





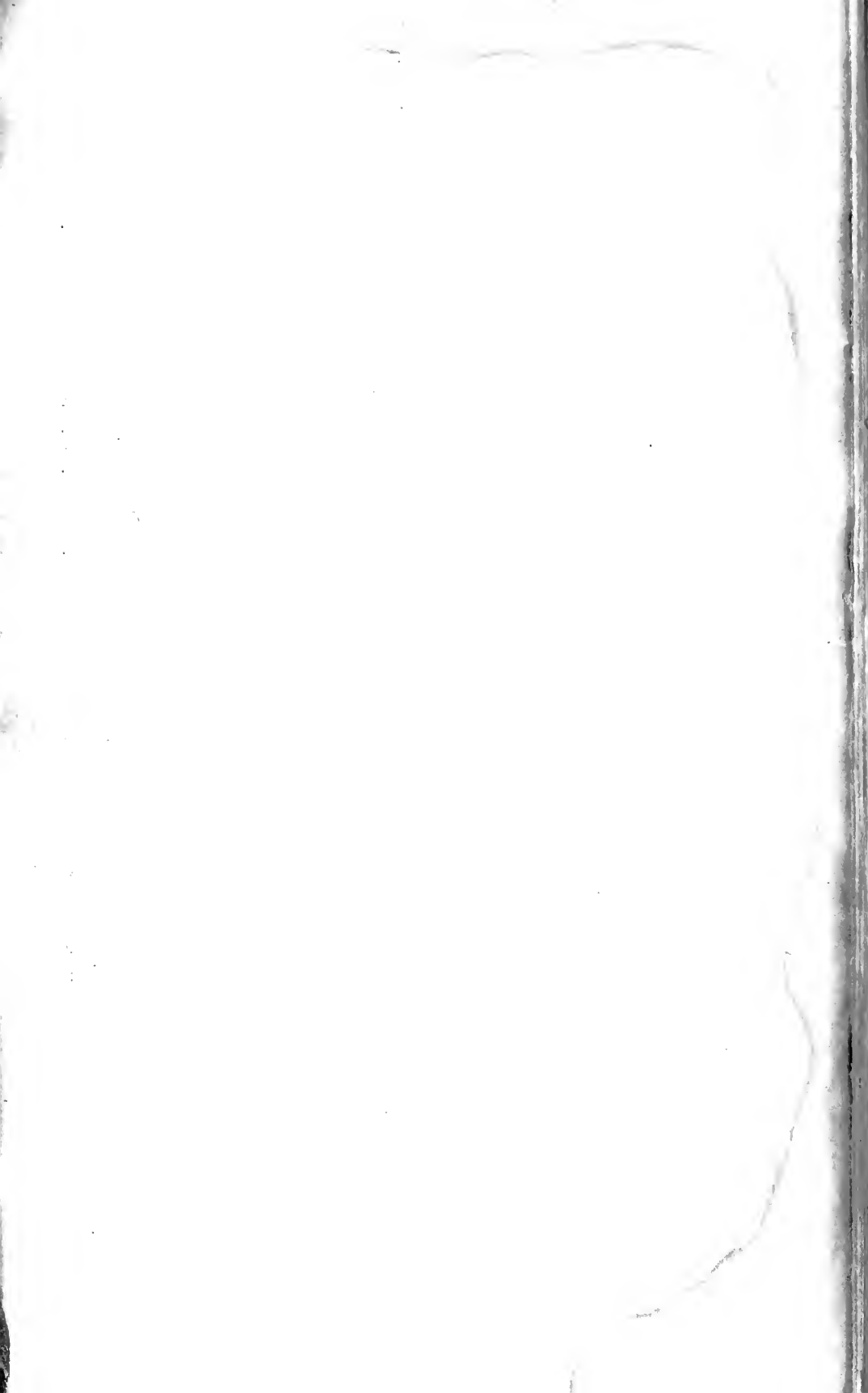
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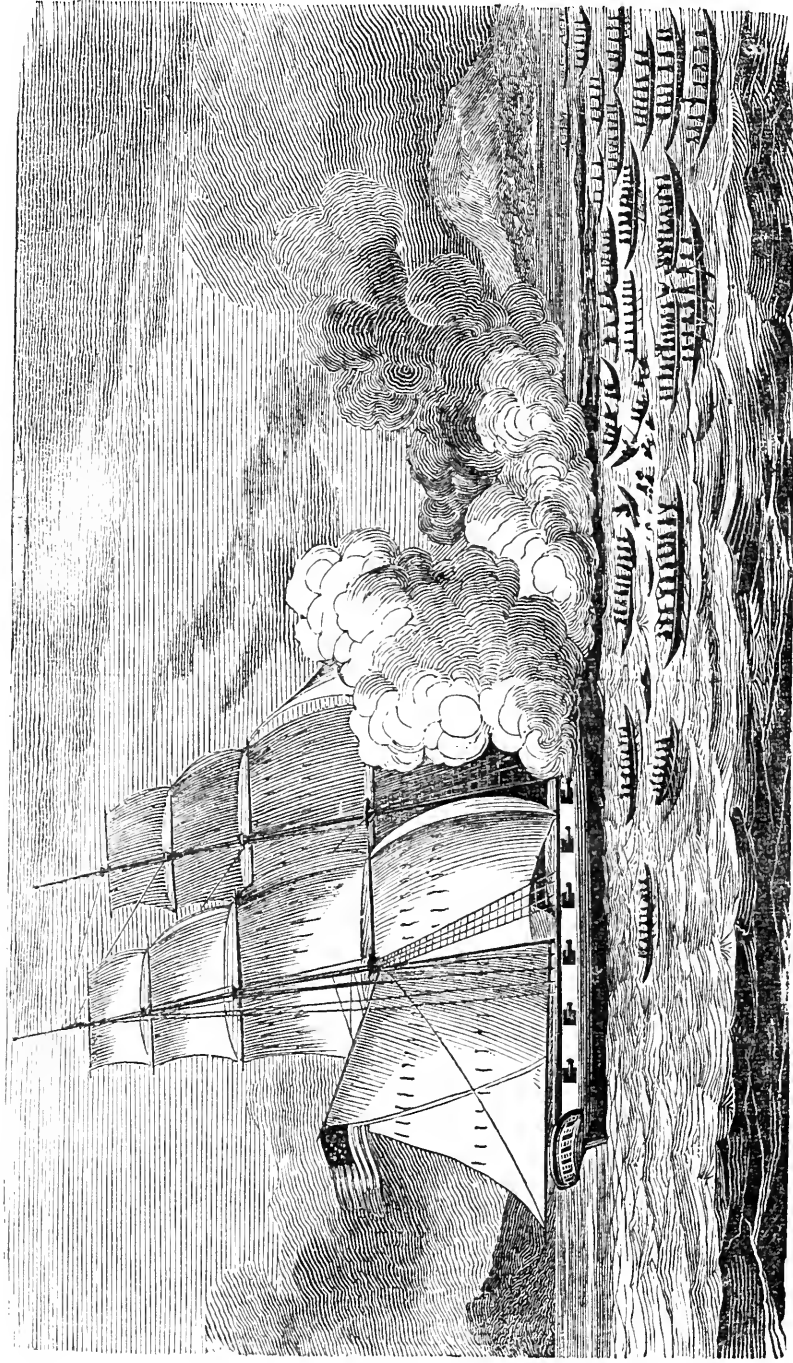
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Attack of the Savages on the Brig Margaret Oakley, in Reynolds's Bay (Papua).

# SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

## PACIFIC OCEAN,

OR

THE ISLANDS OF THE AUSTRALASIAN SEAS, DURING THE  
CRUISE OF THE CLIPPER

### MARGARET OAKLEY,

UNDER

### CAPT. BENJAMIN MORRELL.

CLEARING UP THE MYSTERY WHICH HAS HERETOFORE SURROUNDED THIS FAMOUS EXPEDITION, AND CONTAINING A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE EXPLORATION OF THE BIDERA, PAPUA, BANDA, MINDORO, SOOLOO, AND CHINA SEAS, THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLANDS, AND A DESCRIPTION OF VAST REGIONS NEVER BEFORE VISITED BY CIVILIZED MAN.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON JACOBS.

ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.



NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

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1844.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE outfit and departure of the brig *Margaret Oakley*, under Captain Benjamin Morrell, on an exploring and trading voyage to the islands of the East Indian Seas, some years since, created quite a sensation among our citizens. Neither the brig nor her master ever returned; nor has any authentic publication ever been made of the history, objects, and results of this expedition. Rumours of various kinds have at different times been circulated; but they were all based upon mere conjecture, and were as unfounded in truth as they were injurious to the reputation of those most closely connected with the enterprise.

The writer of the following narrative, having had the fortune to attend the expedition from its commencement to its termination, has frequently been urged by his friends and others concerned to give its history to the public; but a regard for the pecuniary interests of persons connected with it, combined with reasons of a more personal nature, seemed to render this inexpedient. The time, however, has now arrived when the publication may be made without injury to the feelings or interests of any one, and I therefore cheerfully give the narrative to the public. It purports to be nothing more than

a plain and simple statement of the incidents of the voyage, the scenes through which we were led in its course, and the character, situation, and resources of the numerous islands which we explored. The region of the world of which it treats is now for the first time laid open to the public eye. Up to the present moment it remains emphatically *terra incognita*. Even the navigation of those seas is treated only in the most superficial manner by the few persons who have written upon it at all; and there has never been made in any country an adequate or satisfactory description of the wealth, the beauty, and immense fertility in which they abound. Without making any pretensions to literary merit, the work herewith presented will give to the world some new ideas, at least, of the importance and value of the islands of Australasia. **T. J. J.**

*Harlem, June 1, 1844.*

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# INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

## PACIFIC OCEAN.

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### CHAPTER I.

ABOUT ten years ago, as many of my readers may recollect two savages, named Sunday and Monday, and advertised as cannibals, were publicly exhibited in New-York and other cities of the American Union. They were brought to this country by Captain Benjamin Morrell, who represented that he had taken them from two groups of islands which he had discovered in the Pacific Ocean, the precise position of which, for private reasons, he declined to disclose. Each spoke a language peculiar to himself and unintelligible to the other; and neither of them had ever seen a white man until Captain Morrell accidentally discovered their native islands while on a trading voyage in the schooner Antarctic, in quest of *bêche-de-mer*.

His object in bringing them to this country was to instruct them in the English language, and thus to make them useful to himself as interpreters and pacificators in the intercourse with their respective islands which he proposed to open. By earnest statements of the services they might render, and glowing descriptions of the trade that might be opened at the islands whence they came, and at others in their vicinity, Captain Morrell induced a number of the most respectable merchants of New-York to organize a joint stock company for a projected expedition thither. They were about to fit up the beautiful bark *Silas E. Burrows*, which then lay at one of our wharves, in an efficient manner, and to place her under the command of Captain Morrell for the prosecution of a mingled trading and exploring voyage to islands in the South Pacific, when their enterprise was frustrated by a misunderstanding

which arose among the stockholders, and led to the entire abandonment of the expedition.

But Captain Morrell, though at first disheartened by this discomfiture of his cherished hopes, did not relinquish his design. He had indulged too long in exaggerated dreams of the wealth and fame that lay within his reach, to be easily diverted from the attempt to make them real. He applied himself, therefore, with renewed energy, to the device of some new plan by which he might prosecute his intended voyage.

He was doomed to fresh disappointment. The temper and appearance of the two savages, to whose agency he trusted mainly for success, were as dissimilar as their language. Sunday was gentle, affectionate, inquiring, and intelligent. Monday was suspicious, moody, and difficult of restraint. He could not be made to understand that, in taking him from his native land, the whites could have had other than hostile intentions. No kindness could win his confidence, nor could anything banish from his mind a notion he had conceived, that they intended to kill and even devour him. The cold climate which he had been forced to accept instead of his own sunny land, chilled his temper as well as his frame; he hated the confinement of dress and the restraints of orderly and civilized life, and often wept in bitter agony, shedding tears and wringing his hands in grief for the country of his birth. The food he received here was an unwelcome substitute for the delicious bread-fruit, the sweet sago, the luscious banana, the nourishing cocoanut, and the various grateful fruits and roots to which his taste had been accustomed in the tropical climate of his lovely islands.

These things combined soon threw him into a severe fit of sickness. Though attended by careful and skilful physicians, and watched over with paternal anxiety by Captain Morrell, he rapidly declined, and soon died in New-York.

This untoward event threw fresh difficulties in the way of Captain Morrell. For a time his scheme was suspended. But after a long delay, three gentlemen proposed to fit out an expedition on a less expensive scale than that upon which the first had been planned. Captain Morrell eagerly embraced their offer: an arrangement was soon completed, and the scheme seemed, at last, likely to be carried into execution,

The new hull of a symmetrical clipper brig of 230 tons, then lying upon the stocks on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay, was to be immediately purchased, launched, rigged, and sent to New-York to receive her trading cargo and general outfit for the voyage.

I had just left college—still in my minority—when I heard of the expedition; there was something original and romantic connected with it, something fresh and so different from ordinary freighting and naval voyages, that the destiny of the beautiful vessel became to me an object of exceeding interest. The idea of visiting lonely and fruitful islands heretofore unknown; of witnessing the habits of Sunday's people and their exultation at his safe return; and, above all, the prospect of opening a new and brilliant path to fortune and to fame, combined to adapt this voyage to my somewhat roving and adventurous disposition. I determined, if possible, to accompany the vessel.

I endeavoured to purchase a passage, but Captain Morrell could not take any passengers; the owners were suspicious that others might learn the nature of the trade, which they wished and expected to secure to themselves. He, however, said that I could accompany the vessel and reside in the cabin, that he would instruct me in the practical part of navigation (with the theory of which I was already familiar), and grant me the privilege of keeping a journal, and of making all the observations I might desire. He added that he would impose upon me this restriction only, that on our return I should publish nothing in relation to the voyage, until after the lapse of a certain time; that during the cruise I would be under his authority, and required to do the duty of a midshipman. As it was understood that none but officers and crew were to embark in the expedition, he considered the arrangement with me confidential, with which the other owners had no concern; so, to prevent all inconvenient inquiries on their part, he put my name down as one of the crew.

As but a short time was to elapse before we were to sail, I was occupied in arranging everything required for the voyage, purchased a full set of nautical instruments, and supplied myself, so far as possible, with whatever might be necessary or convenient on so long an expedition. The trading cargo,

bêche-de-mer caldrons, forge, and general outfits, had been received on board the vessel, and she was anchored in the Hudson off the Battery.

It was on a pleasant evening in the month of March, just about sunset, when my young friend, S. E. Woodworth (who was going out as captain's clerk), and myself stepped into a small boat at Castle Garden, the boatman plied his oars, and we waved a long farewell to our native city.

It was night, when, creeping through the stern-port on board, the voices of a merry crew came ringing on our ears. On entering the cabin we found everything in confusion; in the hurry of loading, the cabin stores had been thrown temporarily into the berths, and every available corner was filled with something that had properly no business there. The steward, however, managed to empty one berth, and my friend and myself turned into it, making the most of our room, and sleeping as soundly as if the stirring adventures which filled our imaginations were never to exist save in our dreams.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE rising sun of Sunday, the 9th of March, 1834, saw me on board the brig *Margaret Oakley*, lying at anchor in the Hudson River.

The wind blew strong and keen from the northwest, and the surface of the water seemed angrily ruffled by its unwelcome blast. The sturdy pilot paced the deck for a time, eyeing the clouds as they chased each other along the western sky. At last, satisfied with his scrutiny, with a knowing phiz he buried his hands deep into the pockets of his great monkey-jacket, and giving his head some decisive jerks, he prophesied, "We'll have a stronger bag of March wind before night than this."

The Jersey ferry-boat came alongside with a thump that splintered our monkey-rail, and Captain Morrell, with several of the crew, leaped on deck.

"Up anchor—away!" shouted the pilot. Our crew walked

up the anchor in quick time with a deck tackle, and we were soon under full sail, gliding down the bay.

“Crash!” went the chain-stopper, and the anchor fell to the bottom, bringing us up “all standing,” while the chain clanked along the deck and rushed through the hawse-hole, endangering the legs of the crew in its careless haste.

“It’s an ill omen!” said an old tar. The prophecy caused no alarm. We again walked up the anchor, and were soon again moving ahead.

Opposite the Staten Island ferry we backed the main-topsail, and all our visitors took leave in a small boat for the shore except one, who remained on board to leave with the pilot off Sandy Hook.

As they departed, one of them took the captain by the hand, and said, “I’m anxious to know what may be the result of this expedition, for it has long occupied a prominent place in my thoughts; may we expect to hear of the first returns or profits in eighteen months?”

“Yes,” answered the captain, as he turned away, smiling.

At 4 P.M. we were fairly out at sea, the crew were bustling about in their noisy, hurry-scurry style, putting up chafing gear, or aloft furling top-gallant-sails. I stood leaning over the quarter-rail gazing at the last dark blue outlines of Neversink as it faded in the distance and presently disappeared. The sea had increased, and the gallant vessel, like a mettled race-horse, was prancing on her path through the waters.

“Mr. Button!” shouted the captain as he thrust his head through the companion-way.

“Sir!” answered the mate.

“Keep her away S.E. by E.—that’s the course!”

“Ay, ay, sir!” replied the mate, looking into the binnacle and instructing the helmsman.

I turned round and looked aloft; the spars and rigging seemed one confused mass; a filmy web drew over my eyes; my head swam round, and an indescribable queasiness seized my nerves, and I cared but little whether the vessel went to Morrell’s group of islands or to Davy Jones’s locker. It was my first experience in sailing, and of course I was sea-sick.

While crossing the Gulf Stream, and for two weeks after leaving New-York, we encountered stormy weather, and were

obliged to lie to several times under the fore-spencer and balanced reefed main-trysail. The tempestuous weather caused our deck to leak considerably, and we were kept busy at the pumps. Besides, some of the trading cargo was injured by the water, and the captain determined to stop at Bonivista and have the deck calked : accordingly, we shaped our course for that island.

The flour, and several other important articles of cabin-stores, had been hurriedly stowed away under the cargo ; so that everything we wanted seemed to be at the bottom of the vessel, and completely out of reach. With a loss of much labour and more temper, we fortunately fished up one barrel of flour and another of sour crackers. As for myself, I was in a fair way to fare quite sumptuously ; for my mother had carefully packed up a collection of fruits, dulcets, and other good things for which I had a special liking. Now that my sickness had passed away, my appetite was ravenous, and I determined to make the most of her preparations ; but judge of my vexation on finding that some one else, fearing that they would spoil before I recovered, had acted as my proxy, and eaten them all. This was my first disappointment, though not my last.

The owners, against the wishes of Captain Morrell, had placed on board two inexperienced young men ; one to act as supercargo, and the other as assistant. The supercargo by no means despised the pleasures of the senses, and was sadly annoyed at the scantiness with which our table was sometimes supplied. He therefore undertook to give the steward instructions as to his peculiar duties. At this the steward took umbrage, and made a report to Captain Morrell, who directed him to continue the common fare, and to pay no attention to orders from any one else. He reprimanded also the supercargo for his interference. These and other unpleasant quarrels soon made living in the cabin very disagreeable ; for it was small, and the hostile parties were continually in contact with each other, which invariably engendered bad feelings between us. I never acknowledged the supercargo's authority, but looked to Captain Morrell as the originator of this expedition, and as the only person to whom I owed obedience. The supercargo put on airs of absurd importance, and seemed mightily inflated



with the supposed dignity of his station. He appeared jealous of me, and acted as if he thought that I had no right in the cabin without his consent, as agent of the owners. I pursued a straightforward, indifferent course, and paid no attention to him. One day, while putting my books in the library-frame, the steward handed me a note which the supercargo had given him on deck, with a request that he would hand it to me. I opened it, and read aloud,

“Mr. Jacobs—Sir, as the cabin is small, and the captain not having made any arrangement with the owners, or me as their agent, for you to reside in the cabin, we think your place forward.”

To this the names of the supercargoes were signed.

“The lubbers,” said the steward; “the old man ’ill use ’em up.”

At this moment the supercargo came into the cabin; I took no notice of him, but went on deck and gave the note to Captain Morrell. He read it, and seemed somewhat surprised as well as angry.

“When this expedition,” said he to me, “was first proposed, the owners placed full confidence in me, and gave me unlimited control of all its parts; but afterward, from some cause or other, they foolishly imagined that I had other motives in view than those I had professed, and so they put these two men on board, and gave one a power of attorney to control my actions. Their official title of supercargoes is evidently assumed as a mere pretence; what does one vessel want with two supercargoes? They are spies! It’s not pleasant for a weather-beaten seaman, one who has been cradled on the ocean, to submit to such men; I’ll get rid of their interference when we arrive in the Pacific. I see where I made a blunder: I should have taken a firm stand in New-York, and refused to embark with them on board. But all my anxiety then was to get the expedition under way; and the fear that the owners would become alarmed by my taking that step, and abandon the project, deterred me. It’s now too late to retreat; I am fairly embarked, and must go ahead. The owners have cast an indirect aspersion upon my integrity: it is as well to have the game as the name! It is my intention,” he continued, “to fulfil the arrangement that I have made with you; but if any opposition

is made to these men now, they will write to the owners, impeach my character, and retard, if not destroy, the expedition at the outset."

I saw the awkwardness of our situation, and felt embarrassed by it. I did not want Captain Morrell to have an outbreak with the supercargoes on my account, but I was not disposed to abandon the voyage. What was to be done? one of three things, viz., to remain in the cabin and face it out, to leave the vessel at the Cape Verds, or to go forward and do duty as one of the crew. Of the three I preferred to pursue the latter, and told the captain that I would do so.

"If," said he, in reply, "you can get along forward until we arrive in the Pacific Ocean, I will then assume more authority over these men, and again replace you. In the mean time, I will afford you every possible opportunity to visit all the places we may stop at. But while forward you must do your duty independently, for I cannot show you any more favours than I do the other men, as it would destroy the discipline of the vessel."

My mind was made up, and that night, soon after "eight bells," when the first watch was below, I went forward. The wind blew a gale, the sea was rough, and dark, lowering clouds swept over the sky.

I opened the forecabin hatch; a mountain wave broke over the bow and drenched me from head to foot—a rough and discouraging initiation. Jumping inside on the gangway ladder, I closed the hatch, and rolled to the bottom, where I landed on a wet swab. As soon as I recovered I took a survey of the scene into which I had been so unceremoniously ushered. At the right sat an old weather-beaten sailor almost naked, mending a rent in a flannel shirt, already of as many colours, from the patches it had received, as Joseph's coat. On the left were two old salts smoking short pipes and spinning long yarns cheek by jowl. A large lamp suspended from the centre deck beam swung to and fro, with two huge wicks blazing and sending forth volumes of smoke that curled up and settled upon the deck a thick deposit of lampblack, and then spreading its odour and its beauty through the room. Down the centre of the floor meandered a small stream of water, impregnated with tobacco juice, washed from a heap of "cuds"

that lay under the ladder. Numerous naked arms and legs protruded from the berths, and a voice of snoring arose more sonorous than melodious. Looking along between the berths through a kind of centre aisle, fringed with a goodly array of dripping monkey-jackets, stockings, boots, southwesters, shirts, and trousers, all veteran representatives of storms and dangers, the background, as much of it, at least, as could be seen through the smoke, presented quite a curious scene. Bestriding the opposite ends of a chest, and face to face, sat two sailors, with their legs braced out to keep the chest from rolling, deeply absorbed in playing the game of "old sledge."

Apathetic as sailors usually are, my sudden and unceremonious apparition in the fore-castle had attracted the attention of all who were not asleep, and their eyes were now turned upon me with the most inquisitive looks. I was somewhat confused, but soon regained my self-possession and spoke aloud, addressing myself to all the crew :

"Well, Jacks, I have come to join your watch, and am now one of the crew!"

"Blast my tarry top-lights!" said he of Joseph's coat, "what does this mean? you must be joking!"

In reply to his query, I entered into an explanation, and when I had concluded, one of the old salts on my left rose up quite enraged and dashed his pipe on the floor, exclaiming, as the pieces were scattered about, "D—n and b—r the bloody supercargo and after-guard!" then stretching out his arm of brawn and opening his callous hand, he seized my hand, and giving it a hearty shake, said to me, "Tom, I glory in your spunk; you shall grub in our mess, and if you have been brought up with a silver spoon in your mouth, I'll make a sailor of you yet afore the cruise is up!"

The hubbub awoke the sleepers, and out of every berth peered a head. A grand consultation was then held as to which berth I was to occupy. At length the mooted question was decided. There were not enough berths for each one separately, so one was assigned to me in partnership, to turn out and in, with one of the watch on deck.

Without more ceremony, I was passed through the aisle of wet clothing, dragged over sea-chests, and snugly ensconced in my berth like a coil of spare rigging, there to remain until called for.

I soon fell into a doze, from which I was suddenly startled by a loud noise on the combing of the hatch—thump! thump! Open flew the scuttle, and a harsh voice bellowed down, “A-ll the star-bo-lins a-ho-a-y!—eight bells!—hear the news below?”

“A-y, a-y,” yawningly drawled out one of our watch, in reply, as he turned over in his berth.

Reluctantly we turned out of our warm berths, and the man whose turn it happened to be to relieve the helm scrambled into his clothes as quickly as possible, all the while cursing his wet shirts and trousers.

We heard the wind whistling and howling dolefully around the spars and rigging, and felt the vessel pitching heavily through a tempestuous sea, that ever and anon thwacked against the bow, and broke inboard with fearful force. “Nasty work on deck,” said one of the watch. At this moment the same harsh voice bellowed down the hatch, “Bear a hand there!—bundle up!—close reef the topsails!” We ascended the hatch and bounded upon deck.

From this time forward, until we left Port Jackson, in Australia, the reader must consider me a sailor before the mast. At the latter place the assistant supercargo was compelled to leave the vessel, by the severe treatment which, in pursuance of the plan before announced to me, he received at the hands of Captain Morrell. I was, soon after, politely recalled and reinstated in my old situation, when I occupied every leisure moment, when not engaged in trading or other duties on shore, in completing my study of practical navigation. I soon became aware that my having gone forward for a time had been of great advantage to me: the crew respected me as one able to creep in at the hawse-hole and work his way aft.

On nearing the coast of Africa, the weather became warm and pleasant; the storms had passed away, and every day all sail was set, with studding sails “alow and aloft.” The sailors rejoiced at the return of sunshine, and we now began to experience the delights of a tropical clime, in striking and most agreeable contrast with the cold and stormy weather we had just passed through. The crew seemed determined to “make hay while the sun shone,” for every available part of the rigging was thickly covered with wet clothing hung up to dry.

Some of the "green ones" recreated themselves at night by taking a comfortable snooze on deck, in the brilliant light of a tropical moon, until informed by some of the more "knowing ones" that their mouths would be drawn horribly askew by the witching rays of that luminary. They forthwith yielded to the superior wisdom of their more experienced shipmates, and relinquished the delightful, but dangerous practice.

The savage Sunday, whom the reader will not have forgotten as being on board, was now in buoyant spirits at the prospect of a speedy return to his friends and home. His native name is Telum-by-by Darco; but he is commonly called by his people Darco, and is a hidalgo, being one of the most notable chiefs of Morrell's Group, and the only son of Moga-gee, the reigning Tumbuco, or king, of Nyappa. He was at this time twenty-five years old, six feet high, with a symmetrical and athletic frame. He had small, black eyes, and rather a good-natured, though not very expressive countenance; the lower part of his ears was slit, and hung down according to the custom of his people, who wear large ornaments in the ears. While Darco was in this country he wore the slit part out of sight. Uneducated as he was, he possessed sound practical common sense, and never exhibited anything of a servile or timid temper; his manners, on the contrary, were commanding and impressive, without being proud or ostentatious. He cared little for ornaments, and valued only things of practical utility, which contributed in some way to his comfort and happiness. His notions of comfort and usefulness, of course, differed widely from those of civilized people, as in the delightful climate of his native islands the people wear no clothing. His dexterity in throwing the spear was very great. Poising it with care and skill, he would hurl it forward with perfect precision of aim, and with such fearful velocity that it would shatter into fragments a one inch and a half board at a distance of seventy feet. The crew sometimes essayed to practise his mode of throwing the spear; but they were as sadly puzzled as when they afterward attempted to keep company with a native in walking up coconut-trees, or in their other athletic sports. Darco's eyesight was very acute, and he could always descry a sail or land sooner than any of the men; indeed, he was our principal "look-out" at the mast-head in emergencies.

The crew would sometimes, in sport, attempt to wrestle with him. He would smile pleasantly and open his arms, clasp them like a bear, and, with one tender hug, lay them sprawling and discomfited on the deck. He detested fat meats and spirituous liquors; and, in his native country, subsisted principally on the varied fruits and nutritious roots which abound. He was always a favourite among our men, was never at enmity with any one, and had a most inveterate and praiseworthy habit of minding his own business.

On the 8th of April, at daybreak, Darco was sitting on the fore-topsail yard, and startled us all by shouting, in an excited tone, "Cap-in Mo-rel!"

"Halloa!" shouted the captain.

"Me tink-e me see land-e!" cried Darco.

"How does it look?"

"Him look-e too much-e far off!—plenty high!—me no hab fool-e you dis time!"

It was, indeed, land that he saw, and it proved to be the island of Bonavista, or, as the sailors call it, "Bonny-wiskers." We neared the land, and soon dropped anchor in the English roadstead.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE boarding-officer came off in a small boat, and, having satisfied himself that we brought no infection, granted us permission to communicate with the shore.

One negro came on board and walked aft, saying he was "custom ossifer," and that it was the "ship's duty to board and lodge him for nothing." A gang of negroes, armed with mallets, calking-irons, and oakum, followed his lead, and commenced pounding away upon the deck.

The shore looked sandy and barren; not a green thing was visible, except in one spot on the opposite side of the cove. One hundred and fifty yards to windward of the vessel was a small, low, rocky island, on which stood a ruined fort with no guns mounted. On the opposite side of the roadstead lay a clumsy, dirty-looking ship, with the English ensign floating at

her peak; she was awaiting a cargo of salt, with which she was bound to Buenos Ayres. Three quarters of a mile distant, at the foot of a cove, were nestled the houses that composed English Town; and, from the vessel, they looked not unlike a group of Texan anthills. Between them and us lay a sunken reef of rocks, over which there was just water enough to float our boats. When the water in the roadstead is agitated, there are heavy rollers on this reef.

The crew all went ashore on liberty. Landing on the beach, I saw a vast heap of coarse salt piled up before me. There seemed to be no regular streets; every one built his house where he chose, and the greater number of the dwellings were of course miserable affairs, built of stone, just high enough to stand up in, and thatched with salt-hay; some were circular, others square, and still others oblong. A few of them, however, were better constructed, and roofed with shingles.

The population was composed of a mongrel race of mulattoes and blacks. I did not see a purely white man in the place, except those we had landed there.

At the upper part of the town is situated the Presidio, which is a high-walled enclosure, and was the former residence of Manuel Martinez, who has lately been appointed gobernador of the group, and now resides at Porto Praya, St. Jago. A black sentinel patrolled the entrada, with a huge musket and bayonet fixed. Notwithstanding his weapon lacked a lock, he seemed to attach no little consequence to himself, as filling a station of trust and responsibility in the "regular royal army."

While in the quartel, the alcalde introduced me to Señor Peloto, who politely invited me to dine at his casa. The dinner consisted merely of corned beef, sweet potatoes, bananas, home-made wine, and wheat bread made of sour flour, probably brought from New-York. I was not disposed to be fastidious, for I had been at sea long enough to be nearly "starved out on sea fare;" so I fell to eating in right good earnest, and enjoyed this meal with a zest which is only the result of a genuine appetite.

The water here is brackish, and the inhabitants bring what they use from a considerable distance in goatskins on the backs of asses. I have heard that the Bedouins of the desert use the estiercol of the camel for fuel; the Bonavistians, for

the same purpose, use that of the ass, as other fuel is scarce.

I held a brief *tête-à-tête* with two young and buxom señoras, or mulatto "ladies," the daughters of Señor P—. They spoke in praise of the noble philanthropy of my countrymen, in sending ship-loads of provisions to the relief of the inhabitants of the Cape Verds, when they were on the point of famishing; and seemed generally much more intelligent and agreeable than I had expected to find them.

A tramping sound approached, and a hato of asses, with panniers on their backs, halted in front of the puerta, while Señor P— invited me to accompany him on a visit to his salt farm. He bestrode the first animal, and rode ahead as pimipilar; I mounted the next and followed after; while behind me came stringing along, in Indian file, the whole caravan, with panniers swaying to and fro, and marking time to the movement of their long ears, and the monotonous music of their step.

Leaving the town, we followed a beaten track through the sand. Turning my "steed" out of the track, he refused to go where I directed him, and became so restiff as to prefer moving backward instead of forward, upon which I wheeled him around and incited him to indulge his crab-like propensity. When he found it suited me, he relinquished all intention of doing it; and, wickedly throwing his head down, he commenced a rapid series of vertical movements with his heels into the air. I was thrown off, and rolled heels over head down a sandbank. Nearly smothered in sand, I regained my feet and walked towards the drove, which had now halted. My animal had quietly resumed his station in the line; and, having been trained to follow, he had discovered that I was a white man—evidently an intruder—and one who had no right to interfere with his regular duty, by turning him from his course I remounted, and resolved to let him have his own way, the only feasible way, so far as my experience goes, of managing any of his race.

In due time we arrived at the salt plantations, which are situated at the foot of the roadstead, and are but little elevated above the surface of the water, from which they are divided by a low sandy ridge. They comprise a large tract of level, al



livial soil, plotted into numerous vats by banks of clay a foot or more in height, which become sufficiently baked by the heat of the sun to hold the water, which is pumped from numerous wells that are dug in close proximity, and there exposed to evaporation. Numerous paths wind between the vats, and the whole are kept clean and smooth with the most fastidious care. Every family has a number of salt vats, from which they obtain their principal means of support. Men, women, and children were moving about the paths, attending to their respective compartments, and all appeared to be well versed in the alomantic art.

I presume the government pockets all the profit of the trade, for the people are miserably poor; yet they made no complaint, and appeared to be happy, having enough to eat, and being blessed with a climate that requires no clothing. They may, indeed, be better off than the same class are in more money-making parts of the world, inasmuch as their work is light, and they enjoy themselves in spite of their poverty.

Fish are caught in considerable numbers here, and the inhabitants are always ready to exchange these for ship-bread, beef, pork, and other articles. Our cook, a negro as black as anthracite, was here a potentate of no mean pretensions; for daily he might have been seen standing in the galley door, stretched up to his full height, with his head thrown back, and his wool brushing the smoky roof, while around him stood a host of demure and supplicating Bonavistians, begging of him the boon of all the spare "slush" and "menavolins."

It rains at the Cape Verd Islands only three months in the year, viz., from the middle of July to the middle of October; a peculiarity caused, no doubt, by the dry, hot winds that sweep to seaward from the great Sahara of Africa.

Once, as the captain was about riding out to see the governor's villa, it happened that the horse he selected had never been properly disciplined, and he could not mount him. Our boatswain came along at this time, and said, "I'll ride him!" The populace huddled around to see the sport, and seemed to think it better for a white man to have his brains dashed out than for one of their own colour. The boatswain, whose name was Benton, seized the reins close to the neck of the

horse, and, with one spring, bestrode him ; at this the animal reared so suddenly that I expected to see him fall backward. Benton laid low and held fast to his mane. Presently the horse became tired of prancing, came down quietly on his four feet, and then started off like a streak of lightning along the beach. For some time we saw nothing but a receding cloud of dust and sand, and watched in anxious suspense, lest both of them should be dashed to pieces among the rocks. In a short time our anxiety was relieved by seeing the cloud of dust slowly returning, soon followed by Benton, hard at work laying on the whip to urge the animal ahead, who was now completely subdued. The whole scene put me in mind of a monkey holding on to a horse at full speed in a circus ring, and the crowd present burst into a roar of laughter.

“ You can ride him now ! ” cried Benton, vauntingly, with a significant nod of his head towards the captain ; “ he sailed gripping, but I took a reef in his canvass, and eased the weather helm ! D—n me if I think there was a prettier sailing craft among all the wild devils you used to ride on the Spanish Main ! ”

Benton was a notable fellow. It was a matter of doubt whether he knew where he was born ; he was illiterate, and no navigator, but a thoroughly practical and experienced seaman, had been to all parts of the world, and spoke six different languages. According to his own story, he had been engaged in privateering, slaving, and pirating, in fact, in almost every business ; he was ready for anything still, and, in fact, seemed to have shipped with us merely because he suspected we were bound on some dare-devil expedition. He spun me long yarns about his horse-racing at the Cape, Calcutta, Basfora, Belooches, and Gujerat on the 'Tapy, where he volunteered to ride any wild horse at a moment's warning. His shipmates took up all bets made against him, and were sure to win, much to the disappointment of the adverse jockeys. When I afterward saw him bury the glittering blade of his cutlass into the head of an Australasian savage, and our boat's crew saved from a gang of Sooloo pirates solely by his unparalleled intrepidity, I began to suspect that some of his wonderful stories might be true, though, I confess, I had previously frequent misgivings.

So unruly a crew as ours could not well stay at a strange

port for any length of time without getting up a fight with the natives. I was not greatly surprised, therefore, one day, as I was returning to the town from a bathing excursion, to see a confused crowd of people gathered about the plaza, evidently agitated by some unusual excitement. As I expected, our crew was involved in difficulty with the natives, whom they were uproariously daring to fight. I soon found out that our men were in the wrong, for they had grossly insulted some of the females of the native families, and had been very properly turned out of doors.

At first the populace stood at bay, and left our rantipole heroes to swagger at their pleasure; but, as their numbers increased, they grew more valiant, and, finally, becoming exasperated at the insults heaped upon them, surrounded our men and assailed them at once from every side. A general *mêlée* followed; oaths, fists, clubs, and stones succeeded each other, and the riot continued until the whole town was in alarm. The people ran together from every side, and things began to wear a threatening aspect, when an alguacil, followed by a guard of soldiers, with muskets and fixed bayonets, was seen advancing from the presidio. Our crew, hard pressed already, had no disposition to engage the army; so, making a virtue of necessity, they surrendered at discretion, and were marched off to prison.

At the quartel I interceded with my friend the alcalde, representing that it was nothing more than a sailors' brawl, and promising that, if he would send my shipmates off to the vessel, Captain Morrell would take care that they should not again break the peace. He appeared convinced by what I said, and forthwith despatched an alguacil with orders for the soldiers to conduct the crew to the beach.

The populace were dissatisfied at our easy escape, and it was amid their gibes and jeers that our company reached the beach. We hailed our vessel for the boats to come, but the wind had freshened and our voices could not be heard. There we stood, the mob every moment becoming more numerous and clamorous. The crew, too, were quite irascible, and it was with difficulty that they were kept from renewing the fight. At length our boats put off and came to our rescue. We embarked amid the execrations of the natives. Our boats

were deeply laden, and I feared that they would swamp amid the combers on the reef ; but, most luckily, we passed through with a light drenching, and arrived on board somewhat bruised and jaded, but with no bones broken. The crew now vented their indignation, and swore that at midnight they would seize the Barracoon, turn the cannon, warp the vessel close in with a spring upon the cable, and bombard the town at daybreak ! Captain Morrell saw fit to save the town, and at 8 P.M. called all hands to weigh anchor. Thus ended this belligerent demonstration.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

WE were soon out at sea, and in the morning found ourselves sailing along the eastern side of St. Jago with the dark loom of Mayo off the larboard bow. At 2 P.M. we arrived opposite a bluff of some elevation, on which stood a flag-staff, three mounted cannon, and two negroes in white aprons. We turned the bluff close aboard, and anchored in the bay of Porto Praya.

Before us lay the whitewashed walls and battlements of the town, situated upon the summit of an elevated rocky plateau, that overhangs the bay. There are but two approaches to the town, the principal one from the east, and the other from the west, by a craggy ghaut, leading from the Valley of Dates. This valley is composed of loamy soil, and is covered with a growth of date-trees that present a beautiful and cheering sight on entering the bay, in striking contrast with the surrounding waste of rocks and sand. The inhabitants appeared to be more civilized, and wore cleaner cotton shirts and aprons than those of Bonavista.

The island of St. Jago is sixty miles in circumference ; its former capital was Ribeira Grande ; but now the governador resides at Porto Praya. The island is said to be the most productive of the group ; and from the variety of fruits displayed in the market, I should think the representation just. Oranges and other fruits were quite abundant. I saw a number of monkeys, with old and knowing faces, though I do not

mention them among the exuberant productions of the island. We filled our empty casks with dirty, brackish, and nauseating water, obtained from a well after rolling our casks a quarter of a mile over the sand. A negro told me that the water was "more good" in the rainy season: it could not easily have been "more bad" at *any* season.

In the night, as the wind was propitious, we weighed anchor, set sail, and again sped out to sea. On nearing the equator, we experienced a daily succession of sultry calms, cats' paws, sudden squalls, and rain showers, accompanied by lightning and crashing peals of thunder, that seemed to shake the very sea. At one moment we would be rolling about, with the sails flapping and chafing heavily against the spars and rigging, and at the next moment the cry would be, "Clew up! and clew down! and stand by your topsail halliards!"

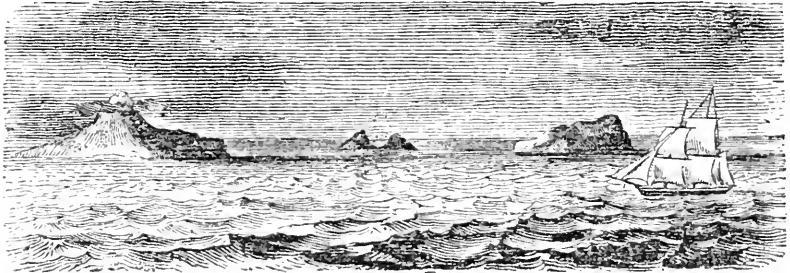
On the 27th of April, at 11 A.M., we crossed the equator in longitude  $19^{\circ} 11' 15''$  W. The novices were initiated into Neptune's dominions by the usual ceremony of being lathered with tar and slush, and shaved with a rusty iron hoop.

The day after leaving the equator we took the southeast trades, and, as we expected to have a steady wind for several days, we rigged preventive braces and rolling tackles. For some time we had talked about the southeast trades, and now that we had entered the region where they prevail, we rejoiced at the prospect of being wafted rapidly and steadily onward. The surface of the ocean presented at night the luminous appearance of a vast sheet of fire, and as the vessel ploughed her course along, the flames, curling away from the weather bow, gave a brilliant and beautiful light. This striking appearance is now generally conceded to be caused by the glowing bodies of myriads of *Nereis phosphorans*, one of the order of vermes mollusca.

Near the tropic of Capricorn the trade wind left us, and we afterward had variable breezes. In the latitude of  $30^{\circ}$  S. they were strong and blustering from the N.W., accompanied by a cross sea. Several of the crew were now on the sick list: one had the consumption, another a broken thumb, another a gouty foot, and another a fever.

On the 16th of May, at 9 A.M., the group of three islands, called Tristan d'Acunha, hove in sight. The three islands are

respectively named Tristan, Nightingale, and Inaccessible. The former is the largest and most important, and ascends gradually, in the form of a conical mountain, until it raises its head above the clouds. Its summit is clothed with perpetual snow, and on a clear day can be seen, it is said, from a distance of sixty miles. The following drawing represents the group.



As we proceeded farther towards the south it became quite cool, for it was autumn in the southern hemisphere. We expected stormy weather on doubling the Cape, and made preparation for it by stowing the jolly-boat on deck, setting up the rigging, taking in the flying-jib-boom, sending down the royal-yards and masts, securing the spars, anchors, and water-casks that were on deck, closing the ports, putting on the booby-hatches, &c., &c. The brilliant constellation of the Southern Cross, and those singular clouds first noticed by Magellan, were now in full view. The latter are three small stationary clouds situated near each other, two of them light-coloured, and the other black. They are an anomaly in the heavens for which astronomers as yet cannot account.

We now bent our course towards the South Pole with all expedition, as the captain intended to take a passing look in that direction, in the hope of discovering unknown lands. We encountered cold, rain, sleet, and strong gales from the west, accompanied by mountain seas; we were forced to lie to several times by the violence of the storm. Reefing and unreefing was our daily duty; and by the continual rain, sleet, and spray which we encountered, our clothing had all become wet, and we had no opportunity to dry anything. As we shivered about the deck and yards, casting our eyes fearfully at the billows as they threatened to engulf us, we cursed the fortune

that brought us here, and sighed for a return to a tropical climate. Hundreds of albatross and cape pigeons hovered around and over us as if to mock our misery. The tempest and the waves were playthings to them, and no music was to them so welcome as the dismal wailing of the wintry wind. We caught several cape pigeons by towing a piece of fat near the stern and covering them with a scoop net as they hovered around. They are white and lead colour, and are web-footed; in other respects resembling our domestic pigeons. An albatross resembles a domestic goose, and I believe the feathers, down, and quills of the former are quite as valuable as those of the latter. At certain seasons they can be knocked down with clubs by hundreds on the islands of the Southern Ocean. I have caught several with hooks baited with fat, towed over the stern of the vessel. Their flesh is dark-coloured, and not unpalatable. The flesh of the cape pigeon also, in my opinion, equals that of our American teal. The cape pigeon and the albatross, when placed on the deck of a vessel, under the lee of the weather bulwark, cannot fly until they are assisted by being raised so that the wind should strike under their wings. These birds fly in flocks, and seem much attached to each other. Once I caught a cape pigeon and gave him his freedom uninjured, upon which his companions fluttered around to embrace him as one risen from the dead, all the while cooing, and billing, and holding affectionate converse with him in their peculiar language.

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## CHAPTER V.

ON the 29th of May we were in latitude  $47^{\circ} 18' S.$ , longitude  $31^{\circ} 09' E.$  The waves increased in volume, and ran truly mountain high. While in the trough of the sea, I looked up the slope of a wave, and its apex seemed impending at least a hundred feet above me, and our topsails were actually becalmed under its lea.

We were scudding under close-reefed topsails, and it required two men at the helm, with very skilful management, to keep the vessel to her course. Captain Morrell stood himself

at the helm ; a surging billow mounted the taffrail, and tumbled furiously inboard, washing the captain amidships. Luckily, the ports burst open, and afforded rapid egress for the water. The counter of our vessel was not broad enough for scudding in a heavy sea-way. She should have carried her beam well aft, with a broad counter over a clean run. From this defect in her construction, it became dangerous to scud any longer, and we were almost afraid to attempt to lie to, but, night coming on, had no alternative, and determined to make the trial. The vessel squirmed and quivered like a Spanish slaver with her timbers sawed, all sail set and wet, retreating before a British man-of-war. Captain Morrell stood on the quarter, with his speaking-trumpet in hand, that his voice might be heard above the roaring of the waters.

