in general. Till some Tongans visited the island, no one ever dared to eat them. I have myself seen the prawns that are remaining.

VU-I-BEQA ("Origin-of-the-island-of-Beqa") is a god of extensive renown and worship. He assumed various shrines. Once, when travelling under the appearance of an eel or serpent, he was discovered by a man, who determined to catch the eel for his dinner. But the creature concealed itself. The man dug, and dug, and dug, until he came to a fence. "Fence yourself as you like," said he, "you shall be mine." As he was about to secure his prize, the god expressed a wish to bargain for release. "What will you give?" was the inquiry. "Women," said the god. "No," rejoined the man. "Then food without the trouble of planting it." "No." At last the god promised him power over fire, and besmeared the man's body with its froth, imparting thereby the necessary power over the fiery element. Thus the Beqa people make large fires, and walk about in the midst of the burning element uninjured, when others cannot approach near the flames. Since they have embraced Christianity they have revealed the secret of their performance. In former times the natives thought the Beqa people equal to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

#### IV.—HOUSEHOLD GODS.

These include almost everything, animate and inanimate.

As an illustration of the ease with which the Fijian hastens "after another god," the following example will be sufficient:—A woman at Lokatoka found a part of a tree on the beach, which had drifted from a distance. She carried it home to be used for firewood. But, before it was required for that purpose, it struck out its roots and began to grow. A priest became inspired, and made a revelation, to the effect that the timber was the shrine of a god at Toga. The credulous family believed the tale, and abandoned the house to the new deity. Here we have, in the first instance, the household god. The tree lives, and is acknowledged as a god. The people desert their town, and build elsewhere, paying divine honours to the said tree. The household god has now become the god of the clan.

**KALOU-YALO.**—There are also various ranks amongst the second class of gods, the grade of the Kalou-yalo being fixed by the extent of the man's power when on earth and the degree of his supposed influence in the world of spirits.

All Kalou-yalo were originally men. They consist principally of the spirits of chiefs of high rank, and those who have distinguished themselves by sanguinary exploits. A Fijian poet, revising the well-known lines,—

" One murder makes a villain,  
Millions a hero,"

would write,—

One murder makes a *hero*,  
Hundreds a GOD.

A noted murderer becomes a famous god. Women are rarely deified.

You may sometimes hear the Fijian invoke his friend who has been drowned at sea. He can see no absurdity in praying to one who could not save himself from a watery grave. "Ye who were killed at ——, help us!" "Ye who were drowned in the sea near ——, hear us!"

In March, 1854, some of the most intelligent young men in all the Fijis visited the tomb of the late Bauan king, to propitiate him in his character as god. I was deeply moved at the affecting sight. "My father," prayed the son, a noble youth of three-and-twenty summers, "help us!"

But how plausible is this phase in their idolatry! How agreeable to humanity is the belief that one's deceased friends and relatives have now both the inclination and the power to assist the living! If some who are enlightened take delight in praying to departed spirits, it need be matter of no surprise that these benighted islanders should joyfully worship the spirits of the deceased objects of their affection.

"What!" said one of a thousand to the writer,—the speaker was a man who loved his faith, and supported it with superior ability,—“Will you rob me of my own relations? Will you leave me without a god? Is this your religion of love? You talk of benevolence and of love. It is a veil with which you would conceal your cruelty. Missionary, you are cruel! You deprive us of *all* our gods; you take from us our *best* deities, the spirit-gods; and you make us forlorn wanderers on earth without a solitary god to comfort us!"

The late king of Somosomo offered the late Rev.

John Hunt a preferment of this sort. "If you die first," said he, "I will make you my god."

The first-born of the first Bau lady who was taken to Rewa never breathed; but the lifeless infant, the first *vasu ki Bau*, was deified at once, and a temple built to his honour. His name is Ko-na-san; his temple being called Nai Bili.

Some claim to themselves the right of divinity whilst still living. Many of the priests and chiefs are thus regarded as sacred persons. The great chiefs would sometimes say, "I am a god;" and they believed it too. I have no doubt that Seru, the subject of the preceding sketch, believed for some years that he was something above a mere man; in other words, a god.

On one of my visits to Nadroga, I found some old priests receiving superior honours. One of them died, and the people exclaimed, "Our god is dead!" On inquiry, I learned that this language was generally used on such occasions.

Whole districts are without temples in those parts where the *Kalou-yalo* only are worshipped.

The *Kalou-yalo* are not confined to the souls of adults. The souls of deceased little children, who had only lived a few days on earth, are deified. These are called *kaci-siga*. They have no priest, and no temple; but may be found in most towns. The soul is said to return to the house in which it formerly lived. When its parent or nurse finds that such is the case, a small curtain or covering is placed in one part of the house, as a sort of concealment for the little wanderer. This is sometimes so small that no one could be hid under it.

The *kaci-siga* talks and speaks, but is always invisible. When consulted by its attendant, it responds audibly. It is quite the town-oracle, and is employed to foretell future events, and to make known the persons who may have stolen property or food.

The third class of gods embraces all those objects which the Fijian idolises; such as spots of ground, groves, isolated trees, passages through reefs, animals, fruits, birds, fish, insects, stones. It is this phase in their idolatry that most affects the stranger missionary. As your canoe enters the passage, your crew unturban themselves, present property to the great deep, and give the simultaneous shout of respect. Passing the sacred forest, the exclamation of reverence is uttered. A bird flies over your head, or a shark appears in sight, and the same ceremony is performed. You notice an uglystone on the road-side. Your superstitious attendant salutes it, and in the most respectful manner proceeds to inform it of the object and destination of your journey. Nor will he stir one inch until he has finished his act of adoration. You see a serpent. Your heathen follower catches it, anoints it with oil as his offering, and then sets it free.

A writer has questioned whether religious homage is given to these objects. But he has overlooked the fact that some of them are not mere shrines, being called *Kaloudina* ("true gods"). I am convinced that in certain cases with which I was acquainted, there was idolatry, the actual worship of natural objects. In particular, I would mention *Mosi*.

The word employed to express divinity amongst the majority of the islanders is *kalou*; literally "the

silent thing." It evidently means the invisible cause, the mind of matter, the origin of motion which cannot be comprehended. The other word is *nanitu*. The gods are variously described—as, Almighty, *kalou gata*; omniscient, *kalou rai-vakayawa*; cannibal, *kalou kana*; impure, *kalou danyalewa*; warlike, *kalou ni valu*, which only are appealed to in war; metamorphoser, *kalou dauiliaka*.

RELIGIOUS ACTS.—The temple-worship of the gods consists of the *lovi*, an act of propitiation; the *musukau*, an act of covenant or solemn vow; the *oro*, an act of atonement for sin; and the *madraki*, an act of thank-offering.

The first-fruits of the earth are invariably presented to the gods.

Some gods have certain months held sacred, as *Ratumaibulu* has December. Indeed, this month is similarly regarded in other parts of Fiji where this god is unworshipped, and other gods served; there being an identity of worship, though a diversity of gods.

On all state occasions, and at the commencement of any negotiation with another tribe, the gods are invoked.

The *kava* liquor is never drunk until a long prayer has been offered up, and a whole host of gods invoked.

All the offerings refer to the present life. The Fijians propitiate the gods for success in war, offspring, deliverance from danger and sickness, fruitful seasons, fine weather, rain, favourable winds, &c., &c.; but their religious ideas do neither extend to the soul, nor to another world.

Chanting (*meke*) in the temple is practised as a mode of pacifying the gods. It is performed in periods of war, and on the occasion of adverse winds. The language of the chants recited does not, however, relate to the particular necessity.

Again, the principal directors and instigators of the heathen rites are the priests, who are a connecting link between the people and their gods. They alone announce the will of the deity, and receive in the name of the gods the offerings of the people. The office is generally hereditary; but impostors frequently succeed in deceiving the people, and pretending that certain gods have visited them, and appointed them to be their ministers. The influence of the priest over the common people is immense, although he is generally the tool of the chief. Indeed, these two personages most usually act in concert.

When the priest reveals the will of his god, he becomes inspired. On the first appearance of the paroxysm of inspiration, the company remove their turbans, and utter the shout of respect. At the time of the departure of the god, *kava* is generally prepared and presented to the priest, who drinks it greedily, and announces the god's withdrawal. One family of priests, however, used to pretend to eat stones; and another (at Nadroga) always required live coals of fire, which were partially masticated, and then rejected from the mouth. The teeth of the former were sadly broken; and the family of the latter was reduced in number to one male adult in 1851. This individual when requested to assume the office of priest, on the occasion of his relative's death, declined, on the ground that all the family died



prematurely. To secure immunity, he became a Christian; and is a teacher of the true religion at the present date.

THE FUTURE STATE.—The principal residence of the gods, and of all departed spirits, is called *BULU*.

It is said that, in their anger, the gods have sometimes taken men into the world of spirits whilst still in the body. When the gods are pacified by offerings from the friends of the absent, the men are liberated, and return to their friends. Hence, if any one is missing, the natives immediately apply to the gods, under the supposition that he has been translated to *Bulu*.

*BUROTU* is also a residence of the gods, and is said to be a most delightful place. It is the Elysium of Fijian mythology. If a native wishes to make known his complete happiness, he will tell you, he feels as though he were in *Burotu*. *Sabi*, the god of *Nayau-kumu*, *Ovalau*, is said to have been born in *Burotu*. The following tradition is related concerning him :—

Some *Sawayeki* people were on a visit to *Ovalau*; and one of their number, *Ravovo*, met with *Tinani-vatu*, a very handsome woman, whose beauty was celebrated throughout *Fiji*. He ventured to make advances towards her, which were not displeasing to the lady. An elopement was planned and executed. The *Ganans* returned home with the bride. But *Takala*, *Ravovo*'s father, was smitten with the stranger's beauty, and appropriated her to himself. *Takala* became very fond of her, and his other wives grew jealous accordingly.

One night the women all went to fish by torch-light. Tinanivatu wandered from the company. As the tide flowed, she turned towards the spot where the canoes were supposed to be anchored, in order to embark for home. But, on arriving at the place where her companions ought to have been, she found that they had deceived her, by fixing poles in deep water, and fastening their torches to the poles. She called, but no one answered. At first she thought they were trying to frighten her; but soon the truth burst on her: they had intentionally sailed away, leaving her at the mercy of the sharks. When the unfortunate creature found out her mistake, she hastened to pile up some stones to keep her above high-water mark. Of course this involved great labour, but her life was at stake. Her work being concluded, she sat on the top of the pile, and waited for the morning. At dawn of day she discovered a man, with a spear in his hand, looking for fish. To her dismay, he perceived her; but, dazzled with her beauty, refrained from spearing her. He was a god, and took her with him to Burotu. She held on to his girdle, and shut her eyes: the god then dived perpendicularly, and she soon found herself in the delectable land. Here she was very happy. After a time, a son was born, whom they named Sabi. He had deformed feet. Sabi grew to be a very impudent young man, and was disliked by the gods on account of the meanness of his birth. He arrived at manhood before he found out that his parentage on the mother's side was not noble. He resolved to go to Nayau-kumu. He went accompanied by forty gods, all of them assuming the shape of porpoises, in order that

they might swim with ease to their desired haven. On their arrival there, Sabi left his comrades, and hurried into the town. His companions got aground, and the presents which they were carrying, consisting of the small white cowry-shells, were partially lost.

In accordance with this tradition, *Nayan-kumu* is the only place on *Ovalau* where this particular shell is found. To secure it, you must present offerings to Sabi, and you will then certainly pick up some on the said reef.

There is only one tribe (*Kai Taliku*) which is said not to go to *Bulu*, but to the sky.

At *Vuna*, just beyond the cavern, are two trees, which are shown as the spot whence the spirits ascend. One of these trees is used by the men, the other by the women. The spirit climbs the tree, and calls for a rope. A rope is then lowered, varying in quality according to the rank of the applicant, who is then taken up to the sky.