The following orders were rapidly given and as rapidly obeyed : " All hands, stations ! Clew up the fore-topsail ! haul taught the spilling lines ! lay aloft and furl it ! Clear away the fore-trysail ! reeve the sheet ! stand by to haul it aft ! Stand by the main-topsail braces ! Mr. Button ! " " Sir," answered the mate. " Is every man at his station ? " " Ay, ay, sir ! all ready ! " was the answer. A wave now surged by, and as the vessel rose from the trough of a sea, the captain resumed : " Starboard your helm ! handsomely ! handsomely ! Slack off the lee main and main-topsail braces ! haul taught the weather ones ! Flat aft your fore-trysail and fore-topmast staysail sheet ! handsomely, your helm ! "

The vessel flew to the wind like a bird, and lay on the water without shipping a spray. My friend Robert Mills accidentally fell from the main-yard, but, fortunately, his leg caught in the ratlines of the main rigging ; this held him fast until I seized him, just in time to prevent his rolling overboard. This night was truly and terribly dismal. The sea knocked and swung the vessel about in a fearful manner, causing the deck timbers repeatedly to fetch away from the stanchions. Our chests in the fore-castle, too, which had not budged before, now flew from side to side, causing every man to coil up his limbs and stow them away in as compact a space as possible.

" The bloody chests will thump a hole through the brig's side ! " said Long Bill, jumping out of his berth and securing them in their places.



Near daybreak I was aroused from a restless sleep by the rushing noise of water over the fore-castle-deck. We all turned out, and heard the watch on deck busy at the pumps.

"All hands ahoy! the ship is sinking!" sounded a voice down the fore-castle, and we were on deck with the quickness of thought. All hands tallied on to the double break, two by two, pouring two steady streams of water upon the deck. After protracted and laborious pumping, we found that the water gained upon us, and the exertions of the crew began to relax. We searched for the leak, but entirely in vain. It seemed as if the vessel had started all her seams, and leaked all over. We thought that she must sink, for there was already a great deal of water in the hold, and much of the provisions and cargo were wet. The boats were cleared away, and everything got ready for embarking in them as a last resort.

We made one more effort to discover the leak, and found, to our dismay, that we had started a butt in the fore peak. The end of the plank was sprung so much that a large body of water rushed continually in. This was the principal leak, and we succeeded in stopping it. After this we freed the vessel of water by incessant pumping, and bailing through the fore-castle scuttle, and then, by keeping one pump going continually, we were enabled to keep her free. Each man took his regular turn of an hour at the pump, and, having a large crew, there was a prospect of keeping the vessel afloat until we could make land. There was some coal in the fore peak, which we were afraid would wash aft and choke the limbers: this we threw overboard.

Temperance vessel as ours purported to be, the captain gave the crew a glass of grog all round, to revive their drooping spirits. I drank nothing of the kind, and got along at least as well as my grog-loving mates.

Our projected exploration at the south pole was completely frustrated. We sent down the top-gallant yards and masts, to ease the vessel as much as possible, and the wind and sea abating the next day, we made sail and steered for Mauritius, or the Isle of France. We were anxious to reach it as speedily as possible, and yet were afraid to "carry on," for fear of "blowing the brig to pieces." Our crew were nearly used up by their labour at the pumps, the music of which, for a long

series of days, was our vesper and matin song ; every man learned right heartily to curse his "hour at the pump."

On the 11th of June, at seven P.M., the cheering cry of "Land ho!" started all the "sogers" from their skulking-places. We began to respire more freely as we looked upon the dark loom of the mountain lands of Bourbon, with its burning volcano bearing N.W. by N. half N. The next day we were in sight of the rocky peaks and ridges on the S.W. side of Mauritius. For two days we were provokingly becalmed, and it was not until the morning of the 14th that we anchored near the bell buoy (so called from a bell upon it that sends forth its warning when the sea is high), at the mouth of the bay of Port Louis. We had powder enough in our magazine to blow up the town, with the fleet of shipping. A government barge came alongside and took it to the fort for safe keeping ; and then we sailed between a line of buoys up to the town, where we secured the vessel alongside of a sunken hulk that was filled with stones and formed a kind of wharf.

All hands rejoiced at being freed at last from pumping, and their drooping spirits were again revived as they gave three hearty cheers for a safe arrival on *terra firma*.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE crew went *en masse* to the American consul, and entered their solemn protests of the unseaworthy state of the vessel, and a board of survey was forthwith appointed.

The cargo was all discharged, the vessel dismantled, and her hull thrown upon its beam ends. The copper was worked in waves fore and aft, and, in many places, had nearly started off, the nails having worked loose and fallen out. A gang of negro slaves stripped off the copper, and we now had a fair view of the bottom. The oakum was rotten and loose, from the garboard streak to the wales, and there were two large seams in the bow, near the fore-foot, where the planking had started and the oakum been pressed in, leaving an aperture large enough for any one to thrust in his hand.

The vessel was said to be "copper fastened!" but we found only a few copper spikes and no bolts; all the rest were iron. One of the floor timbers was rotten, and she was slightly constructed throughout, being destitute of knees, and almost without breast-hooks. It was regarded as providential that we reached the port.

The survey decided that, in her present condition, the vessel should be condemned; but that, by being thoroughly overhauled, she could be made seaworthy. To make her so, they decided that she should be calked, pitched, covered with tarred paper, sheathed over the latter with an inch and a half pine plank, which was to be well secured by large copper spikes passing through the original plank into the timbers; this latter sheathing also to be calked, pitched, covered with tarred paper, and sheathed with heavy new copper. Two powerful breast-hooks, made of teak-wood, were also to be placed in the stem, and two in the stern, secured by large copper bolts passing through the stem and stern-posts; copper bolts were also to be run through the keel, and twelve wrought-iron knees under the main-deck beams.

Here was an extensive list of repairs, involving nearly as much expense as the original cost of the vessel. It was a state of things which had not been anticipated. We had on board only money enough to pay port charges and other immediate expenses. The captain wavered for a time as to the course he should pursue; he was sure of censure in any event, and was quite discouraged at the turn matters had taken. He thought of retracing his steps and abandoning the voyage; but the time already wasted urged him on, and he decided to have the repairs executed, and give a bottomry bond for the payment of the cost.

Accordingly, the ship carpenters went to work. They were a gang of negro slaves, superintended by Moorish mechanics. They executed their work faithfully, but slowly. All materials for repairing vessels are brought from a great distance, and are very expensive, especially as the business of repairing is principally monopolized by a wealthy Frenchman.

The crew are busy on shore, painting the spars, overhauling and refitting the rigging, making a boarding netting, making awnings and sails for the boats, calking and painting

them, trimming the oars and sweeps, and in various other useful and essential occupations. The services of our armorer were also called into requisition. He made a pair of patent trusses for the fore and main-yards, and a set of iron futtock-shrouds. So great was his skill at this business, that he was offered high wages to remain at the port; but he had his eye upon Darco's island, and refused to leave us.

It was nearly three months before the repairs were completed, and during this interval I performed various excursions to different parts of the island. Mauritius is divided into nine departments, and the total population is 92,634. Of this number I presume that the negro slaves comprise seven tenths.

The city of Port Louis at this time contains a population of 26,615, and is a place of considerable importance. It is divided into three parts. The first and most important section is English or French Town, situated in the centre, at the foot of the bay, on a piece of land which rises with a gradual slope until it reaches the back of the town, where it rises abruptly into a mountain covered with underwood. The houses are two or three stories high, substantially constructed of stone. Strongly-built gates open into the courtyards, and present the appearance of being able to resist a siege. Many of the houses are plastered and painted on the outside, and in form and construction resemble those of the Havana. Plaster on the outside of a building in a tropical climate remains perfect many years. A broad, paved street leads from a substantial stone quay, at the foot of the bay, up to the governor's house, which is a large pile of stone, with wings, piazzas, and a fenced courtyard in front. On the left side of the last-named street, as you walk towards the government house, is situated the theatre, a handsome building of some architectural pretensions. The performances are in the style of the Italian opera, the language used being the French. The dress circle exhibited quite an assemblage of the black eyes and languishing countenances of the belles of Mauritius.

On a street east of the theatre is a fine market, well supplied with fruits, vegetables, meats, and confectionary. Negresses and mulatto women are the principal hucksters. In the town there are three Masonic Lodges, one Royal College, a Chamber of commerce, one valuable Library, one Episcopal

church, one Baptist, one Methodist, and one Catholic. There is also a public bath. The population is composed principally of whites, engaged in various kinds of business, mainly trading.

In the suburbs, near the Champ de Mars, are several country villas built of wood, embowered in tropical foliage and furnished with ornamental parterres and fences. An aqueduct, constructed at considerable expense, supplies the town with pure water from a mountain stream. This is one of the finest works and the greatest blessings that the place enjoys. Numerous costly stone fountains ornament the grounds in different parts of the town. On the quay is an obelisk, with an adjutage that sends a stream of water four inches in diameter into the briny waters of the bay. Vessels, if they choose, may here receive their supply of water gratis; but, by paying for the labour, they can have it brought alongside in large scows provided with forcing pumps.

To the east, and joining English Town, is situated Malabar Town or Camp. The houses are meaner, and constructed of less substantial materials than those we have just described. This department is peopled by Malabars, Moors, Lascars, Malays, Arabians, &c. Among this population you see many an eye through which gleams a pirate's spirit, and many a visage with a villain's stamp. I remarked that several Malabars wore light iron rings on their naked ankles, and I was informed that it was a sign of their having been banished from their native country to this island for some offence against the laws. The Malabars are Mussulmen, black, tall, slim, and active, with keen black eyes and long black hair. I have frequently seen them, at daybreak, performing their prescribed ablutions, nearly naked, in the basins that surround the fountains.

On the west side of English Town is the third department, called Negro Town, or Black Town or Camp. The houses here are meaner than any heretofore described, and the population is composed of negroes, embracing both slaves and freemen. The negroes of the island were once leagued in a secret plot to massacre the whites. They were led on by a Malagasche chief of some ability, who had been kidnapped from his home. They were thwarted, however, and reduced to subjection.

Notwithstanding Mauritius is in possession of the English, everything is stamped with the impress of the French character, and the French language is universally spoken. The French inhabitants are jealous of British authority, and particularly sensitive on the subject of British interference with their slaves. It has been reported that, if the slaves were set free, the French would rebel; for any such emergency the government has prepared, for a standing army of British troops were stationed here in force sufficient to crush all rebellion and enforce obedience.

In the rear of English Town, between it and the mountain, lays a grass-covered plain, with a monument in the centre. This is the Champ de Mars, the grand parade-ground of the town. Here, every Sunday afternoon, the government band sends forth strains of sweet and stirring music, echoing through the town and over the bay, and calling out scores of loungers to the pleasant promenade. Here, too, many a tale of love is told by the beaux and belles, with whom this is a favourite strolling-ground. Parties of both sexes rode about the plain in carriages and on horseback. The carriages are driven by negroes, and followed close behind by negro footmen, more than half naked. The negroes have their Champ de Mars as well as the whites, though they only use it for a dancing-ground; for every fair night they assemble in circles, male and female, old and young, on a hill overlooking Black Town, and dance round blazing fires, stamping, shouting, laughing, and singing in time to the beat of their "rude minstrels." In their songs the French, English, and Malagasche languages are strangely intermixed. It was a favourite amusement for our crew to attend upon these entertainments.

On the west side of the bay is a broad avenue, lined with rows of stately shade-trees. This leads to the cemetery, which is a walled enclosure, with an ornamental gateway, and contains a great many handsome monuments, through which I strolled one day in company with a citizen of the town. The inscriptions on most of the tombs were in French, and a cross, planted in front of each, denoted that the Catholic religion prevailed. On most of the tombs stood vases, and beside them grew choice shrubbery and flowers. Most of the ladies who entered the cemetery carried flowers, which they depos-

ited in the urns upon different tombs, and then cleaned and arranged the flowering plants which grew around them, and had been planted by their own fair hands, in memory of their departed friends.

Wending our silent way through the winding paths, contemplating this abode of the dead, we were suddenly startled by the sound of a low, plaintive voice. Turning quickly round, we beheld the form of a beautiful girl through the thick foliage. She was dressed in deep mourning; her countenance was wan, her head uncovered, and long, black, glossy hair flowed round her neck. She was kneeling upon the sod in front of an ornamental tomb; her eyes were fixed upon the cross and flower-vase—around which was fastened a wreathed bouquet—and with clasped hands she was pouring out her soul in earnest prayer. She could not have counted more than seventeen visits of the tropical sun, and was, perhaps, mourning over her departed lover. We retreated by the way we had come, for fear of breaking the loneliness of this touching scene. Here, also, amid the gaudy tombs of the Creoles, stood the modest monument in memory of our fair and celebrated countrywoman, Harriet Newell.

One day my friend W—— and myself ascended the mountain in the rear of the town, and had a splendid bird's-eye view of the surrounding country, embracing the sugar plantations, the town, with its fleet of shipping, and the hoary head of Peter Botte, towering aloft in all his grandeur. We stood on the brink of a rocky parapet, and looked down into the valley of "fan-palms," where we saw the "ruins;" and, casting our eyes in another direction, they rested upon the esplanade of the "Thumb," and then upon the signal-staff of Discovery Mountain. This is classic ground, and has been graphically described in the touching tale of Paul and Virginia.

On the mountain we encountered some very large yellow spiders, striped with green and black. Their webs, nearly as large and strong as small fishing-nets, and suspended in the open spaces between the underwood, frequently and seriously retarded our progress. They belonged to the species of *Aranæ fasciata*, and are fierce and warlike.

## CHAPTER VII.

ONE day I rode to the westward of the town, following a good macadamized road, on the sides of which were several rural villas, embowered in tropical foliage. A great many negroes were making their toilsome way towards the town, carrying heavy loads of fire-wood and fruit upon their heads. I crossed Grand River, where I saw Mussulmen standing in the water up to their knees, performing their ablutions; and round about them were dusky girls, hard at work washing clothes by beating them with clubs upon smooth, flat rocks.

In a healthy and pleasant situation, on a commanding eminence, I entered a walled enclosure, in which stood the Hôtel Dieu, an oblong structure, two stories high, with a flat promenade roof, and built of stone in very substantial style. Ornamental shade trees were scattered about, and the walks and surrounding grounds were kept in the most fastidious order. A well of excellent water, and a large stone bath, cemented inside, were objects that immediately attracted my attention. The invalids were very comfortably situated, and were dressed in uniform coarse, clean clothing, marked with black letters.

The inhabitants of Mauritius are polite and social. I accidentally fell in with Mr. D——, an old French gentleman, who had formerly resided in St. Domingo. He had been acquainted with my father, and invited me to dine at his villa. I complied, found his situation extremely pleasant, and was forced by his daughters to remain, though in my travelling dress, to a private *soirée*. I found a gay circle assembled, and everything went off very much as at similar parties at home. The company was seated at first on *tabourets*, the ladies generally wearing tasteful gossamer pallas, and the room being handsomely ornamented with garlands and candelabras. Conversation soon became animated, and the company began to promenade, the music struck up a *capriccioso*, and the whole assemblage whirled in the mazy circles of the *couranto-coupée*. At the conclusion of this dance a fair girl sung a *doloroso-divoto*, accompanied by her brother on the flute. The company soon with-



drew to the paradrom to partake of refreshments, and then dispersed.

In the morning I was awakened by birds carolling their matin song close to the latticed casement of my chamber. I arose, and joined a small riding party, mounted upon horses of true Arabian blood, and had a fine gallop over a good macadamized road. On the right, crossing a valley, was a weather-beaten, arched aqueduct; and the road was bordered by several handsome country residences. Turning to the left, we entered Shaddoc Grove, and dismounted beside a church and thridded numerous walks, bordered by a wood of tropical trees, whose leaves and branches met over our heads, forming natural arbours, which were as beautiful as they proved refreshing. Graceful forests overhung the banks of the stream, dotted with miniature islands. Capacious stone couches were placed here and there, where we rested ourselves and inhaled the grateful fragrance wafted from the natural bowers. This was Pamplamousef, or Government Garden.

The coasting trade of the Isle of France is principally carried on by small vessels built like schooners, called chassemaree; they have a sharp bow and stern, and are rigged with lateen sails. There are no wharves in the harbour of Port Louis for the accommodation of ships, so that they must lay moored in parallel lines in the stream, with their bows turned towards the town. Loading and unloading are effected by means of large flat-bottomed lighters. The hurricane season is from November to the latter part of April, and then the bay is exposed to the tempest, and affords protection for only a few ships.

The exports of Mauritius are sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton, nutmegs, and cloves. Sugar, however, is the great staple, and of this large quantities are annually exported to Australia. Ebony is abundant, and is used for fire-wood; it is superior to hickory for this purpose. Two crops of wheat and two of Indian corn have been raised in one year on the most favoured farms. The principal part of the bread-stuff used in the island, however, is introduced from Bourbon. All the fresh beef is brought from Madagascar. The cattle are small, and have a hump upon their backs. When a "cattle trader" arrives, quite an animated scene takes place. The cattle are hoisted over-

board, one by one, and forced to swim ashore between a line of spars.

One day I dined with Captain P. on board the ship *Rosalie*. While we sat at the table, a rough, honest-looking man came down the companion-way, and said to the captain, "I heard you wanted a mate, sir?"

"So I do," replied the captain; "but I want one who is a good navigator;" at the same time glancing at the man with evident distrust of his qualification in this respect.

The applicant, with a little appearance of anger, answered, "I am a navigator."

"No doubt," said the captain, "you're a good *seaman*, but I want a man who can work a lunar and take an azimuth."

"I can do both," replied the fellow, bluntly and firmly.

The captain seemed taken aback by this reply, and said, "How do you work the time to find the longitude by chronometer?"

"I take the altitude, the latitude, and the polar distance," said the man; "then I find the secant of the latitude, the co-secant of the polar distance, the co-sine of the half-sum, and the sine of the remainder."

"Right!" said the captain; "what vessel did you come here in?"

"The Hindoo brig *Pestongee Bomingee*," replied the man.

"I'll give you an answer to-morrow," said the captain.

A few days after I accidentally met the man, and he told me the captain had employed him. He said he was born in Connecticut; had run away from home and shipped on board a whaling vessel bound to the Pacific Ocean; deserted his vessel at the Sandwich Islands; shipped on board a vessel bound to Canton as second mate; thence embarked in an opium smuggler, and, finally, landed at Bombay; since which time he had been "knocking about" the Indian Ocean. He was a thorough Yankee, and amply provided with the Yankee virtues of blunt honesty and great shrewdness.

During the time that our vessel was undergoing repairs, our crew were encamped in an old barn or shed upon the wharf, where they slung their hammocks. The cook had his galley rigged up hard by, and did duty the same as at sea. Captain M. encamped here too, and took it "rough and tumble" with

the crew. The supercargo lived in town, and seldom came in sight. Our quarters were rude and uncouth, and we were greatly annoyed by cockroaches and rats. The captain sometimes assisted in the work, and I myself became quite an experienced "ship-painter."

H. B. M. ship of the line *Melville* lay moored in the bay. On the 12th of August, at 8 A.M., she fired a royal salute, and was covered with flags and streamers, making a splendid display, in honour of the coronation of William the Fourth.

All the public buildings and all the shipping in port displayed their colours. The day was observed as a gala day, and closed with a grand ball at the government house.

Our vessel had all her spars up, and was advancing rapidly towards completion. We, too, had hoisted all our colours in honour of the day; but the keen eye of the captain scanned the flags displayed by the *Melville*, and among them he saw the ensign of every nation with whom Britain was at peace, except that of the United States. He considered this an insult offered to the flag of his country, and forthwith hauled down our colours. A midshipman was sent in a boat by Admiral Sir John Gore to inquire the cause of this strange manœuvre. The captain told him the reason bluntly, and he bore back the answer to the admiral. He had scarcely reached the vessel, when the American ensign rose and floated in the breeze over the starboard quarter of the *Melville*, and we again hoisted our colours.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

ONE morning we were startled by the sound of guns, and it proved to be the *Melville* cannonading the fort at the mouth of the bay. The fort returned gun for gun, and a brisk action ensued. The *Melville*, as flag ship, determined to hold her own, and blazed away broadside after broadside. For a time the vessel and fort were obscured by the smoke. But at length it became evident that some dangerous breach had been made in the ramparts, as the guns of the fort began to slacken their

fire. The boats of the *Melville* were instantly manned and landed near the fort, where the men were formed in line by their respective officers, who cheered them to the onset. Amid a grand flourish of martial music and three hurrahs, the troops rushed with coolness and courage into the very jaws of death. Volley upon volley was poured into their ranks from the embrasures of the fort, sensibly thinning their ranks at every discharge. Still they pressed onward, until with scaling-ladders they had mounted the breach and planted the British standard upon the rampart, amid a fearful clashing of cutlasses, a cracking of muskets and pistols, and apparently the groans of the wounded and dying. It turned out to be a "sham fight," for the purpose of instructing the men in the most improved modes of slaughtering their fellow-beings. The affair passed off harmlessly, with the exception that several men lost their whiskers, and one was knocked down by a wad. Save these disasters, the day was bloodless. The man-of-war's men called our crew "apple Jonathans," and when the two parties came in contact on shore, they frequently had slight skirmishes. The former had threatened to come down some night and drive us out of our hammocks. Sure enough, one night we had snugly stowed ourselves in our hammocks, when the sound of voices in considerable numbers approached. "The man-of-war's men!" shouted all hands. Every one seized a club, sallied out pellmell, and fell upon the foe in right good earnest. A confused gibberish of foreign tongues at once convinced us that we had made a mistake. We entered into a parley, and it soon appeared that we had fallen upon a crew of thick-set, broad-shouldered, round-sterned, double-fisted Dutchmen, who had innocently approached our camp to hail their ship that lay in the bay. We laboured under the difficulty of not being able to make them understand a word we said; and so, taking us, not without reason, to be a set of piratical cut-throats, they bawled out most lustily for their boat to come to their rescue.

The repairs upon our vessel were now completed, and she was again perfectly seaworthy.

We hauled out into the stream, all ready to put to sea. Our crew had been increased by the shipment of men belonging to different nations. Our armament had also been fortified by the addition of two twelve and two eighteen pound cannon, togeth-

er with numerous boarding-pikes, cutlasses, lances, &c Our provisions and everything else were replenished, the same as if the expedition had been originally fitted out from Mauritius ; indeed, it seemed as if we had just commenced our voyage. That part of the hold immediately forward of the cabin had been floored off and berthed for the accommodation of the new portion of the crew. This was now called the steerage. Here were my quarters, and I was now as comfortably "fixed" as any one on board. The crack appearance of our vessel, her saucy-looking model, and the graceful taper of her spars, won the admiration of all. Her warlike appearance caused the citizens of Port Louis to suspect that we were bound on some piratical or slaving expedition ; and this was soon the general rumour throughout the place. Indeed, so much had I heard about it, that I was almost persuaded that I had become leagued with a band of desperate villains, who were bound on some piratical expedition. Sailors who came to ship with us wore very knowing looks, and gave us to understand that they "knew what sort of a craft we were."

I had before heard that many of the British inhabitants of the island were very ignorant in regard to America ; and, although somewhat skeptical at first, I now became convinced by positive proof. Among the many visitors who came off in small boats to look at the "Yankee craft," happened to be a British corporal and his wife. The latter, a very sensible and sociable woman, asked me one day, quite seriously, if the American ladies were black ; and remarked that I could not have been born in America, for I spoke very excellent English !

On the 2d of September the gentlemanly port officer, Mr. Coombs, the pilot, and a party of police officers, armed with cutlasses and lanterns, came on board. The crew were ranged in line on the quarter-deck, and Mr. Coombs called off their names, while the police searched the hold and other places in quest of runaways. Into places where there was not room to get their bodies, they thrust their cutlass blades. After they had satisfied themselves that all was right, we slipped our moorings and put to sea under full sail. We had not been long at sea, when one of the sailors went to the jolly-boat, which lay bottom upward on top of the long-boat, and said, "Come out, Bill, they're gone." At this a strange head was

thrust out, complaining of the close proximity of the officer's cutlass, and soon the body to which it belonged made its appearance, large as life, on deck. He called himself "Man-o'-war Bill," and was a runaway, who had secreted himself on board by consent of some of the crew, and was soon enrolled as one of their number.

The crew were now assembled and divided into three watches, under first, second, and third officers. Thus we had eight hours below and far less severe labour than had before fallen to our lot. The principal duty of the watch was to handle the sails, keep the vessel in order, and keep themselves clean. There was none of the hard and disagreeable work so common on board of ordinary vessels. The reader would have imagined that we were a party of pleasure, bound on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean, could he have seen the pleasant countenances of the crew, and their clean duck trousers and striped shirts, as they sat on and around the windlass, smoking pipes, singing songs, and spinning sea-yarns.

We were now in the Indian Ocean; and many were the speculations of the crew as to our final destination and the object of our voyage, for the captain always kept these things closely to himself. For two days we steered S. by E.; then we altered our course to E.S.E., with a strong gale from the W. At latitude  $30^{\circ}$  S., longitude  $101^{\circ}$  E., we took a steady S.E. wind; changed out course to N.E., and rigged preventive braces. On the 26th of September, latitude  $21^{\circ} 03'$  S., longitude  $111^{\circ} 10'$  E., we had a strong gale, accompanied by a rough sea. "Sail ho!" shouted the look-out at the mast-head. It was a ship, steering the same course as ourselves. She drifted broad-off, and could not work to windward with our craft. She did not like our rakish and piratical appearance, and quickly set all sail to escape our neighbourhood.

The moment the captain saw this, he "tucked on" top-gallant sails, and walked towards the stranger at a rapid pace.

"I told you," whispered Man-o'-war Bill, "that I knew what kind of an expedition we were bound on. The skipper didn't tuck on to'-gallant sails for nothing; the next order 'ill be, 'Trice up the ports, and show the teeth!'"

The trite saying that a "stern chase is a long chase," here held true. It was late in the afternoon when we overhauled

the stranger, and upon finding that she could not escape, she backed her mizzen-topsail, and displayed the British ensign. We shot under her lee quarter and hailed. Her crew of over twenty men, dressed in blue trousers and red flannel shirts, stood ranged along the lee bulwarks gazing at us. She was a handsome ship, and whale boats hung on her quarters and stern. The wind and sea had increased, and the vessels curvetted about at such a rate that we were forced to keep at a respectful distance.

“What a clean sweep a cannister of musket-balls from the bow-gun would make of them ‘red-shirts!’” whispered Man-o’-war Bill.

“The scamps are greasy whalers, and wouldn’t be worth the shot,” replied “Bully,” the sea-lion hunter: “we can’t spare room for more than one cask of oil to light the fore-castle.”

We hauled our wind, swept close under her stern, and steered our course, so that at night she was out of sight.

The next day we got up the muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and cartridge-boxes, and one of each were given to every man. Every day our decks presented a bustling and warlike appearance; for all hands were up to their eyes in business, calking the arm-chests and covering them with painted canvass, making canvass covers for the muzzles of the cannon and lead ones for the breeches; we made also tackles, lashings, tompions, quoins, cannon and musket cartridges, cannisters of musket-balls and grape, powder-horns, cuirasses, cutlass-scabbards, and a canvass awning. The latter reached from the fore to the main mast, and was intended to answer two purposes: first, as a protection from missiles, and then as a shelter to the crew from the sun and dews while sleeping on deck, and at other times. The fore and main tops were each fortified with an arm-chest containing loaded muskets. The chests on deck contained two muskets for each man, and several rifles with percussion locks for aiming at distant objects. The boarding netting was seized to the rail and the stanchions were ready for shipping; the boarding-pikes were also ranged in racks along the monkey-rail. The bulwarks were pierced with five sweep holes on each side; we could thus, with our sweeps, propel the vessel two or three

miles an hour. Every day the crew were drilled in the use of their implements of war. One day we would practise with the cannon, and send balls skipping over the surface of the ocean; and on another we would place a target upon the end of the fore-yard arm, at which each man fired his musket until he became marksman enough to put a ball through the "bull's eye." Thus, with a large and well-drilled crew, and a crack vessel, bristling with arms, we soon became no contemptible foe.

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## CHAPTER IX.

ON the 3d of October, at midnight, the ocean looked white like milk. We sounded, and got no bottom with sixteen fathoms' line; but we lay to until daybreak, when we again made sail, and soon saw the south side of Sandal-wood Island; off which lay two small islands, one high and the other low.

Sandal-wood Island received its name from the quantity of that timber with which it is said to abound. But little is known of the island or people. Report says that the Portuguese cut sandal-wood here many years ago. The natives took up the belief that the souls of their departed relatives resided in these trees, and that the avaricious foreigners were transporting them away to be burned up; so they rose *en masse* and drove the foreigners from the island, and thus prevented the destruction of the souls of their friends.

We steered to the north, along the west side of the island. A reef, upon which the sea broke, lay three miles from the beach, but the water was smooth inside the reef. The surface of the land was beautifully undulating, verdant, and bespangled with woodlands and prairies. The coast was rocky, with here and there a white sand-beach. Some of the rocks rose abruptly from the ocean into towering pinnacles, looking not unlike ruined castles and monuments of departed glory. We saw two large devil or diamond fish floating on the surface of the ocean, with two points of their bodies rising above the water.



We were becalmed one day, and the next saw the islands of Sumbawa, Floris, and Camada. We entered the Straits of Sapy. The land on each side rose into mountains, and was alternately rocky, clayey, sandy, and barren. Not a human being could be seen; but on the eastern shore rose something resembling a ship's mast, with strands of rigging bleaching white upon the craggy rocks. Two remarkable rocky islets lay near the eastern shore. A powerful current set to the south, dead against us. We brought out our sweeps, and, after battling the element some time, passed safely through.

The next morning we lay becalmed, in the sea of Celebes, within sight of the Island of Floris.

The whole firmament became covered with dense clouds, as dark as Erebus, that emitted vivid flashes of chain lightning. At length they sank down and slowly resolved themselves into the shape of funnels, with the points pendant. Nearly a dozen of these formed around us, some nearly overhead, and others at a great distance away. They appeared to have a powerful affinity for the water of the ocean. One of them was drawn down so far that it seemed as if it would meet the sea; but, with a sudden motion, it drew itself back again. We were fearful lest some of them should fall upon us, and all hands were on deck watching their movements and wishing for a breeze to carry us out of their reach. The sails lay heavily upon the masts, and everything seemed hushed in death amid the thick and terrible darkness. A crashing thunder peal burst from the sky, and down came one of the big black funnels, as it seemed directly over our devoted heads!

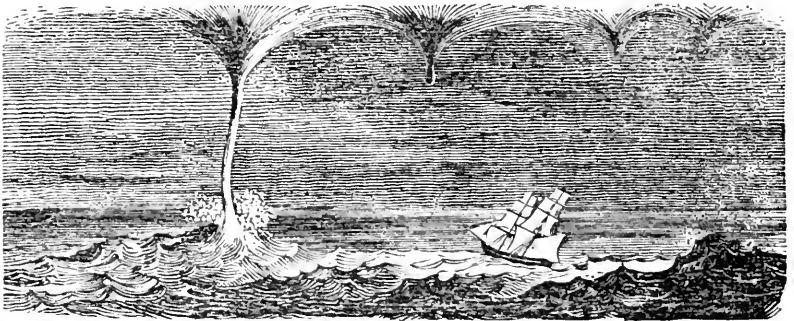
"Man the sweeps!" was the order.

We plied them with power, and, straining every nerve, crept out of its reach.

As the funnel elongated, it described a curvilinear track through the air, and presented to our view a column of water, twenty feet in diameter, pouring down one vast and steady stream from the heavens. It struck the ocean half a mile from us, and dreadful was the roaring and boiling of the water, while a white mist rose up and encircled the lower part of the column. The sea, for a long distance around, was violently agitated, and heavy rollers came surging in upon us. It poured down a steady stream for twenty minutes, when it

appeared to have exhausted itself and was cut off at the clouds; presenting the singular and interesting sight of a column of water descending unconnected with the clouds, until it gradually disappeared amid the foam and mist that rose from the troubled sea.

The following drawing represents this water-spout as taken



by myself. Immediately after it had subsided, a violent gust struck us. We clewed up the light sails and let go the topsail halliards. It soon passed over, doing no harm except blowing away the main-royal and flying-jib.

In the afternoon we were coasting the north side of Floris, to the eastward, and sailed over a white coral rock, with fifteen or twenty feet of water upon it. We saw several more of a similar character, and kept a vigilant look-out at the mast-head, for there are no correct charts of these seas. We passed a very large sperm whale.

The next day we entered the strait between the northeast end of Floris and the south side of Raja and other small islets not laid down upon the charts. The land was elevated on both sides, and covered with verdure.

A fore-topsail schooner hove in sight; we bore down upon her with all speed. As we neared her, she most provokingly transformed herself into a little, white, rocky islet! However, to console us for this disappointment, or deception, two *bona fide* sails now rose on the horizon. We immediately gave them chase, and they fled with all expedition for the nearest land. They were Malay proas, and the race was well contested. The crew stood round the bow, on the tiptoe of expectation, wondering what was to come next, when the helmsman reported that the "old man" (the captain) said we were

in want of coffee, and could probably get a supply from the proas.

"Tell that to the marines," said Man-o'-war Bill, with a knowing phiz; "he's after another kind of coffee."

"You're always grumbling," said he of the helm.

"Ay," said another, "you told us the same story about the whaler, ha! ha! ha!"

"That's another thing," replied Bill; "the whaler hadn't what we wanted; but the proas may be loaded with gold-dust and nutmegs."

The wind now fell away, and the proas, with all sweeps out, were fast receding from us; indeed, one had neared the land, and was quite out of our reach.

"Clear away the six-pounder!" shouted the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Benton.

"What I said wasn't true, eh?" said Bill, tauntingly, to his shipmates; "you'll see now—ha! ha!"

"Give her a short shot!" shouted the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" The gun was fired, and the ball struck the water short of the proa, which still retreated, plying her sweeps with renewed vigour.

"Give her a shot from the eighteen-pounder forward of the bow!" said the captain; "that will give her to understand what taking in sail means."

The order was obeyed, and the discharge acted like magic; the proa took in her sweeps, hoisted the Dutch ensign, about ship, and steered directly for us. As she drew near, we manned our boats, well armed, and boarded her. She was manned by a crew of Malays; all naked, athletic men, of a copper colour, with keen black eyes, long, jet-black hair, and their mouths coloured red by chewing the areca nut.

Our captain inquired for coffee; the Malays handed him Dutch papers. He did not want these, and there being no coffee on board, he embarked in the boats to return. The Malays were so rejoiced at getting rid of him so easily, that they, most generously, threw into our boats, as a thank-offering, a mat of tamarinds, one of raw cotton, a live goat, a live monkey, two cockatoos, and a Malay fighting cock.

Captain Morrell offered pay for all these things, but they refused to take anything; he then invited them on board to re-

ceive presents in return ; but they refused to come, making many excuses as to their not having time, &c., and finally made sail on their course, while we did the same in a contrary direction.

We coasted along two beautiful, fruitful islands, the eastern end of one of which resembled a plum-cake, with low land running off to the westward.

We now launched out upon the Banda Sea, steering N.E. The next day we caught a glimpse of another proa ; but she gave us a wide berth, and soon vanished. The next day we ran close in with the Island of Booro, and coasted along within a quarter of a mile of its western beach. The surface of the island was diversified with hills and valleys, and elevated mountains, covered with a forest to the water's edge. Several little coves looked as if they might afford good anchorage. We saw Malays in canoes, but they seemed afraid to come off. To seaward several sperm whales spouted, and we passed a tremendous green turtle, floating with his head above water.

On the 22d of October, at the break of day, we entered the spacious Bay of Cajeli, and anchored at its foot, in ten fathoms water, with a muddy bottom, close to, and directly in front of, the city of Cajeli. On our right was a square fort, with four conspicuous, white, bastion towers, one at each angle, and connected by low battlements and ramparts. In the centre, on an elevated staff, waved the Dutch ensign. To the left of the fort was a small river, and just beyond that was situated the principal part of the city, presenting to our view its thatched cottages, mosques, and minarets, interspersed between which waved the thick foliage of the tropics.

Not a sailing craft of any kind could be seen except one proa, and half a dozen canoes that lay upon the beach. We saw no person, but all seemed hushed into the sleep of death. Gazing at the silent city, we imagined that some Aladdin, or Eastern spell, had overcome the inhabitants, and wrapped them in a genuine Rip Van Winkle sleep.

In order to salute the fort, and out of pure kindness towards the inhabitants of the city, whom we wished to re-arouse to the realities of this world, we ran up the American ensign to the main peak, and poured a thundering broadside of cannon into the city, followed up quickly by a cracking volley of

small arms. One pistol burst and shivered the hand of a sailor beside me. The fort did not return the salute ; but the inhabitants of the city were most effectually awakened from their lethargy ; for we now saw them scattering and moving about, at double quick time, in all directions.

Presently a canoe put off and came alongside, and a white man, with four Malay rajahs, dressed in flashy calico morning-gowns, with their heads shaved, stood on deck, confronted by the captain of the "war-brig." The white man was the commandant of the fort, and spoke good English. He informed us that this was a "Dutch island," although none of the inhabitants except himself could speak any language but that of the Malay, and that the Dutch, by their league with the rajahs, prohibited all foreign vessels from trading here, and looked with a jealous and suspicious eye upon all vessels that took even the liberty of stopping.

There were plenty of deer, fruit, and hogs on shore, and our captain told the commandant that he was in want of some of these, as well as of wood and water, for all of which he would pay a fair price.

The commandant said that we could not obtain any, for the Dutch monopolized all the trade, and would not allow the natives to bring anything to us for sale, or, in fact, to have anything to do with us. At this our captain waxed warm, and told the commandant and the most august and puissant rajahs that he was in want of fresh provisions, wood, and water, and if they did not grant him permission to purchase them, he would forthwith bring his cannon to bear upon the city, and blow down the minarets of the mosques. This threat brought our visitors to their senses, and, as if by the same magic which had before aroused them from their lethargy, and brought them on board, the rajahs, now trembling, bowed before the captain of the "war-brig," and besought him, like true Mohammedans, not to desecrate their temples, and they would allow him to wood and water, and send him plenty of fresh provisions.

Things being thus amicably settled, the rajahs seemed inclined to wink at all Dutch laws, provided they could keep their necks out of the halter, and they ventured so far as to inquire if we had any razors. We answered in the affirma-

tive, and showed them some that were equal to Peter Pindar's best. They admired them much, and the chance of trading tempted some of them so far that they disregarded the laws which they had urged against us, and purchased these and other trifles. They departed for the shore in great good humour. The next day canoes came off with fruits and the body of a fat and beautiful doe.

The houses of Cajeli are neatly and substantially constructed of bamboo, thatched with palm leaves, and are but one story high. They are scattered about over a large surface of low, level ground, and are surrounded each by a neat little garden, fenced in with bamboos, and most rurally shaded beneath the foliage of beautiful fruit-trees and shrubs. The city contains eight mosques, which are large, octangular buildings, surmounted by lofty minarets constructed of the same materials as the dwellings.

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## CHAPTER X.

I PAID a hasty visit to the fort, to reconnoitre, and found only six small cannon mounted. The garrison was composed of ten Malay soldiers, under the orders of the commandant. Their principal duty consisted of eating and drinking, and now and then burnishing up a few old muskets and cutlasses. Their reason for not returning our salute was a very good one, namely, that they had no powder!

The commandant was the only white person in the place, and he was a somewhat remarkable man. Though a Frenchman by birth, he was a perfect cosmopolite. He spoke fluently Dutch, English, Malay, and French. He was perfectly willing to wink at the Dutch laws, and at all other laws, provided he only had the rajahs to back him, so that he would run no risk of losing his situation, which, as may be imagined, was a perfect sinecure. He acted as interpreter between us and the rajahs, and, I believe, gave meaning to our words so as best to suit himself. The rajahs are men of high authority, and possess unbounded influence with the populace.

The commandant was a jovial, sociable man, and invited

me to his quarters, where he treated me to fruit and arrack. Walking through the city, I was followed by a curious mob of gazing boys, entirely naked, and of men with loose trousers, the legs of which reached not quite to the knees. They followed me for the same purpose that a mob would press round a Tartar, in full costume, walking up Broadway. Several of the men carried huge iron cleavers, and I was informed that these were "carpenters;" the machete constituted all their tools and their whole stock in trade. Their savage looks led me to believe that their blows would be as readily and as heartily bestowed upon a Frank's head as on a bamboo. It may be, however, I did them injustice. Here and there I caught a glimpse of the Malay girls, with flowing, raven hair; but at the sight of me they fled into the house and peeped, with their black eyes, through the crack of the door as it stood ajar.

Rajah Malar politely invited me into his "distillery;" and as the door closed upon me within, it also closed upon the *sans culottes* without.

Here I saw going on the manufacture of that valuable oil of medicine, cajeput. Four stills were in full operation. They were formed of iron caldrons, set in brick furnaces, and covered over with masonry. The condensing tubes were made of wood, or, rather, "bamboo," and every part of the stills was constructed in the rudest manner possible.

The rajah informed me that these stills, rude as they were, had cost him much time, labour, and money; and that as soon as he could purchase better, he would be enabled to manufacture three times the quantity of oil, in a given space of time, at the same expense. I told him that our captain had some *bêche-de-mer* caldrons that might answer a good purpose; but I did not believe that he would part with them, as he would require them for his own use.

Cajeput oil is a volatile green, and is distilled from cajeput leaves, which resemble those of the willow or peach-tree.

The next day Rajah Malar came on board and persuaded the captain to sell the caldrons. I do not know the reasons that influenced our captain, but I presumed that cajeput oil was the tempting inducement; for I afterward saw all but two of our *bêche-de-mer* caldrons passed over the side into canoes; and

then a certain number of bottles of cajeput oil were passed on board in return.

“A good job!” said Long Bill. “We sha’n’t have to cut wood and make fires under them now.”

“That shell of a canoe,” said Jack Toms, “keels over like a Portuguese man-o’-war.”

I looked over the rail just in time to see a great bubbling and boiling in the water, caused by the unfortunate sinking of one of the rajah’s caldrons.

Pineapples grow wild in the rear of the city. In the forest I found growing a flowering plant that bore a seed-pod, filled with a substance exactly resembling raw silk. I thought it might be as valuable for spinning as the latter, and collected several seed-pods, which, since my return, I have planted in my garden at Harlem; but the seed, perhaps being too old or injured by salt water, did not vegetate. It appeared to be an annual, and does not grow as large as the cotton plant.

A river runs through the city and empties into the bay, and from it we filled our casks with fresh water. There is a bar at its mouth. We found the water good, but slightly medicinal.

One day my friend W—— came to me and said,

“Have you heard the rumour?”

“What rumour?” said I.

“A Malay says that a proa departed yesterday for Amboyna, with instructions to inform the governor that a piratical brig, under American colours, was carrying on a contraband trade with the inhabitants of Cajeli!”

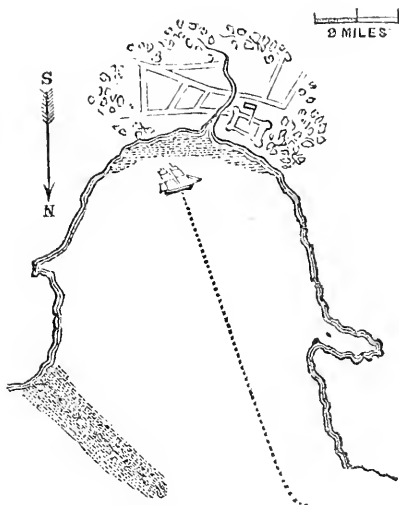
“We shall get into trouble,” said I.

“Yes; and we may as well make ready for an immediate brush with a Dutch man-of-war!”

That night we weighed anchor and made sail; but the elements seemed to conspire against us; for, at the mouth of the bay, we encountered a severe thunder squall, dead in our teeth, that drove us back towards our old anchoring ground under bare poles. We let the anchor run; the vessel swung round, with her stern near the beach, and her keel near the bottom! Luckily, it soon blew over, and we sailed out to sea. The following drawing is an eye-sketch of Cajeli Bay.

The next day we lay becalmed in Pitt’s Passage, in sight of the islands of Bomoa and Manipa. The vessel was sur-





rounded by schools of bonetta, albacore, skip-jacks, flying-fish, dolphin, and sharks. The sailors prepared for a comfortable "fishing tanzzy," by stowing themselves snugly away on the bowsprit, jib-boom, and martingale back stays, well provided with fishing-lines, pipes, and tobacco. We caught a fine mess of fish, and were in right good humour, when a large shark swam alongside, accompanied by two dapper little pilot-fish, that seemed to keep a magnetic position directly over his body. We harpooned him, hitched a running-bowline over his tail, rigged a whip on the main-yard, and all hands tallied on to the fall, and whipped him up to the yard-arm with a lively song. We lowered him on deck; he thrashed about with his huge tail, and nearly bit through the fore-brace with his rip-saw teeth. Upon his belly we found two suckers. We soon dissected him: his jaws were hung upon the fore-castle hatch, as a trophy; his skin was stretched out to dry, to be used as sand-paper in cleaning our muskets and pistols; his tail was cut off and served up in the kids for supper. It made a very palatable dish, equal to halibut, only a trifle drier.

The next day we sailed through Gause Strait, between Oby Major and the Gause islands. Thence we sailed to the west of a reef of rocks, one point of which rose ten feet above the water; but the other part extended off a long distance, even with the water's edge, and formed a dangerous barrier, upon which the sea broke heavily.

We cruised along the east side of a group of islands which are not named on the charts, and are situated off the south end of Gillolo. They were low, and indented with bays that appeared to afford good anchorage. The land was covered with verdure, and presented a beautiful appearance. At about dark we were close in with Lobobo Point, the southeast end of Gillolo, and saw six large proas riding at anchor in a small bay. They immediately got under way, set all sail, got out their sweeps, and, manned by a rabble rout of Malays shouting wildly, bore down upon us with all speed.

The captain concluded that they were piratical proas, and intended to board us forthwith. We set all sail, steering away from them; but, unluckily, the wind fell away and the proas gained rapidly upon us with their sweeps.

Our drum beat to quarters, and the crew, becoming somewhat excited and alarmed, assembled on deck, bristling with cutlasses, muskets, pistols, and boarding-pikes. It soon became quite dark; but still the proas rushed on, shouting, and eager lest their prey should escape. We saw the flash and heard the report of a cannon in the direction of the foe, one of whom now hove in sight, off the quarter.

“Give her a chain-shot from the long nine!” cried the captain. At the discharge, the proa doused her sail with a booming crash, and disappeared in the increasing darkness, while the clamour of voices became suddenly hushed! The breeze freshening up, we were soon skimming briskly over the Gillolo Passage. The next day we sighted the islands of Geby and Jeoy, and on the next we were among a numerous cluster of singularly beautiful little islets. They were mostly rocky, and rose to various heights above the water, and assumed the most varied and romantic forms. Notwithstanding their rocky nature, they contained some soil, and were covered with a dense verdure that fairly hung into the sea, and caused them to appear much larger than their real size. They were uninhabited, and lay between the west end of Waigoo and a small, elevated island. As they are incorrectly laid down on the charts, and are not named, I will take the liberty to name them the Romantic Islets.

Following along, close to the north side of the Island of Waigoo, several natives in canoes came timidly alongside,

with fish to sell. They had several neat iron fishing spears, a clasp-knife, and kiar-lines. We presented them beads, and they promised to bring us tortoise-shell to Boni Saini. We entered the latter harbour the next day, and anchored at its foot, near the mouth of a small river. We were somewhat under the influence of bugbear stories we had heard about the inhabitants being numerous, warlike, and treacherous. Accordingly, we triced up the netting, and otherwise prepared for defence.

At night we were still more vigilant, and kept a sharp look-out, lest the savages should surprise us. Three sentinels were stationed, one on the fore-castle-deck, one on the quarter-deck, and one on the fore-top. Being now on the Equator, and the climate most delightful and bland, and the scene around perfectly still, the temptations for the "look-outs" to snooze out their watch were very great. They happened not to have read so many of the bugbear stories of ancient navigators as the captain, and hence took the scene around to be exactly as it appeared to be.