A despised hump-back is said to have returned from this sky. He was asleep in his bed-chamber, and his soul departed out of his body. Having passed the cavern, and climbed the tree used on such occasions by the men, a rope made of strong creeper or vine, the sort used for common people, was passed down for him. His spirit was then drawn up; and on entering the sky, he heard the order given, "Prepare his food." Only one banana was made ready for boiling, but it was of dimensions very different from earthly plantains. It was cut up into a great many pieces, and filled the pot. When cooked, it was served up in a new dish, and he was about to break his fast, when a former friend, whom he had known on earth,

whispered, "Don't eat." By and by the friend said, "Let us go and see the root of thunder." They departed together. "Tread in my footsteps," said he who acted as guide. They soon came to a bridge, suspended over a frightful chasm, made of the branchless trunk of a very large and long tree, which kept turning round and back again at regular intervals, as though its motion were directed by machinery. "Tread in my footsteps," repeats the leader. This was no easy matter; but the new comer succeeded pretty well. They retained their footing. After crossing, they soon came to a magnificent sight,—two unique and gigantic trees, whose branches spread over a circumference of fifty miles. One was in flower, the other in flames. As each bud burst, thunder was heard; and when the tree of fire burned vigorously, lightning was caused. After their curiosity was satisfied, they returned to the court. The god's son perceiving that the hump-back had not eaten, ordered him to prepare to return to the earth. He himself conducted the dwarf to the entrance, and lowered him by means of a square plank, to the four corners of which a rope was tied.

It is remarkable that this one clan should thus be isolated in their tradition respecting the future state.

A Dravo man is said to have returned to earth from Bulu. When his spirit entered Bulu, he found that the gods were busy. They had assembled together to feast and game. He saw great heaps of treasure, and a large quantity of cooked provisions, including every luxury. All the gods, countless in number, were smartly dressed and painted for the

occasion. As the Dravo man crouched down in terror by the side of the road, he was accosted by one of the merry imps: "Halloo! whence come you?" "I am from Dravo, sir." "Go back again: we are busy with our great game." His spirit then returned, and fortunately in time to prevent the sepulture of its body. A few days after he made this narration, he died and was buried.

Two men were disbelievers in this state of existence; and one day, when on the main-land they painted and oiled themselves, and put on a new piece of native calico, (just as the dead are prepared for the grave,) and approached a sacred spot. One calls, "Please, sir, we want a canoe to take us to Bulu." An invisible hand directs a canoe, built of the timber of the bread-fruit tree, and places it within their reach. "O, sir," said the spokesman, "we are not slaves: we want to go to Bulu like chiefs." The canoe is withdrawn, and its place supplied by one built of iron-wood. No sooner is it near them, than the sceptics throw their spears at it, and exclaim with a laugh, "O, we are not going to die just yet!" A voice is heard, "Young men, unbelievers, you have called for two canoes: they have not returned empty, but both have conveyed here your own relatives. There is death in the houses of both of you." Alarmed at the supernatural declaration, they hurry home. As they near the town, the sounds of wailing are heard, and on their arrival they find that they have both lost their mothers! Death is indeed in their respective houses.

For four days the spirit is said to linger about earth. Then the gods congregate to welcome the

new comer. The seer frequently goes in spirit to behold the assemblage on these occasions. Men can accompany him, if they will follow his directions.

On the fourth night succeeding a death, those of the living who have a curious wish to visit the world of spirits congregate at the house of the seer. The most perfect silence is enjoined. *Kava* is drunk, but no noise made. The seer says, "My spirit will soon start: follow it; do not look behind or aside, however much you may be tempted to do so." They all lie down. "We soon found," to quote from one who described the experiment to me, "that the spirit of the seer was moving about, and our spirits soon followed him. I could see our bodies laid in the places where we had left them. Unfortunately my attention was attracted by the lamp which we had left hanging. I thought it would be well to move it, lest it should burn the body of *Ka* during our absence. I had looked back: my spirit could get no farther! Another made a greater advance; but, hearing a great rustling towards his right, he looked aside, and was invisibly stopped. A third went a long way; but, hearing the exclamation, 'Bauans!' he also was diverted from the gratification of his curiosity. A fourth was the only one who, in company with the seer, saw the wonderful interview between our departed friend and the gods."

Every town has its *Cibaciba*; the place at which departed spirits descend into the invisible world. There is generally something peculiarly striking about the spot. In the hour of danger, the Fijian will sometimes say to his companions, "We shall see the entrance to the invisible world to-day;"

mentioning the name of their own gateway to immortality.

Vakaleleyalo (Taveta, Cema, &c.) is the Charon of Fiji, who conducts the souls of the dead in a canoe over the Stygian waters to the infernal regions. He is frequently invoked in the songs (*meke*).

The soul of the deceased Bauan goes overland to the region of the sacred mountain. At Naisovaga, it passes through a certain house, and takes some cold yam or *dalo* from a basket which is hung up in the middle of the house. The stock of food is continually replenished, but as constantly disappears, owing to the frequency with which the souls pass into Bulu. Having eaten, the soul now crosses a certain river, previously satisfying its thirst. Soon afterwards it passes Ravuyalo ("Soul-destroyer"), who stands with a club, ready prepared to fight with any one who defies him. Those who pay homage to him are allowed to pass with impunity. The soul then crosses a dark valley, in which the gods are assembled. In this vale a log is so placed as to cause the soul to stumble unexpectedly. As each soul meets the accident, it instinctively makes an exclamation, which betrays its nation or tribe to the invisible listeners. Thus, the Bauans say, "*Ule!*" ("I am hurt!") the Lasakauans, "*Ulai!*" the Rewans, "*Kio!*" The gods exclaim, "A Bauan," "A Lasakauan," "A Rewan," as the case may be.

When the soul arrives at Rakiraki, and calls for a canoe to ferry it across to Bulu, the following questions are put to it:—1. "Are you married?" 2. "Have you killed?" If either of these questions is answered

unsatisfactorily, the applicant is thrust into a river full of sharks, there to be bitten by the monsters as an expiation of his celibacy or humanity. After this purgation the soul is conveyed to Bulu, where it retains the teeth-marks it has received. Those who have had wives, and have killed their fellow-creatures in war or by treachery, are conducted with due honour to Bulu; where the pomp of entrance is regulated by the multiplicity of their wives and the brilliancy of their deeds of blood on earth. Thus does their religion commend polygamy, murder, and cruelty.

In the world of spirits the soul is represented as living an unconscious, unintelligent existence. It is not immortal. It dies as the body died previously. This is called "the second death."

A god of the name of Locia collects the remains of the dead souls, and plants them. They grow up into bananas, on the fruit of which Locia lives.

Certain gods have more immediate charge of Bulu. As the souls of men enter their final abode, these gods catch them, and endeavour to blind their eyes with the poisonous juice of the *sinu*-tree. Those spirits which resist successfully are allowed to make their escape, and return to the earth as gods.

Offences more trivial than celibacy are punished. He whose ears have not been pierced is sentenced to drag a large piece of timber (the *dutua*), and drink a filthy mixture. He who has had no house of his own is to have no permanent resting-place in Bulu. A woman who may not have been strangled on the occasion of the death of her first husband, is now compelled to return to him. Her second husband is to be a widower.



On account of Ravuyalo, when a person dies, he is furnished with a club, or other instrument of war, as a weapon of defence.

Tradition speaks of the first heaven, the second heaven, and the third heaven. The question is sometimes asked, "Are you from the second heaven, that you make such a bold request?" Another foretells the fall of the heavens: "Where shall we flee when the heavens fall?"

Sneezing is considered a bad omen. If it occurs during sleep, it is considered very alarming. The inmates will be wakened, and will run for their lives. The last out is doomed by the gods to be clubbed.

It has therefore become a custom of the country to exclaim, "Live!" when one sneezes; on which the party concerned calls out, "Thanks!" This, having an immediate connexion with the gods, is of far greater force than was the old English saying, "God bless you!" on similar occasions.

If certain chiefs (for instance, the Tui Cakau, of Somosomo, and the Rokovakas, of Kadavu) die natural deaths, they are either struck with a stone in the forehead, or clubbed, lest the gods should be displeased, and say, "This is a foolish man: he has not engaged himself in treachery."

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Oaths are most solemn when taken in the name of the gods. The Fijian will swear by his sister, his parent-in-law, his chief. But the most binding is generally made in this form: "May the god eat me! if," &c.

The sorcerers are a class distinct from the priests.

When application is made to effect the discovery of thieves, the sorcerer binds the souls of the suspected, throws them into his oven, and bakes them. Next morning he reports the names of the offenders, who immediately confess their crime, make restitution, and pay a fine. Should they obstinately refuse to confess, they will become crazy. Generally they do not wait until their names are divulged in the morning, but hasten to secure an immediate pardon, by a prompt declaration of their guilt. The faith in this craft is very great. On one occasion Thakombau threatened to send for the sorcerers, unless some stolen property were surrendered. It was at once brought to the chief, whose anger, the wrath of a king, had not been sufficient to alarm the offenders.

The investiture of knights is strictly connected with the service of the gods. The natives compare a part of the ceremony to the administration of the ordinance of Christian baptism.

When a war-expedition returns to Bau, the canoes congregate at Nailusi. Those who have been successful in killing their enemies are now bedaubed with paint, and clothed with new printed calico. The landing is then effected. The novitiates rush ashore, with reeds in their hands, to which pieces of cloth are fastened. They fix these reeds in a perpendicular position in the posts of the temple, and then return to their respective companies. The whole army then advances in procession, the new knights bringing up the rear, carrying distinguishing spears, to which are affixed long strips of cloth.

On arrival at the square, the death-dance is per-

formed. The old men, who have remained in charge at home during the expedition, now inquire for those who are deserving of knighthood. These are presented, and the city-guards furnish each with a new club or spear.

At night the *wati*, or knights' dance, takes place. There are three companies present:—1st. Knights elect: 2d. Warriors and consecrated knights: 3d. Select women. Round these parties the spectators form a ring, During the night the novitiates break their fast for the first time since their arrival. The dancing is sometimes kept up until ten o'clock in the morning.

In the afternoon is the banana-presentation. A great quantity of this fruit is given to those who painted and dressed the new knights.

The next day is that of consecration (the *ginigini*). Each knight advances in succession towards the temple, at the head of all his friends, who follow him carrying property and merchandise of divers sorts. As the knight enters the square, a new name is pronounced aloud by the officiating priest. The knight and his friends then pile up their property, and retire. There is as much order, ceremony, and outward solemnity as in baptism. The priest has been previously made acquainted with the name chosen by each knight; but the multitude hear it for the first time when pronounced in front of the temple.

The fourth and concluding day witnesses "the drinking of waters." Canoes are sent to fetch water from a certain stream devoted to this special purpose. When the vessels become visible on their return, the shout is raised, "The water-canoes

appear!" Every one in Bau then retreats to his own house. All noise, even the crying of infants, is prohibited, and the most perfect silence reigns. The water is taken to the temple where the knights are assembled, and is there drunk, no sound being made whilst the draughts are consumed.

This ceremony is repeated, with slight variations, on every occasion that an enemy is slain, and a new name given. Many thus receive four names of knight-hood. To each name of a knight of the single order is prefixed the significant Koroi.

To his name who had killed *ten* individuals there was formerly the prefix of Koli; a murderer of twenty was called Visa. But these honours are now more difficult, and are therefore awarded on easier terms. Explanatory of these titles is the proverb, "He who kills ten closes one house; he who slays twenty shuts up two dwellings."

The manner of consecration differs more or less in certain districts; but only in matters of secondary importance.

TABU.—The remarks of the Rev. Thomas Buddle, of New-Zealand, on the subject of the *tapu* of that country, are applicable to the *tabu* of Fiji. The following extracts from his published lectures will suffice:—

"Another subject connected with the priesthood and religion is the superstitious custom or rite of Tapu. It may be defined as a law or restriction that derives its sanction from religion. Originally it meant 'sacred.' It does not imply any moral quality, but is indicative of a particular distinction or

separation from common purposes for some special design.

“All nations, savage and civilized, have their peculiar laws. The chief peculiarity of the Tapu, as it exists in these islands, is the religious character it sustains. Transgression is a sin against the gods, as well as against society. I have met with some excellent remarks on this subject in the publications of the American Expedition, the substance of which is as follows:—When certain regulations are enforced by religious considerations, they exert an influence on the million they could not else obtain. The history of different religious sects illustrates this. It was not lawful for the Jews, according to the Mosaic law, to eat certain kinds of meat, or to offer in sacrifice the maimed, or to touch the animal considered unclean; and it was the sanction of religion that gave its vitality and power. The Mahometan code, the work of an earthly lawgiver, derives from its supposed divine origin a force superior to that of any ordinary law. It is not lawful to eat pork, or drink wine, or omit certain ablutions, or to take food during certain months from sunrise to sunset. The Institutions of Lycurgus are another example; owing their authority less to their own excellence, or to the rank of the legislator, than to the solemn oath by which he enforced their observance, and to the mystery of his death.