The captain was up and down the first half of the night, "watching the watch." One time he happened to come on deck, and found all silent; the "look-out" forward lay comfortably stretched out upon the bowsprit, fast asleep, with his rifle resting against his body, while he of the quarter was snugly stowed under the thwarts of the stern boat. The captain stood amidships and hailed, "Fore-top, ahoy!"

All remained silent, save that he of the bow started up, seized his rifle, and briskly walked his rounds, casting watchful glances over the knight-heads, to see that no savages were unshackling the chain.

"Fore-top, ahoy!"

No answer was returned; but the "vigilant look-out" of the stern hustled out of the boat and briskly walked his rounds.

"Fore-top, ahoy!"

This time a musket rattled in the top, and a stentorian voice answered from aloft, "Halloo!"

"Do you see any natives in canoes?" asked the captain.

"No, sir! none in sight!" answered he of the top.

The captain called the first officer, and told him to station an officer in each watch to pass the time every half hour; the

man on the forecastle to strike the bell, and the man in the top to cry out "All's well!"

Soon after midnight, the look-out on the forecastle addressed himself to the man in the top, "Hist, hist, Frank; don't you hear canoes coming out of the river?"

"Ay, ay; you'd better call the 'old man,'" was the answer.

The captain came on deck, and sat upon the bowsprit with his telescope pointed towards the river. The regular stroke of paddles, and the motion of canoes through the water, now rose audibly upon the ear, and soon we caught a distant glimpse of their dark outline stringing out into the harbour, and spreading about as if to surround us.

All hands were called. "See everything clear for action," said the captain; "a canister of grape in the eighteen; stand by to fire."

As the sailors turned out, rubbing their sleepy eyes, to get a good look at the canoes, one of them said, "D—n my eyes if the old man wasn't right; them bloody savages might have cut our throats while the watch was snoozing."

Suddenly the beach at the foot of the harbour was illuminated, and naked savages ran up and down with blazing torches in their hands, that cast a lurid glare over the placid water, and presented distinctly to our view the canoes around us. Now the dusky bodies in the canoes rose up and uttered a frightful yell, which was followed by the violent beating of their paddles upon the water.

"Stand by the eighteen!" shouted the captain.

We were at first a good deal alarmed; but we were somewhat relieved by seeing all the canoes paddle swiftly for the beach, and in a short time all danger seemed at an end. The natives were fishing by torchlight; we saw them haul up seines; soon the torches were extinguished, and the canoes paddled away up the river, with the natives singing and rejoicing, apparently having had a bountiful haul.

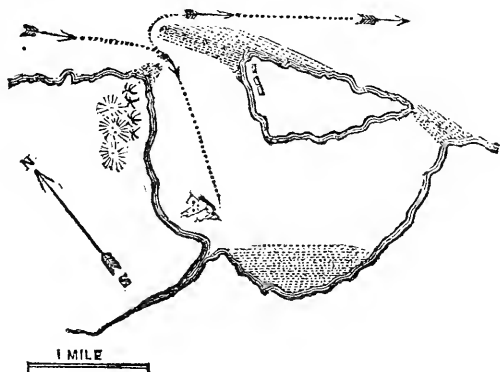
The crew winked at each other for this "grand hoax," and retired to wink themselves to sleep again.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE next day half a dozen straggling natives in canoes ventured alongside, with a few fowls and cocoanuts. They were negroes, with thick, woolly hair, and wore nothing but a long strip of cocoanut cloth wound like a sash around their waists; they were ignorant and very stupid, and made smoking their chief employment. We bought some tortoise-shell and a few nutmegs here.

The geographies inform us that the population of Waigoo is 100,000. How such a fable could have crept into school-books, I cannot say; but I saw nothing to lead me to believe that the population exceeds 15,000.

The following engraving gives an eye-sketch of the harbour of Boni Saini, and the track which we pursued is marked.



The harbour is in latitude  $00^{\circ}$ , longitude  $130^{\circ} 50' E$ . Ten miles to the westward is situated a small island. The west entrance to the harbour is the first point that is covered with trees to the water's edge after passing the small island.

Having remained here two days, we again got under way and coasted the island to the eastward, sailing in sight of the Youle Islands.

The next day we were out of sight of all land, and by an unlucky movement of the main-sheet, I was suddenly knocked overboard. When the vessel had left me half a mile astern, she was hove to; and after much delay in cutting away the

stern boat, I had the satisfaction of seeing her prancing over the waves to my rescue. I was an expert swimmer, and this saved my life. I had little fear of drowning, but I confess the apprehension of giving exercise to the jaws of some of the huge sharks that had diligently followed the ship gave me a decided uneasiness. I fortunately escaped, however, and was picked up by my shipmates uninjured.

The names of those who rescued me are John Benton, George Roy, and William Taylor. Should this book fall into their hands, in the different parts of the world which they inhabit, they will please receive my heartiest thanks for their exertions.

I wish most emphatically to impress upon the mind of the reader the fact, that we are now entering upon an unknown and unexplored region, where the navigator, at every turn, finds himself involved in doubt, perplexity, and fear lest he should wreck his vessel upon some unknown coral reef, or run his flying jib-boom into some uprising mountain, where, by the best authorities, he has been led to suppose that nothing exists except the boundless and fathomless ocean; and where, peradventure, he may be roasted alive and eaten by cannibals, who will be disposed to massacre the first white man who happens to fall into their power, as an act of vengeance to appease the manes of their ancestors, who may have been cruelly treated, or murdered in cold blood, by some ancient bigoted and ignorant European visitors.

Of all that vast, beautiful, healthful, and productive country, known as Tropical Australasia, not one correct chart has ever been drawn; and hundreds of most lovely islands lie scattered about in all directions, that have never been seen, or, at least, landed upon, by white men; some of which are inhabited, and others entirely desolate. Ancient navigators merely sighted, in the distance, certain points, but were afraid to come in contact with the land, except here and there, where they apprehended the least danger from the savages. Even the places where they pretend to have landed, and to have discovered islands, remain wrapped in profound mystery, and are unknown except by conjecture; for such was the rude state of navigation in olden days, that, after the most celebrated navigators had discovered a group of islands and returned home, it was

impossible for them, or any one else, except by accident, to find them again. The expeditions and accurate method of finding the longitude by chronometer was then unknown; and it is doubtful if the most celebrated ancient navigators knew how to find the longitude, otherwise than by "guess-work" or dead reckoning.

Jacob le Maire and Wilhelm Cornelisz Schouten, two Dutch navigators, in 1616 discovered the east end of the Admiralty Islands; and, taking it to be the east end of Ceram, they bore away S.W. for the Banda Islands. Judge their surprise and confusion when they brought up among a range of mountain islands, thirty miles north of Papua! This may show how little these celebrated commanders of exploring expeditions knew of navigation; Ceram was just 1000 geographical miles distant W.  $5^{\circ}$  S.

From the report of the Portuguese, who greedily caught and circulated the report of some Malays, Europeans became strongly impressed with the idea that there existed in the Pacific Ocean a vast continent. Hence, some of the ancient navigators became so impressed with this belief, that, when they discovered a small group of islands, they did not stop to explore them, but hurried home and placed before their sovereign flaming accounts of their discovery of part of the great southern continent! the great Terra Australia! Some of these navigators allowed their imaginations to carry them so far as to believe that this region abounded in all the precious metals and gems; and they even expected to fall in with islands covered with these valuable commodities, with which they could load their vessels as with so much ballast! The famous "land of Cockaigne," where fat turkeys, ready roasted, were said to run about the streets, praying for some one to come and eat them, was an African desert compared with the ideal islands these men had fancied real. From the terrible stories of old navigators, it is considered so dangerous to cruise among the islands of Tropical Australasia, that modern navigators, in unarmed vessels, are afraid to venture.

Such is the region upon which we are now entering, under the command of an enterprising captain, who has determined to explore and open a trade in every spot where the danger is most imminent. He now assumed the authority of an autocrat over

every soul on board, even to the officers, and took all their nautical instruments and locked them up, that they might not ascertain our latitude or longitude. The farther progress of the vessel was wrapped in mystery, and no one was permitted, in his presence, even to hint at the name or situation of any place at which we stopped. He kept everything to himself; determined to reap the profit of the trade he meant to open, at another time, on his "own hook;" for peculiar circumstances, connected with frequent quarrels with the supercargo, had transpired, and given him (as he thought) good cause to "crush the owners and their spies." He looked with a jealous eye upon any one who even so much as picked up the scrap of a school map, and glanced it over, useless as it was. The crew could describe the beauties of the islands that we visited, and the nature of our trade, but they could not tell their latitude or longitude, or ever return over the same route. We never hoisted the log, and the vessel's log-book contained no courses, distances, latitudes, or longitudes.

By peculiar management, I was enabled to conceal my instruments in the steerage; and it so happened that one other person and myself were as well acquainted with our daily progress as the captain could be.

Reminding the reader of these facts, I again resume the thread of my narrative.

The next day we were close in with the S.W. end of the Island of Mysory. A coral reef stretched along near the shore, and to the east lay a group of small islands. We were becalmed among large quantities of drift-wood, with which we kept company and drifted with a current that set directly upon a reef. We brought out our sweeps, and were soon clear of danger.

Upon the shore was a large town, from which two canoes put off and came alongside. They each contained eleven naked natives, who were friendly, and sold us some fine tortoise and pearl shells. The chief of the party came on board, and Prince Darco showed him about the vessel. He was much pleased and surprised at all he saw, and wanted us to anchor in a bay east of the three small islands, where he said his people would come and trade with us. With a fine breeze we sailed along to the east, and at midnight found ourselves in a



large bight or bay. Not getting bottom with fifteen fathoms' line, within a mile of its foot, we lay to until daybreak, when we set all sail, and, with a strong wind from the west, coasted close along the south shore of the island to the eastward. Three small islands and Hump Island were in sight to the south.

The shore of Mysory is a bluff rock, of moderate elevation, overhung with a dense verdure. In spots here and there, the bluff was broken or gashed, and formed beautiful little coves, with white sand beaches. The captain was a bold and sometimes a reckless navigator; we sailed, with a cracking breeze, under full sail, so close to the bluff that if the helm had been put a starboard, our flying jib-boom would have been shivered against it.

At each cove, near the beach, were groves of cocoanut and banana trees, waving their picturesque foliage close to the water's edge. Directly in front, partly over the beach and partly over the water, built on spiles, were from two to six slight houses, built of bamboo and thatched with cocoa leaves, while beneath floated several canoes.

At each village, as we passed, the natives turned out and hailed us to stop and trade. Several canoes, with mat sails and outriggers, came after us in full pursuit, paddled by natives, who motioned us to stop and anchor, as they wanted to trade. We disregarded all their signals.

Onward we sped, and some of the more fleet canoes continued the chase, propelled by their sails and by the brawny arms of the paddlers, until they nearly swamped amid the waves and foam, in the vain expectation of overtaking us.

A fine large canoe put off from a village with a commanding and noble-looking chieftain seated upon its platform. He cheered his men continually at their paddles, and came quite close to the vessel; but, upon finding that he could not overtake us, he rose up to his full height and addressed us in a stentorian voice and a lofty strain, throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, and accompanying his words by appropriate gestures. The natives, who plied the paddles, cheered him continually, very much as a political mob cheer a stump orator in Illinois and Texas. He swore everlasting friendship by the Spirit of the Sun; and, when so far astern that we could not distinguish his words, he presented us his "carbo gourd" (a

most friendly sign), and, pointing to the sun, struck his breast three times.

The supercargo wanted to stop and trade; but the captain determined to do as he pleased, and so kept doggedly onward. He gave no reasons for his course, but now and then dropped a hint of his intentions: "Got a fair wind now; one bird in hand is better than two in the bush; if we find a safe harbour, we'll anchor," &c.

At 2 P.M. we were opposite the mouth of a small, but beautiful and picturesque bay, into which it seemed as if a river emptied. Native villages of thatched houses lined its shores, and a fleet of canoes floated upon its mirror-like surface. We soon neared the east end of the island, and saw a large, wide-spreading bay; but the entrance did not appear safe, on account of a coral reef that extended across it, and reached out to seaward. We took our departure, and steered south for the dangerous Traitor's Archipelago, which soon hove in sight. The sea was quite rough, and we scudded along with an increased quartering wind, at the rate of eleven knots. It was my watch below, and I was writing up my journal, by the light of a bull's-eye, upon the lid of my chest, which, by a kind of patent fixture, had been made to answer a double purpose.

"Hard alee! close on a rock!" sounded the clear, loud voice of the looktout at the mast-head. "Hard up! hard up!"

I ceased breathing—the journal dropped from my hand; and I rushed upon deck, in momentary fear that the spars were about to rattle around our ears. For the first time I saw the captain appear terrified: he rushed out of the cabin, seized hold of the wheel, and rolled the brig to windward. Casting my eyes over the bulwarks, with a chilling shudder, I saw the vessel glide over a black rock, against which it seemed as if she almost grated her keel. She passed over, however, without striking, and we did not return to sound this dangerous spot. It lies in the centre of the passage between Mysory and the Traitor's Archipelago.

The latter group we found surrounded by a dangerous coral reef, which was now a lee shore, and the waves tumbled in upon it with roaring fury; in some places the sea broke and dashed up in foam as high as our topsail-yards. We soon lost sight of these pretty islands, and at night were on the ocean, out of sight of all land.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE next day we caught a distant glimpse of Moa. At 8 P.M. the sky clouded over, and became as black as the cook's funnel. We furled the light sails, close reefed the topsails, and made all snug. It was a dismal night; the thunder roared and crashed around us as if the heavens had been rent asunder; the chain-lightning circled around, and seemingly played over our spars and rigging. We stopped the chain-holes with canvass, to prevent the electric fluid from entering our magazine. The rain poured down in torrents, and filled the stern boat as fast as one man could bale it out. By the glare of the lightning our crew could be seen standing in line upon deck, passing buckets of rain-water from the trunk to fill up the water casks.

The second day after this, in the afternoon, we were sailing to the eastward, close along the coast of Papua, which is here formed of beautiful elevated lands, covered with the verdure of perpetual summer, and watered by purling streams of clear, cool water.

A great many natives came off in handsome canoes, with one outrigger, for the purpose of trafficking with us. They were naked, with the exception of ornaments hung about their persons, and were stout, savage-looking men, of a dark copper colour, with hair somewhat longer and straighter than the wool of the negro. Their bodies were branded, or tattooed, with different devices on different parts. The operation must have been painful, for the burns and blisters on some of them had not yet healed. These particular marks are a perpetual vocabulary, denoting the tribe and rank of the wearer—as a brand on a Texan horse denotes his owner. Their hair was nicely combed, and painted with red clay and cocoanut oil; and their ears were pierced with large holes, in which were fastened large and ornamental rings of tortoise-shell and pearl, hanging to the shoulder. They each had a slit cut in the centre cartilage of the nose; through which was thrust a purely white, round substance, two inches long, and more than half an inch

in diameter. It was held in a position upon the upper lip similar to that of the mustache, and looked not unlike tusks growing out of the nose; contrasted with a row of white teeth underneath, these hideous ornaments gave them a most savage appearance. They were cut out of shell or ivory, and the natives seemed to attach great value to them as amulets, and were loath to part with them at any price. I succeeded, however, in obtaining one from the nose of a warrior of some note. He seized hold of my nose and pinched it so severely, by way of showing me how to introduce and wear the amulet, that I was ready to scream with agony. He hoped that the fickle warrior's god would never make enemies of us. I may yet live to return him his *memento*.

From the appearance of these amulets, which seemed to be of ivory, I was led to suppose that the elephant abounds in the wilds of Papua.

Each canoe contained a goodly supply of powerful bows, arrows, spears, and war-clubs, all of which, combined with the physical appearance of these natives, designated them as a race of fearless warriors. They seemed friendly, and we threw them tow-lines over the stern, and entered into trade for cocoanuts and jasper-stone adzes. They invited us politely to come on shore, and said that, in one moon, they would bring us plenty of tortoise-shell, pearl-shell, pearls, paradise birds, ambergris, bêche-de-mer, gold dust, ostrich plumes, ivory, camphor, nutmegs, edible birds' nests, palm oil, diamonds, &c.

The wind now freshened up and our headway increased, so that the canoes sheered about, endangering their outriggers, and were obliged to let go the tow-lines and drop astern. We now arrived opposite the mouth of a noble bay; it was a "new discovery!" The land was elevated, picturesque, and verdant. The east point of the bay was a denuded red clay and rocky bluff, from which put off a shoal. With the usual daring of our captain, we boldly entered the bay, and steered for its foot with all sail set. We now sighted a beautiful small bay, or mouth of a river, that extended to the eastward from the foot of the gulf. On the beach we spied a great multitude of warriors, hurrying along with bundles of war implements, and depositing them in canoes, which they launched

into the water, and put off for the vessel from various coves and inlets. One war-canoe, commanded by a celebrated brave, was towed, by one of our lines, near the stern.

Our captain stood upon the taffrail, eyeing the accumulating dangers; and thinking that, when we anchored, and the crew were aloft furling sails, the host of savages might be tempted to pick the sailors off the yards with their arrows, like so many blackbirds, he determined to have a clear course while coming to, and so, to frighten the natives away for a brief period, he gave orders to fire a blank cartridge from the six-pounder. The gun thundered over the water; but the effect was different from what we had expected.

It was my "trick" at the helm, and I was astonished to see the captain fall down beside me, while his telescope struck my leg violently, and something whizzed overhead! The savage warrior in the canoe astern let go of the tow-line the instant he heard the report of the cannon, and, seizing his bow and arrow, let fly at the captain, who fortunately dodged a barbed arrow which was aimed at his heart.

The canoes now put off in great numbers; and the natives were so well armed and seemed so hostile, that we deemed it safest to retrace our course and stand out to sea.

The wind fell away, but we crept slowly towards the mouth of the bay, and again approached the war-canoe commanded by the savage brave. He now showed signs of friendship by holding up two cocoanuts; but the instant he came within shot of the captain, who stood upon the quarter, he dropped the nuts and seized his arrow and bow, and, with a frightful scowl of defiance, was about to twang it, when the captain levelled his rifle and shot him down. The treacherous warrior, uttering a shriek, fell backward over the gunwale of the canoe, and, rolling overboard, sunk with the bow and arrow in his grasp. The natives who manned the canoe did not appear to take part with their chieftain, and they now all leaped overboard and held their heads above water, under the lee of their boat. We offered them no injury, and, soon dropping astern, they again jumped into the canoe and paddled for the foot of the bay.

An immense fleet of war-canoes, manned by hundreds of brawny warriors, now came pouring out of the river, and

started in full pursuit of our devoted craft, like a mighty billow, while from every direction advanced smaller fleets, all concentrating ahead and off the beams, to act in concert with the king's flotilla.

The wind was quite light, and it was impossible for us to escape. The captain very justly remarked, that "a retreating enemy emboldens the pursuers." We accordingly turned about, and steered for the foot of the bay.

The king's flotilla bore down upon us, the warriors chanting the war-song in tremendous chorus, which was taken up and rolled over the bay by thousands of voices, accompanied by the sound of the tum-tums, war-conchs, and the soul-stirring, quick chorus of the flat side of the paddle-blades struck violently against the sides of the canoes. Now and then, between the chorus, the king and principal braves stood upon the outriggers of their respective canoes, and, with javelins in their hands, delivered speeches to cheer their followers to the onset. So great was the din that the captain was forced to use his speaking-trumpet to make himself heard.

I had heard of the Indian war-whoop, but never before had realized its terrifying influence. As we were silent, and returned no answering yell, these savages took us to be so feeble and few in numbers that they could do as they pleased with us.

"Fore and main top-men, stations!" cried the captain. "Armorer, man the arm-chest! range forty muskets on the trunk and forty on the windlass! shot the eighteens with the largest canister of musket-balls!" A large canister contained 250 balls; a single discharge would thus carry terrible havoc from an eighteen-pounder amid a host of savages within musket-shot.

The crisis had now arrived; the king's flotilla closed in upon us; and, with a terrific yell, the warriors launched a volley of arrows at the vessel, that bristled in the bow and rigging. They seemed to think themselves and their arrows quite invincible, and expected to see us, like the whale when harpooned, go into our "flurry." It was now our turn to chant our war-song. The crew stood ranged along in their stations; each man had a cutlass swinging by his side, a pair of boarding-pistols in his belt, and near by stood his pike.

"Yaw her off handsomely!" said the captain to me; "keep

the broadside parallel to the fleet! Give them a ball from the six-pounder, to splash the water the other side!"

"Boom!" This "war-yell" checked for a moment the impetuosity of the warriors; but upon looking around and seeing that no injury had been done, they took it for granted that it had only been a spout, or groan, or death-throe of the "sea-monster," with whom they expected soon to have fine sport. The king and braves now urged their followers again to the onset with energetic harangues. Again they closed upon us, and discharged a volley of arrows, which slightly wounded two of our crew, and one grazed my head too near for comfortable and composed reflection.

"Rake the fleet with the broadside!" roared the captain. We gave them a salute accordingly.

For a brief space the vessel was shrouded in smoke, and we remained in doubt as to the amount of damage we had done. The war-yell had ceased, and now, as the smoke dispersed, we saw a scene of fearful devastation. Many of the canoes were shattered into pieces, which floated about upon the water, clasped by human arms, while some were riddled and fast sinking. All the natives not disabled had leaped overboard, and their heads were bobbing up and down under the lee side of their respective canoes. This is a feat always performed by the warriors when worsted, even when engaged in combat with men like themselves. By this manœuvre they are shielded from a direct arrow, and can occasionally pick off an adversary the same as American Indians in "tree-fighting" or skulking. On the canoes and fragments lay the dead and dying, groaning in agony and supplicating for mercy.

One flotilla, which advanced in the distance on the opposite side of the vessel, did not appear to be aware of the dreadful slaughter we had committed; for still they pressed onward, chanting the war-song! They did not discover their sad mistake until it was too late. Our crew had become alarmed, and, in reckless phrensy, poured volley upon volley of musketry among the warriors, even after they had leaped overboard. It is worthy of particular note, that one noble chief stood up at full length in his canoe and paddled safely to the shore, being proof against our bullets.

The clear blue water of this beautiful bay was dyed with

the blood of many a warrior ; and as the groans and gurglings of the mortally wounded rose upon the ear, and we looked around upon the spectacle, it was appalling and heart-sickening !

The firing had ceased, and the warriors were effectually dispersed.

The captain mounted the trunk and harangued the natives. He waved his outspread hands over them, as a father over his children, and told them he had come here as their friend ; they had come to massacre him, and had met their doom from the all-powerful and ubiquitous "White King," who communed with the "Spirit of the Sun," to which luminary he pointed.

The natives, with their heads bobbing up and down under cover of the canoes, gazed at him in wonder and amazement.

A breeze sprang up, and we set all sail ; it was night, and we were once more safe upon the ocean.

I name this bay "Reynolds's Bay," after J. N. Reynolds, Esq., of New-York. There was no correct observation taken by any one ; but by an altitude of Aldebaran, which I took at midnight by an imperfect horizon, I made the situation of the bay to be in lat.  $2^{\circ} 40'$  S., long.  $141^{\circ} 15'$  E.

We continued coasting along to the eastward the shores of Papua.

The bell struck eight, and all hands retired to their berths except the watch.

On the second day after, we were close in with the coast, which was formed of beautiful land covered with groves of cocoanut, banana, and bread-fruit trees. We lay to close upon the land and awaited the approach of a great many canoes, which put off and came towards us filled with natives. When within musket shot, they halted and gazed at us in wonder ; after which the chiefs addressed us with long harangues, while the host held up cocoanuts and bananas, and motioned us in a very friendly way to come and take them.

Prince Darco mounted the taffrail and harangued them in return, while we held up, and made a great flourish with condemned beads, looking-glasses, calico, and old rusty iron hoops. The natives uttered a friendly shout, and threw their cocoanuts towards us with all their strength. They fell into the water, and seeing that we did not come to pick them up,



they advanced somewhat nearer, and threw them towards us again. This they repeated several times, until at length they ventured within stone's throw of the "big canoe," which appeared to strike them with reverential awe, and, to their vision, loomed up as big as a mountain.

The bulwark and monkey-rail were so high that the crew, when standing upon deck, could not be seen by natives in canoes alongside.

Hence, as the natives drew near, they threw their cocoanuts inboard promiscuously, much to the gratification and sport of the sailors, who sung out fore and aft, "Heads-o! heads-o!" as the nuts rattled around their ears, endangering the uniformity of their phrenological developments. After the nuts came flying big yams and whole bunches of fine bananas.

When the natives had discharged their fruit, they shoved off in great good spirits, and thanked us much for having been so kind and friendly as to permit them to throw their fruit on board. They were about departing for the shore, and did not ask anything in return for their gifts. The captain called them alongside, and presented them beads and calico, at which they were greatly rejoiced.

They were a fine-looking race of men, and far superior to the tribe at Reynolds's Bay. Their countenances and heads were quite intellectual. They were tall and well proportioned, with finely-rounded and muscular limbs, and were of a light copper colour. Their bodies were handsomely tattooed with various devices, and their hair was smoothly combed, and tastefully ornamented with ostrich and paradise aigrets. A handsome coloured and finely platted belt of grass, similar to that of a Panama cigar-case, encircled their waists. They were scrupulously cleanly in their persons, and in this respect far surpassed all the natives we had seen. They were tastefully bedecked with ear-rings, bangles, and crescent breast-plates, of massive size, all neatly constructed and carved out of beautiful mottled tortoise and pearl shells. They had some beautiful net bags and scoop-nets, made of twine equal to our best fishing line. Their implements of war and canoes were made with great skill, and carved in the most elaborate manner. They were unacquainted with the use of iron, which we explained to them by cutting a stick with a sheath knife, and

then showed them how to make a similar instrument out of a piece of iron hoop. At this they danced and shouted for joy ; and when we presented to the principal chief a piece of iron hoop, he examined it very minutely, with wondering looks ; he bit it, bent it, tried to pick it to pieces, and finally rubbed it across his war-club to ascertain which was hardest. Having satisfied himself of its valuable properties, he seized it firmly, as if it had been so much gold.

The host now became quite clamorous, and eager to obtain a piece of the valuable metal. The captain informed them that he would give a small piece of it for every pound of hawk's-bill tortoise-shell which they would bring him ; and offered to deal with them in the same liberal manner for pearls, pearl-shell, *bêche-de-mer*, gold-dust, ambergris, mysory bark, edible bird's nests, sandal wood, paradise birds, nutmegs, diamonds, camphor, gum copal, vermilion earth, ostrich plumes, ivory, palm and cocoanut oils, and other valuable productions of their island.

Upon hearing this, they evinced the most extravagant joy, and said they would go at once on shore, and if we gave them time, would bring us an abundance of the articles named. The captain told them to go on collecting, and he would return in thirteen moons and buy all they had. In order to obtain a little of the metal now, they offered to sell us everything they had with them except their bodies and canoes. Accordingly, they stripped themselves, and we entered into trade. Soon the trunk was covered with shell armlets, bangles, ear-rings, breastplates, bows, arrows, javelins, war-clubs, &c. When this bargaining was over, they struck up a lively tune on pandean pipes and tum-tums, and sung a jolly song, and shouted for joy like simple-hearted children of nature.

Our band returned the salute by playing the Spanish dance upon martial instruments. The natives gazed and listened in silent wonder ; but, the instant they understood what it meant, they laughed and shouted most boisterously, and danced a *bo-bero* that nearly shook themselves and their canoes to pieces.

We squared the yards, and bade these jolly natives farewell. They paddled slowly for the shore, now and then stopping to take another look at us, holding up their paddles and shouting to put us in mind of our promise.

I could not avoid contrasting the reception these natives had given us with that we had received from the tribes of Reynolds's Bay ; and it seemed as if the latter owed ships and white men an old grudge, from stories handed down to them by their ancestors of the cruelty of ancient navigators to the inhabitants of Moa and Arimoa.

We took our departure from Papua, steering N. by E., with a cracking trade-wind from the S.E. This was our course for several days, and we launched out upon the broad Pacific Ocean, with nothing in sight save the sky and the water.

We were now approaching the "land of promise"—Morrel's Group of islands, the birthplace of Prince Darco. All hands were on the tip-toe of expectation to witness the reception of the prince by his people, who had, no doubt, mourned his absence as though he had been long since numbered with the dead ; and many were the speculations of the sailors about the grand denouement. As we neared the latitude of the group, the anxiety and impatience of Darco became painfully intense. He could scarcely eat or sleep, and every day he was found sitting in the slings of the fore-topsail yard, leaning with his back against the topmast cross-trees. In this position I have known him to sit whole days, gazing at the horizon ahead, apparently absorbed in deep meditation.

One morning before he had yet left his berth, which was the top one of three in the cabin, the captain came and hallooed that his islands were in sight. He started from a troubled sleep, and fell prostrate upon the floor, having turned in only one hour before, for he had been up all night, anxiously expecting to see his islands. After recovering in some measure from the sudden surprise, he rubbed his eyes, stood up, and said in his broken English, "What for you too much a pool, Capin Mor-el ? You see my island ! suppose me no see my island, me no lik'e you too much !"

With this he instantly rushed upon deck, half dressed as he was, and, bounding forward, mounted the windlass bitts.

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was a beautiful morning, and almost calm. The smooth sea shone like a polished mirror, and the sun was just peeping above the horizon. It was one of the finest mornings I had ever seen. A rain squall had just subsided, leaving the decks wet, and the morning air cool and refreshing. The rigging was studded with sparkling drops of dew and rain, which shone like pearls and diamonds in the light of the rising sun, and gave the shrouds and stays a most imposing appearance; and, as that splendid luminary attained a greater elevation, the atmosphere in the vicinity of the land became thick and hazy, with the evaporation from the heavy night-dews which invariably prevail in these latitudes.

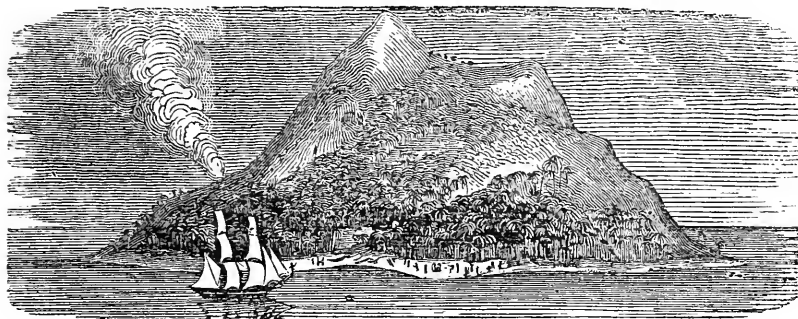
The morning mists rose up and kissed the mountain slopes, imparting health, beauty, and vigour to all the productions of a tropical climate, and were soon dispersed by a gentle breeze, unveiling to our enraptured view the lovely scenery and picturesque beauties of this "land of promise"—the goal for which we had so long toiled. The moment it was recognised by the prince, he suddenly uttered a shout of heartfelt rapture, which thrilled through every bosom on board.

The weather was quite calm, and it was 10 P.M. when we neared Nyappa, the most elevated island of the group, and the birthplace of Darco. He seemed quite excited, and had some misgivings about the mountain people, who he feared had conquered his father's tribe, who lived upon the seaboard. That he might satisfy himself upon this point, he desired to be first landed upon the Island of Riger, where his mother's people resided. Accordingly, we steered for that island, and the next morning were close upon it, with our flying jib-boom fairly pointing into the land, over a coral reef, and within hailing distance.

The land towered up, in the form of an irregular truncated cone, about 2000 feet above the sea, and was covered, from its base to its summit, with groves of cocoanut, banana, bread-fruit, and various other beautiful tropical trees and plants,

presenting to our view a magnificent garden in the form of an amphitheatre; while on the left, in one spot about one third of the way up the cone, shot forth, with a low, rumbling noise, great white clouds of steam, that rose up, in one vast white column, hundreds of feet into the air, mingling with the clouds. A more imposing scene it is impossible to imagine.

The following drawing represents Riger and its wonderful boiling spring.



A host of naked savages, armed with spears, slings, and war-clubs, stood on the beach opposite the vessel, chanting their war-song, and motioning us in threatening attitude, with their spears and war-clubs, to be gone. Finding that we did not obey their signal, they hurled a volley of stones at us with their slings.

Prince Darco ran out upon the boom, and hailed them in a loud voice, saying that he was "Telum-by-by Darco, the son of Mogagee, the Tumbuco of Nyappa." At this the natives ceased chanting their war-song, and held a grand consultation upon the beach, while the war tum-tums and conchs pealed forth a warning din throughout the island.

Presently the consultation ended, and the savages stood arrayed along the beach in battle array, while a noble-looking red warrior advanced to the water's edge, and, shaking his spear at us, cried out at the top of his voice, "You make lie to kill us! You killed and eat Darco many moons ago! We know you, *Pongo*, very bad. Can't kill us on land! We kill you! You afraid of *magic stone!*"

With this the savages uttered the war-yell and brandished their war implements, while the tum-tums were beaten with increased fury.

Darco again hailed them: "Me no speak lie! me real Darco. *Pongo* good man; no eat me! Me hab been to America! Me come ashore alone, and show you!"

"You speak lie plenty!" shouted the red warrior. "Telum-by-by Darco not white like you!"

"Me not white!" shouted Darco, as he stripped off his duck shirt and trousers, and hung them on the jib-stay, upon which he seized, and stood up in a commanding attitude, exposing his bare body full to the view of the savages, while he stretched out his muscular arm and pointed at them with his hand, and shouted, "You see me. I am Prince Darco!"

At this the war-yell and tum-tums ceased, and the savages gazed at their beloved prince in silent wonder and amazement. Not a sound broke the solemn stillness save the murmuring of the surf upon the beach and the carolling of birds among the verdure of the paradisiacal garden that almost hung over the vessel, shading us with its dense and lofty foliage.

The savages, having now become convinced that they really beheld their former prince, all shouted his name, broke their spears, and, dashing them upon the ground, scattered in all directions to relate the joyful tidings; and we soon heard his name shouted up the mountain-side by hundreds of voices, and borne along until it faintly died away in the distance around the island.

Prince Darco now announced his determination to jump overboard and swim ashore. The captain persuaded him to land among his subjects in a more kingly style; and, with nothing on but a red crown upon his head, he embarked in the boat, which pulled him to the edge of the reef, where he impatiently jumped overboard and swam ashore, while the boat returned to the vessel, for we knew not what might be the reception of our seamen among the savages.

The prince was instantly recognised by his people, who testified their joy and affection by uttering shouts of welcome that might have been heard for miles to seaward. These were quickly followed by a general embrace from every individual, and I will venture to assert that a more happy meeting never took place between an exiled monarch and his people, not even excepting Napoleon's return to France from Elba.

In about an hour Darco returned to the vessel in a big war-

canoe, followed by a fleet of smaller boats, paddled by his mother's people, who threw on board cocoanuts and bananas. He told us that his people thought, when he had his clothes on, that he was Pongo's (the devil's) imp, set up to deceive them. In this delightful and healthy climate, they knew nothing of the use of clothing, and wondered that he should restrain his limbs by wearing it. When he told them about America, they listened in wonder, and could get from his statements no definite opinion, except that it was situated in the moon, and inhabited by spirits and hobgoblins. They informed him that Mogagee, his father, was dead, and that his people were consequently in a distracted state in Nyappa; that the mountain people had been committing depredations upon their plantations of golopo, and had carried off Nape, the young and beautiful daughter of his cousin Ragotur. In short, Prince Darco's arrival had been most opportune; and, as heir-apparent to the throne of Nyappa, his presence upon that island was immediately called for, to soothe the distracted minds of his people, and restore peace and happiness by leading them on to battle to chastise into submission their mountain foes.

Darco announced his determination to spend the day with the people of Riger, and then embark for Nyappa in the vessel. Accordingly, we lay to off and on the land. W—— and myself embarked with him in his war-canoe.

A clamorous host of savages stood upon the beach to receive us; before we touched the land they rushed into the water and surrounded us, while our boatmen leaped out, and the whole troop seized hold of the canoe, carrying it high and dry upon the beach, where they set us down, amid a great crowd of savages, of both sexes and of all ages. Darco was encompassed by the oldest men and women upon the island. Some seized him by the hands, others embraced his legs and feet, while several caught him round the neck, and fairly wept upon his bosom. He was much affected by these unequivocal demonstrations of affection, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks.

While this was going on, we were surrounded by a more youthful class, and found it almost impossible to move hand or foot. Some of them wet their fingers and rubbed our hands and arms, to ascertain whether the colour of our skin was nat-

ural and permanent, or only artificial; and wondered how human beings, with so pale a skin, could live and be healthy. Others played with and admired our hair, while the young ladies indulged the inquisitiveness of the sex, to which, though savages, they were by no means strangers, by examining our clothes, trying on our shirts and caps, and making many awkward attempts to incase themselves in our pantaloons. They finally came to the conclusion that we used our clothing as defensive armour.

Darco was at length enabled to come to our assistance, and caused his people to form a circle around us, that we might sit down and get a little fresh air, and the natives at the same time might have a better view of us. He also told us to keep off our shirts, and thus to show his people that we were willing to conform to their style of dress, and thus to gain their confidence and friendship. This advice was scarcely needed, for by this time we had given them away, at least by tacit consent, and two young women might have been seen stalking about with the sleeves tied round their necks, and the bodies fluttering behind, followed by a curious host, who were examining their fabric.

The principal chiefs remained inside the circle, and Darco related to them the wonderful adventures he had encountered since his strange and mysterious captivity and exile from his beloved country. They listened with the most greedy avidity to his wonderful stories. W—— and myself had learned enough of Darco's language during the voyage to hold long and interesting colloquies with him, and had collected quite a full vocabulary. Indeed, we had been from the first his favourites on board; and to us he always communicated his doubts and fears respecting his ultimate return to his native islands.

We could now perceive that, in gratifying his wonder-loving countrymen, he indulged in the traveller's license to an almost unpardonable extent; but, as old Stapleton says, "It's all human natur;" at least, it must have so appeared to his auditors, whose credulity was now prepared to swallow anything, and the temptation to feed it of course was proportionably strong. He repeatedly appealed to us for a confirmation of his story,



which was readily given by our invariable answer, "*A lee git-ter tolum crazy!*"

Having astonished his auditors to his heart's content, we all adjourned to the Palace of Lavoo, where were assembled many aged chiefs, seated upon mats, to welcome Darco's return. One of them in particular we judged to be 130 years old. We were soon seated in their midst, and they gazed at us in wonder. The palace was some forty feet square, built of logs and bamboo, and neatly thatched with palm-leaves.

Four young girls came in and amused us with a lively dance, to the music of the tum-tum and pandean pipe. When they finished dancing, they brought us delicious fruit in baskets, and we feasted quite sumptuously.

The most notable man present was Lavoo, the red warrior. He was a stout, thick-set man, about forty-five years of age, of medium height, and a commanding mien. His skin was of a mulatto or bright-red colour, and his hair was long and dark-red. His whole appearance was entirely dissimilar to that of the other natives, who seemed to look up to him as a chief patrician or patriarch of considerable note. His wife was a mild, pleasant-looking woman, the very counterpart of himself in all other respects. They were brother and sister! at least, so Darco informed me; and from what he said, together with scraps of information that I afterward picked up among his people, I became convinced that it was true. I learned from various sources that Riger was first settled by a Frenchman named Laveaux, a surgeon in the exploring squadron of La Perouse. He obtained a wife or wives from Nyappa, and the present red warrior and his wife are the son and daughter of Laveaux, pronounced Lavoo, the name of the present red man. Hence the inhabitants of Morrell's Group frequently call the Island of Riger the Island of the Red Man, or Red Man's Island.

In company with Darco and several chiefs, we walked out to view the surrounding scenery. Foot-paths led in different directions through the wood. "This one," said Darco, pointing out a path, "leads to Pitar Cave, at the summit of the mountain, which contains the 'magic stone.'"

This, as near as I could understand, was an old, rusty cannon-ball, upon which the natives looked with reverential awe,

and supposed that, when danger was at hand, all they had to do was to retreat to Pitar Cave and invoke the protection of the *magic stone*.

We pursued our way along the path of Tomboner, and as we advanced a rumbling noise became more audible. Suddenly emerging from a thicket, we beheld, in a rocky dell, the great Tomboner Spring, a vast caldron of salt water in a terrific state of perpetual boiling. As I said before, the steam rose, in a huge white column, hundreds of feet into the air, and the surplus water ran off into the sea by a subterraneous passage through the lava rock.

It was dangerous to approach the lee side, on account of the hot steam. We now witnessed the purpose to which the natives applied this wonderful boiling caldron. An Eve of a girl and an Adam of a young man came walking along a chasm, each with a bunch of jumping fish, and around the neck of the man hung a coil of line, while, resting upon his shoulder and steadied by his hand, he carried a long bamboo. Arrived on a shelving rock near the windward verge of the great Tomboner, they halted; the man tied one end of the line to his bamboo, which he held extended towards the steam, while the girl tied the fish upon the other end of the line, and, with a powerful throw, cast them into the boiling caldron. The man held firmly on to the bamboo, and hummed over to himself a peculiar song, to which he marked time with his foot by stamping upon the rock. After the expiration of a certain number of "stamps," he drew back and hauled out the fish nicely boiled. Then he and the girl took them up and departed by the way they had come. Thus readily and easily, by the means nature has supplied, do the natives cook their food. They appeared, in this delightful and healthy climate, to lead a life of perfect nature, and to be happy and contented.

Why, indeed, should they not be? Nature supplies them, all the year round, with the varied productions of the tropics. Their bread grows upon trees; the pellucid bays, rivers, and lagoons teem with delicious fish, and nature herself helps to cook their food. They know not the wants and anxieties of an artificial state of society; and, instead of being cooped up between brick walls, toiling out their lives as the slaves of avarice, they only work a little each day for themselves and

families, and spend the rest of the time in plays and sports in the open air, in the enjoyment of robust health and buoyant spirits. Now they sail in their fleet canoes upon the placid lagoon; now they draw the seine and skip the pearly hook; now they sport and swim in the water, which is constantly of a delightful warmth; now they repair their houses and canoes; now each family cultivates what few golopo, and sweet potatoes, and yams they may require; now they replenish their cocoanut, banana, and bread-fruit groves; and thus their lives are spent in a round of enjoyment such as none can experience who reside in a changeable climate, where the miserable inhabitants are alternately scorched by the sun and frozen by the intense cold of a polar winter.

Here, at the lovely islands in the tropical Pacific Ocean, where the land is elevated, and pure cool springs of soft water gurgle and murmur through the vales, fanned by delightful and invigorating trade-winds from the broad ocean, no epidemic or endemic diseases exist, and the waters in the bays and lagoons are so pure and pellucid that a dollar can be seen lying upon the bottom thirty feet beneath the surface.

Who would change such a life for the toils, and cares, and constant miseries of a moneyed slave?

But to the narrative. We now returned to the beach. The day was far advanced, and the fiery rays of the setting sun gilded the lagoon and the deep blue sea. Far away upon the ocean's swell loomed our fairy craft, with her tapering spars. We embarked in the war-canoe with Prince Darco and two celebrated braves, his relatives. One was named Wonger and the other Pongaracoopo. The latter was half-brother to Darco, and had been engaged in the attack upon the Antarctic at the time of Darco's capture, when he received several shot-wounds, losing one eye, and received a buck-shot near his shoulder-blade.

These two braves composed the suite of the prince, and were to accompany him in our vessel to Nyappa, that they might announce the joyful news of his safe return from the moon! We sat on the platform of the canoe; on our right sat the prince, and on our left the two braves, while, strung along the length of the body of the canoe, sat ten sturdy natives, with paddles in their hands and parrot plumes in their hair.

A great crowd of natives had assembled on the beach to witness the departure of their beloved prince; and one aged man rushed into the water and kissed Darco's hand, and cried and sobbed aloud, in fear lest, when he got on board the vessel, *Pongo* would again carry him away, never more to return.

"Wid-dery ran-i-vu-tu!" shouted the prince to the savage paddlers, who now plied their paddles with nerve and energy, with their parrot plumes flaunting in the breeze, as the light canoe skimmed cheerily away to seaward. The crowd of savages upon the beach, headed by Lavoo, sent up a shout of joy that rung and echoed along the mountain slope, while Darco rose up in a commanding and noble style, shouting in reply, "Gow tol-ogo rume-bu orgo kerer; kiner-co-mer ru-mack-er Nyappa!" (I love my people much, and will be glad to see them at my house in Nyappa.) It was nearly dark when we reached the vessel and jumped on board, where we were heartily greeted by the crew. We squared away the yards, and steered for Nyappa.

The two braves, our passengers, felt somewhat alarmed when the crew braced the yards, and feared that those big and lofty spars, held up by little ropes, would fall and crush them. We handed them a cannon-ball; one took hold of it and speedily let it fall; while they both gazed at it in wonder, putting their knuckles into their mouths, and then, snapping their fingers, cried, "I-yar! I-yar!" and said in their language, "Just the same as *magic stone* in *Pitar Cave*!"

We told them that it was one of our "spears," and that, by putting it into our "sling," we could throw it from Riger to Nyappa! They were struck dumb with astonishment! When they recovered from their surprise, they requested to see us perform the feat, that they might tell their people of the white man's strength. We accordingly placed the ball in the "long-nine," and requesting them to seat themselves upon the trunk, that they might watch its progress, we applied the match! At the sound of the discharge the two braves leaped off the trunk, and, like stricken deer, bounded to the taffrail in great terror, thinking that they were in the midst of *Pongo's* (the devil's) abode, and that the magic stone had penetrated and rent asunder the mountains of Nyappa; and so, to escape farther torments, they were about leaping overboard, when Prince

Darco called to them to stop ; but it required all his eloquence to restore their calmness and soothe their perturbed spirits.

At first they feared to enter the cabin, thinking that the vessel had no *bottom*, and that it led down to the *bottomless pit* ! When we placed them at the supper-table, they sat very uneasily, and, jumping up, examined closely the camp-stools upon which we had seated them. Having satisfied themselves how they were made, and that there was no charm about them, they again were seated. The knives, forks, plates, cups, &c., underwent a severe scrutiny. They thought that tin cups, bottles, and tumblers were shells that grew upon the coral reefs and sand-spits in the moon, for the express use of fairies, they understood a red earthen jar very well, for they made these themselves, and used them for holding water and as cooking-pots, to boil sweet potatoes in ; but they did not understand how we glazed the pots so nicely, for theirs were unglazed, and as rough as a brick.

The captain spread before them all the dainties of the cabin, viz., hard ship-bread, salt pork, salt beef, and a glass of brandy. They looked at these wonderful things some time, and would never have imagined they were made to eat, had not Darco requested them to taste them. They did so, and spit them out upon the floor, one by one ; and when they touched their tongues to the brandy, they dropped it suddenly, and crying out, " Rag-er-ter ! " rushed on deck and rinsed their mouths at the scuttle-butt ; after which they seated themselves upon the trunk and eat bananas and green cocoanuts for their supper.

Darco entertained them by relating his wonderful stories about America ; how the white people dressed and walked the streets in New-York between houses six stories high ! how great carriages rattled up Broadway, drawn by horses and filled with people, who were too lazy to walk ! how the big ships, propelled by hot water, all the same as Tomboner Spring, flew along fifteen miles an hour ! how the pretty ladies, with cheeks painted red, and veils over their faces, and shoes on their feet, tripped along over the stone pavements, &c.