“These examples may give us a clue to the probable origin of the rite of Tapu. It may be supposed that the author of the rite was a person who, in the original seat of the Polynesian race, united the power of ruler and lawgiver to the dignity of chief

priest; who probably pretended to be inspired by the gods, as they often do in the other islands when they utter oracles. If so, his laws, or tapus, whether or not promulgated as divine commands, would be received and obeyed as such. This view is supported by the fact that the principal chief is often the high priest; and also by the fact that in nearly all the groups men are found who pretend to be descendants from the gods, and regard themselves as a sort of earthly divinity. I have heard Te Huehue claim divinity. 'Think not,' said he, 'that I am a man; that my origin is from earth. I came from the heavens: my ancestors are all there; they are gods, and I shall return to them.'

"I certainly regard the opinion expressed in the American work already referred to as a very plausible one, and likely to be correct,—'That the lawgiver whose decrees have come down in the form of Tapu was a ruler invested by his subjects with divine attributes.'

"But though the origin might thus be of a sacred and regal character, yet it has become common property, a sort of magic term with which any man can throw a kind of protection over his property; can tapu his house, or fishing-grounds, or eel-pot, as may suit his whim or convenience, and think himself quite justified in defending his Tapu with his musket."\*

In conclusion:

Women are not allowed to be present at the religious ceremonies, though they may privately pre-

\* The Aborigines of New-Zealand, by the Rev. Thomas Buddle.

sent offerings to the priest on behalf of the sick. Nor does the Fijian religion sanction the eating of human flesh by females. The proverb, "Where is the woman that is faithful?" would seem to imply a determined inferiority of the sex.

The Fijians evidently believe too much. There is therefore a danger of reaction, and the fearful probability of their believing too little. A man of some attainment in Christian knowledge afterwards became an infidel, and argued publicly with the missionary at Bau, that man possesses no soul. He was denounced by the audience as a madman.

In taking English medicine during illness, the Fijians frequently renounce heathenism, under the idea that it is necessary to secure the efficacy of the physic.

A priest once applied to a missionary for payment for a fair wind, which he said his god had given to the missionary in answer to his prayer. He travelled forty miles to make the unsuccessful demand.

In the event of a person reviving after having been partially strangled, the individual, if desirous of living, generally states that the gods said, "Go back, as the appointed time for your death has not arrived." To the purpose of friends the command of a superior is thus opposed, and always successfully. No desire is expressed for life, but rather a wish to obey the gods. Death is *tabued*.

Some of the oldest men immediately acknowledged the true God as the Lord of the gods. "This is the link our fathers lost," said they. "Of course the gods have one who rules over them all."

The worship of the shark is not unlike that which

formerly obtained in the Sandwich Islands; though of the latter group Jarves says, "When victims were required in honour of Moa-alii, the divine shark, or it was supposed to be hungry, the priests sallied out, and enshared with a rope any one whom they could catch, who was immediately strangled, cut in pieces, and thrown to the rapacious fish."

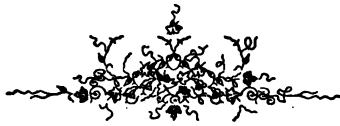
Particular friendship between the gods of certain tribes leads to friendly, and sometimes tributary, relations between their people. Thus, Lasakau exercises rule over a portion of the island of Gau, much to the annoyance of King Thakombau. The sole right that Lasakau possesses exists in the traditional relations between the gods of Lasakau and Sawayeki. Deuba and Beqa also take food to Rewa on account of Wairua, the Rewa god.

Near Malolo is a large ugly-looking rock, whilst passing which the natives stoop. This was in times of yore a sacred spot. One day a chief who was passing it did not unroll his turban, and the indignant god hurled the rock at the presumptuous mortal, as a punishment for the infraction of the *tabu*.

As an illustration of the attention paid to religion by the leaders of the people, it is worthy of record that when Ratu Qara, the patriot-king of Rewa, took refuge in the interior of Great Fiji, he built and dedicated temples to all the Rewa gods. In addition to this, he used to send privately to Rewa, and present offerings to the deities, so as to assure himself of having propitiated them somewhere. None of his messengers were discovered, because, as they said, "The gods concealed us from those who would have betrayed us."

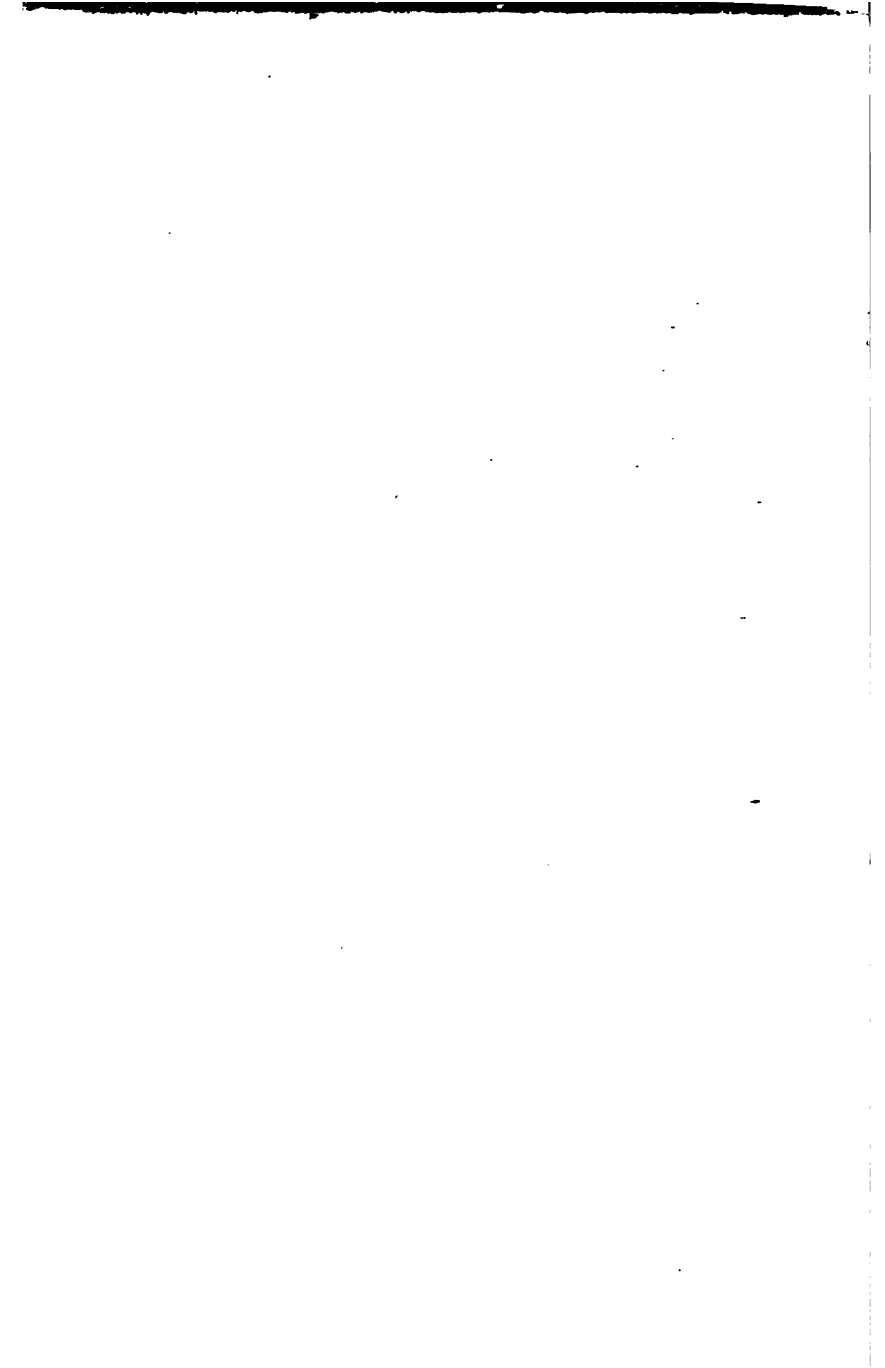






APPENDICES.





## APPENDICES.



### No. I.—Page 23.

THE Bauan "Song of the Tobacco" has not yet been found. The following is one on the same subject, as found at Great Land, and may be provincialised.\*

#### I.

Dru taki waitui, dru tale ;  
Cici muri ko Lewatagane ;  
Sa maqa na tavoko e na masi ?  
A tavako li ka koto mai vale,  
Qai la'ki soli kei na yakavi.  
Solia vakacava caviraki ?  
Qisomakina ki na tutu ni vale.

#### II.

Ualili mai e dua na tobe,  
Ualili mai yasa mai cake,  
Au cata na vakawati ni qase,  
E dua vei au na gone  
Mei vivivi ni tavakoe.

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### No. II.—Page 39.

#### SONG ON THE TRAGIC DEATH OF KOROITAMANA.

It should be remembered that the *makes* of Fiji are not written. They are committed to memory, and are therefore easily lost. The following is nearly fifty years old ; but it does not seem to have experienced any lapses. In Appendix IV.

\* Kindly supplied by Mr. E. P. Martin, of Viwa.

will be found a piece of recent composition, which is fragmentary. Its state may be accounted for, however, by the fact of its being much more abstruse than is No. II., and therefore more difficult of remembrance. Yet it was supplied by one of the ladies who sang on the occasion.

## A MEKE KEI KOROITAMANA.

## I.

O MEOLA ka tagitagi ka wale :  
 " I ko ratu ko mate vinakari  
 O mai mate i na kemu bati."  
 Tokatoka a tagau dua cake,  
 O iko, Meola, ko ka dinari ;  
 A tinadaru duaduaga ko Tabe ;  
 O iko na gone ni sagataki ;  
 Yauri na gone ni dabilaki ;  
 Butuki au na Turaga bale,  
 Mani vakasevi au tu ki Rari ;  
 Au toka kina au la'ki kabati,  
 Au mani se sobu i Beqari ;  
 Au toka kina au la'ki kabati,  
 Qai ki Kadavu me'u la'ki mate ;  
 Mani domobula ko Macaniwai  
 A mani kauti au ki Rewari.  
 Au mai kena seva bula wale ;  
 Au tonitonia soko ka'u wale ;  
 Au tonitonia au tawa rawari.  
 Nokonoko mai na Kuru-ki-lagi  
 La'ki ta mai me noqu yaragi.  
 I kacivi o Koroivuetari.  
 " Mai karia mada noqu cali ;  
 Kua ni karia vakamamare :  
 Me'u tu yawa au ravutakari."  
 I Nukucagina au toka kina,  
 Masimasi tiko i kubuicake ;  
 Dulaka tiko i kubuirari ;  
 Ka ra veidroyaki na vadari ;  
 " A Sau edai me na sa bale."  
 Tugilaka tu na volau ni waqa ;

Luku yarayara vakaturaga ;  
 La'ki kacikaci tu ki raraya,  
 " Koroitamana ! na nodatou waqa  
 Dou karona, de ka bau kama ;  
 A waqa o qori ni tiko vinaka.  
 A vale ka tu na ka taratara."  
 Au tei noko, au tei yasa,  
 Au vakatabui cegu, tu mada ;  
 Lave cake, i ulu ni turaga ;  
 Tau vakadua, ka vakarua,  
 Sa bale tu na Sau eda qarava.

## II.

Au ravu, au ravu ; bula tale ;  
 Au se tu ki Burekorewari,  
 A ra bousei au na kai Rewari,  
 " Koroitamana, la'ki se tani."  
 Au lele tu ki tai ko Nasali,  
 I curuma na vale ko Buturaki ;  
 Era veidroyaki na vadari,  
 I kacivi mai ko Bativuakari  
 " De ka lada na tiki ni nomu masi  
 Mai noqu masimasi ki Tokatokari ;"  
 I tini labai dua ka'u yabe ;  
 Era qolou nai valu tani.  
 Kovaki " Vakavula qai cabe,  
 E vaka tu na kalou kanari."  
 Qaiqai ni sivi na vanuari  
 Tua-ni-qio era la'ki vavaci  
 I sivi mai ko Burebasagari  
 Nasuekau e cere e cake  
 Nukutolu a cere babari ;  
 Taro koto ki bure ko Secake  
 " Oeci ka tekuru kitautubari ?"  
 (E lecavi o Koroitamanari)  
 " Sa rawa mai noda Turagari,  
 Oi keda me da mai viribai."  
 Era bouse na turaga ni Rewari,  
 " O Mataitini me sa la'ki mate."