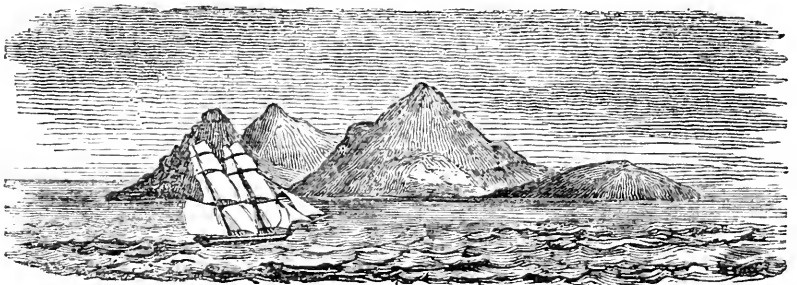
Of the use of shoes, the braves gathered but a sorry notion from all they saw of us ; for it was so delightful to go bare-footed in this climate, that we had kicked off all such useless lumber long ago, and in this respect had become partly sav-

ages ourselves, from the captain down to the cook. We should probably have entirely forgotten such useless trash, had it not been that, now and then, in overhauling the hold, we came across a mouldy pair of boots, half eaten by the cockroaches.

Of all the hard stories that Darco told the braves, the one which to them seemed most improbable, and which they could not be made to swallow, appearing as it did an absolute impossibility, was this, that in America water sometimes becomes as solid as stone, and that the people walked on the surface of the rivers!

The next morning we lay to close upon the beautiful Island of Nyappa. It is composed of three central mountains, which rise up with gradual slopes from the sea, except in one spot, where the ascent is quite abrupt. The most elevated mountain is probably 6000 feet above the sea. The surface of the whole island is covered with a luxuriant verdure, from the beach to the summit of the mountains. The scenery presented to our view was one of charming beauty and picturesque loveliness. The little rural glens and valleys nestled among the mountain slopes were covered with the varied foliage of the tropics.

The following drawing represents the outline or land view of Nyappa.



We anchored near the land on a coral reef. Not a native could be seen, and the island seemed quite depopulated.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE two braves embarked in the boat and were approaching the beach, when the war-yell rang through the forest, and a vast body of savages poured out upon the beach in battle array, threatening our crew with instant massacre. Seeing the danger with which we were surrounded, the two braves rose up and addressed the assembled warriors in a loud and energetic strain, accompanied by violent gesticulation. The host listened, and caught every word in mute astonishment and wonder. The braves leaped into the water and swam ashore, where they were received by the warriors in the most friendly manner. The host scattered like wildfire, and soon the joyful cry of "Telum-by-by Darco! Telum-by-by Darco!" rang through the forest in all directions.

In two hours a splendid war-canoe put out of a cove, manned by fifteen warriors, or chiefs of noble blood, who paddled for the vessel. Upon the platform sat the two braves, and after the boat followed a fleet of smaller canoes, loaded with fruit. The foremost canoe soon arrived alongside, and the chiefs stood on our deck, where they surrounded and embraced with affection their long-lost and beloved prince, whom they hurried into the canoe and hastily paddled for the shore, followed by the fleet, the whole host chanting a greeting song, accompanied by the sound of the tum-tum. They soon entered the cove, and were lost to our view.

It was late the next day when a fleet of canoes approached the vessel, headed by the war-canoe, upon the platform of which sat Darco. He soon leaped on deck, followed by his dusky and brawny warriors, whose black hair was smoothly combed and ornamented with macaw-plumes, while their bodies and faces were striped with red paint. Darco informed us that he had that morning been crowned King of Nyappa, by the unanimous desire of the populace and chiefs in council convened. The mountain people had already heard of his arrival, and, fearing his power and influence with Pongo, they began to think of suing for peace. He said that he would

immediately lead his warriors to battle, and felt confident that, by the means of his fire-arms, that he could at once terrify the mountaineers and bring them to unconditional subjection without bloodshed. In the mean time, he intended to keep his people at work collecting tortoise-shell, pearls, and other valuable articles, which he intended to lay up expressly for the captain.

It was now mutually agreed that we should depart on an exploration and survey of Morrell's Group, while King Darco should take up his residence among his subjects. Accordingly, the captain fitted him out with all useful implements and articles of luxury that he might require during our absence. Several bags and packages, well filled, were passed into his canoe; and among the articles which he received were a musket, a pair of pistols, a cutlass, a lance, a harpoon, powder, shot, and ball, a grindstone, axes, hatchets, a draw-knife, a cleaver, bar iron, iron hoop, calico, beads, carpenter's tools, &c. We now bade him farewell, and he departed.

A native youth had been left on board in charge of the captain, and it was expected that he would be of some service as an interpreter. My friend W—— and myself, having taken a particular interest in the study of native languages, and having now become quite proficient in them, were frequently called upon to act in that capacity. Indeed, W—— might, with propriety, have been called our linguist, so far as the languages of these islands were concerned.

The next morning we got under way with a gentle breeze, and proceeded to make a critical exploration and survey of Morrell's Group. We found it to consist of four principal islands, together with several minor islets, and numerous dangerous coral reefs that extended many miles to seaward. The sight of these reefs would deter an ordinary navigator, in an ordinary vessel, from prosecuting discoveries in these unknown regions.

We anchored from day to day in different places, and, landing in our boats, performed many inland excursions. The natives were entire strangers to all trade, and quite unacquainted with the actual value of the abundant products of their islands. We instructed them as well as we could how to collect the different articles, and gave them to understand that we would return in a certain number of moons and purchase them.



The native names of the four principal and largest islands were, Nyappa, Garove, Mundawpa, and Riger. The smaller islets are named Beo, Lote, Car-car, &c. They are all beautiful, verdant islands. Mundawpa and Garove are not more than half as elevated as Nyappa.

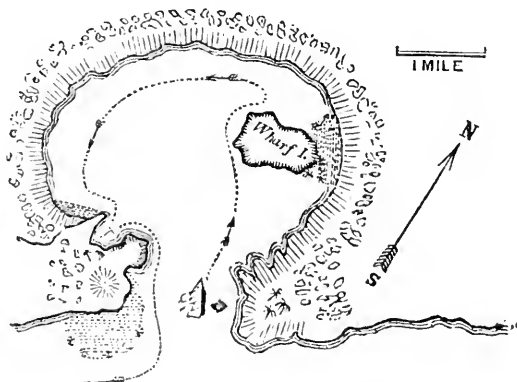
Garove is a singular island. On its south side we discovered the most secure and remarkable bay we had ever seen. The mouth or entrance is so conspicuous that you remark it the instant you sight the south side of the island. To give the reader a more definite and precise notion of it than words can convey, I present the following drawing taken upon the spot.



One pleasant morning we entered this bay under easy sail. Two vigilant look-outs sat upon the fore-topsail yard-arm, and one man stood in the main-chains, throwing the lead at equal intervals, while around the bow, gathered in little knots, stood our crew gazing upon the wonders that gradually opened to view. The water was of a deep blue, and as clear as that of the fathomless ocean. Its smooth surface shone like a polished mirror, except here and there, where a school of playful fish ruffled it by jumping into the air, while the sun shone upon their glittering scales, and made them shine like bars of silver. As we advanced, new scenes opened to our enraptured vision; it seemed as if we were struck dumb for having presumed to break in upon the solemn stillness and unequalled beauty of this fairy bay, which had lain in its grandeur and sublimity, undisturbed by man, from the creation of the world. These feelings were particularly heightened by the tale of the native youth, who informed us that a story was prevalent among his people that this bay was inhabited by mermaids, who resided in its rocky caves, making them echo with their

music, and daily basked in the broad sunlight which fell upon the little island. Garove is uninhabited, and situated many miles from the other islands of the group; the natives of Nyappa, Riger, and Mundawpa have always feared to approach it in their canoes, lest the mermaids should destroy them by their influence with Pongo.

The following chart represents this remarkable Garove Bay.



The track of the vessel is marked upon it. The man in the chains kept the lead going, while his loud drawling voice broke startlingly upon the deathlike stillness, and echoed over the bay, and rang along its lofty walls, "No bottom! and he-ave h-o, no bottom!"

We anchored in *Mermaid Cove*, as marked upon the chart, and then we explored the bay in our boats, and roamed among the delightful shade of tropical trees, viewing the splendid scenery.

There are no dangers except those which can plainly be seen, and a line-of-battle ship can enter the bay in perfect safety at all times. On the east side of the entrance is a small rocky islet, rising five feet above water, with a tree growing out of a fissure in its centre. The bay is nearly circular, and is four miles in diameter. Wharf Island, situated upon its eastern side, is composed of shelving lava rock, rising five feet above water, and quite level on the top, with here and there scattering clumps of underwood. The shores of this little island are bluff, and rise abruptly from water of a vast depth, affording a complete natural wharf where a ship of the line can lie perfectly secure, with her hawsers lashed to the under-

wood. N.N.W. of this island, we got soundings in thirty-one and twenty-seven fathoms. The shores of the bay are high, steep, and covered with trees, except just around Mermaid Cove, where the land slopes down to a white sand-beach, off which there is good anchorage in ten and fifteen fathoms, sandy bottom. Here a ship can ride at anchor in safety, protected from all winds and sea. A stream of pure water empties into the cove, and the curving shores are lined with groves of cocoonut and other tropical fruit-bearing trees, while in the background, in a S.E. direction towards the sea, rises the notable Look-out Peak (represented on the drawing at the west entrance of the bay), towering up like a mighty obelisk, overlooking the bay and surrounding scenery. It is composed of denuded and indurated clay, washed in gashes. A party of us ascended it, and seated ourselves upon its summit, to view the vast and sublime scenes spread out before us.

Away in the distance, over the swelling ocean towards the southward and westward, loomed the dark outlines of Nyappa, Riger, and Mundawpa, while round about to the north, and east, and west, lay the undulating and verdant vales and swelling knolls of benighted Garove. Beneath lay that placid sheet of deep-blue water, encompassed by the steep shores of Garove Bay, and which seemed to me as if it had once been the crater of a volcano that had rent itself asunder and admitted the waters of the ocean to extinguish its internal fires. Then beneath, northwest by north, lay, nestled among groves of cocoa-trees, Mermaid Cove, with our fairy craft riding at anchor upon its bosom, and seemingly, in the distance, dwindled down to the size of our long-boat.

When my eyes had compassed all this lovely scene, my mind wandered into dreamy revery. "Here would I plant a settlement of several honest, industrious, and virtuous families. On the shores of Mermaid Cove would we build our bamboo cottages, plastered with coral mortar. Here each family would have their own house and plantation free of cost. They would be sure of a bountiful supply of all that they could desire, and be forever independent of the cold charity of an avaricious and money-loving world." Yes, if I ever visit the Pacific Ocean again, here will I plant a colony or trading-post. The agriculturists will reside around Mer-

maid Cove and in the interior of the island, while Wharf Island will be our shipyard and storehouse for the deposite of the productions of neighbouring islands, which we will procure in our vessel from the trading-posts there established. The children of the colonists will grow up robust and healthy in this climate, sporting in the open air and bathing in the pure waters upon the sandy beach. I am sure that all this could be done without any hazard or privation whatever; for forming a settlement here, where Nature has provided everything, is far different from settling a sterile soil in a wintry climate. The pioneers will reap the honours, the fame, the pleasure, and the profit. A settlement of the kind is needed in this vicinity for the relief and supply of passing vessels, and would receive not only the fostering aid of the American government, but of all civilized nations. The island could easily be defended against a host of enemies, and trading-posts could, at slight expense, be established in the neighbouring islands.

If any navigator should fall in with these islands, or, rather, with Morrell's Group, he will at once know that they are the ones of which I am speaking by the drawings which I have here presented of natural scenes, to which no other group can show any comparable, viz., Riger and its Boiling Spring, and the Bay of Garove.

But let us return to the narrative. Having completed our exploration of the group, we returned and anchored at Nyappa, and landed the youth. King Darco came off in great state, at the head of a fleet of canoes, with presents of fruit. He had carried out all his plans successfully, and was now, to all appearance, as much of a savage as ever. He had terrified the mountaineers into submission by the thunder which he seemed to draw from the clouds with his fire-arms, and had restored his people to peace and happiness. He had built a large canoe, and collected considerable shell. When I asked him if he wanted to go to America again he shook his head, and said, "No; me more happy here!"

The cunning fox was very careful not to teach his subjects the use of fire-arms. At their earnest solicitations, he would load his musket for one of them, and teach him how to discharge it; but he always so overloaded it that it was certain

to recoil and inflict a severe blow upon him who attempted to use it. This stratagem soon cured them of "aping the thunder of heaven." The "magic war-club from the moon" was ever after looked upon with fear and reverence, and it was thought that none but King Darco, or some one who had been to the "moon," could understand its mysterious use.

During the several days that we remained here our crew frequently sported with the natives on the beach, and had many a jolly time among the villages. Canoes loaded with women and children came off to look at the "god-ship," or "big war-canoe." They were much surprised at all they saw, and crowded round the bow to examine our chain, thinking that it possessed some wonderful charm capable of holding the vessel fast, even where there was no bottom. Some of the girls climbed up our bob-stay, and, walking out upon the back-ropes, amused themselves by jumping into the water and swimming on board their canoes. It was amusing to see a curious knot of women and girls standing round the anchor on the bow, while some of the sailors were explaining to them, by signs, its use.

Darco and several of the principal braves related to W—and myself, while we were spending the day with their families at their wigwams, a singular story in relation to the depopulation of Nyappa; it had been handed down from mouth to mouth, and had, no doubt, been founded upon facts, which had been very much distorted and swelled into miraculous fables, the same as are current among all half-civilized people. We took great interest in this story, as it was the only historical record of Morrell's Group. During our frequent pow-wows with the different families, we picked up the whole narrative, and I transcribed it in my journal *verbatim*.

As it may be of some interest to the reader, I will here insert it, that he may be enabled to form his own opinion as to its authenticity.

#### KING DARCO'S STORY OF THE DEVIL'S VISIT TO NYAPPA!

A long time ago, or, in Darco's broken English, "too much a moon," before he was born, this region of the Pacific was visited, during the rainy season, by one of the most tremendous gales that had ever been known in that proverbially

peaceful ocean. It continued with unremitting fury for three days, and is described as being terrific and disastrous in the extreme, being accompanied by a horrible tempest of thunder and lightning, and an earthquake that shook the Island of Nyappa to its very centre. Shell-fish, from the bottom of the sea, were thrown upon the top of the water, and a vast number of fish, of various kinds, were driven on shore with stones or rocks of enormous size, and large fragments of coral from the neighbouring reefs.

On the fourth morning after the storm had subsided, the inhabitants of the mountains were thrown into consternation by the sudden appearance of a nondescript monster, which, from their elevated position, could be discerned upon the ocean, about half way between Riger and Nyappa, making his way towards the latter island. This monster the natives called Pongo, or the Devil; and a more diabolical creature, both in form and character, was never permitted to visit the face of the earth. The highlanders, who first discovered him, were at this time, as is usual with them, engaged in deadly hostilities with the lowlanders, who inhabited Darco's section of the country; and, on seeing the monster approaching the island, concluded that their enemies were about receiving assistance from their great ally the devil, who was now coming in person to join their standard.

This monster is represented as having many heads, each of which is furnished with a long black horn, projecting from the forehead and covered with fire. The eyes in each head were large and fiery; the mouths of huge breadth, and armed with teeth of enormous size. He was also furnished with a great number of arms and legs, long as our lower studding-sail booms, which served, like the legs of a centipede, to walk with. Out of each mouth was blown a flame of fire, which killed his enemies from a great distance, and the sound of his voice was like distant thunder.

The mountaineers, terrified at the approach of such a dreadful re-enforcement to their enemies' legions, immediately despatched an ambassador to the lowlanders, with overtures of peace, instructing the messenger to accept of any terms which might be offered by Darco's people, and to ratify the treaty without delay; as Pongo, who had long frowned upon their

bloody quarrels, was now coming himself to settle their foolish disputes, and might, in his anger, sink the whole island. The approach of the envoy gave the first intimation which Darco's people received of Pongo's coming; and, when they saw the monster approach that part of the island where they resided, they also became alarmed lest the devil had been summoned to take part with their enemies; and they, therefore, hastened to make a treaty of peace with the ambassador, on the first terms he offered, which was ratified on the spot, to the universal delight of both parties.

In the mean time, Pongo continued to advance, with his numerous wings and limbs in constant motion, until he came as close to the shore as the surf would permit, and surveyed that part of the island where Darco's village was situated, with great minuteness, for some time. He then turned about and started in the direction of Riger; not, however, without nodding several of his horned heads in a very significant and threatening manner, as if he would say, as Darco expressed it, "Never mind! bom-by me come back and eaty you!"

After Pongo's departure, the people marvelled at the shortness of his stay, and the object of his visit. Finally, the chiefs held a council to discuss the subject, the old men of both parties being invited to attend. This conference resulted in the conclusion that the only object of Pongo's visit was to put a stop to the hostilities which had been so long carried on among his children; and as they had already settled that matter among themselves in an amicable manner, he of course had gone off satisfied.

Nothing more was seen of Pongo for several days, though it appears he was not idle. The canoes that went out to sea on fishing excursions never returned, and no intelligence was ever received of the fishermen, although the weather continued to be remarkably fine; and it was naturally concluded that they were destroyed by the devil, who was afterward seen to land in the night and kill many of the inhabitants. These enormous depredations very much alarmed the inhabitants of Nyappa, who knew not how to guard against the insidious attacks of such a foe; for he now became imboldened by success, and assailed and captured their canoes before their eyes, in the day as well as the night, devouring their fishermen and

burning their canoes. Both highlanders and lowlanders became his victims indiscriminately, which at length convinced them that Pongo was not the friend of either-party; so both concluded to unite their forces to resist his assaults, and to punish him for his wanton and lawless aggressions.

They therefore fitted out a formidable squadron of armed canoes to attack their common enemy. They first sent out a decoy-canoë, to divert the monster's attention, while the main squadron remained concealed under cover of the mangrove-trees, which line the shores at some points of the island, overhanging the water in natural arches. The stratagem was partially successful. Pongo had just risen from the bottom of the sea, evidently on another errand of mischief; he no sooner saw the decoy-canoë than he gave chase to it, spouting streams of fire at the men, that killed some and wounded others of them, as they retreated towards the ambush into which Pongo suddenly found himself decoyed. He was now furiously assailed, on all sides, by the warriors of Nyappa, who were armed to the teeth, and prepared for the battle. The combat on both sides was waged without cessation, and with great fury, and much blood was spilled before it approached a termination. At last (added Darco) Pongo's anger was kindled at being so desperately attacked by such contemptible enemies as he considered our islanders: "he speak thunder and lightning too hot cause him too much mad! him kille too many my people!"

One man only of all who came out upon the ocean to assail the monster escaped to tell the story; and he swam on shore from the burning squadron with the disastrous news that "Pongo kill too many with his tongue!" which was very long, and "break my people all a pieces!"

After this fruitless attempt of the inhabitants of Nyappa to punish their foe, he became a thousand times more insolent and annoying than ever, plundering and murdering the natives in the most wanton and cruel manner. The young women were even stolen from their beds and wives torn from the arms of their husbands, and never heard of afterward. These outrages were not to be endured, and the inhabitants of Nyappa finally resolved to fly from a scene of such intolerable danger, and seek an asylum on the farther end of Mundawpa, which



was then uninhabited, as well as the other islands of the group.

The inhabitants of Nyappa, both highlanders and lowlanders, in general council convened, therefore unanimously resolved to abandon their island and migrate to this new home, as there appeared to be no other way to escape the anger and hatred of Pongo. In accordance with this resolution, a general removal at once took place. Canoe followed canoe, deeply laden with flying inhabitants, and many days had not elapsed before Nyappa was left almost entirely depopulated.

A female belonging to Darco's tribe, named Peepe, the daughter of a subordinate chief, was, about the period of Pongo's first appearance, beloved by a highland chief, whose name was Voh-aree. Their attachment was mutual; but, owing to the political dissensions of the two tribes, a union of the two was out of the question. But Peepe continued to elude the vigilance of her parents, as well as the Argus eyes of her people, and passed much of her time in the mountains with her lover. She began to be terrified at the prospect of discovery, and, in order to avert the fate which she knew awaited her should her disgrace become known, resolved to remain concealed in the mountains, while her lover took care to spread the report that she had been carried off by Pongo; and she was, accordingly, mourned by her people as another of the monster's victims.

In the mean time, the general migration to Mundawpa took place, while Peepe's false-hearted lover kept her in ignorance that such a movement was in contemplation; and Voh-aree finally emigrated himself, leaving his faithful mistress to conjecture that he had been slain by Pongo. In flying to Mundawpa, he yielded to the fears of his people and consulted his own safety, while she who had yielded everything to him was basely abandoned and left secreted in the mountains.

Peepe, from her elevated situation, saw them all depart in the direction of Mundawpa. The fatal truth now first flashed upon her desolate heart, and she found herself alone upon the island, with no one to speak to or sympathize with her sufferings. She then fell into a paroxysm of grief, and spent her days in fruitless sorrow. Every morning saw her fixing her longing eyes on the plains of Mundawpa, and vainly weeping

for her lover's return ; but false-hearted lovers are the same in all countries and in every climate, from the equator to the pole, and, of course, she saw her lover no more forever !

Peepe had strength given her to support the trying afflictions through which she was doomed to pass, and gradually became resigned to her condition. The birth of two fine twin boys gave her something to live for and something to love. They divided her tenderness and her cares, while she still mourned the loss of their perfidious father. Nourished and strengthened by the pure mountain air, the two boys grew apace, until they were at length able to assist their mother in procuring food and other necessaries for support. She taught them to swim, and to spear small fishes which had become entangled among the corallines on the reef, and made for them little lances of small bamboo, pointed with a barbed fish-bone, and they soon became skilful in climbing tall trees to procure the fruit for their mother. With the agility of monkeys, and the skill and ingenuity peculiar to savages, they would climb the tallest cocoanut, banana, and bread-fruit trees, the ripest fruit of which they would joyfully throw down to their mother. These two children were all the assistance and all the society which Peepe had for years, and with them she was comparatively happy. As the boys increased in size and strength, Peepe increased the length of the spears she made for them, so that they could spear larger fish and hunt the wild boar, until they finally became expert hunters ; and, lastly, she made them each a canoe, in which they could venture a little farther from the shore, and take fishes of still larger dimensions with pearl hooks. But, with all a mother's fondness and a mother's fear, she continually cautioned them against falling in with Pongo, the monster who had deprived them of a father and herself of a husband. She would then relate the whole history of Pongo's persecutions, and the consequent emigration of her people to Munda-wapa.

This story they had heard so often from their mother, that they secretly resolved to build a still larger canoe with their own hands, and to pay him, with interest, the bloody debt they owed him, imagining that such weapons as had been furnished them for killing fishes and animals might be suc-

cessfully levelled against such a hateful monster. They were well aware that, if Peepe were to obtain an inkling of their chivalrous intention, it would be instantly forbidden by their careful mother, and that the greatest caution was requisite on their part to avoid awakening her suspicions.

The youths had now reached the age of sixteen, and were busily, but secretly employed in building their war-canoe, in a distant and retired recess of the island, determined to avenge their father's death and their mother's sufferings on the person of Pongo, if they could find that monster, whose residence was supposed to be upon the Island of Riger, as he had always come from that-quarter to commit his depredations upon Nyappa. The two boys, with incredible labour, constructed a road from their mother's dwelling in the mountain to the seashore, where their canoe was finally launched, and loaded with spears and javelins suitable for their purpose. To mark the course of this road distinctly, they had covered it with white coral sand conveyed from the shore, and had deposited, at convenient distances, numerous bundles of spears by the roadside, ready for immediate use on the landing of Pongo.

When all was prepared, they told their mother that they had discovered a new fishing-ground, where a great plenty of fish could be taken, but that its distance would render it necessary for them to be absent two or three days, for which period they begged leave of absence. She consented, and they went away.

On the third day Peepe was agreeably surprised at beholding her sons returning in safety along their new road, which she now saw for the first time. As soon as they were near enough to be heard, they shouted the joyful tidings that Pongo was killed, having fallen by their hands, and now lay a headless corpse in the road behind them. To prove that they spoke the truth, they exhibited the bleeding head, which Peepe immediately knew to be the monster's by the horn that projected from the forehead, and great was the joy of Peepe and her gallant sons. The lads immediately embarked, with the bloody trophy of their victory in their canoe, and conveyed the joyful news to their countrymen at Mundawpa, where great rejoicings took place in consequence of the fall of Pongo and the safety of Peepe. A counter-emigration soon took

place, by which most of the ancient inhabitants of Nyappa returned to their deserted homes.

The twin heroes became great chiefs, from whom Darco himself descended in a direct line, and who still lives and recounts the story of his ancestors, with the fullest faith in its authenticity.

On the return of the emigrants from Mundawpa, the ancient feuds between the highlanders and lowlanders were soon revived, and continued with unabated animosity to the present day; and, though Darco confesses his descent from the mountain chief Voh-aree, he cannot speak with patience of any of the highlanders.

Soon after the death of Pongo and the return of the fugitive inhabitants, a great smoke was seen rising one day from Riger, which excited much curiosity at Nyappa, as Riger had always been supposed to be an uninhabited island. Many persons conjectured that this smoke was caused by some of the imps, or little monsters, to which Pongo might have given being previous to his destruction by the sons of Peepe. To satisfy themselves on this subject, they sent an expedition to Riger, headed by several distinguished chiefs, among whom were the sons of Peepe, to discover the cause of the phenomenon, with directions in no case to hazard a contest with monsters of any description, but if they found themselves opposed in landing, to return immediately to Nyappa. With these instructions, the expedition departed, and, on landing at Riger, they discovered that the fire which produced the smoke that had caused the alarm had been kindled by two children, a boy and girl of fair complexions, who immediately accosted them in the language of Nyappa, and informed them that they had kindled the fire for the express purpose of procuring assistance from Nyappa, as their mother had just expired after a short illness; and that she had, in her last moments, enjoined them to do so, in order that her body might receive the rites of burial from her own countrymen. On examining the corpse, still lying in their hut, the Nyappians at once recognised a female who had long been mourned by them as one of Pongo's victims. They, of course, buried the body; and some of them were so well pleased with the island, that they resolved to settle upon it, which they did, at the same time adopting the

fair orphans as their own children; who, in due time, grew up and became the founders of a new race of people, now known as the Red Men of Riger, and this island is sometimes called Red Men's Island, or the Island of Lavoo the Red Chief.

I have often thought of this strange story, and the sincere manner in which Darco related it to us; and I confess a strong disposition to believe that it is founded upon incidents connected with previous visits of Europeans to these islands. Why is it improbable that the vessels of La Perouse were stranded upon some of the numerous coral shoals which abound in the vicinity of these islands, during the continuance of the terrible gale of which the natives preserve the memory; and even if it had taken place out of sight of the land, or upon other islands, is it not possible that the crew might have mutinied and embarked in different directions in the boats or small craft constructed by them? A small craft with oars might have been easily mistaken by these ignorant and terrified natives for *Pongo*. They wear no hats, and French officers or sailors, with cocked hats trimmed with gold lace upon their heads, would not look to their terrified imaginations unlike men with horns growing out of their heads, and fiery eyes; and their muskets held in an aiming position, might be likened to very long tongues that "spit fire plenty, and break-e my people all a pieces!"

These deductions seem to me to be strengthened by the fact which we ourselves witnessed, that these natives refused to receive their own beloved prince when clad in clothing.

If the tradition of the devil's visit to Nyappa is not connected with the fate of the lamented La Perouse, it certainly must be with that of some civilized white men; and a mystery here remains to be solved!

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## CHAPTER XV.

HAVING completed our business at Morrell's Group for the present, and having matters of importance to accomplish at other more noted and more extensive groups of islands, which down to the present day are perfectly unknown to all civilized

nations, we bade farewell to King Darco, and his kind, simple-hearted people, and were soon again under way. With all sail set and a steady wind, we steered out into the broad Pacific Ocean, and by dark were out of sight of land.

The next day was pleasant, except a rain squall in the afternoon, which soon blew over, however, and left the sky serene and pure. We made rapid progress during the next day and night, and harpooned a dolphin.

The next day the look-out cried "Land ho!" It was the E. coast of New Ireland, along which we sailed; we doubled Cape St. George, passed through the channel of the same name, and in a few days were in sight of the north coast of New Britain, to the eastward of Cape Gloucester.\*

We are now entering upon strange and unknown scenes; and in order the better to understand our position and the character of our expedition, a brief reference to the universal lack of information concerning this quarter of the globe may not be useless or uninteresting.

That vast region of the Pacific Ocean known by the general term of Tropical Australasia, remains almost totally unexplored and unknown to the present day. It is thickly interspersed with vast islands, and groups of smaller islands in countless numbers, which comprise the most beautiful, productive, and healthy countries in the world. It is all this country and unknown region that I am about to lay open to my readers.

The first account recorded of this region appears to have come from the Portuguese, who were informed by the Malays that a large continent existed to the eastward; and there is no doubt but that the Malays of the Spice Islands were acquainted with the existence of the west end of Papua as far back as the year 1500. Indeed, it is unknown who discovered the latter island. The first official record of their existence is found in the archives of Spain, when that nation was in her glory and the mistress of the seas: Meneze and Saavedra, two illustrious Spanish explorers, sighted in the distance a few miles of the coast of Papua, and then departed without knowing whether it was an island or a great "south-

\* See the chart that is appended to this book; to the latter island I have applied the native name "Bidera," for reasons hereafter stated.

ern continent." Alvaro de Mendana, a renowned Spanish general, sailed from Peru to the westward on an exploring voyage. He discovered, in the year 1568, an extensive group of islands, which he named the Solomon Archipelago, supposing that the country abounded in gold, and that here King Solomon had derived all his treasures. He landed on one of the islands, and the native chiefs, as a mark of esteem, and to propitiate his friendship, most generously immolated a human being, and presented him for his meal the roasted quarters, with the arm and hand attached, of a plump boy. The general received the dainty food, but, instead of eating it, ordered it to be buried upon the spot in presence of the assembled chiefs and populace, who took great umbrage at these sacrilegious proceedings, and at the contemptuous manner in which their votive offering had been received.

The general's followers, who were mostly ignorant and bigoted soldiers, insulted the natives, and fired upon and killed several of them without the slightest provocation. The natives became exasperated, and, rising *en masse*, fell upon the Spaniards, and drove them from the island on board their ships, in which they set sail and returned to Peru.

Mendana, upon his return, gave such a flattering account of the beauty, loveliness, and richness of the paradise of islands which he had discovered, that the Spanish sovereign fitted out two ships expressly for him to return to the islands and plant a colony. Accordingly, he embarked, accompanied by his wife. The colonists, or, rather, emigrants, who embarked with him, were principally men of broken fortunes, who sought, with their families, to better their condition in the "land of promise." Some, however, were spirited young men, fond of adventure, and had embarked for a new home, with their loving "ladies faire." Mendana and his followers sailed, and, while cruising about in quest of the islands, fell in with another group, now known as the Charlotte's Archipelago, upon one of which (Santa Cruz) he landed. He searched for the Solomon Archipelago in vain, and, being sorely troubled by the importunities of his followers, when the provisions began to run short, he sickened and died. His followers continued searching for the "land of promise," until they became discouraged, whereupon they returned home much disheartened. It is

worthy of remark, that at one time they sailed within eighty miles of the southeast end of the archipelago of which they were in quest.

It was well for the natives that Mendana could not find the islands he had discovered; for the outpouring upon their virgin soil of such a host of desperate bankrupts and adventurers would have destroyed the inhabitants and soon impoverished the islands. The knowledge of the situation of the Solomon Archipelago became entirely lost, and all "knowing" Spaniards doubted the existence of any such land. They believed the story of its discovery to be a cunning device of Mendana for renown, and to get money from the government.

A Cape Cod man, with an old quadrant, the sun's declination, and a codfish log, would think it strange if he could not find land he had once seen, and which, like the Solomon Archipelago, spreads over six degrees of latitude and eight of longitude.

P. F. de Quiros, a Spaniard, in 1606 discovered Espirito Santo, the largest and most northern of the Hebrides. He was wantonly cruel to the natives, seizing upon their canoes and robbing them of their fruit. He did not find out that he had discovered an island, or a group of islands; but hurried home with the wonderful account that he had discovered a part of the great "bug-bear," the great "Terra Australia!" The best part of the story is, that this navigator, celebrated as he was, could not tell any one where the land was situated, and the knowledge of it remained in *statu quo*.

Luis Vaez de Torres, a Spaniard, in 1606 explored, or, rather, sailed along in sight of, the south coast of Papua. In several places the simple-hearted and unsuspecting natives came off to the vessel in canoes. He seized twenty of them, whom he tore from their kindred and home, and carried away as prisoners on board of his vessel. The strait between Papua and Australia has since received his name; but no one knows whether he ever saw the latter island, or even knew that he was in the strait.

Jacob le Maire and Wilhelm Cornelisz Schouten, two Dutch navigators of note, in 1616 were prosecuting an exploring voyage in the Pacific Ocean, in two ships which sailed in company. In latitude 15° 20' S., and at a distance from the coast



of Peru, "computed" to be 1510 German leagues, their official report states that no land was in sight; they saw a sail; "took it to be a Spaniard;" found it to be a canoe full of "strangers," and under full sail; fired three cannon to bring her to; "this was not understood," and the canoe retreated rapidly. They then despatched the boat, with an armed crew, in pursuit; they fired their muskets upon the nonresisting "strangers," several of whom were wounded mortally, while the rest, consisting of men, women, and children, uttered a shriek of despair, and, after throwing their culinary utensils and ornaments into the sea, they leaped after them, with their babes in their arms. Several were drowned.

After this, these two navigators discovered the north coast of New Ireland, and anchored in a harbour  $3^{\circ} 20'$  S. The natives were warlike, and fell upon the Dutchmen with stones thrown from slings, with war-clubs, and wooden swords. They attempted to tow the vessels on shore, but not succeeding, assailed them with their missiles. The Dutchmen defended themselves with cannon and muskets. Twelve savages were killed, and no one knows how many were wounded, while the rest jumped overboard and swam for the shore as speedily as possible. Four canoes were hoisted inboard and split up by the cook.

On the same coast, to the north, they killed more natives and took prisoner a lad eighteen years old. These navigators discovered the easternmost of the Admiralty Group, "*without knowing it*," and brought up among the mountain islands, off the north coast of Papua, as they report, "almost without knowing it." Off the north coast of the latter island they anchored in latitude  $1^{\circ} 56'$  S., near two small islands. In their boats they proceeded to land upon one of the latter, for the purpose of getting cocoanuts from the beautiful groves which abounded upon it. A great many curious natives stood on the beach, observing their approach. Le Maire thought that they intended an attack! *accordingly, a cannon-ball was fired from the vessel into their midst to scatter them.*

They "scattered" like moschetoes before a gale, and the valiant Dutchmen landed without opposition, and stripped the favourite groves, which the natives had planted and tended with great labour and constant care. The savages soon ral-

lied and poured a volley of arrows upon their unprovoked assailants. The Dutchmen retreated to their vessels, in double quick time, with fifteen wounded. Adrien Calesz had an arrow shot through his hand. Strange to tell, these savages were friendly immediately afterward, and brought off fruit to sell. To these two little islands he gave the native names of Moa and Arimoa. Le Maire and Schouten, then, discovered the north side of Mysory; but they knew nothing about Jobie or the great Geelvink Bay of Papua.

Abel Jansen Tasman, a Dutchman, in 1643 sailed along in sight of a small part of the north coast of Papua; he saw coloured water and floating trees, and anchored near Moa. A native shot a sailor with an arrow; and another native was wounded with a musket-ball. The natives took a friendly fit soon after, and brought off large quantities of cocoanuts.

Captain William Dampier, the celebrated bucanier, in 1700 anchored in Slinger's Bay, on the north coast of New Ireland; the natives came off in canoes, armed with slings. He afterward sailed along in sight of the south side of New Britain, and anchored in a harbour which he named Port Montague. Here he ventured to land for wood and water. He fired upon and killed several natives, and robbed them of their hogs and fruit, and then departed. This was the only spot where he dared to land. He sailed along to the westward in sight of the coast, and discovered that New Britain was divided from Papua by a strait, through which he sailed. Like other navigators of that day, he knew not how to find the longitude.

The Dutch yacht Geelvink, fitted out at the Asiatic Islands (by whom commanded I know not), in 1705 discovered Jobie and the Great Bay of Papua, which was said to be fifty leagues in width and the same in depth. The Dutchmen took too many liberties with the natives at its foot, and four of the sailors were killed with arrows. They seized five native men; and at Jobie laid violent hands upon four men and three young women. Six of these they tore away from their friends and home, and carried prisoners to Batavia, from which place some of them were sent to Holland for exhibition.

Admiral Jacob Roggewein, a Dutchman, in 1721 passed by numerous fine islands in the Pacific Ocean, but did not know their situations. The scurvy infected his ship, and his men

died almost daily, and were thrown overboard. With their last breath they openly cursed their commander for want of skill and for pusillanimity in not stopping at the beautiful islands which they saw on every side, and where they might have obtained vegetable food and pure water, which would have saved their lives. He was afraid to stop at places discovered by himself, and felt bound to follow in the track of Le Maire and Schouten, and anchor at the little islands of Moa and Arimoa, to rob the natives of their cocoanut groves. The natives were very friendly, and brought off large quantities of fruit to sell. The valiant admiral would not buy fruit; but, mustering his large crew, all well armed, fired upon the natives, and carried death and devastation upon the islands, cutting down and wantonly destroying beautiful groves of cocoanut-trees, simply to obtain the fruit and save the trouble of climbing them!

What a favourable impression the admiral must have made upon the minds of the natives of the justice, the generosity, and hospitality of white men! It is not strange that they thought them devils, bent upon the destruction of all their race.

Roggewein's exploring voyage is more obscure than any other, and has been the subject of much confused geographical discussion. There is nothing known of its history or results which is connected with my subject.

M. Surville, a French navigator, in 1767 fell in with a group of islands, and, supposing that they were a new discovery, named them the "Arsacides," after the famous assassins of Persia and Syria, because the inhabitants appeared to be perfidious and bloodthirsty. He discovered Port Praslin, and gave their names to Contrariety and Deliverance Isles. It was only the southeast end of the group that he saw, and even that he did not thoroughly explore.

Mons. de Bougainville, a celebrated French navigator, in 1768 fell upon a group of islands, and, supposing them to be a new discovery, named them the Great Cyclades. They are now known as the Hebrides, and are without doubt the very islands discovered by Quiros, and named by him "Terra Austral del Espiritu Santo;" and, peradventure, the Groningen and Thienhoven of Roggewein. Bougainville then fell in with the cluster of islands that form and extend off from the southeast end

of Papua. While among these lovely islands, he became quite alarmed lest his vessel should be wrecked upon the coral reefs and sand-spits which abounded. He was glad to hasten his escape from the dangers that surrounded him, and named it the Gulf of the Louisiade. So great was his joy at discovering a cape, by doubling which he was enabled to quit forever this archipelago, that he named it Deliverance Cape. He expresses his great joy at having escaped "*shipwreck and starvation.*" It is strange how any man could fear such calamities when sailing among one of the most beautiful and productive archipelagoes in the world.

Bougainville next stumbled upon an archipelago of large and beautiful islands, which he at first took to be a new discovery; but finally very justly concluded that he had now rediscovered the long-lost Solomon Archipelago of Mendana, whom he now proved (contrary to the opinions of the knowing Spaniards) not to have told lies for fame or money. Bougainville only saw in the distance the northwest end of the archipelago, and one of the largest northern islands now bears his name. He very properly gave the most northern the native name of Bouka. He did not land, and found out little or nothing about them. After this, when his wood and water were consumed, and disease prevailed on board for the want of fresh provisions or vegetable food, he ventured to land in what he "took to be" St. George's Bay, on New Britain, as it was named and noticed by Dampier. But it proved to be no bay at all.

Captain Carteret, an able British seaman, in 1767 was driven by a current into the above-mentioned St. George's Bay, upon the eastern shore of which he landed. One place he called English Cove and another Carteret Harbour. At the mouth of the latter are two small islands, one of which he named Leigh's Island and the other Coconut Island. Sailing to the northward, he discovered St. George's Bay to be a strait, dividing the land known as New Britain. He named the eastern land New Ireland, along the south side of which he sailed. He discovered Sandwich Island, and named Byron Strait, New Hanover, and the Portland Isles. Next he fell in with a group of beautiful, verdant, and spicy islands, which he deemed a new discovery, and named them collectively the Admiralty Islands. This group is the very one discovered by Le Maire

and Schouten, and by them mistaken for Ceram. Hundreds of bold and warlike savages came off in canoes, and threw lances at the seamen as they stood upon deck. A cannon and several muskets were discharged among them; some were killed, others wounded, and the rest retreated. Carteret only sailed along in sight of the south side of the group. He mentions particularly its enchanting appearance and picturesque beauty. He was very sick at the time, and many of his crew were down with the scurvy; but nothing could induce them to land among the cannibal savages.

Captain James Cook, that justly celebrated British navigator, visited but a small portion of Tropical Australasia. In 1772 he explored the group discovered by Quiros and rediscovered by Bougainville. Thinking he had a right to name it, he called it the New Hebrides. Two years before this, he had sailed through Torre's Strait, in sight of the south coast of Papua. At Cape Walsh he was struck with astonishment and wonder by the sight of a party of savage warriors, who stood upon the beach and aimed "*fire-arms*" at him, which they discharged. Smoke and flame were seen to issue forth, and he took his departure without having ascertained how these singular and mysterious "*fire-arms*" were constructed! for they made no report!

I fortunately have it in my power to clear up this wonderful mystery. The "*fire-arms*" were long "copper-coloured" gourds, with a hole in one end, and filled with lime. As the savages projected them towards the navigator, the lime flew out of the hole and formed the "smoke!" while the sun shining upon the gourd gave the appearance of "fire!"

Captain Shortland, an Englishman, in 1783 sighted the Solomon Archipelago, and sailed through a strait which he named after himself, and in which is situated a group of islets, which he named the Treasury Islands. He supposed that the mass of this country was one solid body of land, and inferred that the natives called it Simbu. Some suppose that the strait he sailed through had previously been discovered by Bougainville; but the supposition is entirely erroneous.

Lieutenant M'Cluer, an Englishman, in 1790 discovered and sailed through Revenge Strait, which he named; it is situated between the islands of Salwatty and Papua. Soon after he

discovered the inlet that bears his name, and in which one of his officers (I think the surgeon) was most cruelly massacred by the savages.

Captain d'Entrecasteaux, the celebrated French navigator, who sailed in search of the lamented La Perouse in 1792, visited the southeast end of the Solomon Archipelago, and, in a kind of flying visit, verified and ascertained more correctly the situation of certain points seen by Surville and Shortland. In 1793 he visited the Archipelago of the Louisiade; sailed through Dampier's Strait, and saw part of the north coast of New Britain, which he intended to explore; but being sick and in a dangerous state, he abandoned so hazardous an enterprise. He describes the navigation as dangerous in the extreme, and says, "The whole extent of this navigation is extremely dangerous; for a length of twelve hundred French leagues, a line of rocks or breakers, nearly level with the water, runs along the bottom of the sea. In this route it is probable that the unfortunate La Perouse perished."

About the *rocks* the French navigator has made a sad blunder!

Captain Forrest visited the Island of Waigoo, and discovered Dory Harbour Papua.

Here is an array of the names of the celebrated ancient navigators who visited Tropical Australasia; still, it will be seen that all of them together knew little or nothing about the country, except the general trend of the land in particular places as seen in the distance. Most generally they were afraid to land, on account of the warlike cannibals which were supposed to inhabit the islands. Then, again, those terrible reefs of "rocks," that run along the bottom of the sea, were obstacles too formidable for them to surmount. This country has, indeed, been so generally given over to demons and hobgoblins, that when we first arrived, and before we began to penetrate the mystery that hung over it, every step we took was taken with hesitation and terror.

The renowned Captain d'Entrecasteaux did, indeed, enter into quite a minute exploration of New Caledonia; and so did the illustrious Cook, who also explored the New Hebrides; still, the exploration of the latter group is not completed; there are islands embraced in it not marked upon Cook's chart.

The knowledge of the islands of Tropical Australasia is exceedingly imperfect; and, as might be expected, the names by which they are generally known are always in bad taste, and in a great many cases applied without the slightest propriety. They were given, oftentimes, by men who neither discovered nor explored the islands. Dampier took the liberty of calling the two islands, now known as New Hanover and New Ireland, New Britain, thus showing that he deemed them both one, and identical with what has since proved to be a third. Both of them, moreover, were discovered by Le Maire and Schouten, and Dampier himself never saw the north side of New Britain, which he confounded with them.