Au moku bula e Tokatokari ;  
 Au lele tu ki tai ko Sawani,  
 I Katikua wari ka'u la'ki mate !  
 Au moku koto ni di na mati ;  
 Au ciri sobu, ka'u ciri cake ;  
 Au ciri vakataulavelave.  
 Bogibogi me'u usa ki Rewari,  
 Mata i na Rusa kabiraki ;  
 Vunimoli ka'u la'ki cokonaki,  
 O Vokili ni tagi yaso ki vale !  
 E yasova koto na liwa lalari ;  
 Na watiq ! o na mai mate wale ;  
 A sa ta bau dua nomu vale ;  
 A sa tawa lutu tu na kemu qali ;  
 Tawa bau dua na nomu yalewari.  
 Ciba na yalo, ka ciba sasa,  
 Ka ciba, ka tau ki Cakauyawa,  
 O Qei ka tagi yaso ki vale,  
 Ka e yasova koto na liwa lalari.  
 "Na luvequ ! noqu mata dua tani  
 A tebenigusu na bulilekari  
 Nai vaikula mana vuniyadre  
 A bukubuku ni yava e qivilaki."

A yacaqu me'u cavuta qima yani, 1. Koroitamana ; 2.  
 Waqaliqali ; 3. Mataitini ; 4. Lawedrau ; 5. Ganilau ; 6. Cure.

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No. III.—Page 348.

WORDS FOR "NO" IN THE FIJIAN LANGUAGE.

Sega . . . .	used at	Bau.
Sigai . . . .	"	Rewa.
Warai . . . .	"	Dreketi.
Jikai . . . .	"	Serua (Koro-levu).
Yali . . . .	"	Beqa.
Isikai . . . .	"	Nadroga.
Eilala . . . .	"	Vuda.
Aikai . . . .	"	Nakorotubu.

Reva . . . .	used at Ovalau.
Ikali . . . .	„ Kadavu (Tavuki).
Iyali . . . .	„ (Nabukilevu).
Mino . . . .	„ (Nakasaleka).
Yalisokonena . . . .	„ (Nasanivolau).
Wara . . . .	Na-lawa.
Bacika . . . .	Noco.
Awale . . . .	Waya.
Maqa . . . .	Vanua-levu (Mucnata).
Lebo . . . .	„
Saniwarauniga . . . .	Navatusa.
Waratunua . . . .	Natutuniba.
Aikairarabua . . . .	Rakiraki.
Segabau . . . .	Lakeba.
Yalibau . . . .	Muala.
Warainoa . . . .	Namosi.
Lavele . . . .	Yanuca.

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No. IV.—Page 425.

POEM called “The Empty Land,” sung on a state dance at Bau in 1853, and recorded in writing by the author.

A VANUA LALA.

I.

AU mocémoce au yadrayadra  
 Sa lako na la'ki darata  
 E vanua wai cei ko Wayaqaqa  
 Ko na sogá sa ciri lala  
 Lewatuveimoli ma kadava  
 E vetau kula au roqo vata  
 Buka vutu ni cagi sa taqa  
 O drova na uli ka tau yawa  
 Bati ni tokalau sa laba  
 Taro tovo i vale mo yawa  
 Na lewe i kerekere e matana  
 Togi toka na vakayadrayadra



Dumu toka lualua vuata  
 Dreu ni vetau rubuna vata  
 Sovaraka e valevale ni waqa.

## II.

Curuma na vale ni sa vakiyi  
 Drokadroka e taro na bai lati  
 Lakovaki seli ko Dravi  
 Covulaca e rube vu ni lagi  
 Kena dro vela me dua tani  
 Era vucu e rara ni yakavi  
 Sa caga loma i Buasali  
 Koto e ra na veluvaki  
 Tou ciri na tadrúa e cake  
 Tou qalo koto e ruru na cagi  
 Oi keda beka eda sa mate  
 Sa lala ko Naisogade  
 Udiva na oro e mata ni vale  
 Na coco draudrau sogolati  
 Loma re na yalo e dua tani  
 Cata tiko e vucuka soli cake  
 Uca sa kere mai cake  
 Vadugu mai ulu i na masi  
 Doloka tuvú ni danidani  
 Au sa roqo curu mai ki vale  
 Eda la'ki tiko ena curu ko Tagi.

## III.

\* \* \* \* \*

E siga cake e na liwa lala  
 E cilava na loma ni wasawasa  
 E daro melo na vu ni se waqa  
 Muri luvequ au waraka  
 Daru lutu beka ki vanua yawa  
 Qaqa rau sa veitala  
 Lega na vono niu ga lala  
 Tabua drokadroka ko cakava  
 Lomadonu me datou rawarawa  
 Salusalu lave era sa kauta  
 Era cabora koto matai ruka

Tiko sobu ka'u vakatutusa  
 Nomudou qo ai co ko Tabua  
 Buki toko do mo tabu luva  
 Eda la'ki sili tuvuvu rogo ua  
 Qai mani luva biu ki vanua  
 E tasovo mana kato ni votua  
 Nai sogo tokalau eda curuma  
 E cagudu na vucu e vuravura.

## IV.

\* \* \* \* \*

Uca kere lagi se cava  
 Sauya ni vucu e veitala  
 Kena yobo bisabisasa  
 Kilica e gone sa yadra  
 E vuki toka na yatoyato lala  
 Sa ciri ko na vatubasaga  
 E se vidi ko Cakauyawa.

## V.

Vu ni bola vou na cudru nikua  
 Me na kakua na curu kituba  
 Sa qai utu tiko na vatua  
 La'ki coka e tatau vakadua  
 Coko laca vakasoua  
 Me ra taro na alewa sevubusa  
 E vula dra e soko na vatuma  
 Uru koto na veikasi e kula  
 Qalo waqa era drau vakarua  
 Ai rogo cava mo drau tukuna  
 Au ogaoga au lako mai duguvotua  
 Buno ni tokalau mo kauta  
 E tavuki na votua eda raica  
 Vu e cake au sa vakalilia  
 Au rogo curu vu ni gigia  
 La'ki woka ika ni wasaliwa  
 O ira na rogo mai vuravura  
 Kuru seseta na veivanua  
 Kua ni tale yomo vanua  
 La'ki nomu na gu vakadruma.

## No. V.—Page 64.

## A MEKE KEI CAKOBAU.

## I.

**KALOU** ni Bau era lomanene  
 Era bose ki Drekeiselesele  
 Cakobau vakawelewele  
 A nona vere sa ra lako e na qele  
 Ra bosebose toka era galu  
 E ca ko koya mai Valecavu  
 Cauyaviti Loaloadravu  
 E bote waqa toka ko Cakobau  
 Ka vanca toka na Tuinayau  
 Vata ni vere i na Vunivalu  
 Sa veiroba na kena manumanu  
 A nodra vere tini ki Lasakau  
 Era bolea na Tunidau ni Bau  
 A sa mai gunu ko Butako-i-valu  
 Sevuraki me mate ko Caucau.

## II.

Ni kovukovua na kai Bau ka ra taraqusa  
 Me ra soqo mai ki na Dulukovuya  
 A qai vosa ko Namosimalua  
 Na gone dau ka ra tutudua  
 O Cakobau ko Tutekovuya  
 Ka rau butusereka na vanua  
 Sa vadugu mai na domo ni buka  
 Taukora ki wai na ruvekula  
 Vakatautau yani ki Kubuna  
 Na soloqa era tekicuva  
 A qai vosa ko koya mai na Ua  
 Mai tini ni vere vakadua.

## III.

Tevu tiko na rova ka tawacala  
 Era sa uqeta tu na cakovuya

Au vosavosa au qai tukuna  
 A vere cava ka tiko mai Vuya?  
 Vuna tiko druka na tara rua  
 Era cataki, era veikuna, era veilaba  
 Era sa qalo koto na marama  
 Qalo cabe na koro ko Namara  
 Cere na malumu me ra veilaba  
 Sa meqe moku ko Tuivunidawa  
 Kena bula era toka e Namata.

## IV.

Ni sa roaroa e dua nai rogorogo au rogoya  
 Sa se na koro ko Waicoka  
 Ko Saumaki ni qai vosa toka  
 A turaga ka ra tabu loloma  
 Ka'u tagitagi k'au sa oca  
 Ka'u qai la'ki dula ki Vatoa  
 O Qio sa lako mai o qoka  
 A nona vere a ka babasogasoga  
 Ko Ralovo mai tiko e Tokatoka  
 Lako mai e mai tiko e noda  
 A wai sese voli a qioya  
 Ki Namata me la'ki kasa toka.

## V.

Ni vakamataka ra taraqusa na sau turaga  
 Ra dirika na qiwa e sa waqa  
 Na kena kubou sa lamata  
 Wase-rua ko ira na Tuikaba  
 Sa viri na koro ko Namata  
 Cibi mai nai valu ni Verata  
 Kaba koro ni siga ka bogicaka  
 Ra butuki era dugu kadakada  
 Kaci toka e cake a saurara  
 Ma koto ko Bau sa ciri lala  
 E dua bau na kenai vakatawa  
 Luvu koto me tabu vue rarawa  
 A kena votua me sa mai laga  
 Ka dromu dole na siga ki yata.

## No. VI.—Page 36.

TRANSLATION OF THE MEKE RECORDING PARTS OF THE  
HISTORY OF THE NAKELO MASSACRE.

THE presentation of yams is arranged :  
 At Lomainuku they are heaped :  
 The race is boisterously announced :  
 The young men are running :  
 They run until mid-day :  
 They reach Burebasaga.  
 A certain report prevails :—  
 “The yam-presenters are killed ;  
 They are killed, and not one has escaped :  
 Ratu Kutukutu is placed on the top [of the heap  
 of slain].”  
 The women of Naluna strike their bosoms :  
 “Who of us is killed to-day ?  
 There is Dravo—there let us seek refuge,  
 Seek refuge there, that we may live.”  
 The race was being run, and the course was crowded ;  
 The Tokatoka tribe close in on them,  
 Closed in, and began at once to kill.

Ratu Kutukutu had escaped the massacre by flight,  
 And sought refuge in Naqolowalu.  
 The *vasu* to Vutia felt constrained,  
 He untied a large whale's-tooth,  
 Runs to Rewa whilst it is yet day ;  
 Ro Kania\* looks out expectantly ;  
 Ogasaucalewa hurries ;  
 Presents in his presence the large whale's-tooth.  
 “This is the soro of the Batis,  
 They are but fifteen persons only.” †  
 Ratu : “Let them all be killed !”  
 The chiefs return thence ;

\* “Eat,”—one of the names of the Rewa king.

† These had escaped, and the people wished to save them.

They go into a house ; they weep.  
The common people make inquiries,  
"For what do ye weep?"  
"I do compassionate the Batis."  
They go, and present them with calicoes :  
"This is your clothing, O Batis."  
"Let us paint each other black,  
Let us divide [the calico], that we may wrap up."  
We go outside—it is daytime ;  
They come outside, and shout in admiration.  
Walaka comes whilst it is daytime ;  
Ra Kutukutu weeps ;  
"I die with the remembrance of Katikua,\*  
Where my namesake resides ;  
I and the sun sink together below the horizon."

\* Ratu Kutukutu's home.



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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every receipt and invoice should be properly filed and indexed for easy retrieval. This is particularly crucial for businesses that deal with a large volume of transactions, as it helps in identifying discrepancies and ensuring compliance with tax regulations.

Next, the document addresses the issue of inventory management. It suggests implementing a robust system to track stock levels, which can help in reducing waste and optimizing procurement. Regular audits are recommended to ensure that the recorded inventory matches the physical stock, thereby preventing losses due to theft or mismanagement.

The third section focuses on financial forecasting. It provides a framework for analyzing historical data to predict future trends. By using various statistical models and tools, businesses can make informed decisions about budgeting and resource allocation. This proactive approach is essential for long-term sustainability and growth.

Finally, the document concludes with a call to action, urging all stakeholders to adhere to the highest standards of financial integrity and transparency. It stresses that consistent reporting and open communication are key to building trust and ensuring the success of any organization.