Carteret discovered that New Britain was divided by what he named St. George's Channel; and this induced him to alter the name of the eastern part of the land that Dampier had already named. Accordingly, he named it New Ireland, and sighting at its northern end the mouth of what he supposed to be a strait, he named it Byron Strait, and the land to the northward New Hanover. Neither Carteret, nor any of the ancient navigators, ever saw the north side of the island now known as New Britain. D'Entrecasteaux did, indeed, sight in the distance a portion of the northwest coast, and that is all. Dampier sailed so far off from the south coast of the latter island, that he did not know whether it was one island, or divided by a strait. It is even now supposed that this island is divided, and it is so laid down on our best charts and globes. They prove to be wrong, however, by the discovery which we made that New Britain, from Dampier's Strait to St. George's Channel, is one continuous body of land, except that it may be divided by some creek or river which we did not explore for the entire distance across the island.\*

\* It seems to me that, in consequence of recent discoveries, and especially of those made by the expedition of which this work gives the history, a revision of the names of the islands of Tropical Australasia is demanded. The names by which they are at present known, besides being most inappropriately and ignorantly applied, are often ludicrously incorrect, so far as they seek, by comparison with other countries, to describe the character of the islands themselves. To name any of these delightful lands, basking in the light and heat of a tropical sun, and abounding in everything that can satisfy the physical wants or delight the sensual tastes, after the cold, damp, sterile regions of the Scottish or the Irish coast, as is now the case, is palpably ab-

Difficulties had by this time arisen between the captain and the agents of the owners of the vessel, the merits of which I

surd. In ordinary cases, it seems reasonable for the discoverer of any group of islands to give to them, collectively, any name he pleases, having due regard to taste and propriety; and then, so far as possible, to preserve to the individual islands the appellations by which they are known to the natives themselves. With these rules for my guidance, having made the discovery of the native names my particular study, I have taken the liberty of endeavouring to restore them to their respective islands. They are designated, on the chart affixed to this work, by these native names, and the following explanation will afford the means of readily identifying each:

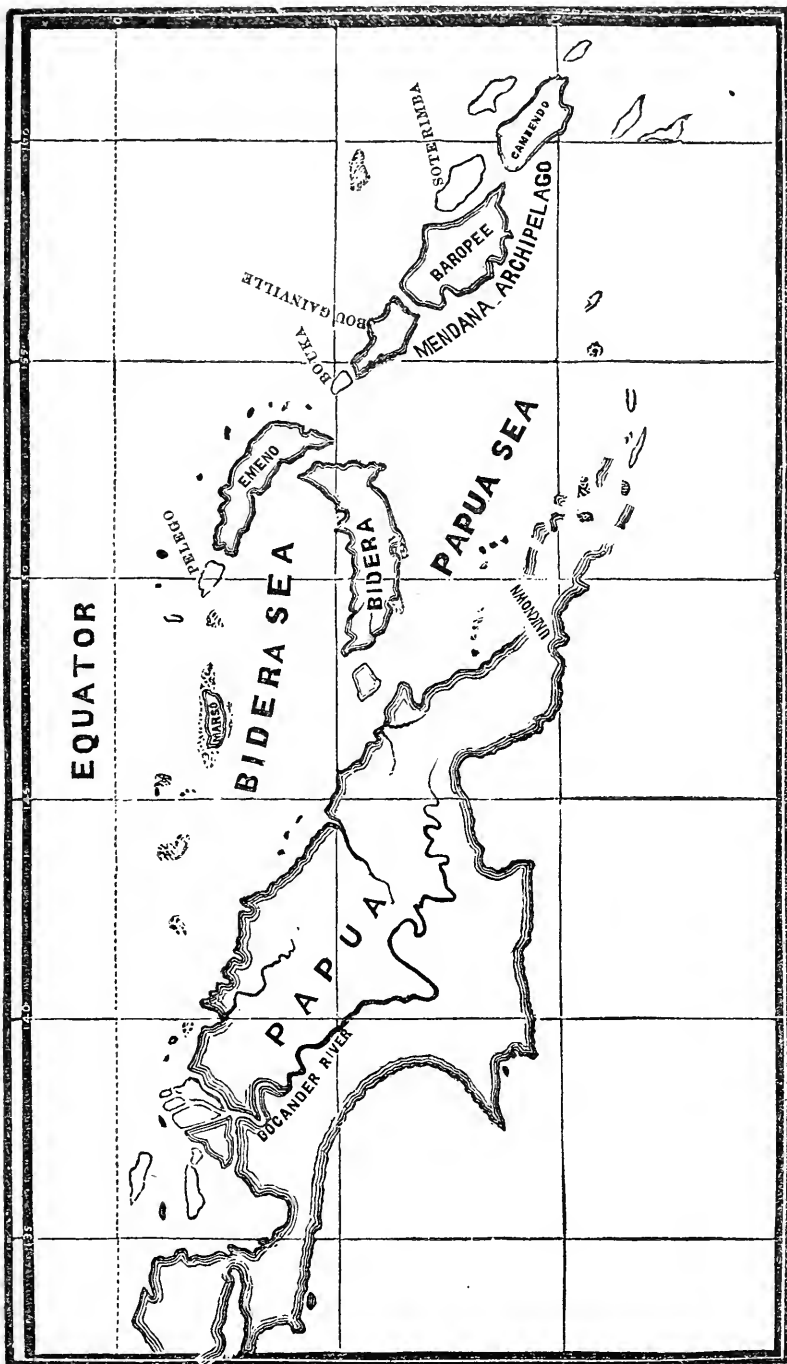
New Britain I have called	<i>Bidera.</i>
New Ireland           “	<i>Emeno.</i>
New Hanover           “	<i>Pelego.</i>
Central Island of the Admiralty Group	<i>Marso.</i>
New Guinea           “	<i>Papua.</i>

The vast archipelago, known on different charts as the Solomon Archipelago, New Georgia, and Arsacides, it seems to me should properly be named, after its discoverer, the *Mendana Archipelago*: the native name of the northernmost island of the group is *Bouka*; the one next south is named, properly enough, after its discoverer, *Bougainville*; and the native names of the three next in order are *Baropee*, *Soterimba*, and *Cambendo*. The group of islands now known by two names, viz., Great Cyclades and Hebrides, it seems proper to name, after their discoverer, the *Quiros Archipelago*. The strait which divides *Bidera* from *Emeno* may well be called, after its discoverer, *Carteret Strait*. That part of the ocean which is bounded N. by the Admiralty Islands, E. by *Pelego* and *Emeno*, S. by *Bidera*, and W. by *Papua*, may be comprehensively and properly named the *Bidera Sea*. That part of the ocean which is bounded N. by *Bidera*, E. by *Mendana Archipelago*, S. by *Rennels'* and *Satisfaction Islands*, and by the *Louisiade Archipelago*, and W. by *Papua*, in the same way may be called the *Papua Sea*. These names, it will be seen, correspond with those of the *Mindoro*, the *Sooloo*, the *Banda*, and the *Java Seas*.

The Island of *Papua* is 1200 miles long; *Bidera*, 260; *Emeno*, 200; *Pelego*, 40; *Admiralty Islands*, 100; *Mendana Archipelago*, 600; *Quiros Archipelago*, 260; *Caledonia*, 240; and *Louisiade*, 100 or more: making, in all, an extent of land 3000 miles in length, and presenting a seacoast of over 6300 miles. The magnificent Island of *Papua* is alone as large as *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *France*, *Spain*, and *Portugal* together! Still, we know little or nothing about this vast country; and upon our best and latest charts it is marked “but very little known!”

There is no chart of *Tropical Australasia* of the slightest service to those who sail upon its seas. The one appended to this book is only intended to represent the general trend of the main body of land, and to exhibit those islands of which I have just given the names, and of which I have yet considerable to say. From discoveries which we made, it is evident that hundreds





shall not discuss, but which led the captain to believe himself released from all obligation to prosecute the voyage for their benefit. He determined, accordingly, whether justly or not is a matter to be determined by facts which I do not feel at liberty to make public, to open a trade at their expense, and at some future time to return, in a vessel of his own, and reap the profits. Now that the opportunity offered, he decided to prosecute a thorough exploration of Tropical Australasia; to enter all the most dangerous and unknown places, and, with apparent recklessness, to risk everything upon the hazard of a single die.

Captain Morrell was a brave and daring navigator, and as able a seaman as ever walked the deck of a ship. In scenes of danger he was always at his post, and commanded as if it were by instinct. So long as we obeyed orders, everything worked well, but when we disobeyed, we roused the lion and felt his anger. Every soul on board feared, though all respected him. The crew had already tasted of the delights of being on shore, upon beautiful islands, among the natives; they were charmed with the climate, and the apparent ease with which a comfortable living could be obtained, and were, accordingly, delighted with the intentions of their captain.

The scenes through which we had already passed, the mysterious region we had now entered, and the view of the towering and verdant mountains of Bidera, tended to inspire us with a feeling as if we had taken a final leave of civilized life, and entered a new and unknown world. With a swift and well-armed vessel under his feet, and a large and chivalrous crew at his command, far away from the control of law, Captain Morrell in a measure became "outlawed," and so did we all. The crew were mostly composed of brave, hardy, and chivalrous young men, in the heyday of youth, and we had come here to gratify a spirit of adventure! The time, the place, and the scene roused us to action; and, led on by our daring captain, we shared his spirit, and resolved to follow him in his hazardous and adventurous undertaking.

of beautiful islands, spacious bays, noble rivers, lagoons, dangerous coral reefs, and sand-spits lie scattered about in all directions, and have never been seen by civilized man. Some of the islands are uninhabited, though of the most rich and delightful character. To explore all this country, and draw correct charts, will require many years, and prove an arduous as well as hazardous undertaking.

## CHAPTER XVI.

HERE I resume the thread of my narrative. It was on a pleasant morning that we steered for an elevated mountain, which was visible in the distance, on the north coast of Bidera. Ten miles from the land our progress was checked by a dangerous barrier of coral reefs, which extend along the whole coast in detached patches, some rising near to the surface, and others with ten and fifteen feet of water upon them. Indeed, the whole space between the barrier and the land was filled with scattering coral reefs, shoals, sand-spits, and islets; upon some of which the sea broke with fury, while between the windings of the dangerous labyrinth, currents set in all directions, forming dangerous tide-rips, which sent towards us an echoing murmur, seeming to say, "Thus far mayest thou go, and no farther; beyond all is hazard and disaster."

But our brave captain was not to be daunted by the appearance of any danger; the coast of Bidera must be reached, even if we laid our bones upon the reefs in the attempt! Onward we sailed, directly upon the breakers of the barrier. Two sharp look-outs sat upon the fore-topsail yard. The captain slung his telescope over his shoulder with a piece of spun yarn, and, walking up the fore-shroud, seated himself upon the fore-truss, where he took an observation of the breakers, which now roared audibly and angrily as we rapidly neared the swell and foam. "Stations!" cried the captain. Every man stood ranged, and awaiting, in breathless suspense, our doom among the breakers.

"Luff! keep her full and by!"

The lofty green combers curled and dashed around us, as we glided through a narrow and deep channel, inside of the outer barrier, where we were in a measure protected from the heavy surges of the ocean. We commenced thridding the labyrinth that lay between us and the land. Each man had his station, and if one interfered with another's duty, a low grumbling remonstrance was speedily heard. We prided ourselves upon the crack appearance of our craft, and took no little in-

terest in having everything "ship-shape and Bristol fashion;" and we had the vanity to think that no other crew could "spin the vessel round," and handle her so rapidly, in scenes of danger, while performing difficult nautical evolutions and daring feats of seamanship.

Now we grazed the verge of a reef upon which an eddy swept us. "Keep her off a point!"

"Starboard a little!" "Steady!" and the rapidly-succeeding commands of the captain, as speedily obeyed as they were given, carried us out of the apparent danger.

For a time we scudded along with flowing sheets, but were again brought to a dead stand by finding ourselves completely embayed among dangerous green coral patches, quite close to which the water was of a deep blue, and gave no soundings; so that an anchor was of no use to prevent our driving upon them in a heavy blow. The day was far advanced; we put about our ship, retracing our course, and standing again out to sea. It was dark when we entered the pass through the outer barrier, and, the wind falling away, the captain shouted, "Man the sweeps! man the sweeps! a little farther, and you're safe! anchors can't save us here!" We strained every nerve, and shot safe out upon the Bidera Sea, where we lay to until day-break, when we again got under way and made another descent upon the reefs.

Having discovered a new pass, we entered it, and sailed safely through the outer barrier, and advanced towards the land; following up the perplexed and sinuous channels, continually performing difficult and rapid manœuvres, with all hands on deck.

We steered for a point of land which, upon a near approach, we discovered to be formed by numerous small islands, connected by coral reefs and sand-spits. Some of the latter began to assume the appearance of islets, lately reclaimed from the ocean, with clumps of trees and underwood growing upon their centres. All the other islets were covered with a forest of trees.

We were now upon soundings, but the navigation was extremely intricate and dangerous. We were beating through a narrow pass between a reef and sand-spit. We nearly ran upon the latter, and were preparing to "club-haul," when the

sweeps brought us safely round; but, as fate would have it, a counter-current swept us down directly upon the dangerous reef. We exerted ourselves to the utmost to prevent the impending danger. Nothing but a *chef d'œuvre* in seamanship, on the part of the captain, saved us. We soon found ourselves safe in a deep strait or lagoon, that lies between the coast of Bidera and the small islands and reefs. It was night when we discovered the mouth of a fine bay, into which we sent our boat, with an armed crew and a signal-lantern, to sound the channel, while we followed under easy sail. At 10 P.M. we anchored at its foot, in nineteen fathoms water, with a bottom of mud and sand, about half a mile from the shores of Bidera. The night was dark; the rattling of the chain, and the shouts of the crew, in bunting the sails, broke startlingly upon the silence which reigned around.

We turned into our hammocks completely tired out; and soon not a noise was heard, save the tramp of the anchor-watch, and the song of frogs and crickets in the neighbouring forest.

In the morning we triced up the boarding netting and washed down the decks, after which I seated myself in the main-top, upon the arm-chest, journal in hand, to sketch the surrounding scenery. To the north lay stretched out, east and west, the long line of small islands and reefs, that shut us in from the sea. To the south rose, in gently-waving undulations, the verdant and lovely lands of Bidera, until near the centre of the island they attained the elevation of mountains. The charming prairies, woodlands, valleys, and rivulets—the bay, its coves and indentations, and the pure white sand-beach, seemed all to lie in a perfect state of nature. The great white cockatoo, macaws, and birds of beautiful plumage fluttered and twittered over the tree-tops of the valleys, in conscious security and perfectly tame; while to seaward, from some of the sand-spits, rose up great flocks of aquatic birds, while thousands of fish sported upon the surface of the beautiful lagoon. Not a habitation or human being could be seen! Here lay spread out this productive, rural, and magnificent country, gently inviting and wooing the husbandman to come and cultivate its soil, bathe in its lagoons, and lounge beneath the shade of the widespread woodlands.

It seemed sad that so rich a soil should lie beneath so beautiful a sky, untouched by the hand of man, while thousands upon thousands who might live here in ease and plenty, toiled out their lives in slavish and destructive labour, a prey to the exactions and artificial necessities of a civilized community. The climate varies as you ascend the mountains. Teak wood abounds, and it is acknowledged to be the most durable for ship-building. Sugar-cane, nutmegs, ginger, tobacco, and all the tropical fruits are indigenous. Coffee, indigo, rice, spices, cotton, and all the productions of the tropics will here find a genial climate and soil, as well as upon all the principal islands of Tropical Australasia. Amid the attractions of this beautiful and virgin scene, our crew seemed to have forgotten all the terrors and dangers of ancient navigators, and lay lounging around the deck, spinning yarns and playing cards under the awning, while the wind-sails opened their mouths to receive the trade-wind and ventilate the between-decks.

A report was passed along that three canoes were coming; one by one the sailors slowly and reluctantly dropped the cards to see if the report were true. We soon saw three canoes filled with natives; but instead of coming they were "going," retreating, as rapidly as possible, from the small islands in the lagoon, having evidently taken us for the devil, and, with commendable horror, being anxious to quit our neighbourhood. The canoes were filled with men, women, and children, without clothing, and excited by a common fear.

A shipmate was snoozing, at the rate of ten knots, in the stern of the long-boat. I awoke him to look at the natives, but his laziness was greater than his curiosity, and, after venting his spleen in a string of oaths which I must be excused from repeating, he again laid down, and was soon as sound asleep as ever.

I had laboured under the impression that we were in great danger of being eaten by cannibals here; but when I saw our crew taking things so coolly, I began to imitate their example. I had been dreaming of Sawney Bean, the man-eater.

The captain manned the boat with an armed crew and started in pursuit of the canoes, which retreated to one of the small islands near the main, and, scampering over the beach, the natives hid themselves in the bushes, from the covert of which

we found it impossible to entice them ; so, after exploring a neighbouring sand-spit and shoal, we returned to the vessel. In the afternoon another canoe made its appearance near the point of the small island. We again manned the boat and gave chase. The natives plied their paddles with all speed, and we made after them in hot pursuit, around the west end of the island. Presently the canoe turned a point, and the natives abandoned her upon the beach, and, shouting the alarm, fled towards a village, which we now saw for the first, beautifully imbowered amid cocoanut and palm trees. We landed, armed to the teeth. The inhabitants rushed out of the houses in great confusion, and, at sight of us, uttered a wild shout of horror and fled for the forest. One tall young woman carried a babe in her arms, while a little naked urchin bestrode her neck and clung with its little hands to her flowing hair. One of the most agile of our crew followed close upon her heels, and had nearly overtaken her as she entered the forest, when the captain called us to muster, and advised us not to scatter, for we knew not what might happen.

Stationing four sentinels, one at each angle of the village, we proceeded to inspect the houses. They varied in form and size, but in general each house was twenty feet long and ten broad ; the peak of the roof was ten feet high and the eaves about five feet and a half. At each end was a doorway, which admitted all the light. The whole was constructed of bamboo, thatched very neatly with cocoanut and palm leaves. In most of the houses we found bedsteads, and a full assortment of fishing-nets, together with curiously-wrought implements of war and the chase ; also culinary utensils, of wonderful construction, and many elaborately-carved ornaments of shells and bones. In the rear of one house was a smouldering fire, near which lay cockle and lion claw shells of enormous size. Our crew was disposed to appropriate these articles to their own use, but the captain would not allow us even to touch the most minute article ; so, hanging various trinkets in front of the principal house, we returned to the vessel.

The next day we heard native voices, and saw several canoes near the island upon which we had landed, and which I shall name Leo Island, after the chief of the village, whose name we afterward ascertained. We manned the boat as

usual, and started after the canoes, which retreated to the shore, but with less precipitation than before. A sand-spit lay near the island, upon which were only two feet of water; here we landed one of the crew, who stood in the water up to his knees, waving and flourishing trinkets, and making friendly signs towards Leo Island, while we returned with the boat to the vessel and awaited the result. Upon seeing the boat go away, the natives left their ambush, and, embarking in their canoes, paddled slowly and cautiously towards the man upon the sand-spit. We sent our boat towards him, as a protection, or, rather, precaution, in case of danger. At this the natives again retreated towards the shore.

We now took the man from the sand-spit, and, pulling round the island, landed him upon the beach in front of the village, and then withdrew round the point to reconnoitre. It was not long before we saw several canoes, filled with savages, paddling from Bidera across the lagoon, in the direction of the village, in front of which they were about to land. Our Jack-tar now showed himself, and made a flourishing display of glittering trinkets. At sight of so wonderful and mysterious an object, who seemed to have taken possession of their village, the savages retreated in the utmost confusion, and with the greatest haste.

Not being able to open any communication with these superstitious and terror-stricken savages, we again returned on board the vessel, all the while endeavouring to devise some plan or stratagem to gain our purpose. It was suggested that we should land at midnight, invest the village, and make the natives prisoners; but this was a course we did not wish to pursue until every other should have failed.

We afterward understood that the savages had returned to the village, and, having seen the trinkets upon the chief's house, they were so astonished and alarmed that they again fled. They thought that this was our fashion of taking possession of a house, and that we intended to return and dwell in it. The house thus distinguished by the gods was therefore *ta-booed*, and the proprietor, who was a great chief, felt much flattered at our condescension.

The next day we landed in front of the village, and caught the natives at home. They now appeared to have more con-



fidence in our good intentions, and were about to present us a peace-offering, consisting of a fine large hog and plenty of tropical fruits and sugar-cane ; but, as our ill luck would have it, the captain leaped on shore with a spear in his hand, and the natives, mistaking this for a hostile demonstration, abandoned the hog and were about to take to flight, when he broke his spear and dashed it upon the ground, while all of us broke off green branches from the shrubbery, and waved them in token of friendship. At length, after much manœuvring, we succeeded in allaying their terrors, and finally in establishing an amicable intercourse with them.

The trinkets with which we had decorated the chief's house still hung undisturbed, and the savages continued to cast upon them looks of suspicion and doubtful reverence. The captain took them down and formally presented them to the proprietor of the house, who was a respectable-looking and aged chief or patriarch. His name was Peo-Leo, and he evinced much delight at being thus distinguished above his fellows, and expressed his gratitude by depositing the hog and fruits in our boats, and by presenting us some boiled golopos, which proved to be a very wholesome and edible root. The day being far advanced, we presented all the chiefs of note with a string of beads, bade them farewell, and returned on board of the vessel.

The next day we again visited the village. Much of the timidity of the natives had worn off, and they became very friendly and sociable. We spent nearly the whole day with them, in endeavouring to open a trade. I quartered myself with the family of a friendly chief, and endeavoured to learn all of the language that I could, and so did W——, for we were the principal linguists of the expedition. We picked up many words, particularly names of things, from the children who came to play with us, and examine our hair and try to wash off the "white paint" upon our bodies, so as to make us the same colour as themselves. We had already become part savages ourselves, and as for clothing, wore but little ; our hats, shirts, and trousers, however, underwent a severe and minute scrutiny. Peo-Leo and the principal chiefs visited the vessel, and were much surprised at all they saw. After this our communication with the natives of Leo Island became quite frequent, and the women came off to look at the god-ship. It

was a sight worth seeing. How the ladies stared and wondered, while our swaggering *gods* of sailors explained all the mysteries of the vessel to them! It was evident that they looked upon us as children of the sun and moon, and thought that we were immortal, and too pure for this sublunar world. They had no doubt of our perfect ability to cure the sick, the lame, the halt, the deaf, and the blind! An old woman, who was afflicted with a kind of leprosy or frightful eruption that had spread nearly over her whole body, and presented a most disgusting sight, applied to the captain for relief, in the same humble spirit of faith and confidence which, in olden times, drew from Divine lips the assurance, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." The captain, however, whose lips were not particularly divine, merely bade her "call again to-morrow." This she received as an implied promise of succour, and departed very happy in the hopes it had excited.

W—— was not only linguist, but he had charge of the medicine-chest, and, for want of a better, he acted as physician. The next day he and myself were ordered on shore by the captain, for the purpose of dispensing the blessings of the *Great Spirit* upon the sick and wounded. We landed in front of Leo village, well provided with everything that might be required. We notified the chiefs of the purpose for which we had come. Placing our chest of implements upon the smooth sand-beach near the water's edge, we drew a circle around it with our boarding-pikes twenty-five feet in diameter. The line thus traced we filled with gunpowder, which the dampness of the sand moistened, so that it could not explode suddenly. All this time the natives had been gathering around, anxiously watching these mysterious proceedings.

In the centre of the mysterious circle, beside the chest, we planted firmly in the ground a large rocket, and near the circle, upon a pole, we secured a blue-light. Then seating ourselves back to back upon the chest, with pikes resting upon the sand and held upright by one hand, we warned the populace not to advance nearer the circle than the stakes which we had driven in the sand outside; for the space inside was tabooed.

A vast host of naked savages had now assembled, and were crowded around in mute wonder and astonishment; but no one

ventured inside of the stakes, for they looked with dread upon the "mysterious circle."

"Sar see a-shing ou-nomer ve-lal-lar!" shouted the savages. (Here comes the woman with the bad blood.)

Now the old woman with the leprous back advanced with tottering steps up the passage, holding a fan-palm mat in her hand, and gazing steadfastly at us and the "circle," while the host cheered her on as far as the "stakes," where I met her with a mysterious wave of the pike, and bade her follow me inside of the circle, where she spread her mat and seated herself upon it. The passage closed up, and the savages crowded, in a dense mass, around the stakes, all gazing with astonishment and in silence upon our preparations. W—— rose and waved his pike, quite ominously, three times over the chest; and then, wheeling suddenly, he waved it three times over the old woman's head, and planted its glittering blade in the sand midway between her and the chest, which he opened, and took therefrom a tumbler that contained a liquid. This produced quite a stir among the savages; those who stood far off elevated themselves on tiptoe, while the women raised the little urchins upon their shoulders, that they might thereby have a better look at the mysterious incantation scene of the great medicines.

W—— presented the tumbler to the woman, and cried, "Tow-o-nu!" (drink). She took the tumbler and quaffed its contents, without apparently tasting it. It was a dose of calomel and jalap. We applied to her afflicted body soap and water, with Harlem oil, secured her wounds from the air and dirt by some clothing, and gave her a mug of sulphur and molasses, with directions how to take it. We also cautioned her against eating too heartily of her favourite dish, "roast pig," and then, mysteriously waving our pikes over our heads, we bade her depart.

The "old lady" folded her mat, with the most thankful and elated hopes, and with full faith in the Great Spirit. It seemed as if she already walked more firm and brisk, and the savages greeted her with a wild shout of joy.

The next patient who came was a plump young girl. She seated herself in the circle and held out her finger. In it stuck an iron fish-hook, and it was much swollen. She was the

youngest daughter of the chief in whose wigwam I had been quartered, and she had received the hook as a present from one of the crew. We cut it out, and wrapped her finger nicely in bazilicon and lint, and she departed as well pleased as the old lady.

We administered medicines and advice to several others, until night was upon us, and our business had been successfully accomplished. The lid of the chest was closed, and it was conveyed on board of the boat, while we waved our pikes, fired the rocket, the blue-light, and the "magic-circle," and rushed on board the boat, which pulled away with all speed round the point, where we stopped to reconnoitre. The circle and blue-light blazed away, casting an unearthly glare on the dark green foliage of the forest, and flickering over the placid waters of the lagoon. The savages uttered a wild yell of dismay, that rang through the still forest, while they retreated hastily towards the village. We afterward understood that they supposed we had gone up to visit our homes in the moon; and that we had ascended in fire drawn down from that luminary.

The next day the savages came off to the vessel, full of faith in the Great Spirit and his medicines; and they wore, suspended to their breasts, bits of the paper that had composed the rocket and blue-light, which they regarded with superstitious reverence as wonderful talismans. W—— had a small quantity of domestic salve, that much resembled bazilicon. This salve he freely and successfully applied in all cases of cuts, wounds, or bruises; and the healing virtues of these plasters became so celebrated among these simple-hearted natives, that they soon became an article of traffic with them, as each patient could obtain whatever price he chose to demand for the smallest piece, or even shred, of one of these plasters, which were used as amulets, and were suspended to the necks of the purchasers, as a sovereign antidote against every impending evil, physical or moral, that seemed to threaten them. Our prescriptions were always harmless, and what they lacked in efficacy was amply supplied by the unwavering faith of the patient. To our agreeable surprise, we found, on a subsequent visit to this place, that our patients had all recovered, and that even the old lady was in a promising state of convalescence.

W—— was known to the natives by the name of the Great Medicine Edward, and I was known as the Medicine Thomas. These kind people could not do too many favours for us, and we were welcomed and entertained in every wigwam. In fact, there was a good chance for us to settle down here for life, as men of "royal blood." Polygamy being the fashion of the country, the celebrated brave, Katore, tendered me his three daughters for wives. Of course the offer was respectfully declined.

Embarking in the boat, we proceeded to examine a river, the mouth of which we had discovered on the shores of Bidera, emptying into the lagoon directly opposite Leo Island. Following up its channel, we found it to extend in a S.S.W. direction. It was about a quarter of a mile wide. The water was brackish, and averaged six feet deep. On its eastern bank was a small purling stream of pure fresh water, that emptied into it near its mouth. The banks in some places sloped gradually to the water, and in others were quite precipitous. Grass openings were scattered here and there; but most of the country was thickly wooded with lofty trees of various kinds, while in some places the mangrove threw its long arms far out into the water. Having advanced five miles, we approached a projecting wooded point, when a sailor cried, "Hist! hist! didn't you hear that wild beast growl!"

"Ay!" replied every one, as we directed the boat more towards the centre of the stream, fearing an ambush, or that a lion or tiger might spring upon us from his covert. From the thicket suddenly rushed five wild hogs, who plunged into the river and swam for the opposite shore. A large and furious boar, with huge projecting tusks, led the van. The captain levelled his rifle at him and fired. He threw his head into the air, turned short round, eyed us with his fiery-red eyes, gave a frightful snarl, gnashed his teeth in defiance, shook his head furiously at us, and then struck with all speed for the shore, followed by all his family, who landed upon the beach and disappeared in the forest.

The country appeared to be uninhabited; nothing broke the stillness save the noise of our oars. Farther up the river we discovered a wigwam, beautifully nestled among fan-palms and cocoanut-trees, upon a sloping terreplein. Upon landing

we found it deserted, and birds had built their nests inside and beneath the shelter of its eaves. We had had a long journey, and felt very hungry, so we halted to rest and dine.

We tried to climb the cocoanut-trees, but found it a hard task for inexperienced hands. I got half way up one, but was obliged to come down again. Two of the sailors, more skilled than the others, succeeded in mounting to the top of two trees, and threw down enough nuts for all hands.

We lounged in the shade, and dined with a keen appetite. A flock of paraquets screeched overhead, and I was delighted with the original freshness and natural beauty of the scene around.

We embarked, intending to return, but I persuaded the captain to go up the river and explore it a little farther. He did so, and we came to a spot where it swelled out into a little lake of surpassing beauty. Here we put about. I felt a great desire to explore this river, and would willingly have pulled an oar as long as any one. The captain objected, because we had not come prepared for camping, and it was not prudent to go farther at present. It was some time after nightfall when we pulled alongside of the vessel.

I have named the river "ALLISON RIVER," after my esteemed friend, Joseph Allison, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, a merchant of well-known worth and integrity.

The captain now determined to make a minute exploration of the country; for, like all of us, he had become charmed with it, and seemed strongly impressed with the idea that he would one day settle for life in some part of Tropical Australasia.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

WE had four boats, and they were now all launched. Three of them were fitted for explorations and survey. They were well provided with everything that might be required, such as water-tight lockers, for trading-cargo and provisions; painted canvass screens, for the protection of the arms and ammuni-

tions of the crew ; water-kegs, awnings, &c. The long-boat was quite a large craft, of beautiful proportions, schooner-rigged, and painted black, with a white streak and two great white stars on her tapering bows. Upon her bow was mounted a swivel, and on her stern a blunderbuss, with a big muzzle. The cutter was a trim craft, sloop-rigged. The whale-boat was also sloop-rigged, and very fleet. These three boats composed what we called our "exploring squadron."

The first was named the *Invincible*, and was the "flag-ship ;" she was commanded by the captain in person, and was provided with a tinder-box, a signal-lantern, a compass, mathematical implements, a French horn, a telescope, &c. The second was named the *Tempest* ; and the third, the *Sylph*.

The outfit of the squadron was now completed, and the vessels composing it towed to our lower studding-sail booms, which were guyed out. Everything on board the vessel was made as secure as possible, so as to guard against any attack or surprise from the savages, during the absence of the greater part of the crew on the projected exploration. She was moored stem and stern, secure from all winds and sea, and the boarding-netting and awnings were triced up fore and aft, so that a few men could defend her against thousands of savages with their rude implements of warfare. Indeed, she was a kind of floating fort, and the captain directed the officer in charge not to admit more than six savages on board at any time during his absence.

The crew were all mustered and stationed. At midnight I was aroused by the striking of the bell, followed by the loud cry of the watch, "Explorers away ! Man the squadron !" I turned out, seized my arms and accoutrements, and jumped into the *Invincible*, of which I was coxswain. The captain sat beside me, and, the squadron being manned, we shoved off and set sail, steering west with a brisk breeze and a signal-lantern at the stern, which served as a guide to the *Tempest* and *Sylph*, who followed in our wake. It was as dark as *Erebus*. We sailed along the islands and reefs which lay off the coast. The captain seized the French horn and sent forth a signal, which was answered by the squadron with a notable blast from tin horns. They received in reply the shrill sound of a boatswain's whistle, blown by *Benton*, who commanded the

Tempest; and the sounds were prolonged and echoed along by W—, or the Medicine Edward, who commanded the Sylph. These noises echoed strangely and startlingly over the neighbouring island, but roused no reply, except from a couple of waking owls. Onward we sped, edging in towards the mainland, passing several small islands and coral reefs.

At daybreak we were coasting the beach of Bidera, and discovered a stream of fresh water, which babbled over a rocky cliff and emptied into the lagoon. We stopped only to fill our kegs. Suddenly we opened a cove, on the shore of which was a native village. We landed and invested it, but the natives got the start of us, and, rising from their beds, fled in all directions, men, women, and children. We inspected the houses; viewed the beauties of the surrounding rural scenery; cast our eyes up wistfully at the clusters of yellow bananas, green cocoanuts, and bread-fruit that hung overhead; suspended some trinkets in front of the chief's house, and then embarked again, pursuing our course westward.

The scenery on Bidera was most magnificent, composed of lovely hills and dales, prairies and woodlands, while in the distance rose elevated mountains. Little sequestered coves, with grassy and wooded shores, and pure white sand-beaches, opened to view as we sailed along.

We passed by several uninhabited islands, which were covered with forests, on one of which we stopped to dine. At 2 P.M. we were opposite an island, the shore of which was lined with groves of cocoanut-trees, beneath whose shade was a village, for which we directed our course.

A host of savages were drawn up in line along the beach, all armed with spears and war-clubs, with which they wildly threatened us, uttering a yell and sending forth the loud sound of the war-conch and tum-tums. While this was taking place, we saw with the telescope that the women and children were deserting the island, by embarking in canoes at its farther end, and paddling for Bidera. At first we thought of going in pursuit of them, and the idea pleased our crew extremely. The captain determined, however, to silence the war-yell and conches; so we bore down for the midst of the savages, and when within pistol-shot, the captain cried, "Three cheers, my boys!" The cheers were given, and were followed by blasts



from the French horn, the tin horns, and boatswain's whistle, and the roll upon our drum. This clamorous "war-yell" was more than the savages could understand, and they scampered away into the forest pellmell, while we landed and took possession of the village, by right of conquest.

We were busy examining the houses, when we heard the tumultuous sound of a multitude of native voices ringing through the forest.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted the pickets.

We rushed to the beach and formed in line in front of the squadron. A procession of savages, marching two by two, in slow and solemn tread, advanced along the beach. The van was led by four athletic men, marching Indian file, carrying a hog, that was secured upon a pole that rested upon their shoulders. The company marked time to a peculiar whizzing song, which they chanted, accompanied by the slow tap of the tum-tum. The van waved green branches in token of friendship. We lay down our arms and did the same, motioning them to come on. The captain ordered us to put on as respectful faces as possible, and not to suffer a smile to interrupt the solemnity of the scene. The old salts screwed and twisted their quids of tobacco around in their mouths, until they rested in a particular spot, that gave their countenances quite a "comical, solemn" phiz, which the natives, no doubt, construed into the height of reverence and sanctity, such as was only to be found among spirits of the "sun and moon."

The captain stood ready to receive his "children" as became the dignified powers he knew they attributed to him. When within fifty feet of us, the procession halted and the chant ceased.

A noted brave, named Tantangeely, now left the rank and advanced boldly to meet the captain. His body was painted in red stripes, not unlike a barber's-pole, and upon his head and shoulders fluttered the white plumage of the cockatoo. In his right hand he held extended a *carbo-gourd*,\* and in his

\* A handsomely-carved gourd, one foot or more long, with a hole in one end, and filled with coral or shell lime, into which is thrust a stick, by means of which it is drawn out to be chewed with the astringent areca-nut, which resembles the nutmeg in appearance, and with the fragrant and pleasant betle-leaf. These three articles, when chewed together, colour the saliva

left a network bag of fine texture. The keen eyes of the chieftain now rested upon those of the captain, and they halted and stood face to face.

"Par-an-nee part-see" (eat betle), said the savage.

"Lo py-tar" (very good), answered the captain, taking the *carbo-gourd* and bag, from which he took a chew of betle, and returned them to the savage, who now handed the captain a large piece of Venitian red, saying, "Mon-wee elow-u-nee."

The captain painted his face and breast in stripes, and handed the Venitian red for us to do likewise. At this the savages uttered a wild shout of joy; to which we replied, looking like veteran savages with our painted faces and bodies. A perpetual treaty of peace and commerce was now ratified.

Tantangeely wheeled round, and, placing himself in front of the savages who carried the hog, waved his *carbo-gourd*, and shouting, "Tal-la-lowe!" stalked majestically away towards the squadron, in solemn and slow tread, followed by the four savages and hog, while the main body chanted the song of peace and the hog squealed in chorus, as he was safely deposited on board of the *Invincible*, as an offering to the "deity." He was a fine, fat porker, and, like his owners, was painted in red stripes. One of the sailors from "down East" declared that in Massachusetts he would have passed for a "striped pig."

Our intercourse with the natives now became quite intimate, and we entered into a brisk trade, after which the captain made the chiefs many presents, and they promised to collect all the articles that he required, and keep them safe for him until his return. As we embarked they presented us with delicious fruit. We bade them farewell and set sail, amid a joyful shout, which was heartily returned.

It was late in the afternoon when, after sailing along the shores of a pretty little uninhabited island, we entered a cove, at the foot of which were a few scattering cocoa-trees. We prepared to encamp upon the beach for the night. The squadron was moored and everything required landed. We pitched a rude tent, killed our hog, prepared our homely but most welcome supper, and, after eating it with greedy appetites, stationed as blood. It is considered a very friendly sign to present the *carbo-gourd* and exchange a chew of betle.

ed the pickets and rolled ourselves in our blankets upon the beach beneath the shelter of the tent, which we only needed as a protection from dew or rain.

At the dawn of day we struck the tent, and set sail in the squadron. Near meridian we sighted a long island, and saw a large village, which, as usual, was imbowered amid fruit-bearing trees. As we approached, some of the natives fled; but an aged chief, named Oruto-roto, stood his ground upon the beach, backed by a party of warriors or braves of note, who made friendly signs and invited us to land.

We lay to with the squadron near the shore, and sent the Sylph to open a trade with the savages. W—— and two of his crew walked up the beach to meet Oruto-roto and exchange betle. The savages, finding that we were friendly, began to flock down upon the beach in great numbers, and a trade was immediately opened. W—— displayed all his tempting and glittering trinkets, and made the chiefs presents.

While this was going on, a dense mob of savages had surrounded the Sylph, as she lay with her bow upon the beach. They waded into the water around her, admiring her graceful form and wonderful construction. They felt her sides and bottom, and caressed the crew. The captain now hoisted his flag on board the Invincible, which was a signal for the Sylph to join the squadron. This proved to be a difficult matter, for W—— was completely cut off from her by the dense mob of savages, through whom he wormed his way with great tact and consummate bravery, for their keen and avaricious eyes had already laid claim to the tempting and valuable trinkets, which they began to think of appropriating to themselves, now that they saw them within their grasp. At length he regained the boat, but the savages clung to the gunwales with so much tenacity, that it was almost impossible to shove her off amid the mob. With bold looks and loud threats, he succeeded in getting her afloat and clear of the host. Now he discovered that the rudder had been stolen, and accused the savages of the theft. They denied it, and replied with angry and abusive language.\*

\* They afterward confessed their astonishment at seeing the boat move without a rudder, in which they had supposed was concealed some strange and magical power, of which, if we were deprived, we should become as im-

The captain saw with his telescope all that was going on, and sailed down to the assistance of the Sylph, bringing the broadside of the squadron to bear upon the savages, while he rose and delivered a loud and energetic harangue to the multitude that were upon the beach and wading in the water. He told them, W—— interpreting his speech, that if the rudder was not instantly restored, the Great Spirit would raise a tempest of thunder and lightning that would kill their people, especially the guilty ones, destroy their houses, and sink the island!

We immediately prepared to execute this threat, by loading the swivel with bar-shot and the blunderbusses with grape, while each man reprimed his musket.

“Ready!” cried the captain. “Aim!”

The crew all stood with their muskets levelled at the savages, among whom they were about to fire. By this time the warriors were armed with spears and shields; but the sight of our warlike front, ignorant as they were of our power and intention, cooled their bravery and threw them into confusion. At this critical juncture, Oruto-roto advanced, making friendly signs. When at the water’s edge he shouted, “Great Spirit, don’t sink the island; the rudder has been found adrift by my people, who merely picked it up to save it!”

A savage now appeared with the rudder in his hand, and, rushing into the water, he swam off and presented it to the captain, who held it on high over his head in full view of the host, who shouted and danced for joy, and threw their spears away, while we lay down our arms. A treaty of peace and commerce was immediately ratified, in presence of the assembled chiefs and populace. A peace-offering, consisting of three fine hogs and plenty of fruit, was presented to the “Great Spirit,” who received them most graciously, together with fragrant green branches, which served the purpose of “olive branches.”

Matters being thus amicably settled, a brisk trade was naturally entered into and sustained without farther misunderstanding. The natives made the captain the usual promises, becile as themselves. Under this conviction they had stolen the rudder, thinking that if the trade-boat was in their power, all the merchandise would be theirs free of cost.

and, bidding them farewell, we embarked and set sail. We named this, from our adventure upon it, Rudder Island.

Making the best of our way for the amphitheatral lands of Bidera, we discovered a bay, which we entered, and found a fresh-water river emptying into it. At the mouth of the latter we found a bed of fine large oysters, a considerable quantity of which we collected, and then set sail up the river.

The banks were sloping, and covered with trees and shrubs, most of which were entirely new to us, and some, no doubt, were valuable as dyewoods and for the production of gums. We also collected several new specimens of flowers. We pitched our tent upon a rocky bluff, and enjoyed a most delightful and invigorating tropical bath, by wading into the pure stream upon its pebbly bed. In front of the tent we built a large fire, and feasted quite sumptuously upon roasted oysters. As the mantle of night shrouded us, we gathered reclining round the fire, for, although this was a climate of perpetual summer, the night dews were heavy and chilling. The light of the fire flickered over the murmuring waters of the river, and in the distance to the south could be discerned the blue outline of a lofty range of mountains. We had assembled for a grand "smoking council," every man with his pipe in his mouth. The captain sat at the head of the circle, upon a water-keg, with a long pipe, puffing away and observing nothing; evidently lost in a reverie, with his eyes cast upon the blazing fire.

"We're snugly moored for all night if the fire don't bring savages or wild beasts upon us!" said one of the croakers.

"You bloody owl, we ain't afeard o' them if they do come," said another; and then followed the remarks of different members composing the "council."

"It's a pity that so many fine girls at home should be prevented from marrying, for fear of being forced to go to the poorhouse for a subsistence, and that men should quarrel for a mean strip of poor land, when all this fine country lies in a state of nature!" said the captain, as he at last broke silence. The crew looked at him eagerly, and listened for the proposition which was to come. "My boys," said he, "if I should return here to plant a colony of respectable families, will you follow me?"

"Ay! ay!" was the general reply, and the captain again sank into his reverie.

"I say, Ned, we sha'n't have to hunt up a ship or boarding-house again, if we settle here."

"You're right; each man'll have a house and plantation of his own."

The pipes were smoked out, the sentinels stationed, and we all retired within the tent to repose.

During the night I was roused to relieve the sentinel; and, patrolling the rounds, stretching and gaping, I heard a rustling in the thicket, and saw something move. This awoke me most effectually, and, levelling my rifle, I was about to fire, when my eyes opened wide enough to see that I was aiming at a dry fan-palm leaf that rustled against the rough bark of a tree. I stirred up the fire, piled on the wood, and tramped up and down, serenaded by tree-toads and catydid.

At daybreak all hands turned out to shoot at a flock of pigeons that had lit upon the neighbouring trees. The hunters came in loaded with the birds, which were forthwith cooked, and we had served up for breakfast "pigeon pie" and "Scotch coffee."\*

The Bidera pigeon resembles, in form, our domestic bird of the same name, except that it is larger. In colour it is widely different. Its bill is black, and the root is covered with flesh similar to that of the carrier. Its body is of a beautiful buff or brown colour, and a white ruff encircles its neck. We struck the tent, and embarked in the squadron on our return to the vessel. We stopped at several places to trade with the natives, and met with various success. At night we camped on a rocky islet near the coast of Bidera.

The next day we explored several coral reefs and sandspits, and, a rain squall passing over us, we went into the water to enjoy a bath and keep from "getting wet" from the rain. Late at night we arrived safe on board the vessel and turned in for a "snooze."

The next day we embarked in the squadron and sailed to the eastward. We discovered a handsome little bay, with a remarkably high rocky islet in its centre, and afterward coasted round a point of land, which we subsequently named Sambarlo Point, after a noted chief of that name, who resided in

\* Scotch coffee is made of burned ship-bread boiled in water, and sweetened with molasses.

the neighbouring village of Woge-Woge. A canoe, filled with savages, paddled alongshore, and we gave chase. They abandoned the canoe upon the beach and fled into the thicket, whence they held a pow-wow with us, quite concealed from our view, except now and then, as we caught a glimpse of a head or leg through an opening. We hailed them in the Bidera tongue, and invited them to come and receive the presents we had brought them. They answered, "No! you only want to kill and eat us." We used all our logic in vain to convince them that we were not "cannibals!" We told them that we came to trade, and wanted to buy tortoise-shell and pearls to take home, to make armlets and bangles for our *godeys and eno-parokers* (wives and children). They now began to understand a little, although our former assertions had been received with evident incredulity.

They replied that they would sell us plenty of the articles named, provided we would not come back again to frighten them, and that all they prayed for was our absence. They added, that if we would depart, they would place some shell upon an old prostrate tree, that lay partly upon the land and partly in the water.

Upon hearing this, we placed some iron-hoop and beads upon the fallen tree, and then withdrew some distance. The savages ventured from their covert, and, taking the trinkets, left in their place four large pieces of the hawk's-bill tortoise-shell, which we returned and took, while the savages again fled into the thicket. We hallooed and thanked them for their kindness, and hoped that they might one day see our *godeys* with combs made out of the shell sticking in their hair.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

PROMISING to call and see our timid customers again, we sailed away for a little wooded island two miles distant to seaward. Upon landing, we saw two canoes, filled with savages, creeping alongshore on a fishing excursion. They attempted to run away, but we pursued them hotly, and completely sur-

rounded them, to their terror and dismay. They were our prisoners, and expected that we would roast and eat them, as they do with their prisoners; not for food, but to fulfil a superstitious rite, by which the souls of their enemies are condemned to perpetual torment in the future world.

Instead of roasting their bodies, we told them that we were their friends, and made them many presents. They expressed their joy by singing a peculiar ditty, and dancing wildly upon the beach, striking their hands upon their thighs. They presented us some fine fish, and the captain said he would show them how he could kill, with his spear, a large bird that perched upon a neighbouring tree. The savages stood in mute wonder, eyeing the bird, while the captain levelled his musket and fired. The bird fell; the savages rushed, terrified, into the water, and swam with all speed for Woge-Woge. We shouted for them to come back, but the more we called the faster they swam, and every time we hallooed loudly, they dove under water like so many wild ducks, to escape the thunder and lightning of the Great Spirit. We watched them with the telescope, and saw them land safely at Woge-Woge, which was more than two miles distant. A host of savages collected around them, and they seemed, by their gestures, to be relating some wonderful tale. In their terror, they had abandoned their canoes, trinkets, and all. We took the canoes in tow of the *Invincible*, and sailed for Woge-Woge, where we landed. The savages deserted the village at our approach, and fled with precipitation. We hauled the canoes safely upon the beach, and, depositing presents in them, set sail away.

The next day we explored several little uninhabited islands and some coral reefs, and landed at a small village upon the main. The inhabitants fled, as usual. We found some fine groves of cocoanut, bread-fruit, banana, plantain, and orange trees, and scattered about were plantations or patches of golo-po, yams, and sweet potatoes. Domestic fowls strutted about. In the afternoon we returned to the vessel. We named the harbour where our brig was moored the Bay of Shoals.

The next day we visited Peo Leo and his people. Our patients were getting on well, and, bidding them farewell, we returned on board the vessel, unmoored, and set sail, steering to the eastward, and thridding the dangerous reefs along the



coast. I was ordered ahead in the *Invincible* to sound the dangerous and unknown passage, while the *Margaret Oakley* followed, guided by signals.

Late in the afternoon we discovered a deep bay in the mainland. We entered it and careered along under full sail, until near its foot, when we hauled our wind to the eastward, and, with a close shave, sped past a wooded promontory and shot into a romantic little circular cove, where we clewed up and clewed down, and rang the bunting cry. When the headway had ceased and the vessel lay motionless close upon the forest, we dropped anchor in thirteen fathoms' water. The cove was completely landlocked, and we could defy all winds. The wooded slopes and projecting promontories were reflected upon the mirror-like bosom of the water, in striking contrast with the dark hull and tapering spars of our clipper craft. A pure white sand-beach formed the immediate shore, and presented a remarkable feature, when contrasted with the luxurious and dark-green foliage with which it was fringed. Numerous birds, of beautiful plumage and of song, carolled their vesper hymns as they flew from tree to tree, presenting together a most rural and romantic scene.

I have coasted the shores of both Americas, and travelled much inland, but never have I witnessed such a lovely scene as this.

The country round about seemed uninhabited; the anchor-watch was set, and we retired to our hammocks.

The next morning we were up and away in the squadron, exploring the land. We discovered a large creek of fresh water, up which we sailed some distance, and came to a *golopo* plantation, divided into small compartments by bamboo fences. Brushing a jungle with our spanker-boom, we all cried simultaneously, "A wild beast!" and cocked our rifles, as we heard a rustling among the dry leaves, and saw a large and most singular-looking animal running on all fours towards us! Suddenly the creature halted, and, rising up to the height of near six feet, stood upon his hind legs! Several animals of similar appearance now joined him, and gazed at us in astonishment, while at the same time they all held green branches in their "fore paws," and waved them in token of friendship. They wore armlets, and necklaces of hogs' teeth!

Notwithstanding the "questionable shape" in which they had appeared, they were human beings, of fine form and feature, and of a lighter colour than any we had before seen upon Bidera. We made friendly signs and showed them beautiful trinkets, at the sight of which they seemed greatly delighted; but when we landed to approach them, they fled with precipitation, and disappeared in the gloom of the jungle. Finding it impossible to open any communication with them, we returned to the cove and continued our exploration of its shore. We soon discovered a wonderful natural curiosity. It was a tree; the trunk was twenty feet in diameter, and from it all around, at regular intervals, projected board-like partitions, each of which formed as many cavities, which would have made good dwellings if closed up. The tree was not lofty, but, on the contrary, quite squat, and sent out numerous arms, from which shot pendent shoots, that took root in the ground, and thus spread over and covered a vast space.

It was evidently an old settler; of what species we knew not, but supposed it to belong to that of the Banian. The sailors called it the "little tree's grand-daddy."

The natives that we had seen seemed to be complete landmen; in fact, it was doubtful whether they knew the use of a canoe, for we saw none.

The captain and all hands had fallen in love with this beautiful cove, and the next day we landed, well provided with sharp axes to cut wood and clear a spot to make a garden, and thus form the germe of a colony.

We threw off our jackets with right good-will, and went to work in earnest. The sound of our blows rang through the peaceful forests and rolled up the hill-slopes, echoing and re-echoing over the cove. Such havoc and tumult had never been witnessed here before, and all natives, no doubt, fled, terrified, out of sight and hearing. The trees were of species unknown, and the wood of beautiful colour and texture. One species resembled, and was even more beautiful than, rose-wood. The wild nutmeg-tree grew here in abundance.

W—— and myself strolled into the forest, and discovered a gum that resembled frankincense. The crew worked smartly, but it was evident that they hacked and chopped the trees without any system. One tree fell the "wrong way," and a

limb knocked down a sailor. Another stood tottering, apparently undecided which way to fall. "Stand from under!" cried Ned Harris, as he ran up and gave it a powerful shove.

Old Jack and the Doctor (the black cook) were experienced "wood-choppers." The former had been brought up on a farm in Vermont, and the latter was a runaway slave from the pine forests of Virginia. It was excellent amusement to witness the crew taking lessons of these two worthies in the science of "wood-chopping."

"We'll give up follerin' the sea and turn farmers," said one.

"Ay," said Old Jack, who still had a hankering after his "old trade," "a farmer's life is the most independent, if he hasn't any rent to pay; he ain't turned out o' a warm berth to reef topsails in snow and sleet, and fall overboard with frozen fingers."

"What you 'bout dere?" said the Doctor to a "green one:": "dat tree'll smash you if you don't give him de science lick!"

The next day we took in a full supply of wood and water of the best quality. The water we obtained from the creek. In the morning we landed with spades, shovels, hoes, and seeds of various kinds, and made a garden around the "little tree's grand-daddy." Among the seeds planted were Indian corn, wheat, rice, coffee, cotton, cultivated nutmeg, cherry, peach, pumpkin, melon, radish, turnip, cabbage, &c. Having completed the garden, we returned to the vessel, and a heavy shower of rain passing over, we stopped up the scuppers and flooded the decks. Each man deposited his dirty clothing in a heap on deck, and then adding the clothing from his body, he jumped and stamped upon them like an Irish washerwoman, at the same time enjoying a pleasant natural shower-bath.

I name this cove Fairy Cove; and the large bay upon which it is situated, Webster Bay, in honour of Daniel Webster.

When we entered Webster Bay, we had seen in the distance a dense cloud of smoke rising into the heavens from the shore of Bidera, to the eastward, and, as a towering mountain lay in that direction, we supposed that its summit was a flaming volcano. Some how or other, the crew became possessed of the idea that valuable gold-mines remained to be discovered by us in that direction, and that we were there to make our "eternal fortunes."

The captain, too, had given us hopes of this sort, by expressing his determination to explore that region in quest of gold-dust, and diamonds, and other precious commodities. The next day we weighed anchor and sailed out of Fairy Cove, and coasted the eastern shore of Webster Bay. At midnight we were opposite a peninsula, but little elevated above the sea, and situated partly between two lofty mountain peaks, from one of which, in the distance, we had supposed issued the fire and smoke. But now we saw our deception. The peninsula was one vast basin or volcanic crater, covered with flaming fire, which extended quite into the valley between the base of the lofty peaks. The flames shot about and traversed the immense crater with fearful and devouring force. From the mast-head I looked down upon the fiery basin, and saw it filled with red-hot and liquid lava, that had burst the brink of the crater, and poured through a chasm, like molten lead, hissing and roaring into the sea. At regular intervals, in different parts of the crater, shot up sheets of flame, in violent jets, more than one hundred feet into the air, accompanied by a dreadful rumbling or bellowing, that seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth and sea, while at the same time red-hot stones and immense boulders were cast furiously hundreds of feet into the air, and scattered over the crater. A dense column of smoke and cinders rose up to the very sky, and was carried away by a current of wind, blowing in a contrary direction from the one that we experienced. The bright red hue of the flames was reflected on all surrounding objects. The dancing sea seemed like liquid fire, and the spars and rigging of the vessel looked as if they were in a blaze, while the increased heat was quite perceptible. The scene was one of awful grandeur and sublimity. We named the peninsula after our captain, "Morrell's Peninsula," and the volcano upon it will be known by the same name.

We undertook to navigate through the reefs and sand-spits during the night, lighted by the volcano. I was ahead in the *Invincible*, sounding and marking the track, when suddenly white breakers hove in sight, dead ahead, upon a coral patch of small extent. Down came the *Margaret Oakley* under a press of canvass. I signalized, but it was not noticed until I discharged the swivel; the vessel just saved her ribs from a

grinding. Next we groped our way through a cluster of islets, and at daybreak hauled our wind to the S.S.W., around the east side of Morrell's Peninsula, and steered for the foot of a very large bay. The land rose gradually on each side, until it assumed the form of elevated mountains, with beautiful intervening valleys, covered with forests. Near the foot of the great bay, on its east side, we anchored, close to the land, in a cove, the mouth of which was protected by two dangerous coral reefs. To the great bay I give the native name Barretuuo Bay. On the west side of the bay there appeared several boiling springs, that sent up clouds of steam into the air. Not a native or habitation of any kind could be seen. The whole country seemed to be in a primitive state of nature.

The next day we embarked in the squadron to explore the cove, and, entering the mouth of a creek, passed a fishing-hut, and saw a party of savages standing upon the bank. They waved green branches in token of friendship, and came singing and dancing down upon the beach, headed by a noble warrior of commanding appearance, whose name was Woner-Woner; he wore round his waist a wampum belt of the claws and beaks of birds, which rattled like castanets as he stalked along. He carried a huge spear in his hand, the shaft of which was ornamented with the gay plumage of the paradise bird. We landed; the captain met the warrior face to face, and the two exchanged spears, and ratified a treaty of peace and commerce. These natives resided upon the mountains in the interior, and had only come down here on a hunting and fishing excursion. They had no canoes in the cove, and only floated about the creek upon logs and bamboos. They were a people similar in colour and appearance to those we had seen at Fairy Cove, and we became very intimate with them. They were a stout, well-proportioned, healthy-looking people, with muscular and well-rounded limbs.

We made them many presents, and they presented us two fine hogs, with shell necklaces upon their necks. They were well pleased with the presents we made them, and invited us to come and see them at their village upon the mountain, at the same time showing us the path by which we could reach it. They were going home now to carry the news of our arrival, and we promised to call and see them. I presented

Woner-Woner a stout knife, one of Rodgers's best ; he was so much pleased with it that he dragged me gently towards the path, with the wampum grating against my body, and wanted me to go with him forthwith. The captain objected, and so we bade the natives farewell. The next day we explored and surveyed the reefs at the mouth of the cove, and sailed to the eastward, coasting along the shores of Barretuno Bay. We espied one canoe, filled with savages, who paddled away, while we gave chase, and plied our oars with vigour. They dodged us, from promontory to promontory, most provokingly, for some time. At length the wind freshened, and we walked up to them so fast that, when they found themselves nearly run down, they sought refuge in a river. The Invincible grounded upon a sand-bar at the mouth, but the Tempest and Sylph continued the pursuit. The savages abandoned their canoe upon the beach, and, throwing away their paddles, scampered in dismay into the forest. We camped for the night upon an uninhabited islet near the mouth of the river, and drew our seine by torchlight, in imitation of the savages, and were very successful ; for we caught an abundance of fine fish, which were variegated with all the colours of the rainbow.

Next day we explored and surveyed more of the coast, and, without seeing a single native, returned to the vessel. The next day we landed at the mouth of the creek which emptied into the cove we had explored, prepared for an excursion into the interior of Bidera. The squadron returned to the vessel in charge of the "garrison." Headed by the captain, we marched along, like a string of tatterdemalion bandits, pursuing the path pointed out by Woner-Woner. At first the surface was gently rolling, the soil rich, and covered with a stately forest of beautiful trees, of various species, free from underwood. At the termination of this tract, we came to a beetling hillock and a cross path, that seemed to have been frequently travelled ; but, as it led in a different direction from that in which we were going, we kept directly forward, and entered a gloomy ravine, leading up the hill. Here the forest was filled with underwood and creeping vines, the great naked stems of which extended up to the treetops, intertwining and matting them together into one dense canopy, that excluded the rays of the sun and cast over everything a gloomy shade,

which was rendered still more dismal by the screeching of birds or beasts, and the drumming of some woodpecker upon a hollow tree, which was magnified by our fears into the sound of a tum-tum.

"A spear! Savages in ambush!" shouted one of the company.

This cry brought us all to a dead stand; every man cocked his musket or drew his cutlass, and tremblingly awaited the onset which we thought sure to come.

"Stand your ground like men!" shouted the captain, with desperate bravery. All remained as silent as the grave.

The cause of our alarm was soon discovered. A sailor had jarred the body of a vine, and a decayed pendent shoot had fallen and stuck into the ground near his body. In the dismal gloom he had imagined it a spear thrown by savages.

We pursued our course, laughing heartily at our terror of the imagined savages in ambush! and the adventure became a standing joke for many days after, and the sailor who made the outcry was nicknamed "Ambuscade."

Having gained the summit of the hill, we found the forest more open, and halted for a few moments to survey the broad waters of the Bidera Sea, which was bounded only by the horizon. Ascending another hill, we emerged from the forest into a beautiful, undulating prairie, covered with a grassy carpet of green, and bounded in the distance by a wooded mountain range. Clumps of beautiful trees were scattered about upon the grassy knolls, and the scene was most cheering when contrasted with the frightful, gnarled, and "ambuscade" jungle through which we had passed. Trails led round the timber, but we struck straight across the prairie. The trail soon became lost amid the grass, and we steered by compass. Entering a chasm, we aroused a herd of animals that much resembled deer; they wheeled round, threw their tails into the air, and bounded, terrified, out of sight. In a clump of woodland a large bird, of unknown species, stalked by us and disappeared. We were cautioned by the captain not to fire at any animal, except in self-defence, for fear of alarming the natives.

As we approached the base of the mountain, the ground became more hilly. Winding round a straggling grove of trees, a loud screeching and chattering rose upon our ears. A flock

of paradise birds hovered overhead, and flew across the prairie, with their bright-yellow plumes glittering in the sunshine like golden threads. The sight of these magnificent and beautiful birds, combined with the lovely scenery of the prairie, induced us to name this the Garden of Eden.

We were now full fifteen miles inland, and were greatly surprised at not having seen any of the inhabitants. Halting in a timber, we dined and quenched our thirst at a neighbouring rivulet; after which we travelled onward towards the mountain. When near its wooded base, a pack of dogs barked loudly, and a wild boar rushed out of the forest, hotly pursued by dogs and savages armed with spears and clubs. The boar did not like our appearance, and gave us a wide berth. The unthankful porker did not know that we were the means of saving his life. The savages and dogs were out upon a grand boar-hunt in our Garden of Eden; they halted, terrified at sight of us "Bedouins of the Garden," and then, wheeling round, streaked away out of sight into the forest. We followed their trail, and commenced the ascent of the mountain. With our hatchets we cut into various trees, which we considered of great value, and searched particularly for sandal wood, which we had reason to suppose existed here, together with the trees that produce camphor, gum-copal, caoutchouc, cajepout oil, &c.

We now heard voices, and saw savages winding down a rocky pass towards us. They were unarmed, and led by Woner-Woner, whose wampum belt rattled as he seized the captain by the hand (we had told him that shaking hands was a sign of friendship) and gave it a hearty shake, and invited us to his village, which was three miles distant. Woner-Woner and his warriors led the van up the mountain, while we followed, and brought up the rear. We wound round about through the forest, and at length turned short to the right, entering a most charming and rural little valley that nestled in the bosom of the mountain. It was literally covered with groves of cocoanut, bread-fruit, banana, plantain, cinnamon, nutmeg, orange, sago, and other trees. Scattered about between these, in the openings, were well-cultivated patches of golopo, sweet potato, yam, and sugar-cane, fenced in with bamboo. Looking down the vale, we caught glimpses through the trees of a rivulet of pure water, dancing and gurgling over



a rocky bottom, while near its brink, upon a piece of bottom-land, shaded by groves of trees, was situated a large and very neat village. A delightful and fragrant perfume was wafted from the spicy foliage, and the climate of this mountain vale was cool and refreshing. Here were the valley and village of Imburado. We marched through the village two by two. The populace eyed us with fear and reverence. We entered the palace or council-chamber, and saw a venerable old man seated upon a mat on a bamboo platform, and by his side sat two buxom women, who we afterward learned were his wives.

The old man was Imburado II., the king or patriarch of the place, and the son of the founder of the village.

Woner-Woner introduced our captain to the venerable king, who shook hands with him and repeated his name, "Cap-in Mor-el." We seated ourselves upon mats, and the council-chamber was filled with wondering savages.

Woner rose with a solemn aspect, and, motioning the savages to be seated, all became as silent as death, while he delivered a speech, which W—— and myself interpreted as follows :

"Cap-in Mor-el great king ; he come from moon in big war-canoe ; his people all great people at home ; more powerful than Imburado ! they very good, friendly people, and come to look at our country, to trade with us, and to make us presents of valuable things we never saw before ; you must make much of them, and treat your friends well, for they are powerful enemies. The people in the moon shake hands, which makes them good friends ; so you must shake hands with Cap-in Mor-el and his people, all the same as Imburado."

Woner ended his speech amid great cheering ; we left the palace, and seated ourselves upon mats beneath the shade of trees facing the rivulet.

We were besieged by a mob composed of all ages and both sexes, who came to shake hands with, and admire, the people from the moon.

These natives wear no clothing whatever, except the married women, who wear a mat of cocoa leaves tied round the waist, and hanging nearly to the knees. The males are all circumcised, though why this was deemed essential I did not learn. The features of these people were quite prepossessing,

their foreheads intellectual, and their eyes black and expressive. Some of the young women were decidedly handsome, and smiled upon us, weatherbeaten seamen as we were, with a double row of even and polished ivory, while their eyes sparkled with gratitude as we presented to each of them a string of beautiful beads, which they placed round their necks and danced for joy.

Each family cultivates what edible roots they require for themselves, and they till the ground by hand with wooden spades and hoes. They cut down trees of large size, and make all their implements with tools of shells and stones. The whole duty of a family consists in keeping their house in order, in constructing various implements and ornaments, and in raising what they require for food. If it requires two weeks to cut down one tree, it makes no difference; for they make no account of time. Of course, with their rude tools, they cannot work fast, but they can work as fast as they require. They have a stock on hand for immediate use, and from day to day peck and chip a little upon some new implement, which is sure to be finished as soon as it is needed. Their daily routine of duty consists in working an hour or two in the plantation, and as many more around the house, at various jobs. The other part of the day is devoted to pleasure excursions and recreations of various kinds; such as fishing and hunting, and sailing in canoes upon the bosom of the placid lake which is situated on the summit of Mount Imburado, and the waters of which rush in a cataract down a rocky ravine, feeding the purling stream that runs through the vale.

The climate of this region seems to be perfectly healthy, the soil exceedingly rich, the wants of the people few and easily supplied. Each man has a plantation of his own, from which, with very little labour, he raises all the necessaries of his simple life: the women work upon the farm as well as the men, and the food of the people consists almost entirely of the fruits and roots of this tropical climate. Each man has one, two, or three wives, as he chooses; it seems to cost nothing to raise a family of half a dozen children, and their whole manner of life is eminently simple, and apparently happy.

## CHAPTER XIX.

WONER-WONER had not forgotten me. "Ou nomer tomer-rorer tu-ong-er" (come with me to my house), said he, taking me by the hand with a strong grip.

His wampum and bangles rattled as he led me a fine race to the extreme end of the village, where we entered a handsomely-platted bamboo tuonger (house), thirty feet square, and twenty high to the peak of the roof, with a door in front and another in the rear, both of which were closed or opened at pleasure by a kind of movable mat. It stood upon a sloping bank of the rivulet, imbosomed among palm-trees; and the front door looked out upon a rural scene on the opposite side of the vale, across the stream.

The inside of the tuonger contained but one apartment, with a smooth, hard, white floor, made of coral-lime mortar. Around the sides of the apartment were hung culinary utensils and implements of war and the chase, of exquisite workmanship and elaborate carvings. Bedsteads were also ranged round the apartment, with mats upon them. We seated ourselves upon one, and Woner showed me a spear, made of fragrant and valuable wood, which he told me abounded round the lake upon the mountain. It was not yet completed, and he produced the knife I had given him, which he praised highly, and with which he intended to complete its tapering blade. The fishing-nets and lines, with tortoise-shell hooks, were equal to the best implements of the kind I had ever seen. Everything seemed clean and neatly arranged. Upon a wicker shelf stood several well-made baskets, with covers; and over them hung some network bags, of fine texture. Near the rear doorway, upon the floor, stood an immense unglazed earthen jar, which contained fresh water, and held nearly a barrel. On a shelf near by were variously-shaped cups, mugs, jugs, pots, and bowls, made of red earth or wood. Facing the rear door stood a log of wood, and upon it was a big wooden bowl. Around this stood a tall, pleasant-featured woman, and two young women with modest countenances. The group

were hard at work, with their hands in the bowl, mixing sago for a batch of bread. The eldest was probably thirty-five years old. She was the wife of Woner, and he loved her so much that he had no other. The two buxom young women were his daughters. They were plump as partridges, and just blooming into womanhood. The eldest was probably seventeen, and the other two years younger. They came to look at the stranger from the moon, and Woner introduced me to them, and we "shook hands." The name of his eldest daughter was Mener, and of the youngest Toloo; these were his only children.

A savage now came in with a message from Imburado, who desired to see Woner in relation to the quarters that were to be provided for "Cap-in Mor-el" and his people. Woner departed, leaving me in charge of his family.

The young women soon became particularly inquisitive as regarded the texture of my clothing and hair. I presented them each a string of beads and a gimlet. They seemed very thankful for the present, and sat upon the bedstead opposite me examining the wonderful trinkets. At length they had apparently discovered their use. The beads they hung round their necks, and suspended the gimlets upon their bosoms, by way of ornament, and then smiled and clapped their hands and danced for joy. I told them to bring me a piece of arbae (wood). They scampered out of doors, and soon returned and presented me a sapling, through which I bored a hole with Mener's gimlet. The young women shouted in wonder, and sat down beside me to try their skill in boring holes. "Ou-nomer ou-no!" shouted their mother from without, and they scampered away.

It was not long before Mener and Toloo returned, bringing a bunch of fine bananas, some cocoanuts, and fresh sago bread, which they placed before me, and which I ate with a keen appetite and a decided relish, and quenched my thirst with the wholesome and delightful water of the green cocoanut.\*

\* The old cocoanut, such as we get in New-York, is unwholesome, and contains only a spoonful of oily milk. These are only used by the natives to plant or make oil. The cocoanut of Bidera is very large, and used when green. It is then filled with nearly a pint of pure water, destitute of colour or oil, and is very grateful and refreshing to all palates. It can be cut with a

Having finished my meal, I held a tête-à-tête with the young women, who informed me something about the marriage ceremonies of their tribe. If a man loves a girl and desires to marry her, all he has to do is to build a wigwam and make a plantation, and ask the consent first of herself and then of her parents. If both are obtained, the couple go alone to Imburado, and are united in wedlock. The next day, at the beat of the tum-tum, they go to the great square, accompanied by their parents, and Imburado proclaims to the multitude their marriage, and invites them all to solemnize the ceremony by a grand dance in the evening around blazing fires.

It was now night, and Woner returned. He said he had told Cap-in Mor-el that Thomas was at his tuonger, and he had consented to my remaining over night with him. So I agreed to spend the night with Woner and his family, who prepared a bedstead for me. The captain and crew took possession of the council-chamber and slept on mats, with their arms stacked and sentinels pacing around.

A blazing candle-nut, placed upon a pole stuck in the centre of the floor, gave us light, while Woner and his interesting family related to me several anecdotes of their tribe, one of which I will record: Many moons ago, too many to count, a race of giant men, who were very black, landed upon the southeast coast of Bidera, facing the Papua Sea. They were a warlike and bloodthirsty set of savages. They invaded that part of the island, and carried fire and sword among the peaceful Biderans, many of whom they massacred, and drank the warm blood from their reeking bodies, while the rest fled before the invaders, and scattered themselves over different parts of the island. Among those who fled was Imburado I., who crossed the mountain-range and founded the present colony, which continued to flourish in peace until a few years ago, when the giant people increased, and waxed so strong that they began to make incursions up the mountains. The people of Imburado had often met and fought them with the spear, war-club, and

knife and plugged the same as a watermelon. The meat inside the shell has just begun to form, and is sweet and nourishing, and can be scooped out and eaten with a spoon the same as jelly. The cocoanuts purchased in New-York compare with these as dried apples do with the same fruit fresh from the tree.

sling ; but in most of the engagements they had been defeated. Finally, the black warriors threatened to invade the valley of Imburado. They were led on by a mighty warrior of gigantic stature ; his name was Pelaccar (forked lightning).

To enter the valley from the south over the mountains, it was necessary to pass through a narrow rocky defile, which was overhung by beetling cliffs. The domestic and peaceful inhabitants were thrown into dreadful consternation at the threatened invasion, and trembled at the thought of their desolated valley and their slaughtered children.

The present celebrated brave, Woner-Woner, had been most successful in all engagements with the foe, and he was now selected by common consent as the leader of the army of Imburado. The warriors of the valley, armed for battle, assembled in the great square and received a blessing from their venerable king, who exhorted them to do their utmost in defence of their wives, their children, and their happy home, which were now in imminent danger of being destroyed by the ruthless enemy.

Headed by Woner-Woner, they marched up the mountain to meet the foe. Arrived at the defile above mentioned, Woner, with admirable tact and consummate bravery, secreted the Imburado army upon the summit of a cliff overhanging the narrowest part of the defile, and laid in wait two days ; at the expiration of which time the invading army hove in sight, and, without any suspicion, marched at once into the defile. Onward they came, marching in all the pomp and glory of well-disciplined and hitherto successful warriors. The van was led by the colossal Pelaccar in person. In one hand he held a huge war-club, partly resting upon his shoulder, and in the other an enormous shield. Upon his head flaunted a paradise plume, that towered far above the heads of his fellows. His countenance was stern, his mien haughty, and his tread firm and energetic. Never had that noble warrior been vanquished, and his brow seemed to bear the stamp of invincible courage. At length the tramp of the host was heard winding round the base of the beetling cliff.

“Up and ring the war-yell !” shouted Woner-Woner. With a terrific yell the army of Imburado rushed like a torrent upon the brink of the cliff, and cast down a shower of stones

and rocks upon the foe! A terrible groan rose from the chasm and echoed dolefully along the cliff. Away sped Woner, followed by his victorious army, who blocked up the south pass of the defile, and thus prevented the retreat of the remnant of the defeated enemy. The latter were butchered with the war-club and spear. Not one of the black warriors escaped to tell the awful tale.

The victory of the Imburado army had been most complete, and they chanted a song of joy as they looked upon the corpses of their enemies, whose reeking gore stained the defile, which was ever after known as Pelaccar Ahshing (lightning's blood).

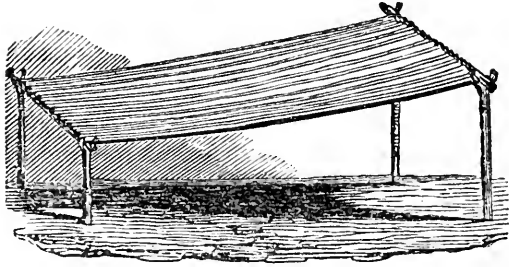
Woner cut off the head of Pelaccar, and, thrusting his spear into the mouth, marched down the valley of Imburado, holding in front the bleeding head of the giant, while the army followed, loaded with the spoils of the enemy, consisting of war implements and ornaments. They chanted the song of victory, which echoed along the vale, and told their wives and children that they were safe.

The blanched scull of Pelaccar now hangs upon a pole, planted on a rock in the centre of the rivulet opposite the village, a dreadful warning to the enemies of Imburado! The skeletons of the black army still whiten the pass of Pelaccar Ahshing.

At the conclusion of this exciting tale, the candle-nut had nearly burned out, and we all lay down to sleep in the same apartment, but each had a separate bed.

Not knowing what might happen, I cocked my pistols without noise, and laid them by my side, while my rifle was planted near my head.

In the morning I awoke from a sound sleep. The cocks were crowing, and birds carolling their matin song. Woner rose and departed. Soon after his wife and daughters rose and busied themselves in preparing the morning meal. I had slept so sweetly that I began to think there was some charm in the bedstead, and examined it minutely. The following drawing represents the riarnu (bedstead) upon which I slept. It is composed of four crotched stakes, secured in the floor, and supporting a concave bamboo frame, which was much higher at the head than foot, and no pillow was required, ex-



cept two or three folds of the mat that lay upon it, merely to keep the head on a right line with the body. The position was perfectly easy and natural, and I have since profited by the lesson which I received from the family of Woner.

Mener and Toloo took a great fancy to my striped shirt, and nothing would do but they must try it on. Mener strutted round the tuonger with it upon her body, and showed her mother how nice it looked.

The girls each put a water jar upon their heads, and, beckoning me to follow, led the way through a spicy grove along the river bank, until we came to a spring of pure water that bubbled through the sand at the base of a hill, and filled a stony basin. My guides proved to be romping girls; they filled their jars at the spring, and when I stooped to sip the refreshing liquid from the stony basin, dashed a jar of water over me, to wash the "white paint" from my body, and make me the same colour as themselves!

Having washed our hands and faces, we returned to the tuonger.

Woner soon came home, and we sat upon mats with the family to breakfast, which consisted of baked bread-fruit, boiled yams,\* and various kinds of fruit.

After breakfast we sat upon the bank of the rivulet and held a pow-wow. I showed Woner a piece of "pure gold,"† and asked if he had seen anything like it in Bidera. He recognised it at once, and said that plenty of it existed in Awarra, and he had picked up a powder resembling my gold-dust‡ in the streams at the foot of Barretuno Bay. He added that his peo-

\* The bread-fruit was baked in the ground on an oven of hot stones. The yams were boiled in a red earthen jar.

† It happened to be a piece of brass that I had polished for this purpose.

‡ Brass filings,



ple had not visited Ragater Awarra lately, because the black warriors had made incursions in that direction. Having gained this valuable information, we enjoyed a delightful bath in the rivulet, and returned to the tuonger, where we took a siesta.

I was roused by the Medicine Edward, who entered and informed me that the captain was ready to march on his return, and awaited me. I told the Medicine that I had a notion to take up my residence among these people until the brig should return to take me away; for I wanted to explore this country more, and particularly desired to visit Imburado Lake and Pellaccar Ahshing. The Medicine acquiesced with me, and said, "If you stay, so will I." He made himself much at home, and I introduced him to Mener and Toloo. He said that the captain and crew had got wind of a "gold-mine!" "What gold mine?" I asked. He told a story that they had picked up from Imburado, similar to the one related to me by Woner. My plans were thus all frustrated, as I had intended to keep the thing a secret.

Three savages arrived at the door, quite out of breath, and said that the captain was vexed at the absence of his children, and desired our immediate return. We did not expect that he would permit us to remain, for he could not well dispense with our services as interpreters. Fearing that he would fly into a rage, and accuse these kind natives of having kidnapped us, we were reluctantly compelled to bid farewell to Woner-Woner and his affectionate family.

At parting, Mener presented me a big piece of sago bread to put in my wallet, and Toloo gave the Medicine a stick of sugar-cane.

We found the crew drawn up in marching order; the captain shook hands with Imburado, and the crew with the host; after which we took up our line of march "homeward" (the crew called the vessel "home").

We entered the Garden of Eden, when its grassy domes and wooded knolls were gilded by the fiery rays of a setting sun. Beautiful flowers and medicinal plants, with which we were unacquainted, lay scattered about. We saw an ichneumon and an animal resembling the kangaroo. Late at night we arrived at Woner Cove, and were soon on board the vessel, snugly stowed in our hammocks.

The next day we cleaned our arms and put the squadron in complete order. The crew held a smoking council upon the fore-castle deck in the evening, the subject discussed being the prospect of finding a gold-mine. The next morning, before daybreak, I was aroused by the ringing of the bell and the cry, "Gold hunters, away!" We manned the squadron and set sail out of the cove. When the sun rose, we had crossed Barretuno Bay, and were near the foot of Morrell's Peninsula. Between us and the volcano lay a lofty mountain, above which was seen the cloud of smoke. From the intervening land rose a volume of steam far into the air. We landed upon the beach. The captain, armed to the teeth, rattled along our line in rapid review. After exercising us to his satisfaction, we set forward on our march.

The squadron lay snugly moored at a little distance from the beach, in charge of three men, who had orders not to allow any natives to come alongside.

Leaving the beach, we passed through a jungle and came to a slough of light gray mud or mortar, which appeared to have been poured here in a liquid state. The surface was baked into a hard lamina, which was cracked in many places. It was two hundred feet across, and its opposite side was bounded by a steep hill or ridge, covered with stunted underwood. It was necessary to cross the slough or abandon the course we intended to pursue. Accordingly, we ventured, singly and cautiously, upon the strongest part of the crust. The captain, myself, and three others got safely over. From our success the sailors became more bold, and pressed one upon the other. Most unluckily, a tender spot in the crust broke under the weight of two, and they sank up to their armpits into the mud. There they stuck, perfectly helpless, all the while sinking deeper and deeper, until at length nothing but their heads and muzzles of their muskets could be seen. They uttered agonizing cries for help, and said the mortar grew hotter and hotter the farther they sank down, and that at their feet it was nearly scalding hot! The crew retreated from the crust in alarm, and I feared me that our two shipmates would be roasted alive in this mysterious slough! We cut two long poles from the jungle, and one man ventured to shove them across the tender spot, one on each side of the mired men. Most

fortunately, they succeeded in hauling themselves up upon the poles, and got out in safety. We threw a bridge of poles across the tender spot, and the crew, one by one, got over safe.

Now we climbed the steep and craggy hill or mountain, hauling ourselves up by the shrubs and vines. After an arduous labour of one hour we arrived upon the summit, which was 600 feet above the level of the sea. The bay was gemmed with verdant islands; to the south extended inland an undulating and lovely valley. We journeyed westward, and soon found ourselves upon a ridge, or breastwork, enclosing a vast circular plain, or basin, five miles in diameter, and bounded in the distance by a lofty peak that divided it from Morrell's Volcano. The plain lay two or three hundred feet beneath us, and seemed to be covered with the ruins of a great city. A city of porphyry palaces, pyramids, obelisks, leaning towers, triumphal arches, amphitheatres, mosques with their towering minarets, and battlements with bacules! Heaps of smouldering stones and rubbish lay scattered about. In the centre of the plain was a vast rock, fifty feet high and several hundred in diameter. It appeared to have been rent asunder, and from the chasm in its centre spouted a vast jet of boiling water, fifty feet into the air, from which rose curling volumes of steam up to the very clouds.

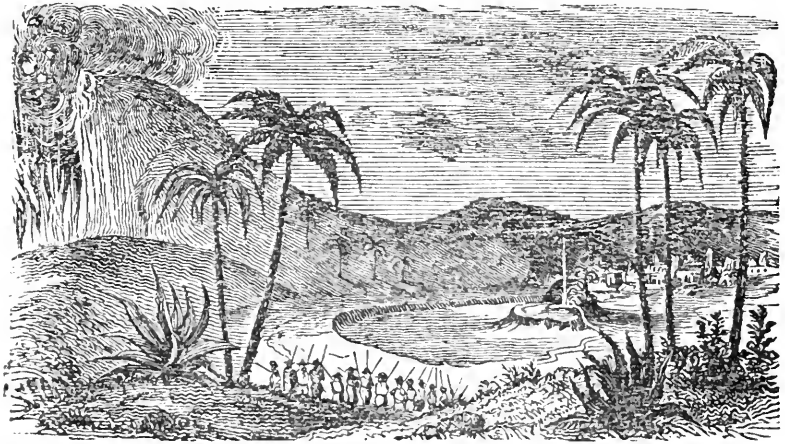
We stood upon a beetling cliff that overhung the plain, and near the foot of which was a pond of fluid vermilion earth that boiled and bubbled up, in numerous conical elevations, that emitted jets of white gaseous vapour, accompanied by crackling reports, while, at the same time, the beautiful bright vermilion was scattered about in rain, that had bespattered and bespangled most brilliantly several cabbage-palm trees that grew near the margin of the pond.

The rock upon which we stood seemed to be composed of a fine and cutting substance. It would probably make good porcelain, or answer well for oil stones.

The whole plain or valley beneath seemed to have been ravaged by fire; and at no very distant day, it had probably been the crater of a volcano, the flame of which had shifted over to blaze away in Morrell's Volcano, on the other side of the lofty peak.

The scene presented upon looking over this vast plain was

one of appalling and desolate grandeur. Our company stood speechless, and gazed upon it in amazement. The following engraving will give some idea of this plain, or volcanic crater.



We moved along until we came to a chasm, which we descended, entered the plain or crater, and found ourselves among the ruins, where we separated and wandered about to view the monumental edifices.

Two shipmates and myself stood admiring a beautiful marble obelisk, upon which seemed to have been a hieroglyphic inscription that was now nearly defaced! Holding my rifle at arm's length, I walked towards it and struck it with the muzzle; it crumbled to pieces, and vanished into a heap of madreporic cinders! The ground gave way under me; I sank down three feet; my rifle was discharged; a suffocating sulphureous vapour passed over my face; visions of Aladdin, Peter Wilkins, and the Flying Dutchman flickered through my mind, and I fell down senseless! Anything farther I knew not until I recovered, and, opening my eyes, saw my shipmates standing over me, bathing my head with water taken from a bladder in my wallet. I soon recovered and jumped up. It was the vapour from the hole into which I had fallen that had nearly suffocated me; my shipmates saved my life by dragging me away from its baneful influence.

The ruins were composed of cinderish substances similar to that of the "obelisk." Calcined rocks, that crumbled to pieces at the slightest touch, lay strewed about. Many fathomless fissures and bottomless pits, from which issued strong sulphu-

reous gas, that deposited upon their margins beautiful crystalline prisms of sulphur, dotted the crater.

Turning around a heap of ruins, we came upon a squad of our crew, who were looking up at a lofty leaning pinnacle that seemed ready to fall. They did not see us at first, and, as they stood with their muskets at slope-arms and otherwise armed to the teeth, with wallets containing two days' rations, they looked not unlike a banditti, who had sought refuge here away from the world, among these incomprehensible and wonderful ruins.

At the sound of the French horn we followed the captain through the crater.

The ground became so cinderish and crumbling, that in many places it refused to bear our weight; while, if we deviated too far to the right or left, we were in danger of being suffocated by the sulphureous gas that jetted through the fissures. Many times we held our breath until we had passed through a current of vapour. We advanced very cautiously, sounding our way with the muzzles of our muskets. One of these yawning fissures we sounded with a lead and line, but got no bottom. A sailor came near falling into one, and the crew named them, not inappropriately, the "devil's trap-doors."

At length we reached the rock from which spouted the jet of hot water. It was bluff on the side towards us, and, to get upon it, we found it necessary to go round to the windward side. A stream of hot water that ran from the rock impeded our progress, and we were obliged to walk down it for some distance, until the water became cool enough for us to wade across.

This difficulty surmounted, we soon reached the rock, and found it divided into two parts, one fifty feet high and the other twenty five. We climbed up and ranged ourselves upon the summit of the lowest part, which formed quite a broad plateau. The chasm between the rocks, or, rather, in the centre of the "rock," formed a vast caldron, with a mouth or outlet that was somewhat lower than the part of the rock upon which we stood. At regular intervals of about fifteen minutes, water, in a boiling state, rose rapidly and filled the caldron above its mouth, and nearly up to the summit of the rock where we

stood. When the water bubbled in all its fury a deep rumbling sound was heard, the rock seemed to shake, and a vast column of water was thrown from the centre of the caldron fifty feet into the air, while curling white clouds of steam scattered upward towards the sky. Now the element seemed to have gained vent, and its fury subsided; the jet ceased; the surplus water ran over the mouth in a beautiful cascade, and formed the stream before mentioned.

In fifteen minutes this scene was renewed, and so on perpetually. The rock containing the caldron or boiling spring was of a species unknown to us. It was hard and solid, and was the only thing in the crater that had resisted the action of the fire that appeared to have flamed around it. The thermometer thrust hastily into the water of the caldron, upon a pole of ramrods tied together with rope yarns, gave a temperature of 210°. The water was salt, and strongly impregnated with sulphur and other mineral substances.

“A gold-mine!” shouted Man-of-war Bill, as he stood perched upon the brink of the rock, pointing with his hand over the crater.

Those magic words magnetized us all. We did, indeed, see something in a distant part of the crater that resembled rocks of gold.

“Ay!” replied a sailor. “Our fortunes are made now; nothing but gold could resist the action of fire, except this rock!”

We scrambled down the rock and made the best of our way over the scoria towards the “gold-mine.” With elated hopes we toiled along, and no difficulties seemed too great to be surmounted. Various and comical were the speculations of the Jack-tars as to how they would invest their share, and hand round the can of grog in toasting sweethearts and wives.” Quite out of breath and covered with perspiration, we arrived at the “gold-mine!”

An axe was raised and buried into the “pure gold!” We were sadly disappointed and chagrined, as it proved to be a bed of pure powdered sulphur, the surface of which was covered with a crystallized and glittering crust, which, in the sunshine, had been mistaken for gold. We were thrown all-aback.

The trunk of a large tree, lying upon the sulphur-bed, now attracted our attention, and upon examination we found that it was petrified,

## CHAPTER XX.

WE sat upon the tree and ate dinner; after which we broke off specimens and journeyed across the crater to the lofty peak, which we ascended more than half way, and toiled round towards its opposite side. It was nearly dark when we arrived in sight of Morrell's Volcano, and camped in a kind of cave, formed by a shelving lava rock. The heat of the flames kept off the dew. We held a grand smoking council, as usual, looking out over the flaming valley. No signs of savages had been seen, but we used caution, and stationed sentinels before lying down to sleep. All night the volcano bellowed, and fairly shook the mountain; but our company were fatigued and well-nigh worn out, so that nothing could disturb their slumbers.

At daybreak we started to return, and, winding round the rim of the crater, entered the forest, crossed a rivulet, saw some beautiful specimens of agate and other stones, also ginger and valuable dyewoods. We arrived upon the beach opposite the squadron at 3 P.M. All was safe. We embarked and set sail for the foot of the bay, where we saw a rock overhung by mangrove-trees, from which we collected a full supply of fine oysters. After this we landed upon a beautiful sand-beach, situated on the shore of the main. Here we prepared to cook our supper and pitch our tent. Some cut wood and made a fire, and others piled the oysters in a heap to be roasted.

Suddenly the war-yell of savages echoed through the forest! We abandoned the oysters, flew terrified to arms, fled on board the squadron, and shoved off clear of the beach. A string of large, black, masculine warrioresses marched out upon the beach, and formed in line near the forest. These women presented a savage aspect. Their hair was shaved from the front of their heads, and the bald spot, together with their faces, were whitewashed, while the front part of their bodies were painted red. They each held an enormous shield in one hand and a spear in the other. We had no sooner made a move to pull in and ask the "ladies" what they wanted, than then poured from the forest a host of bona fide warriors, who

ranged along in front of the Amazons, uttered the war-yell, and brandished their spears at us in threatening defiance!

“Three cheers, my boys!” cried the captain.

We gave three loud and hearty shouts, followed by the usual racket of our drum and wind instruments. The savages fled into the forest and disappeared.

Presently two lusty young women, with their bodies painted in red and white rings, came down to the water's edge, making very friendly signs, and inviting us to come and eat the stalks of sugar-cane which they waved in their hands. The bait was tempting; we were about to land, when the women fled, and a host of warriors came rattling along the beach. Again we shoved off, and a volley of stones, thrown from slings by the savages, clattered against the boats and struck some of us, without doing much injury. We again struck up a clamour upon our instruments, and the savages again fled into the wood.

Presently four women appeared, making friendly signs as before, only they were bolder, and waded out into the water. We made friendly signs in turn, and drew cautiously as near to them as they would allow. The captain now resolved to make the women prisoners, and detain them until a friendly communication could be opened with their tribe. We held up tempting trinkets, and enticed them over their depth into the water. “Give way, boys!” cried the captain. We promptly responded by plying the oars with nerve and energy. As we rushed upon the Amazons, they wheeled about like lightning, and, swimming like dolphins, landed upon the beach at the moment the squadron struck the ground. Out we leaped, in full pursuit! The warriors poured out of the forest and rang the war-yell! We replied by firing our pistols into the air; they fled precipitately; we pursued the women, and had fairly laid hands upon them, near the skirts of the forest, when our progress was suddenly checked by a volley of stones and spears, thrown by savages who had secreted themselves in the tree-tops. A spear passed through a sailor's hat and pinned it to the ground, while a sharp stone wounded me severely on the right cheek near the eye. The women escaped, while we levelled our rifles at the tops of the trees and fired! Wild screams rent the air, and one savage uttered a mournful

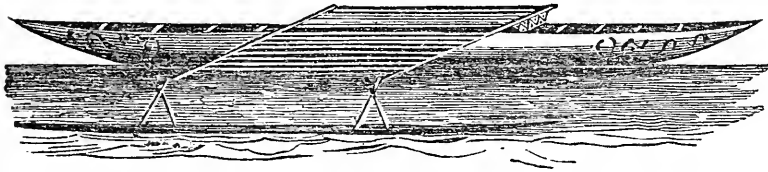


groan as he let go his hold on a tree and fell, turning a summerset, from the height of forty feet, upon the ground, a bleeding corpse.

Night now came on and we embarked, steering by compass for "home," where we arrived after midnight, quite fatigued, and turned in to repose.

The next day we devoted to making the vessel and squadron "all snug," and to bathing, washing, and recreation.

The following drawing is a correct representation of the canoe used by the natives of the north coast of Bidera. It is



composed of one log dug out. The float at the end of the outrigger is composed of light wood, and prevents the canoe from upsetting. In regard to the size of the canoes, they vary, and are from fifteen to forty feet in length.

At daybreak the next morning we weighed anchor and got under way with a lively song.

Sailing out of the bay, we worked our way through the dangerous reefs. We were soon safe upon the Bidera Sea, and, taking our departure from Bidera, steered N.W. half W.

Next day no land in sight. In the evening we sighted Sherburne Shoal, a vast semicircular patch of coral, which is rapidly undergoing the process of transformation into an island. A ring of pure sand has been cast upon the reef, forming a sandy island but little elevated above the ocean, upon which lay strewed the trunks of trees, which will in time decay and form a soil; upon this, some stray cocoanuts, driven by the winds and currents, will plant themselves, and thus form an island covered with cocoanut-trees.

The islands of the Pacific Ocean appear to be divided into two great classes; namely, volcanic or primitive, and coral or secondary. The former are elevated more or less; the latter are always low.

To the westward of the Admiralty Islands we performed a "sliding gunter traverse" through flood-wood, or the trunks of old trees that floated about.

On a fine morning we saw, and sailed along the west side of, a low and beautiful island, covered with verdure, and fringed around the shore with a conspicuous white sand-beach. It was one of the islands composing the group situated to the west of that of the Hermits. Hauling our wind to the eastward, we saw thirty or forty beautiful secondary islets, ranged in a semicircle, and connected by dangerous coral reefs. They were covered with cocoanut and various other trees, the tops of which could be seen before the land. We endeavoured to penetrate the reef upon the west or lee side; but at every attempt were confronted by breakers, and at length were driven off out to sea, scudding under bare poles before a black rain-squall. At night we lay to.

At daybreak the next morning, not a cloud could be seen floating between us and the heavens; the sun rose in splendour; we set all sail, coasting the north and east side of the islands. A line of breakers and lofty combers extended along the outer edge of the coral barrier, but inside reposed the placid lagoon, gemmed with its pretty islets, between which passed to and fro canoes filled with savages. They glided swiftly along, propelled with great lug-sails, that were trimmed and managed with considerable skill. We discovered two entrances into the lagoon, and edged in near to the breakers. A large canoe, propelled by two sails, and filled with armed savages, came boldly up to the inner edge of the reef and hove to. The savages stood up, made friendly signs, and held up fruit and tortoise-shell. They were the countrymen of poor Monday; upon one of the islets composing this group he was born; his relatives no doubt believed that he had long since been offered up as a sacrifice to our cannibalism. Alas! he was not here in person to convince them to the contrary, and they would not take our word! Fearing that our hands would be imbrued in more blood, we tacked ship, steered to the eastward, and were soon out of sight of land.

We sighted the Hermits, and various other pretty islands, and arrived the next day at the west end of the Admiralty Islands. I never heard of any white man landing upon the latter group; they are very incorrectly laid down in our charts, and many of the islands that form the group are quite unknown. It is composed of one central primary and elevated

island, named Marso, which is sixty or seventy miles long; this is surrounded by hundreds of islands and islets variously grouped, and of the primary and secondary formations. The islets to the eastward and southward are generally of the primary formation; but the whole north coast of Marso is fringed by a chain of pretty islets of the secondary formation, which are connected by coral reefs, and range along five miles, more or less, from the coast of the main, forming a lagoon that is protected from the sea, and which affords an inland or river navigation of over sixty miles. This lagoon can be entered at its east or west end by ships of any tonnage, and there seemed to be other safe passages through the reefs. We named it Morrell's Lagoon, and, entering its west end, came to anchor.

Several large canoes, under full sail, came from the small islands towards us. They approached boldly, and were filled with an athletic and noble-looking set of warriors, who were well armed with murderous obsidian spears. They came shouting alongside, and we entered into a trade with them. They departed well pleased, and returned to their islands. Soon after two canoes came from the main island, or Marso. The natives in them seemed cowed down and afraid of those who had just left us. The former had probably been banished from the small islands by the latter for some crime which they had committed.

The next day a fleet of canoes, filled with warriors, hove in sight, coming from the small islands. The van was led by a war-canoe, upon the platform of which stood the king or chief, whose name was Tiano. He made friendly signs and held up his carbo-gourd, while the captain did the same with his. The savage chief was soon alongside. He exchanged a chew of betle with the captain, or "white king," and a treaty of commerce was immediately ratified. Himself and warriors came on board to look at the vessel, and were much surprised at all they saw; they made the captain the usual promises about trading on his return.

Tiano and the captain stood upon the taffrail. The former presented the latter a large hog, an eagle, and a sloth; and the latter presented the former trinkets of various kinds, together with a beautiful red cloth crown, ornamented with silver beads and with "diamonds" of pure glass, which he placed upon the

head of the savage chief. At the sight of this the host of warriors in the fleet of canoes that surrounded the vessel uttered a wild and deafening shout of joy, while Tiano himself was so well pleased that he delivered his people a long harangue, to which they listened with open mouths and wondering faces at the mysterious tale that he told them about the sights he had seen on board. When he concluded, they danced, shouted, and clapped their hands for joy. They now entered into a brisk trade with us, and we had as much as we could do to pile away the figs, and fish, and fruit which we obtained from them.

We spent several days with these savages, and then got under way, sailing through the lagoon to the eastward. I sounded the passage in the *Invincible*, and the vessel followed under easy sail. The water was deep enough for ships of the largest class. In some places we could see the bottom quite plainly, and in others there were dangerous coral patches of small extent, with only five or ten feet of water upon them. On the right were presented to view the verdant and enchanting hills and dales of Marso, and on the left lay the chain of fairy coral isles, covered with cocoanut-groves, that shaded bamboo villages of considerable size. One might have imagined that we were sailing up some beautiful river, had it not been for the distant roar of the ocean, as it tumbled in white foam and green combers upon the outer barrier that connected the islets

Turning a point on Marso, I discovered a fine bay, and saw a savage striding along the beach, with two little pigs trotting after him like dogs. He halted, held up his carbo-gourd, took one bite from a stick of sugar-cane, and held up the rest for us to come and take. I landed; the savage gave me a piece of areca-nut rolled in betle-leaf, which I put into my mouth as he handed me his carbo-gourd. In it was inserted a highly-ornamented human ulna, the end of which was sloped off so as to answer the purpose of a spoon. At first I shrunk back, but knowing that the savage would take it as an insult, I deposited some "chinam" (lime) in my mouth from the end of the ulna, and chewed away, much to the gratification of the savage, whom I presented with some beads and departed, while he threw sugar-cane into the *Invincible* as a present for the crew.

As we proceeded along, the population became more dense

and some of the small islands were literally covered with wigwams. Hundreds of canoes, filled with bold and daring savages, all well armed, came off to trade, and we hove to several times for the purpose of trading. Near dark we anchored in front of a large village, and heard the tum-tums beating, and saw the savages hurrying about in all directions. We triced up the boarding nettings and prepared for defence.

The next morning, forty-seven canoes, filled with warriors, came and surrounded us, shouting and hooting so that we could scarcely hear each other speak. They beat loudly upon tum-tums, which they had brought in their canoes, and were evidently great warriors, and only respected those who were like themselves. We replied with three loud cheers and a grand flourish on our drums, which seemed to convince them that we were warriors, and not terrified at their grand array. The chief or king, whose name was Molarpu, now made overtures of peace, and we entered into a brisk trade as usual. So excited were the savages, that, in their eagerness to trade, many of them, who were unable to reach the stern of the vessel in their canoes, owing to the dense raft that surrounded us, actually leaped overboard and swam alongside, with pigs and fruit in their hands, which they begged us to take. In the midst of the trade, a large white shark swam under the stern, and we harpooned him, much to the surprise of the savages, who did not appear afraid of such fish.

The next day we landed in the squadron, and were received by Molarpu and a host of well-armed savages. The principal villages are situated upon the islets and the plantations of edible roots upon the main; so that upon the shores of Marso we saw few or no villages. The natives, being an active, warlike people, divided into numerous tribes, ruled by independent chiefs, who sometimes wage war upon each other, find that, by building their villages upon the islets, they save the trouble of marking boundaries, and secure themselves from a *coup-de-main*.

We remained here long enough to become quite intimate with the natives, and they ventured off to trade unarmed. One pleasant morning a fleet of canoes surrounded us; they were filled with girls and young women, who were unarmed, and did not seem to be Amazons, for their countenances were

cheerful and buoyant, and a pleasant smile played upon their lips, just marked enough to exhibit the ivory, and convince any one that they were in the heyday of youth. They paddled around, looking up in wonder at the lofty spars, and intimated a desire to inspect more closely the wonderful "war-canoe." The crew most gallantly opened the port and invited the "ladies" on board. A few cautiously ventured; and, having satisfied themselves that there was no danger of falling into "trap-doors," the host soon followed, and we gallanted them around the deck to show them the curiosities. They were surprised, and wondered much at all they saw; but the engrossing object of their particular attention was the "white gods from the moon." We generously granted them permission to examine us and gaze at our persons as much as they chose. To contribute as much as possible to their entertainment, the Doctor (cook) mounted the fore-castle hatch, with his fiddle in hand, and then to a lively tune the crew danced and sung that exquisite negro melody,

"Turn about, wheel about, do just so,  
Every time I turn about I jump Jim Crow."

A sailor danced a hornpipe, and the Doctor wound up with a real "Old Virginia" break-down.

The "ladies" roared in ecstasies, and said they also knew how to dance. They amused us by chanting a peculiar song, while half a dozen of them performed a comical and exciting pantomime running dance, marking time by clapping their hands. Their agility, as exhibited in the difficult and passionate attitudes of their bodies and limbs, showed a vigour and suppleness possessed only by the children of nature in a delightful climate. When the dance was ended, we placed a string of beads around the neck of each of the performers, and presented them three large coloured engravings; one was a likeness of Andrew Jackson on horseback, the second represented the United States frigate Brandywine, and the third was a head of the Saviour. They looked at these intently, felt them with their hands, and held them up to the light; and we explained to them that the first was our king, the second his war-canoe, which was so big that if it ran against their island it would sink it at once, and raise a tempest of thunder

and lightning; the third the Great Spirit, who resided in the sun. All this was Greek to them; they hung the handsome things, which they could appreciate better, upon their breasts, and departed, much pleased with their reception and entertainment.

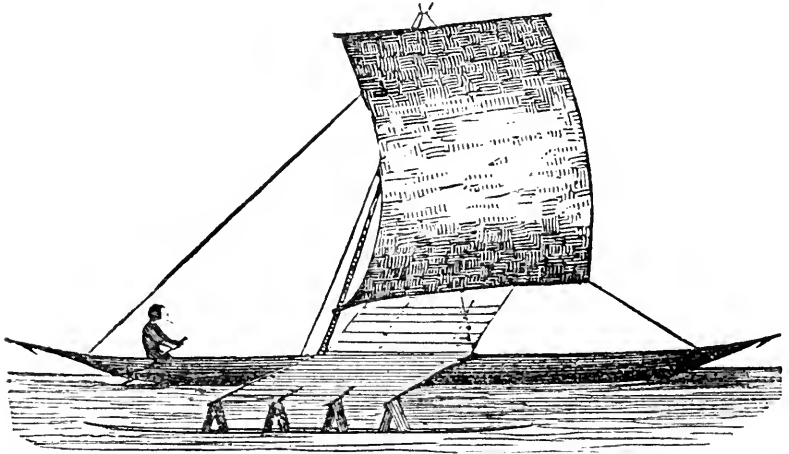
While cruising in Morrell's Lagoon, we fared sumptuously. The deck was literally heaped with fruit and vegetables of all kinds, and we had a large pen filled with pigs, who now and then amused us with a fight and its running chorus of squeals.

Some days we had a cocoanut "blow-out," as the crew called placing a chopping-block and sharp hatchet beside a heap of nuts, while all hands cut and drank away. On new-year's day we killed twenty pigs, and had a "sea-pie." The steward said the pigs would spoil if they were hung in the light of the moon, and so we covered them with canvass.

The natives of Marso are a stout and well-built people, of a dark copper colour. They are bold, active, persevering, and industrious. They are naturally warlike, and are powerful enemies. Their hair, which is crisp and approaches wool, is neatly combed and tied behind, and some of the young men paint it red and ornament it with flowers. They wear necklaces of hogs' teeth and strings of shell beads, or wampum, around their waists. The old chiefs wear a narrow red sash of cocoa cloth wound round the waist. The canoes of Marso are constructed with great skill and strength. They are very fleet, and capable of standing a rough sea. The natives are the most daring and skilful navigators of Australasia. The canoes vary in size, and are intended for different purposes; one kind for paddling, a second for sailing, and a third as a family canoe. The model of the hull in all is the same; the first is the simple canoe, with platform and outrigger; the second has a mast and sail; the third is the same as the latter, except that the platform is arched over with a cover like a farmer's wagon. I have seen whole families in the latter canoes, sailing along the coast with culinary utensils on board.

The following drawing represents the paddling canoe, with mast inserted and under full sail. It is thirty feet or more long, and scooped and tapered neatly out of a single log. The sides are raised with a board, seized on with ratan, and the seams are payed with gum, while at the stem and stern is

neatly fitted on a tapering prow. When not under sail, it is propelled with the ordinary paddle, but sometimes the natives use long paddles, fastened to the gunwales with ratan and pulled like oars. The sail is made of mats, and can be reduced to any size by lowering away the halliards and rolling



up the bottom. The chief generally sits upon the platform and trims the canoe at pleasure, by sitting nearer to, or farther away from, the hull.

When it rains, if the natives happen to be upon the water in their canoes, they hold fan-palm mats over their heads.

The opposite drawing represents the war implements and utensils of Marso.

No. 1 is an obsidian spear; the shaft is from five to eight feet long, and is tipped with an obsidian or volcanic-glass blade that is as sharp as steel.

No. 2 is an obsidian dirk and sheath.

No. 3 is an obsidian tomahawk. These three are deadly and murderous implements.

No. 4 is an adze, tipped with a piece of hard shell.

No. 5 is a paddle, made of a species of rosewood.

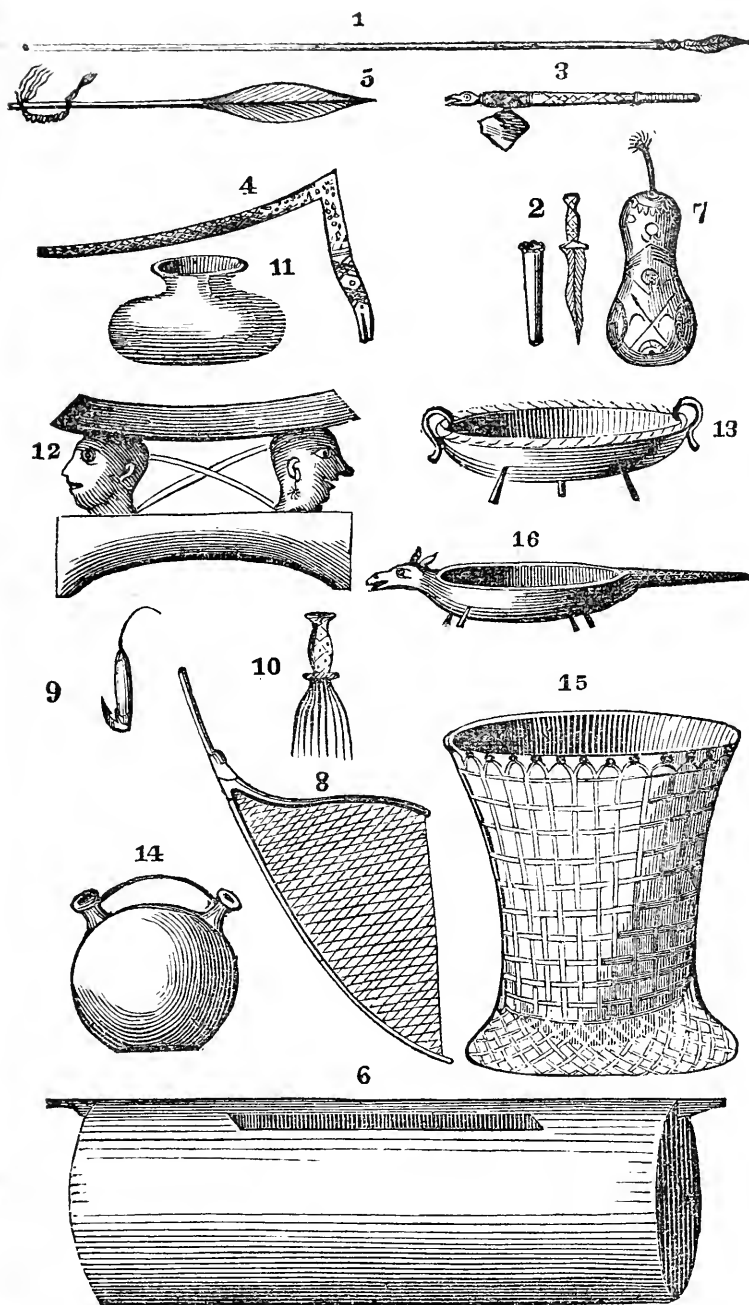
No. 6 is a war tum-tum. It is a large log of wood hollowed out, and is sounded by beating near the mouth on top.

No. 7 is a carbo-gourd with a stick inserted.

No. 8 is a scoop-net.

No. 9 is a fish-hook; the shaft of pearl-shell and the point of tortoise-shell.





No. 10 is a comb.

No. 11 is a red earthen cooking-pot.

No. 12 is a wooden pillow.

No. 13 is a wooden sago-bowl.

No. 14 is a red earthen drinking-jug, holding from two to three gallons.

No. 15 is a red earthen jar, covered with wicker-work. It holds one barrel of water.

No. 16 is a family eating-vessel, made of wood.

The natives of Marso count from one to ten as follows : 1, See ; 2, Ma-ruer ; 3, Tollo ; 4, E-ar ; 5, Leme ; 6, Ou-no ; 7, Andru-tollo ; 8, Andru-ruer ; 9, Andru see ; 10, Songule.

Having bid farewell to Molarpu and his people, we got under weigh and steered to the eastward in the lagoon. The scenery increased in loveliness, and the savages became more numerous and warlike as we advanced. There was no retreating in case of attack ; our only hope was in fighting it out. We had all eyes open and every man on deck. In each top were stationed armed men, and the muskets were ranged fore and aft.

As we sailed along, small parties of savages put off in canoes at different places, and called most lustily for us to stop and trade. A brisk breeze sprang up, and we glided along, paying no attention to their shouts. They determined that we should not escape, and commenced a chase, their numbers continually increasing by the addition of small parties who came off to swell the mass as they were in full pursuit. I presume that the flotilla numbered one hundred canoes, and contained at least one thousand warriors. Onward they came, pressing upon us and skimming over the lagoon under full sail, and all paddles moving with the rushing sound of a sirocco. As the wind slackened, and they closed in, we saw great bundles of obsidian spears lying upon the outriggers ; and in the hair of the warriors, in place of a comb, was stuck the murderous obsidian dirk or stiletto. They came shouting and screeching in wild and terrific confusion. The din and uproar of voices was truly appalling, and the orders of the captain could scarcely be heard, even through the trumpet. We soon saw that it was impossible for us to escape, and we knew not whether the savages were hostile or friendly ; we noticed with some encouragement that they did not chant the war-song.

We clewed up the sails and hove to with our broadside upon the fleet. "Fore and main-top, ahoy!" called the captain.

"Halloo!"

"Shoot the first savage who threatens to throw a spear!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The savages now surrounded us on all sides, and climbed up the bulwark to leap on board. Hundreds of their heads peered over the rail and were checked by the netting.

"Admit not one native on board!" shouted the captain. "Show them your pikes and drive them astern!"

In a moment the glittering blades of the pikes were aimed at their heads; they stood to parley; we threatened to run them through, and commanded them to embark in their canoes, and go to the stern if they wanted to trade.

The din of voices ceased; they leaped into their canoes and formed a raft round our stern, all gazing in silent wonder and amazement. W—— rose and addressed them. The captain held out his carbo-gourd, and a war-canoe came close to the stern. Upon its platform stood Rugurar, the king of the host. His aspect was commanding, his age about sixty; he was six feet four inches high, and in all respects a model of manly beauty; he held out his carbo-gourd and delivered the "white king" a long harangue, in a loud, harsh voice. The natives listened in perfect and respectful silence. The attitude of the savage orator was a fit one for the sculptor; his grave countenance, his energetic gesticulation, his colossal form, his rounded and muscular limbs, his heaving breast, with the massive volcanic blade that stuck in his hair, and a height that towered above all his followers, made him truly an imposing character.

The two kings interchanged presents and betle, and a perpetual treaty of peace and commerce was immediately ratified. The savages shouted for joy, and, amid a great confusion of tongues, worse, I am sure, than that of Babel, a brisk trade was entered into. We anchored in front of the town of Rugurar. At night the sound of buccinums echoed over the lagoon and fell upon the ear, while bale-fires were seen burning in all directions, and now and then we heard the distant shouts of savage voices.

## CHAPTER XXI.

IN the morning a large fleet of canoes, filled with savages, advanced from the town. They came paddling with slow and measured stroke, as if performing some funeral rite, chanting a peculiar song, with a chorus, accompanied by the rapping of paddles against the sides of their canoes, and by the beat of the tum-tum and the blast of the buccinum, making a harsh and monotonous discord of sounds.

The fleet was led by Rugurar in person, who stood upon the platform of his war-canoe, which advanced slowly to the stern, where he presented the "white king" hogs and fruits of all kinds, repeating with his harsh voice, "Cow-wash!" (present). He came on board the vessel accompanied by some of his warriors; stalking about the deck, he looked like a giant among pigmies. His warriors laughed at the curious things they saw, and wondered at everything on board; but Rugurar seemed a perfect stoic, and suffered nothing to change his countenance. We fired a rifle-ball through a target; he exhibited not a particle of fear, though his warriors were much alarmed. We made him presents, and he passed them all into his canoe, except an axe and a looking-glass, which he kept in his hands.

The next day the Great Medicine and myself embarked with Rugurar in his war-canoe, and he conducted us to his fret-work palace, where we were kindly received by the assembled chiefs, who were seated upon mats. Men, women, and children followed us through the town, and a mob now stood peeping in at the doorways, all anxious to get a sight of "white men." On our return through the town, we halted and gave the chiefs beads to distribute among the populace. Once in possession of so much wealth, their cupidity was excited, and, distributing only a part, they kept the rest for themselves. The populace became exasperated, and appealed to us; but we thought proper to adhere to the side of Rugurar and his warriors. Sharp words ensued, and the affair ended in a savage turmoil. It appeared that there were opposite parties here, and some of the petty chiefs were ever ready to take advan-

tage of any outbreak, that they might thereby advance themselves into power. The populace, headed by these refractory chiefs, began to arm themselves with spears and clubs, and threaten our lives. One savage laid violent hands upon W——, who drew his pistol upon him. At this moment Rugurar and his warriors, all armed with spears, came to our rescue. They cut and slashed to the right and left, and mowed their way through the mob, gashing one savage severely in the head and wounding several others. Rugurar conducted us to the beach, and, embarking in his canoe, returned us safe on board the vessel, and received many presents for having saved our lives.

At twilight we heard a great uproar upon the island of Rugurar; voices chanted the war-yell, and tum-tums and buccinums sounded throughout its length and breadth. A solitary canoe put off, and, paddled swiftly by brawny arms, soon came alongside, containing four of the warriors who had been instrumental in saving our lives. They said that Rugurar had sent them, posthaste, to ask our aid in reducing his rebellious subjects, whom he was now combating in person, and that three of the rebel chiefs had already been slain. The captain sent word to the king, his ally, that he would come to his aid immediately, and if the populace did not return to their allegiance, he would blow them all off the island!

“Lively, boys, walk up the anchor!” shouted the captain.

We were soon under way, and with jib and fore-topsail sailed close to the town, mooring with a spring upon the cable broadside on.

“Fire a blank eighteen!” The gun sounded over the waters, and the hubbub ceased on shore for a few moments, when it was again resumed as loudly as ever, and the strife of contending parties seemed desperate and dreadful. The captain ordered a blank broadside to be fired. The cannon roared and bellowed over the island and lagoon, while the darkness was illuminated by a raining-rocket thrown over the town, and by a blazing blue and red light upon each royal-yard. The war-yell ceased, and everything on shore was hushed into a death-like stillness!

The next morning Rugurar and his warriors came off to the vessel; he thanked us for having caused a tempest of “thun-

der and lightning," and for making the "stars fall," so as to frighten his people into submission. His victory had been complete; several of the rebels had been put to death, and their families banished to the main. We could now go on shore in safety. We saw the banished families, with their household utensils, embarking in canoes and steering for Marso. We landed at the town, and were looked upon by the natives as great warriors. The women seemed particularly charmed with our appearance, and feasted the sailors with delicious fruit, and decked their heads with garlands of beautiful flowers. Rugurar's tall and stately daughter presented to the great "white king" (the captain) a plaintive Indian dove, in token of her affection.

The next day we got under weigh, sailing through the lagoon to the eastward. In the afternoon we anchored, and were soon surrounded by savages as usual. Two of them quarrelled, and one threatened to spear the other; the captain checked them, and said he was king here, and would not allow his children to destroy each other. The savages, having understood from one of the sailors that a cannon was one of our spears, wondered greatly how we could throw it, since it was so heavy that they could not lift it. We replied that the children of the moon were strong, and we would show them. Accordingly, we fired it off; they fled for the shore with haste and terror.

The next morning we got under way, and found that the lagoon ended in a deep bay. We discovered a passage, through which we sailed, and soon found ourselves upon the heaving ocean, outside of the barrier. Several canoes came after us, and we threw them tow-lines over the stern. The wind freshened; our headway increased; they came violently in contact; the stern ornament of one was knocked off; and another had its outrigger splintered, which caused it to swamp. The natives jumped overboard, baled it out, got in again, and paddled for the shore, apparently considering it mere sport and pastime, as they laughed heartily at the mishap. We sailed to the eastward, across a strait that divides the east end of Marso from several primitive islands of great beauty. Passing close to the south point of one of these islands, under rapid headway, we soon hauled to the northward, for the purpose of

entering what seemed to be a large bay, with cocoanut groves at its foot. The wind fell away into a dead calm, and we floated like a log upon the mirror-like surface of the water. A small fleet of canoes had pursued us across the strait; but, not being able to overtake us, they landed upon the last-mentioned point, from which five canoes now put off and came alongside. They were large, and built in the most substantial manner, containing each fifteen athletic savages, all well armed. They seemed to be a different race from the natives of Morrell's Lagoon, and were blacker, and had a more savage appearance. They were expert and practised seamen, the pirates of the Admiralty Islands, the masters of the sea, and were given to predatory enterprises. The chief, or grand admiral, of this tribe of pirates was named Narcarlumo; he sat upon a mat on the platform of his canoe, like the grand Turk, and eyed us keenly as he floated near the stern of the vessel; he seemed to be about fifty years old, and was of the medium stature; his upper lip was gashed and drawn on one side; his left leg, from the knee to the ankle, was much swollen, and appeared to have been affected with the leprosy, for the skin had scaled off and left it nearly white, contrasting strongly with his black body; one side of the calf was ulcered, putrid, and presented a most disgusting sight. A more diabolical-looking creature, in the human form, it is impossible to imagine. When he spoke, it was with an energetic, shrill, and commanding voice. His followers feared his very nod, and rendered the most submissive obedience to all his threatening commands.

One small canoe hove in sight ahead, coming from the cocoa groves. With my telescope upon the flying-jib boom I saw that it was paddled by four fine-looking young men, whose bodies were nearly white, or, rather, of a sun-burned red, while their hair was long and black, and flowed gracefully upon their shoulders. When they had arrived within hailing distance, they halted and made friendly signs, which we answered, and invited them to come alongside. They held the palms of their hands towards the point whence Narcarlumo had come, and motioned that they were unarmed, and invited us to come and see them at their homes, in the distant cocoa groves, to which they pointed. They were the finest-looking young men we

had seen, and belonged to quite a different race from the black devils under our stern.

Now we were startled by the shrill voice of Narcarlumo, which sounded like a death-knell in our ears, as he commanded his warriors! Out shot from our stern four of the canoes, propelled by the powerful arms of the "black warriors," who dashed and careered along over the placid surface of the ocean in full chase of the "white men!" who took to their paddles and fled towards the cocoa groves. The pursuers uttered the war-yell! the pursued party became alarmed, and one of them, unfortunately, lost his paddle overboard; their course now became sinuous, and their enemies gained upon them rapidly! Narcarlumo remained near the vessel, a calm spectator of the chase. The captain commanded him to call back his warriors; he refused to obey, and looked daggers at us, while he commanded his paddlers to pull off from the vessel. We levelled a swivel at him, and raked his canoe with grapeshot; two of his warriors fell dead at their paddles, and the rest pulled away in double-quick time. By this time the "white men" were nearly run down by their savage and bloodthirsty enemies. We could not sail to their assistance, for it was a dead calm, and we were afraid to fire at the pursuers, for fear we would kill the pursued. A crisis had now arrived, and, determining to risk everything, we fired a cannon-ball, which struck the water near the contending savages. It served to check their progress for a moment; but they again rallied, and charged upon their defenceless victims. The poor young men uttered a shriek of despair and leaped into the sea. The black warriors balanced their spears and darted them into the bodies of their unresisting and supplicating victims, as they swam in the water. They thrust the volcanic blades into their eyes and mouths, and plunged them into their breasts! The poor young men rent the air with cries of agony! The black fiends hauled the bleeding and mutilated corpse of a victim upon the platform of each canoe, and then paddled with all speed for the point whence they had come, for the purpose of joining Narcarlumo, who reconnoitred alongshore. We fired a chain-shot from the long-nine, which cut in two one of the canoes, killed one warrior, and caused the corpse upon the platform to roll overboard and sink, while the rest of the warriors swam



on board the remaining canoes, and were soon out of reach of our shot. The canoe belonging to the young men was left floating upon the ocean.

At night we saw fires upon the point, and concluded that the black fiends were roasting their victims. The crew sat in solemn smoking council upon the fore-castle, summing up the "day's work." Not a breath of air came to disperse the little white cloud of tobacco smoke that hovered ominously over them and curled up the fore-stay. The captain sat upon the quarter, wrapped in his cloak of "many storms," smoking a long pipe, the bowl of which stretched over the water like a signal-lantern, in the direction of the point, while his countenance, upon a close inspection, wore the aspect of boding revery.

The next morning we had a fine breeze, and sailed across the strait for the east end of Marso, where we discovered a large and deep bay, which I shall name Root Bay, after my friend R. C. Root, of New-York; and the strait which lies between the east end of Marso and the group of islands I name Root Strait.

We sailed up the bay, and hove to near the sand-beach at its foot, which was shaded with beautiful groves of cocoanut and other trees, beneath which were scattered well-built houses. Hundreds of natives ran along the beach and launched their canoes, singing and rejoicing, as if our approach had been hailed as a jubilee. We were soon surrounded by canoes, filled with men, women, and children, who came off unarmed and without the least hesitation. They were well formed, and of lighter colour than those belonging to the tribe of Narcarlumo. They were very friendly, and invited us on shore; we made them many presents, and landed. The town was regularly laid out, and we were hospitably entertained among the families in the different wigwams. These natives seemed to lead a peaceable life, and earned a subsistence by agriculture; their homes were comfortable; all that they wanted could be procured with but little labour and no care; they enjoyed themselves in the domestic circle, and were free from the vexations of artificial life; they were not a maritime people; their canoes were slightly built, and they only ventured out in them a short distance from the beach; they could not cruise about the strait

and ocean like the black warriors. In short, they seemed to aim merely at living in peace without molesting their neighbours.

We were amused with the dexterity and agility of the youth of both sexes. A large bamboo platform stood in the centre of the village. One boy turned a somerset from it and struck upon his feet on the ground. A stout youth stood on his hands, and walked upon them across the platform, with his feet dangling in the air and cutting ludicrous antics. In this feat he was followed by several buxom girls, shouting and laughing, and showing their teeth. Their spirits were light and buoyant as the air.

We were about returning to the vessel, when we were surprised at seeing the men run down to the water, take up their canoes and carry them into the village, while all the natives shouted, "Sallio!" and the tum-tums and buccinums sounded throughout the village. The women and children, running up, took us by the hands and wanted to hurry us away to the rear of the houses, where they promised to take good care of us! We inquired what was the matter; they pointed towards the mouth of the bay and halloed, "Narcarlumo, Sallio!" We saw approaching a black line of canoes into the bay, turning its north point. We declined the simple-hearted offer of the women, hurried into the squadron, and were soon on board the vessel, where we cleared away for action, and tacked off and on under easy sail. Not a native or canoe could now be seen at the town; and one might have supposed that it was deserted, were it not for the sound of the tum-tums and buccinums. Propelled by numerous paddles, the fleet advanced rapidly, following the trend of the north shore. As they drew near we saw that they were filled with black warriors, all well armed. Narcarlumo was not there in person. The van was led by his vice-admiral, the giant and noble-looking Sallio, who sat in state upon the platform of his canoe; on his head he wore a shark skin helmet, and on his breast a cuirass of the same material. He passed by without deigning to notice us; circling round between us and the town, he formed his fleet into three parallel lines, with consummate skill and practised seamanship. His canoe advanced alone, and when within fifty feet of the beach, in front of the town, it halted.

Sallio rose up to his full height, with a war-club in his hand; he leaned backward, cast back the haughty head of a potentate, and threw himself into a gladiatorial attitude, which he maintained for a few moments, perfectly motionless, looking not unlike a bronzed or "black statue." He stood with his face towards the town, and was a fit subject for the sculptor. Presently the statue moved its arm, and whirled the war-club three times round its head, hollooming loudly, when it again resumed its former attitude. Ten chiefs, armed with spears and shields, came from the town, and, marching down the beach, halted in front of the black statue, with whom they held a parley, while the tum-tums ceased sounding, and the savages who manned the fleet listened in profound silence.

The parley soon ended, the chiefs marched back to the town, the tum-tums again sounded, and the black statue became seated, as his canoe approached us, followed by the fleet, in pursuit of the vessel. We tacked ship; they did the same: we tacked again; so did they.

The captain seized a war-club, leaped upon the trunk, whirled it three times round his head, threw it down, seized his speaking-trumpet, and roared a threatening message, that told the statue, if he did not immediately leave the bay, he and his warriors would be instantly blown to h—l, where they of right belonged. The statue spoke not; he looked defiance; nodded his head, shook his helmet, and departed, followed by the fleet. No sooner had they disappeared round the south point of the bay than the tum-tums ceased sounding, and the whole town was in motion. We anchored near the beach. The natives again launched their canoes, and men, women, and children surrounded the vessel, singing and dancing for joy at our deliverance from the hands of the pirates, who wanted them to join in an attack upon the vessel, and promised them half the booty.

The next day we were on shore again; and, finding that the "ladies" were passionately fond of beads, we presented them each a string.

At daybreak the following morning we got under way and sailed out of the bay. Steering to the southward, we passed outside of a small island, and coasted the east shore of Marso. A line of reefs stretched along off shore, and on the beach we

saw several large villages, built upon spiles over the water. A vast fleet of canoes, filled with savages, came off, all well armed. They were friendly, and one canoe was the largest we had yet seen; it must have been at least one hundred feet long, with a proportional breadth of beam. We purchased a large green turtle. At night we ran inside the reefs and anchored; the next morning we navigated along the south coast between dangerous coral reefs.

The scenery upon the land was charming and picturesque; it rose in gradual slopes up to elevated mountains, diversified with hills and vales and sequestered dells, covered with the varied verdure of the tropics. Truly, the most beautiful and healthy portions of the globe are possessed by savages.

Bidding farewell to Marso, we steered S.E. with a cracking breeze, passed several small islands off the starboard beam, and discovered breakers ahead, which caused us to haul our wind to E. by S.

At 2 P.M. Marso was out of sight, and eight beautiful islands bore off the larboard beam. All charts of this region are utterly worthless, being apparently drawn by guesswork!

Steering E. and E. by N., the next morning two lovely islands lay off the larboard beam; one was quite large. We lay becalmed near them, and I cannot say whether they are inhabited or not.

We killed the turtle we had bought, and he was made into soup for all hands. One of our wags stuck his shell in front of the galley, and marked upon it with chalk, "Turtle-soup at eight bells, price two shillings per bowl."

The next day we arrived at the north side of the Portland Islands. I counted six verdant secondary islands, extending along east and west, connected by coral reefs and sand-spits. Savages came alongside in canoes; they were unarmed, and were very friendly, and presented us baked bread-fruit, smiling and laughing continually. They were a comical set, and shook hands with the Doctor, whom they took for a brother. We roared out fore and aft, and the savages followed suit.

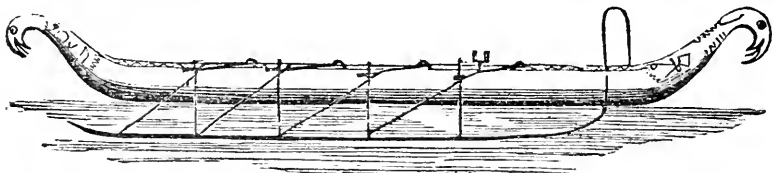
On the following day we sailed close to the northwest end of Pelego and coasted its west shore, passing inside of a secondary island which was covered with cocoanut-trees. I name the latter Inman Island, after John Inman, Esq., of

New-York. Natives came alongside in considerable numbers. They were friendly, and unarmed, with the exception of a few fishing-spears. They were a tall, slim, well-proportioned, jet black race ; their expression was mild and comical, their hair woolly, and shaved close in particular spots, which were painted white, and gave them a most singular appearance, not unlike Sancho Panza with a wash-bowl helmet upon his head. They were a different race and spoke a different language from the natives of Marso. At night we lay upon the gently-swell-ing bosom of the ocean, in a dead calm, with the sails hanging heavily against the masts.

Thus the vessel lay,  
Rolling the time away,  
Awaiting the breeze of day,  
To get steerage-way.

In the morning we were opposite the southwest end of Pelego, and coasting along its southern shore to the eastward. A large fleet of canoes put off and came alongside, filled with savages. They seemed to be friendly ; still, they were all well armed, and, climbing over the bulwarks, leaped on deck. We did not like the appearance of things, and forthwith commanded them to return into their canoes. Some obeyed at once, and others stood to parley, as if they did not understand what we meant. The blades of our pikes taught them ; they embarked into their canoes and shoved off angrily, as if they felt insulted. The captain harangued them, and told them that when they visited ships they must come unarmed, and bring fruit to sell. They gazed at us in mute wonder, and when we had left them some distance astern, they hooted loudly, rapped the blades of their paddles violently against the sides of their canoes, and paddled swiftly for the shore, while we fired a blank volley of musketry over their heads. The land was elevated and formed into hillocks. It was covered with forests, except here and there, where the hills and vales were well cultivated with beautiful plantations of edible roots. The scene presented to view was one of great agricultural beauty and picturesque loveliness. The natives were undoubtedly an industrious and enterprising set of people ; much happier and better off than the mass of civilized men. I remarked that their canoes were whitewashed, and that they were very par-

ticular in keeping them clean ; if a speck of dirt got on the outside, they immediately washed it off. The canoes were constructed differently from any that we had seen ; they were perfect gems ; the bow and stern represented the neck and beak of a bird, and were painted red. They were neat and delicate, but were not adapted for cruising upon the ocean, like the canoes of Marso. The following drawing represents the canoe of Pelego.



The next day we were opposite Byron Strait, which seemed to be filled up with verdant islets, connected by coral reefs, among which we wound our way. Natives came off with coconuts and golópos. They used a paddle which was singular in its shape, and constructed of hard, black wood ; one side of the blade was concave and the other convex, so that it pressed against the water, and was withdrawn on the same principle as a duck's foot.

The next day we coasted the south side of Emeno, steering E. half S., and passing through a strait, nine miles broad, between Sandwich Island and the main. The coast of Emeno here hollows in towards the north, and is formed of numerous jutting, bluff promontories, composed of porous lava rock, their summits covered with verdure, their sides denuded, and their bases washed by the sea into caverns. Between each of these promontories lie nestled a beautiful little bay, with white sand-beach, fringed with picturesque groves of cocoanut and palm trees. We anchored at the foot of one of these rural and romantic bays. Several wigwams were scattered about among the fragrant groves, but not one canoe could be seen ; the natives seemed to be entirely landmen. Presently five savages emerged from the thicket, and stood upon the beach, gazing at us in speechless wonder. They were large, good-looking, fine-proportioned black men. At length they hallooed, and made friendly signs, by waving green branches ; we invited them to come on board ; they disappeared in the woods.

Voices rang through the forest joyfully, and a host of savages, composed of both sexes, all ages and sizes, came pouring out upon the beach, carrying bamboo logs and catamarans, which they launched into the water and embarked for the vessel. They soon surrounded us, and were very friendly; they were unarmed, and presented us fruit. Upon each catamaran sat three or four natives, but the mass swam upon bamboo floats or logs, one end of which was passed under the body. They were a fine-looking, docile set of people, but their colour was black and hair frizzly; their heads were finely formed and their countenances expressive. They came on board the vessel, and were surprised at all they saw; we made them presents, and they invited us on shore.

The next day we accepted their invitation, and were kindly received; guided by them, we performed a tour in the interior, in search of sandal-wood. This country affords a fine and virgin field for the ornithologist, botanist, and mineralogist. When we returned to the village, the girls charmed us with a native air, played upon bamboo harps and Pandian pipes, accompanied by their clear and shrill voices. One of them ran about with a cologne bottle, which had been presented to her, dangling upon her breast, and every now and then she requested some of the natives to smell the perfume. The captain presented the chiefs iron and cutlery, at which they were highly delighted.

The next morning we weighed anchor. The natives swam off *en masse*, surrounded the vessel, and cried like schoolboys as they besought us not to go away. Many of the crew would have taken up their residence here, had they been permitted. The captain promised to call and see the natives again, so we bade them farewell and sailed out of the bay.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

WE continued coasting Emeno to the east and south. At night a shoal bore ahead; we steered outside of it, and again hauled in for the land. The next day we discovered a small island, in form resembling a diamond; it was situated near the main, and I name it Diamond Island.

We coasted the main, steering E.S.E., and then S.E., and arrived opposite a great bay, the foot of which we could not see; it might be a strait dividing Emeno. Natives came alongside; they were stout, black men, resembling the African negro, and evidently a different race from those last mentioned. Their canoes were mean affairs; nothing more than rough, hollow logs, with floats attached. They were unarmed, and were very friendly, as well as inquisitive. They peeped through the sweep-holes and saw the crew moving about the deck. I shoved a looking-glass before one, and a native talked and gesticulated with great energy and enthusiasm to his own shadow; he turned round to explain to his people how he had seen a man on board the same colour as themselves; I pulled the glass away and the Doctor mounted the rail; the native commenced talking to him, and took him to be the very man he had seen in the glass.

The next day we crossed the mouth of the great bay, following the trend of the land to the southeast. We encountered sand-shoals and islets, and, sailing between them and the main, discovered a fine little bay, with its mouth protected by a shoal that ran half way across it. We entered it, and anchored near the land, in ten fathoms water. I name it Woodworth Bay, after Samuel Woodworth, the American poet. The shore was lined with a jungle of mangrove-trees, which is said to be durable wood for the construction of wharves. At the foot of the bay, in the rear of the jungle, rose a hill, the whole of which was well cultivated and destitute of trees. It presented the aspect of a beautiful garden, divided into compartments by winding paths, while upon its summit stood several wigwams.

During the night we saw fires burning in different directions.

In the morning we were startled by a wild shout, but could see no natives. We manned the squadron and proceeded to the mangroves. In the tops of the trees were concealed an army of black warriors, well armed with spears, slings, and war-clubs. They shouted; we replied, and entered into a parley, exhibiting various valuable trinkets, to entice them down. They sat dumb and motionless, like a congregation of affrighted monkeys. We stuck some trinkets upon the end of an oar and handed them up to one of the savages; he received



them tremblingly, and let his spear and club fall to the ground, while he gazed in amazement upon the trinkets in his hand, and held them up to the view of his companions, who marvelled much at our friendship, and looked and pointed towards the sun, evidently supposing that we had come from that luminary. We nodded assent and departed, leaving them to sit in the tree-tops until they became tired. We explored a reef. In the morning we got under way and sailed out of the bay. Its mouth faces the N.N.W., and, in sailing out, we passed over a shoal where we saw bottom and fish swimming. We coasted along to the south.

This part of Emeno was mountainous and dotted with many beautiful valleys, covered with primitive forests of stately trees of various kinds, and watered with pure rippling mountain streams. The whole country was nearly in a state of nature; the inhabitants are few and scattering. What a fine field for a settlement of white men!

The next day we entered Carteret Strait and crossed over to the east end of Bidera, to the south of York Island. The land rose, in a gentle-curving slope, into mountains, and was covered with verdant prairies, dotted with coppices and clumps of trees, and fringed with noble forests, presenting, all together, a most beautiful agricultural field.

York Island may be said to be a towering mountain, covered with forests. Its southwest end is composed of a lofty clay cliff, which is denuded and gashed into chasms by the washing of mountain torrents during the prevalence of heavy rains. We sailed close along its west side to the northward. The land sloped down to a sand-beach, along which was scattered cocoanut-trees. We discovered a pretty little bay; its mouth faced the southwest, and was sheltered by a little island that lay about a mile from its north point. It was a dead calm; we swept the vessel in passing to the south of the islet, and anchored near its foot, in nine fathoms water, which was so pellucid that we could see the bottom very distinctly.

The shore was composed of a white sand-beach, fringed with groves of cocoanut and other trees, and at the foot of the bay rose a lofty mountain, covered from its base to its summit with a forest of stately trees of various kinds, the branches of which were matted together with great running vines.

Birds of beautiful plumage fluttered and sung around us, adding enchantment to the magnificence of the scene, while a setting sun left a gloomy shade over the bay as it sunk behind the mountains of Bidera. The poetic sky and climate of Italy sinks into insignificance when compared to that of Tropical Australasia.

The anchor-watch was set, and we retired to swing in our hammocks.

The next day we embarked in the squadron and explored the bay. On its north side we discovered a creek of fresh water. The cocoanut-trees hung full of fruit, and upon the ground lay the decaying husks of the old nuts. We made an excursion into the interior of the forest in search of precious woods and medicinal plants, and saw many that were entirely new to us. We heard the howl of a dog or wolf, and saw many tracks of the wild hog. The soil was a rich black vegetable loam.

All this island was ours by right of possession ; not a native could be seen, nor any signs of there ever having been any there. We climbed the cocoa-trees, feasted upon their delicious fruit, after which we cut down one tree. It fell into the water, and two huge green lizards ran down its stem. We jumped into the bay to enjoy a bath, and to search for shells. The temperature of the air and water was delightful, and it was with reluctance that we left our bath.

The next day we struck the first blow towards a settlement. All hands landed with axes, and commenced cutting down the forest upon the base of the mountain. The falling crash of trees and the cracking of vines echoed over the peaceful bay. The next day the wood and water was on board, the decks washed down and rigging coiled neatly upon the belaying-pins. We had discovered a grove of wild orange-trees ; they were loaded with fine large fruit, which was as sour as lemons. We landed with tin cups, molasses, and a bucket. Into the latter we squeezed the juice of oranges without number, filled it with water from the creek, poured in molasses, and stirred it well. Then we dipped our cups into the "lemonade," toasted sweethearts and wives, and sung a rude song of our own *impromptu* composing.

Temperance ladies without money,  
 We offer to you friendship's hand ;  
 Come and drink the milk and honey\*  
 That flow o'er this beauteous land.

After this we bathed, and then ran races up and down the beach ; bets ran high upon the contending parties, and night alone closed the sport.

The next morning we got under way, and sailed along the north coast of Bidera to the westward. We encountered dangerous coral shoals, and sailed inside of two small islands, which were uninhabited.

Next we discovered two handsome little islands, situated near the main. We anchored near their north side and landed upon them, shouting loudly, but saw no signs of natives. Crossing over to the mainland, we found a large basket in a cove ; it was sunk with stones in the water upon the beach, so that its upper rim stuck above the surface. Upon looking inside, we saw that it contained a number of little fish sporting about. They were striped, with variegated coloured rings, and were the most beautiful and singular fish that we had seen. Their names we knew not ; one seemed to be an *Ostracion quadricornis*, and the others probably belonged to the genus *Chaetodon* and *Balistes*. While looking at these singular specimens of the finny tribe, a fly lit upon the rim of the basket ; a little fish, with a long mouth, darted to the surface and ejected a drop of water with such force that it knocked the fly into the water, and before he could extricate himself the fish had swallowed him.

In the morning we got under way, and sailed to the westward through coral reefs. The next day we entered Webster Bay, and anchored in Fairy Cove.

The seeds that we planted on our former visit had all grown well except the Indian corn, only about one quarter of which had sprouted, for the seed was bad when we planted it. The pumpkins and melons had flourished beyond our expectations. We hoed up all the weeds and put the garden in order, and watched our experiment in farming with great self-satisfaction.

Nothing had been disturbed ; but the natives had evidently

\* This, of course, is a figurative expression for our molasses lemonade.

been here during our absence, for we found the stumps of the trees painted with red hieroglyphics, as well as the trunk of the "little trees' grand-daddy," which was literally covered with wonderful and mysterious inscriptions; and in one of its compartments lay a pile of stones and chips, all marked with red characters. In vain we endeavoured to decipher these symbols.

The next day we heard the shouting of voices, and a party of savages emerged from the forest, stringing along the north-east shore, two by two, in solemn tread, chanting the "hog song," and preceded by two men carrying a hog upon a pole. Driving two crotched stakes into the beach, they hung the hog upon them, together with fruit of various kinds, and then the host made signs that they were a peace-offering to the deity, and invited us to come and take them.

We generously accepted the offering and landed upon the beach; whereupon the natives fled into the forest, while we deposited the hog and fruit in the boats, hung up trinkets of various kinds upon the stakes, and returned on board the vessel.

At daybreak the next morning we embarked in the squadron, and proceeded out of the cove on an exploring cruise to the eastward. We discovered three pretty little islands, situated close together, and upon each was a village. We landed, and were hospitably entertained by the natives in their wigwams, which were shaded by banana, plantain, and cocoanut trees, all hanging full of golden fruit. We made the chiefs presents; they brought us fruit, and invited us into their huts. The women were much more numerous than the men, and polygamy seemed quite fashionable. The children seemed hearty, and ran about at their leisure.

In one wigwam a young woman was busy finishing a handsome palm-leaf mat, upon which she invited me to sit while she trimmed the edges with a piece of obsidian and a block of wood. I presented her a pair of scissors, and taught her how much better they would trim the edge than her implements. She thanked me kindly, and went into ecstasies as she clipped the edge with the "magic instrument." When the mat was finished she presented it to me, and I gave her a string of "golden beads" to wear upon her neck.

It was with some difficulty that the captain mustered the crew and got them again on board the squadron. At 10 P.M. we arrived on board the vessel.

During our absence the natives had been to the stakes and taken the trinkets. The next morning they sang the hog song and marched along the beach as before, and deposited another hog upon the stakes, which they invited us to come and take. We embarked in the squadron; they now had more confidence in our friendship, and stood their ground with resolution, until we sallied out upon the beach, when their courage failed them, and they again fled. We followed the path that they took, and arrived at the foot of a wooded hill, up which we looked through a narrow avenue, fringed with underwood, above which bristled many large barbed spears, tipped with fish-bones.

We hallooed for the natives to come out of their ambush; they complied cautiously, and stood timidly in the path, holding their large spears, and looking down upon us. The captain held out his carbo-gourd; a chief rattled down the bank and exchanged betle. We painted our faces and bodies red; a treaty of peace was ratified; the natives threw away their spears, and "shook hands all around," while they danced and laughed for joy as the captain made them presents. One of the crew played a tune upon the clarinet, much to the delight of these good-looking and friendly people. We took the hog, bade them farewell, and returned on board the vessel.

The next morning we got under way, and were soon cruising about among the dangerous reefs off Bidera. Now we danced around one with heavy combers upon it, now we tackled ship, now we hove to, now we squared away, and now we skimmed along one point free.

"Shoal water ahead! hard alee!" shouted the look-out from the mast-head.

The vessel ran up in the wind's eye and struck upon a coral reef violently, causing the pots and kids to fly off from the galley, and nearly knocking every man from his feet. She stuck fast, with her bow upon a coral shoal, where the water was not more than six feet deep; her stern was depressed, and there she lay, rolling with the swell. Luckily, the tide was rising; we rolled the water-casks aft, rigged a spare topmast

over the bow upon the reef, attached a heavy tackle to it, and brought the fall to the windlass, upon which we hove with all our might. The coral cracked, the vessel strained and slid off, safe and sound, with the sails all aback. Night was upon us; we sailed in nearer to the land, and anchored in thirty fathoms' water.

At midnight I was aroused by the roaring of a tempest: half asleep, I leaped up, struck my head against the deck-timber, and rolled out of my hammock upon the floor. Thunder belled around us; chain-lightning flashed down the companion-way, and the rain poured down in torrents. The vessel trembled, the chain surged round the windlass, and the anchor dragged. Not far from our stern lay a dangerous coral reef, and the sea rolled heavily in upon us!

“A-l-l ha-n-d-s a-hoy!”

We were soon upon deck, and saw that the vessel was driving upon the reef!

“Clear away the sheet-anchor!” shouted the captain: “life or death! cut away the shank-painter!”

A sailor seized an axe, the chain rushed through the hawse-hole: “Pay out! pay out! check her handsomely!” We now rode by two anchors and a long scope of chain. Close under the lee we saw white breakers, and heard them roaring and dashing upon the reef.

By morning the tempest had abated, and it soon cleared entirely away, leaving no traces of the dismal night through which we had passed. We got under way and steered to the westward, passing outside of the islands and reefs that compose the Bay of Shoals. Discovering a chain of handsome secondary islands lying near the main, we sailed through a passage between two of them, and anchored in the lagoon between them and Bidera. Upon one of the islands was situated a large town, shaded by cocoanut-trees; its name was Carwary. The next day many natives came off from it in canoes and traded with us. They were very friendly, and invited us on shore.

On the following day we painted our faces, stuck parrot-feathers in our hair, and landed upon Carwary. We were received, in the most friendly manner, by a stout old man, who headed the populace; his name was Nomer; he was the king

of Carwary and its dependances; he conducted us to his tanager, in front of which, beneath the shade of palm-trees, we seated ourselves upon a large log. On other logs round about sat the chiefs and their families, while the mob stood up. A respectable-looking, tall old woman sat upon our left; her name was Heydee; we soon understood that she was the wife of Nomer and the mother of a large family. Three of her daughters and two sons sat beside her.

As it was the custom of this tribe for great personages to exchange names when visiting each other, the sable king took the name of Cap-in Mor-el, which the savages around repeated loudly and with great solemnity. The white king took the name of Nomer, which we repeated aloud with gravity equal to that of the natives. Then we shook hands all around, and made and received presents.

A burly dame seized me by the hand and cried "Thomas!" I stared her in the face, but I had never seen her before! She addressed me in the Bidera tongue: "My brother Letarancebo resides with Sambarlo; he married the daughter of Peo-Leo; four moons gone by, he visited Carwary, and told us about the Great Spirit and the great medicines, Thomas and Edward. I know you by his description of your person."

I presented her a string of beads, and introduced her to the Medicine Edward, who held quite a long colloquy with her, to the great gratification of the multitude, who soon applied to us for medical and surgical aid; and we were compelled to answer many technical questions about which we knew nothing at all, but upon which it would not do to show our ignorance. Our plasters had a wide circulation.

We became quite intimate with these good people; and the younger son of Nomer, whose name was Garry Garry, frequently accompanied us in the squadron on exploring expeditions, and slept on board of the vessel several nights. He was a fine fellow, and of great service to us in trading and opening a communication with the savages. He had a great desire to accompany us to the "moon" in the "god-ship." We promised to take him, and return him safe and sound in five moons. His father consented, but the heart of his mother failed her, and she could not part with him, for fear he would never return.

To the westward lay a remarkable little islet, rising in the form of a sugar-loaf, and covered with huts. There were not more than three trees upon it. The sailors called it "Bagdad," but the native name was Carpo, and it was ruled by a stout, good-looking, jolly chief of the same name. We visited him at his village, and the next day he came with a fleet of canoes around the vessel, and presented us fruit and small clams in baskets. He came on board with his principal warriors, and was much surprised at the sight of everything he saw. We struck the alarm-bell; the warriors ran in terror to the stern, and one, in his fright, leaped overboard! The rest we prevailed upon to remain, and initiated them into the mysteries of the bell, by learning them how to pull the clapper.

At first they started back at the sound produced by themselves, like the man who saw the devil rolling up his shadow. Soon they became more courageous, and then they played merrily with the bell, beside which a chief was now stationed, while Carpo mounted the taffrail and harangued his people about the mysterious music. They sat and listened in silent wonder, with outstretched necks, gaping mouths, and rolling eyes!

Preparations were made for our departure. Garry Garry importuned his mother, and she at length reluctantly consented to let her son accompany us to the moon. Nomer and Heydee came off in a large canoe, loaded with fruit and roots of various kinds, together with cocoanut-shells filled with water. These were all passed on board, and intended expressly for the sea-stores of their son during his voyage to the moon. The vessel was surrounded by a dense raft of canoes, filled with natives, who had come to witness the departure of one of the "blood-royal," Garry Garry, whom they now looked upon as a holy apostle, offered in sacrifice to the gods.

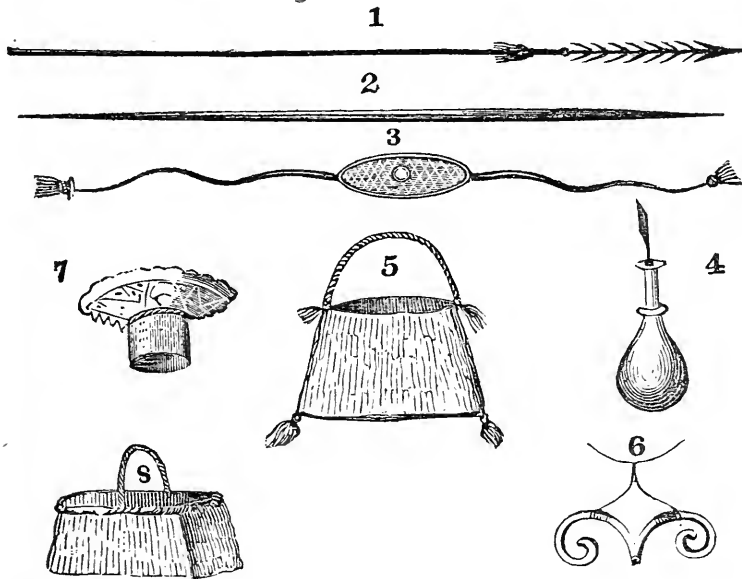
The anchor was apeak and sails unfurled, Garry Garry bade his people an affectionate farewell; his father put a string of five beads upon his neck, one of which he was to throw away at the expiration of every moon, that he might thereby know how many more were to transpire before the white king fulfilled his promise; his mother and sisters clung about his neck, and, kissing him tenderly, cried and sobbed aloud; he dashed a tear from his manly eyes, tore himself away, and leaped on



board the vessel, while an affecting and sorrowful murmur was uttered by the assembled savages. "She's away!" "Sheet home!" "Tally on the topsail halliards!" Away we sped again to sea.

Certain tender passions everywhere control the human heart; their influences are felt alike in the breast of a savage and in that of a civilized man.

The following drawing represents some of the war implements and utensils of Bidera.



No. 1 is a spear, nine feet long, barbed with fish-bones.

No. 2 is a plain spear, made of cocoa wood hardened by fire; the natives brandish it with dexterity, and hurl it with force sufficient to run the point through a pine board three quarters of an inch in thickness.

No. 3 is a sling; the socket is made of double cocoa fibre, the laniards of hog-skin neatly platted like a whip-thong, with a perfect "Turk's-head," and a shell ring at the end to prevent it from slipping through the fingers. Smooth round stones are thrown from it with force and precision.

No. 4 is a carbo-gourd.

No. 5 is a fine net-work bag; the drawing can give nothing more than its shape; its texture, and the varied figures of the net-work, cannot be surpassed by civilized man.

No. 6 is a boar's-tusk breast ornament.

No. 7 is an arm ornament of carved tortoise-shell.

No. 8 is a basket which the women carry upon their heads.

I had a suspicion, from the use of the sling and the prevalence of the rite of circumcision, that these might be the lost tribes of Israel, especially as Garry Garry told me there were extensive ruins in the centre of the island.

The following is the manner in which the natives of the north coast of Bidera count from one to one hundred :

1 Erry.	15 Songule-lu-lemeer.
2 Huer.	16 Songule-lu-lemeer-gi-erry.
3 Tolo.	17 Songule-lu-lemeer-gi-huer.
4 Pongee.	18 Songule-lu-lemeer-gi-tolo.
5 Lemeer.	19 Songule-lu-lemeer-gi-pongee.
6 Lemeer-gi-erry.	20 Songule-huer.
7 Lemeer-gi-huer.	30 Songule-tolo.
8 Lemeer-gi-tolo.	40 Songule-pongee.
9 Lemeer-gi-pongee.	50 Songule-lemeer.
10 Songule.	60 Songule-lemeer-gi-erry.
11 Songule-lu-erry.	70 Songule-lemeer-gi-huer.
12 Songule-lu-huer.	80 Songule-lemeer-gi-tolo.
13 Songule-lu-tolo.	90 Songule-lemeer-gi-pongee.
14 Songule-lu-pongee.	100 Songule Songule.

This manner of enumeration is wonderful ; it is done by the combination of seven simple words ! Songule is ten, therefore songule repeated is ten times ten. Did King David count in this manner ? More anon.

The day after leaving Carwary, we were battering about among reefs, and anchored in a spacious bay, to the east of Cape Gloucester. We landed at a town of considerable size, and opened a trade with the inhabitants, who were ruled by a celebrated brave named Tantemilelooe. Two days after we anchored close to the northwest point of Bidera, in ten fathoms water, with a sandy bottom. A short distance outside lies a dangerous shoal, part of which was dry at low water. The land near us is Cape Gloucester.

From the sea-beach extended, two or three miles inland, a low and level prairie, covered with luxuriant grass. It rose or swelled up gently, and ended in an elevated, grass-covered knoll, of considerable elevation, behind which, in the distance, rose to the clouds the magnificent mountains of Bidera. A more

splendid site for the construction of the palace of a prince than this prairie knoll does not exist in this world. The strait that divides Bidera from Papua is probably over sixty miles broad, and is known by the name of Dampier's Strait. This name, I think, is wrongly applied; there are two straits instead of one; for the passage is divided by a large island which lies in the centre. Speaking of the latter island, Captain Morrell says, in his journal, "We stood to the westward across the strait, and at 11 A.M. were close in under the northern shore of an island, of considerable size, that lies nearly in the centre of the strait, and which I shall call Dampier's Island, in honour of its discoverer, although some navigators have already called it Rook's Island." Dampier himself named it "Sir George Rook's Island;" but the captain did not know this. The name given to it by the captain seems appropriate, and I shall call it by that name.

Dampier did not sail through the strait that lies between Dampier's Island and Papua; he sailed through the strait that lies between Bidera and Dampier's Island. The latter is the true Dampier's Strait; the former I name Gonoro Strait, as this is the native name. These names seem to me quite as applicable as those of Bally, Lombock, and Allas, which divide Sumbawa from Java; and of those of Mangeray and Sapy, which divide Floris from Sumbawa; and of those of Floris, Dutch Gut, Auer, Pantar, and Timor. Opposite the north mouth of Dampier's Strait, and W. by N. of Cape Gloucester, lies a mountain island, covered with forests; its native name is Lusee. In the centre of Dampier's Strait is situated a conical island, that rises abruptly from the water, and towers up more than one thousand feet into the air. It is composed of lava, clay, pumice and rotten stones, sulphur and cinders. Steam issued from its summit, and its sides were denuded and washed into deep chasms. I named it Cone Island.

We manned the squadron, and, taking Garry Garry in the *Invincible*, started through Dampier's Strait, exploring the coast of Bidera. Soon we came to a large town, situated near the beach, amid a cocoanut grove, and near by three beautiful and remarkable trees, with bright yellow foliage, which presented a singular contrast with the deep green of the surrounding forest.

The tum-tums beat "to arms," and warriors, armed to the teeth, strode along the beach. Boldly we sailed within spear's throw, and hove to. Garry Garry rose and harangued them, saying that he was the son of Nomer, the king of Carwary, and that we were gods from the moon, who had come to make them presents. They threw away their arms, shouted and danced for joy, and invited us on shore, while the tum-tums ceased their clamour. We landed, and were conducted to the palace of the renowned King Kelinger, a young and daring warrior. He received us in state, and was very friendly. A treaty was ratified and presents exchanged; he invited us to stop over night; we declined, and set sail to the southward, along the coast. The scenery presented was grand and beautiful, made up of verdant and undulating knolls, sequestered dales, and distant lofty mountains of deep green.

Near Cape Ann, the southwest point of Bidera, we discovered a little bay or cove. We sailed in and camped for the night upon the beach at its foot, near a grove of cocoanut-trees, from which we obtained a supply of fruit. The land rose abruptly into a wooded mountain, and the place seemed uninhabited.

We remarked that, generally, every afternoon a cracking breeze blew through Dampier's Strait to the northward, and prevailed during the night, imparting a bracing and delightful vigour to the human system.

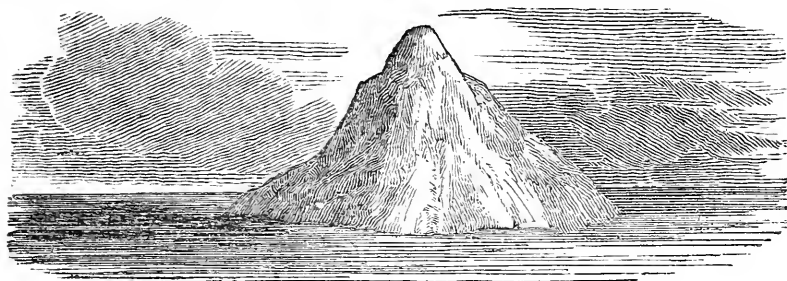
It was night on the following day that we returned on board the vessel, and turned into our hammocks. It blew violently during the night, and, being exposed to the force of the sea, we rode by two anchors.

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### CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN the sun rose in the morning, the scene around was at once beautiful and imposing; on one side lay the prairies, the woodlands, and mountains of Bidera, and on the other Cone and Lusee Islands, and the deep-blue waters of Dampier's Strait, bounded by the loom of Dampier's Island,

We got under way, and sailed across the strait around the north and west sides of Cone Island, which stood before us like a vast columnar portal, marking the entrance to another world, with its gashed and denuded aspect contrasting strongly with the verdant scenery upon either side of the strait. The following drawing represents Cone Island, bearing E. by S.



We coasted Dampier's Island; the scenery was picturesque and elevated. On its southeast side we discovered a secondary island, which was connected with the main by coral reefs that formed a safe lagoon inside. I was sent in the *Invincible* to look for a passage through the reefs, and discovered one to the east of the island. It was not more than one hundred feet wide; the vessel followed on, and shot safely through into the lagoon, and moored, stem and stern, in nine fathoms' water, with a muddy bottom, inside of the island, near its east end, and opposite a large town, which was shaded by groves of cocoa and other trees. The place seemed deserted, and night was upon us. This island and town were named Gonoro.

In the morning a few natives appeared and hailed us. We landed, and Garry told them who we were and what we had come for. They rejoiced much, and said that their king and all the women and children had retreated to the main yesterday, when they saw us coming in; for they had taken us to be bad spirits, who had come to kill them and ravish their women. They immediately despatched canoes to inform the king that we were *Timboca* (good spirit).

In the afternoon a large fleet of canoes advanced from the main. Some of them were double-banked, the largest that we had seen, and were propelled by two great mat sails. They were filled with men, women, and children, who soon surrounded the vessel. Presents were exchanged, as usual, and

a treaty ratified, with a pleasant-looking, good-natured, stout old man. His name was Mahseelow; he was the king of Gonoro and its dependances; he presented the captain a sacred bird (a large white cockatoo). He invited us on shore, and then landed at the town with all his people.

We explored a neighbouring sand-shoal and took a refreshing bath.

The next day we landed upon Gonoro, and were received by Mahseelow and his chiefs, who marched us through a line of wigwams into a square, where were situated a big tum-tum, and a great platform built of logs and bamboo, and raised four feet from the ground upon piles. Around this was ranged a double row of log benches. The whole was shaded by large trees, the limbs of which projected over the platform, and were loaded with the jaw bones of hogs. This was evidently the Prætorium of Gonoro; and we seated ourselves upon the platform, surrounded by the chiefs and populace, who repeated aloud "Cap-in Mor-el."

Mahseelow introduced the chiefs, by touching each upon his head and repeating his name; I cannot, for the life of me, call to mind their "crack-jaw" appellations. Now he harangued the assemblage with energy and violent gesticulation, to the following purport: "Beloved people; you have looked at Oorro (the sun) from day to day, and at Tieceo (the moon), Maryomber (sky), and Neto-Neto (stars) from night to night, and witnessed their regular revolutions. These are all controlled by Timboca, who has now come to visit you in the person of Cap-in Mor-el, who is a mighty and powerful Mahhonee (king), and has come to exchange the productions of Tieceo for those of Gonoro. He never eats his enemies, or fights, except on the defensive, and then he destroys the foe with the *ballum bally* of Oorro!"

The captain rose, in imitation of the sable king, and addressed the assemblage. Garry interpreted the speech through us linguists, and the natives seemed wonderfully pleased.

The limbs of the trees overhead were a sort of mythological deities, representing different seasons, and the trees might be said to form the Pantheon of Gonoro. One limb represented the bread-fruit season; another the golopo, yam, banana, and cocoanut seasons; and the number of hog's jaws that hung

upon them were a sort of symbolical characters, denoting the numbers of a certain season that had been celebrated during the reign of a particular king. The jaws belonged to the poor porkers, whose carcasses had been baked and offered up as a sacrifice to the particular season which had been celebrated.

The council broke up; the king took us to his tuonger and introduced us to his three wives; one was aged, and the others fat, buxom, and quite youthful. Next he showed us his "ship-yard" upon the beach: several canoes were upon the "stocks," in progress of completion. A broad board lay near, and had been hewn out of a tree, with great labour, with shell adzes; several natives were "planing" it, by rubbing stones over the surface.

The king was building a canoe for himself, and it was nearly completed; that is, only about fifty holes remained to be made round the side for the ratan to pass through that seized on the bulwarks. Natives were now busy pecking these holes with shells and stones. It would probably have taken them a "month of Sundays" to complete the task. The captain sent for the carpenter, and he bored the holes through in a short time, and sawed the plank where the king marked it, much to the surprise and amazement of the natives, who afterward looked upon the carpenter as a wonderful magician or "canoe god."

The next day the canoe was launched, and we painted it handsomely, with colours that would not "rub off!" It was very large, and ornamented with elaborate carvings of birds and fishes, and the prow was decorated with the carved head of Timboca. In the centre was a raised platform, with railing and roof, and it was rigged with two masts. The two medicines embarked in it, with Mahseelow and his daughters, and took a pleasure trip down the lagoon to try its speed.

In company with a chief, I passed through the town and visited the Temple of Gonoro. It was an oblong building, forty by sixty feet; the roof sloped up at an acute angle, the peak was twenty-five feet high, supported by a ridge pole and pillars, all carved with figures of crocodiles, lizards, tortoises, and fishes. There was a doorway front and rear, and the façade was constructed of logs. The walls were hung with implements of war and the chase. Some of the fishing-nets were superior

to those made by civilized man. The twine was equal to our best fishing-lines, and the meshes were perfectly uniform.

The inside of this large building presented a gloomy aspect, that gave it the appearance of mystery. In one angle I discovered a secret chamber, with a door leading into it. My curiosity was excited, and I attempted to enter. The iron hand of the chief grasped me by the shoulder, as he cried, "Arupo!" (tabooed or sacred). One look at his countenance satisfied me that he was not to be fooled with; he led the way out of the temple, and I followed. He stalked through the village, and invited me into his wigwam and showed me some fresh-made sago, done up like cheese, in the form of sugar-loaves, and covered with banana leaves. His daughter, a sprightly girl, showed me her garden in the rear of the house, and, holding up a piece of cocoanut, cried, "Ga-ne! ga-ne!" whereupon a large cockatoo flew down from a neighbouring tree, and, perching upon her arm, began to eat the nut. They are a querulous and mournful bird, with languishing black eyes; the one presented by Mahseelow to the captain nearly cried himself to death at parting with his friends of Gonoro. In company with the chief and his family, we dined upon fruit and baked bonito, after which we enjoyed a siesta and smoked cigars, made of tobacco rolled in dried plantain leaves. Hogs, with fiery eyes and ferocious looks, ran about the village, and cocks and hens strutted round the huts.

The government of Gonoro seemed to be that of a patriarchy; the king was looked up to as a patriarch of patrician blood. The doors of the wigwams remained unbolted and unbarred day and night; there was no fear of thieves, swindlers, or assassins; there was nothing valuable enough to excite the cupidity of the first two; all possessed alike; all had enough to eat and drink; every family owned a house, and all dressed alike. The nearest relatives of the aged and infirm provided them with plenty to eat and a place to sleep; this was all they required to make them happy.

The climate is so delightful and healthy that the inhabitants live to a great age. One man that I saw seemed to be 130 years old; he was bent forward, his skin looked like parchment, and was wrinkled over his body. In vain the angel of death had long endeavoured to claim him as his own. His



hair was gray, and he tottered along with a cane ; I saluted him as one belonging to an age gone by ; he halted, raised up his head, opened his filmy eyes, and gazed intently at me as he ejaculated, "Larcu emo paroker Timboca" (good child of the Good Spirit).

"Tuo varee hie?" (how old are you?) asked I

He clasped his hands together and replied,

"Songule-lemeer-gi-erry, songule-songule-tiecoe," so many hundreds of moons that he did not know. The old man was perfectly happy ; his children provided well for him, and he bid fair to live a long time to come, and pass imperceptibly into the sleep of death. I presented him some beads, which he said he would give to his great-great-grandchildren, and away he tottered.

The natives, being free from care, and having no notes to pay, were a jolly, dancing, and right merry set. At night the young people had a grand dance, and our sailors joined in quite merrily, being all ready for a carousal. The small tum-tums beat, the fires blazed, the girls sung and danced, the gourds with shells inside rattled, and the fête broke up cheerily, while the youthful braves and gallants chaperoned their "ladyes fair" to their respective wigwams. On the following day the populace collected around the "ship-yards" to witness some of the miracles which the carpenter (canoe god) was performing upon some of the canoes by desire of the natives.

My curiosity in relation to the adytum, or secret chamber in the temple, had not subsided, and I resolved, at all hazards, to penetrate its mysteries. A favourable opportunity now offered, as the town was deserted. I called W—— on one side and communicated my intentions ; he entered into my scheme, and we proceeded to execute it with all expedition.

We left the natives and walked along the beach, pretending to look for shells. The temple was situated upon the point of the island, and the town lay between it and the "ship-yard." Having passed the town, we hurried across the point and cautiously entered the rear portal of the temple. Inside things looked still more dismal and mysterious ; the crocodiles on the columns stared down frightfully upon us, and the war-clubs and spears that hung around seemed to frown and say, "You have intruded upon the sanctity of the inner temple of

Gonoro ; wielded by the incensed hands of the savages, we may yet fall upon your heads and crush you for this outrageous sacrilege." W—— stationed himself beside the front portal, looking out towards the town ; and he was to notify me of the approach of savages by sounding the alarm-whistle. Cautiously I approached the adytum, and put my hand upon a mat that closed the entrance. Something moved inside ! I started back, and my heart fluttered with apprehension. W—— reminded me that there was no time to be lost, for the natives would soon return to the village, and then our discovery would be certain ! I grasped my pistol, seized hold of the mat, and leaped inside of the mysterious chamber, while the mat closed behind me.

In the centre of the chamber was a platform, upon which stood a large, oblong basket, covered with cocoa cloth, which was painted with red hieroglyphics ; over this was erected a canopy of bamboo, ratan, ebony, and fan-palms ; and upon the top stood a large living cockatoo, tied by one leg. On the opposite side of the chamber was a shelf, with wooden jars ranged upon it, all carved and painted with symbolical characters. The only light was admitted through a small hole overhead, and everything bore a gloomy aspect. I seized hold of the covering upon the basket ; the cockatoo fluttered backward in affright, and cried, " Car ! car !" most ominously. I removed the covering, and in the basket lay a human skeleton, a war-club, a spear, and strings of wampum !

Next I proceeded to the shelf, which was as high as my head ; five oval jars stood upon it ; I took them down one by one ; something moved inside of all of them ; four were sealed up with gum copal ; the fifth was unsealed, and I proceeded to open it ; my companion whistled !

The jar fell from my hand ; a human skull rolled out upon the floor ! the sacred bird opened his mouth wide, rolled his large black eyes, and screamed loudly. Terrified, I abandoned everything, rushed out of the chamber, and ran for the rear portal. W—— recalled me, by saying that he had seen a dog and a savage coming up the avenue, but that they had turned to the left. I returned to the sanctuary of the dead, and, replacing everything as I had found it, we left the temple by the rear portal, and, without suspicion on the part of the savages, returned to the town along the beach.

The natives admired our vermilion paint very much, because it would not rub off like their clay and whitewash. The next day the crew were busy painting the front of the king's house in red and white stripes.

I visited the house of my friend the chief; his daughters entertained me with fruit, and then I strolled along the beach searching for shells. When out of sight of the town, I heard natives shouting loudly in the forest, and two savages hove in sight, running down the beach towards me; one cried "Tom!" and the other "Bad Man!"

I cocked my pistol, and thought of the sacrilegious proceedings in the temple! When within one hundred feet they halted, right-about-faced, and pointed to their backs, upon one of which was painted, in large, flaming red letters, "Tom," and upon the other "Bad Man."

I felt more at ease; the wags among our crew had been gratifying the taste of these savages for red paint, and had taught them to repeat the names upon their bodies like so many parrots. I congratulated them upon their names; they took hold of me, and conducted me along a path that led into the forest; presently we came to an opening, where were situated lodges and gardens, and youthful voices shouted "Star! star!" A host of girls and boys were riding upon hogs, who trotted round a ring, while the riders cried "Star!" I recognised more of our vermilion; a girl stood in the centre of the ring, and upon her breast was painted a large star!

Upon my return to the town, I found the façade of the king's tuonger handsomely painted; and beneath the door sill, in large black letters, was painted B. M., the initials of the captain.

The savages stood admiring the red paint, and requested to have their bodies painted. The sailors were up to their eyes in business, painting and nicknaming them, while they ran away, joyfully shouting the names upon their respective bodies, such as Bill Bobstay, Bowsprit, Flying-jib, Bumpkin, Kentledge, and Anchor. The latter was a stout, lusty man, and had a large anchor painted down the whole length of his back, with the flukes extending round in front of his body. The next day we explored the lagoon, and sent the divers down for pearl-shell, but found none. We went swimming

with the natives, and bets ran high about the distance a man could swim.

At daybreak the next morning we bade our good friends farewell, got under way, and put to sea. We crossed Dampier's Strait to Cape Ann, and coasted close along the south side of Bidera to the eastward. The water was clay coloured, and the soundings varied from thirteen to twenty fathoms, muddy bottom. An open space looked like the mouth of a river, and the coast seemed uninhabited. At night we anchored in twenty-two fathoms, muddy bottom, between three small islands and the main. At daybreak we were again under way; the land was low, and divided into numerous small islands. The soundings were very irregular, and in successive throws we had six, nine, and twenty fathoms, mud and sand. We passed outside of a dangerous shoal, and sailed along the south side of a remarkable little island, situated near the main; it presented to view a rocky cliff, one hundred feet or more in height, surmounted by scattering cocoa and other trees.

We soon found ourselves opposite a vast group of little islands, divided by narrow channels, and filling up a great bay or hollow in the mainland; they were of the primary and secondary formations, were covered with verdure, and presented a romantic appearance. We sailed in among them boldly, and, thridding their tortuous channels, passed a village shaded by cocoanut-trees, and soon found ourselves shut out from the sea. Now a beautiful panoramic view opened to our enraptured vision, as if by magic. We looked to the northward, over a narrow and placid sheet of water, which was formed into a vista seven miles long, bounded on either side by the projecting and wooded points of the islets, and growing dim in perspective, and finally ending at the base of the looming lands of Bidera. The sun had sunk low in the horizon, and the dark shade of each islet was cast over the placid surface of the vista waters, which contrasted charmingly with the intervening golden rays of the sun. A sweet and balmy perfume was wafted upon the senses, and birds of plumage and of song carolled their vesper hymns. We anchored close upon one of the islets, in ten fathoms water, mud bottom. The sailors bunted the sails with a loud "yo-heave-ho!" and savages in the forest replied, "Ya-yoo, ya-yoo, ye-yoo!"

At 4 P.M. we were piped, "Explorers, away!" We manned the squadron and set sail up the vista. As the day dawned, chanticleers crowed upon the land, and birds of various species fluttered and screeched about. Three unarmed savages stood upon the beach of an island, gazing at us. We landed with all speed in front of them; they fled with precipitation up a neighbouring bluff; one grasped a shrub near its verge; it came out by the root, and he rolled to the bottom. We surrounded him; he rose up, trembling with fear. Garry addressed him, and said that we were good people, and that he was the son of Nomer, the king of Carwary. The savage was a hearty-looking young man, and, with joyful countenance, recognised Garry, whom he had before fallen in with during a hunting tour upon the mountains of Bidera. The savage, whose name was Wakenish, consented to pilot us to the ruins; we took him into the Invincible, and set sail on our course. We entered and sailed up a river that led us into the interior of Bidera. The scenery was beautifully interspersed with timbered land and verdant lawns. Palm-trees, and beautiful ferns of various species, fringed the points of rural coves, and the splendid-plumaged *Psittacus Erythrocephalus* and the *Phasianus Pictus* skimmed the tree-tops. The soil was rich, and no signs of inhabitants could be seen; the whole scene was one of primitive and exquisite beauty.

We landed, and, leaving the squadron at anchor in charge of five men, marched into the forest.

"Fiz snarl!" sounded a voice from above, and, looking up, we saw, crouched in the crotch of a tree, a huge panther; our muskets were instantly levelled at him; he sprang out upon a limb over our heads, and leaped into the opposite tree, down the trunk of which he ran, and sprang upon a decayed tree that lay upon the ground, where he faced around, eyed us with his fiery eyes, swept the tree with his tail, bared his teeth, growled spitefully, wheeled round, and bounded like lightning out of sight in the depths of the jungle. Emerging from the forest, we came out upon an undulating prairie and crossed it, skirting round a strip of woodland that encircled an elevated tumulus or Indian mound. Then we travelled over a range of wooded hills and waded up a stream of water, which we crossed, and ascended a rocky pass that brought us upon another

prairie, with steep wooded hillocks scattered about. Upon the summit of one rose a tower and an obelisk; we endeavoured to reach them, and commenced climbing the tumulus. Our progress was slow, for we had to cut our way through the matted and gnarled shrubs and vines with axes and hatchets. We now became satisfied that we were ascending an artificial elevation; for at every step we encountered heaps of rubbish and stones half buried, that exhibited marks of having been sculptured with hieroglyphics and images which were now nearly defaced. It was near dark when we reached the summit and stood in front of a quadrangular stone structure, the angles of which faced the four points of the compass. The portal was formed by a kind of octangular belfry, projecting from the façade, and was carved with crocodiles and human feet, interwoven with enormous snakes, and surmounted by a huge block of stone, representing some human monster with two heads and one body. The whole structure was in a state of decay, and covered with shrubs and vines, the roots of which had thrown the stones down, and the ruthless hand of time bid fair to merge it soon into a shapeless mound. The roof appeared to have been composed of cement, supported upon arches; but it had fallen in, and we found it difficult to penetrate any part, on account of all the passages being blocked up with heaps of rubbish, in which were secreted lizards and other reptiles.

Wakenish made a fire in front of the ruins, and kindled it by revolving the point of a piece of dry wood upon a hole or socket in another piece that lay upon the ground. We camped for the night. In the morning we collected specimens of the ruins, and shot a falcon that measured six feet three inches from the tip of each wing when outspread. We returned to the squadron and set sail homeward. We made Wakenish many presents, and landed him upon his island, when he bade us farewell with a buoyant heart, well pleased with the manner in which the pale faces had treated him. It was late at night that we arrived safe on board the vessel, much fatigued. The next day was the Sabbath, and it was devoted to reading, recreation, and repose. I name the place where we are anchored Clay Harbour, after Henry Clay.

Our worthy third officer, Mr. Scott, nearly lost his life yes-

terday; while setting up the martingale back-rope, the laniard parted, he fell overboard, and his head struck violently against the chain cable; he was stunned and sunk; a noble young man, a native of New-York, leaped overboard, seized him by the hair of his head, and saved his life.

At daybreak on the following morning we manned the squadron, and proceeded to explore the islands at the mouth of the harbour. We landed suddenly in front of a village, which was imbowered, as usual, amid cocoanut and other trees. The natives fled, terrified, and left muscles and nuts roasting by the fires. Garry discovered a savage concealed in the top of a cocoanut-tree, and called to him to come down; he replied tremblingly, and Garry requested him to wait until he returned to the boats and got some presents for him. When he came back he found that the savage had taken French leave and decamped. Not being enabled to open any communication with the natives, we hung trinkets in front of the wigwams, and departed to explore a coral reef, which having completed, we returned home.

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE next morning we started again on an exploring cruise among the islands. We landed to quench our thirst from the cocoanuts that hung upon a neighbouring grove. While up the trees, we discovered a village upon a hill in the interior; we immediately took up our line of march, in Indian file, to reconnoitre, led on by Garry-Garry and the captain. Penetrating the forest, we forded a creek knee deep, and found ourselves at the base of a rocky cliff, upon the summit of which stood the village, surrounded by a stockade of logs. Not one savage could be seen, and we commenced scaling the rocky precipice up a ghaut that led to the only entrance into the stockade on this side.

A terrific war-yell rang in our ears, and the stockade bristled with the dark bodies of savages, who hurled a shower of stones down upon us. Garry was knocked down, and several of the sailors were slightly wounded. Luckily for us, the sav-

ages had cast the stones too soon, for many of them passed over a projecting rock that shielded us.

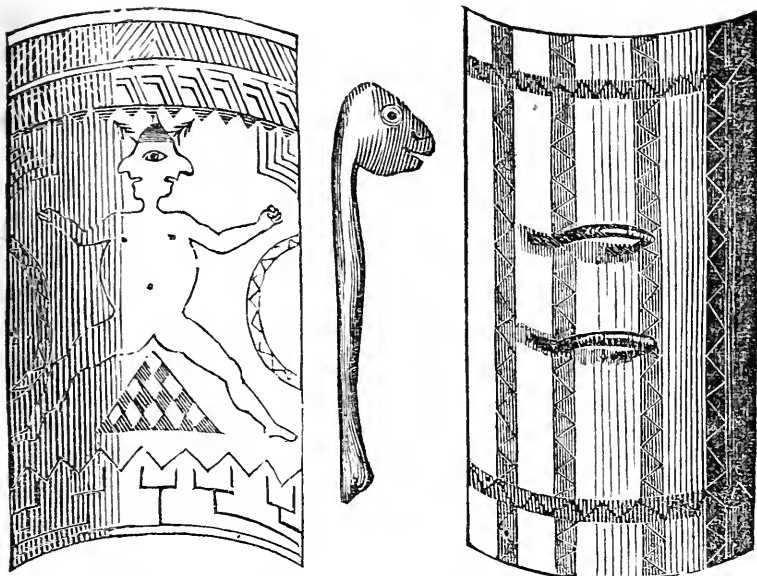
We uttered the war-yell in reply, and fired a volley of musketry into the air, and pushed rapidly ahead. The savages disappeared, and returned not the yell. We advanced upon the gateway of the stockade, which we found blocked up with logs. With axes we cut our way through. The captain drew his cutlass, cried "Come on!" and leaped inside the stockade, followed by the crew, cutlass in hand, who immediately formed in line.

We were surrounded by wigwams; but they were deserted; the savages had retreated precipitately through a gateway on the opposite side of the stockade, and we were left masters of this fortified village, in the centre of which, upon the tops of lofty trees, supported by timbers extending across the crotches of the limbs, was built, high in air, a castle of logs and bamboo, bound together with osiers. Upon its eastern angle was raised a pole, to which were tied ten smoked human skulls, that gazed down ghastly at us. A sailor climbed a notched tree, entered the castle through a trap-door, and, peering through an embrasure, uttered the war-yell, and hallooed, "We've taken the city by storm, and it's ours by right of conquest!"

We replied with three hearty cheers, and the sailor passed down to us a splendid hog-skin shield, a war-club of hard unknown wood, and five of the human skulls. He informed us that the citadel was well provided with stones, spears, and other missiles.

The drawing opposite represents the shield and war-club or battle-axe which we took from the citadel. Inspecting the village, we found several smouldering fires of dry wood, and a nut resembling the almond roasting by them. We were startled by a plaintive sobbing cry, and, upon searching a neighbouring wigwam, discovered an old woman, who had been unable to run away; beside her sat a girl bathed in tears; she was probably the grand-daughter of the old woman, and had resolved to remain and share her fate. They thought their final day had come, and that, as was the custom of their tribe, we would soon feast upon their roasted bodies! We assured them that we were their friends, and made them presents; their countenances brightened up, and we left trinkets to be distrib-





uted among their people. Then, taking the skulls, the shield, and the war-club, we marched solemnly out of the village, embarked in the squadron, and returned home.

The skulls we packed in a box, intending to carry them to New-York, and have them examined by a practical phrenologist, but fate ordained otherwise, as will be seen in the sequel. When the vessel was wrecked, they came near involving the captain and crew in a bloody outbreak with the savages of Madagascar.

The next day we again started for a village that we had before visited, and left trinkets; the one where Garry had discovered the man in the tree. This time the natives stood their ground, so that Garry hailed them, and we opened a trade, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. They became very intimate with us, and we visited their lodges. The name of the island was Ehag, and the principal chief was named Loe-Loe. The young women seemed to take a particular liking to our jolly tars, and feasted them upon plums and roasted sweet potatoes. What made them receive us so kindly was, that a canoe, filled with young men of Ehag, while fishing up the harbour, had fallen in with Wakenish, who gave them a flattering account of the manner in which the pale-faced strangers had treated him.

The next morning, a fleet of canoes, filled with men and women, came alongside the vessel, and Wakenish, with several aged chiefs, leaped on board. They invited us to their village; we embarked in the squadron, and the canoes led us up the harbour; we all landed at a large village, and were received by the natives as spirits from another world. Round about lay scattered handsome little gardens, divided by shady groves of various sorts of fruit-bearing trees. We distributed seeds of various kinds among the natives, and taught them how to plant them in their gardens. They promised to follow our instructions, and nurse the plants carefully. We made them presents, bade them farewell, and returned home.

At daybreak the next morning we got under way and put to sea, through a different passage from that by which we had entered. We coasted to the eastward, sailing inside of two uninhabited islands, that were covered with cocoanut-trees. The mainland rose in steep acclivities from the sea, crowned with beautiful and luxuriant table-lands. Next we coasted along the south side of several small, uninhabited islands that lie near the main. One of them was so remarkably conspicuous, that it deserves particular notice. It was nearly circular, and rose abruptly from the sea, presenting to view a smooth, perpendicular wall of rock, fifty feet high. The top receded, forming a narrow esplanade, or glacis, behind which rose another perpendicular wall of rock, fifty feet or more in height, and crowned, like the other, by table-land. It was a complete natural castle, and a few men, provided with the proper implements of war, could defend it against the attack of thousands. I name it Castle Island. At dark we lay to. In the morning we again made sail; but the day proved calm, and we lay near the land, heaving up and down upon the undulating surface of the Papua Sea.

The day was one of recreation, and all hands busied themselves, as pleased their fancy, in different parts of the vessel. Some were upon the booms, fishing with pearl hooks, red-flannel, and pork-fat. But the majority of the sailors were scattered about amidships, under the shade of the awning; one was sitting, a "cock bill," against the "scuttle-but," with a pipe in his mouth and a book in his hand, reading "Tales of the Ocean;" another was splitting palm leaf with a piece of tor-

toise-shell ; a third platted the leaf into sennit, and the fourth sewed it into a hat of convenient, though not very fashionable shape ; the fifth burnished his pike and pistols with a piece of shark-skin ; the sixth marked out the bottom of a circular canvass bag with a piece of trebled rope-yarn ; the seventh was cutting out a pair of duck trousers from the pattern of his old ones. The carpenter was making a crow's-foot, and the armorer cutting iron for trade. Beneath the bowsprit sat a noisy gang, playing cards and other games ; these were the only idlers.

Garry-Garry had now become an important man among us, and felt quite at home. We made a complete "suit" of clothing for him, viz., a duck shirt and pair of trousers, and we now proceeded to deck him in them.

Garry donned the shirt and trousers rather awkwardly, and a sailor buckled a strap round his body, with a sheath and knife attached. Then we crowned his head with a Scotch cap, and a sailor, telling him that he "must appear before the skipper a little shipshape and Bristol fashion about the gills," passed a flashy red handkerchief round his neck and tied it in a reef-knot, with flowing points. Garry seemed pleased, but it was evident that the clothing made him very uneasy, as he walked aft to exhibit himself to the skipper. All hands roared out, and the Doctor laughed from clew to earing, showing his ivory in striking contrast with his Jim Crow face and the smoky funnel.

At night we had a good breeze, and made some headway. In the morning we were opposite an archipelago of verdant islands, filling up a hollow in the main, which is, in many respects, similar to that of Clay Harbour, except that these islets are lower and of the secondary formation. We wound our way between them to the northward, and cast anchor in ten fathoms, mud bottom, near an island, and completely shut out from the sea. A beautiful grove of cocoa-trees ranged along the beach, and on the opposite island we discovered with our telescope several wigwams. We manned the squadron and landed ; the natives fled into the forest, and we pursued them. One man we overtook and surrounded ; he was very aged, and thought his final day had come. We presented him trinkets ; he took them, and gazed at us in inquiring amazement, as if he

intended to say, "What mean these mysterious proceedings? I thought you were the enemies of our people." "We are their friends," said Garry; "the red men are great and good." The old man was overjoyed, and, conducting us back to the village, presented us a fine hog. We bade him farewell, and returned home to repose.

At the break of day we were away in the squadron, sailing up a vista of the archipelago. We entered a creek, and proceeded up until it became so narrow that the limbs of the majestic trees on either side fairly met overhead, forming a natural arch. Fearing an ambuscade of savages, or, peradventure, wild beasts, we retraced our steps to the mouth, and followed the tortuous windings of the canals of the archipelago to the eastward, between dense rows of mangrove, bamboo, and palms. It was a dead calm; nothing broke the dismal stillness except the sound of our oars and the screeching of alarmed birds, as they rose fluttering away from the jungle. We caught one hasty glimpse of two canoes, filled with savages, who paddled swiftly across a channel and disappeared. Next we invested a large village near a sand-beach; it was deserted; the natives had fled hastily, for fires were still smouldering around. We stationed pickets and examined the huts; to the ridge poles of some were suspended hogs' jaws, the spines of fishes, human skulls in baskets, and bunches of bananas. In one we found an old man, who was unable to run; we treated him kindly, and made him presents as usual.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted the pickets. The savage war-yell rang through the forest: we hastily got the squadron afloat, and, leaving it in charge of five men, ran to the rear of the village, headed by the captain and Garry, who was armed with a lance; we formed in line just in time to intercept our retreating pickets, who were flying before a host of savages, whose dusty forms bristled along the skirts of the forest. They uttered the war-yell and poured out of their covert, armed with spears and clubs, and pressed upon us with fury, endeavouring to turn our right flank; we wheeled in solid column, and faced them, with a war-yell and a volley of musketry fired over their heads. They halted in alarm, and retreated under covert of the wood.

The old man was brought out of his hut by Garry, and pla-

ced in front of our ranks ; the captain told him to go and tell his people that we were their friends. He said he would do all he could, but he was afraid they would not believe him ; for when he was a child his father had told him that, when he was a young man, devils in human form, with pale faces, had once visited Kokava Bay, which lies to the eastward. They came in a big war-canoë, and most wantonly robbed and murdered his people ; they ravished the young women, and carried some of them away. The captain told him that they were bad people, and did not belong to his tribe, which he could go and tell his people in the woods, and farther threatened that, if they attacked him again, or sounded the war-yell, he would destroy them and burn their village. The old man tottered slowly away, assisted by a cane. He soon reached the wood, and we saw him holding a parley with a host of savages who surrounded him. At length he returned towards us, followed by several chiefs and about thirty warriors, all armed with spears ; they halted half way between us and the wood, while the old man approached us, and said that his people were desirous of entering into a treaty of peace. The captain told him to tell his people to throw away their spears and advance nearer ; they did so, and again halted about one hundred feet from us. The captain and Garry now threw away their arms and advanced to meet two of the chiefs, with whom they exchanged betle and presents, and promised to preserve mutual peace forever.

The natives now flocked into the village in considerable numbers, and were quite friendly. Some put hog-hide bands round their feet, and then each hugged a cocoanut-tree, and walked up its trunk, hand over hand, with as much ease as we walk up a pair of stairs. They threw the nuts down with a particular whirl, so that they should strike the ground with their points, and thus prevent them from breaking and spilling the water.

These natives spoke a language materially different from that of Garry, and he could not understand many of their words. Another village lay in sight, situated upon the opposite island ; several canoes accompanied us over to it, and we opened a friendly communication with its chief, who resided in a splendid bamboo house, the inside of which was plastered

with shell or coral lime, and the façade worked in diamond fretwork.

We continued onward, sailing to the eastward, and, late in the afternoon, camped for the night upon an uninhabited island. Near us was a fine grove of cocoanut-trees, in full bearing, and the island had, no doubt, at some distant day, been the site of a village; for we discovered the ruins of a wigwam with fire-stakes and grassy mounds.

We enjoyed a delightful bath upon the sand-beach, and then, as night set in, we rolled ourselves in blankets and reclined around the camp fire, each with a pipe in his mouth, for a grand smoke. We congratulated each other upon our fine appearance, for, in this healthy climate, we had grown fat and hearty upon a continued feast of fruits. The diseases incident to our changeable and unhealthy climate are here unknown. Benton spun a long yarn about some expedition in which he had been enlisted, upon the coast of Africa; a lion sprang from a jungle, seizing one of his men and tearing out his bowels, after which he dragged the mutilated body under covert of the jungle and escaped. Finally, a hippopotamus stove his boat; his men all died with malignant fevers, and he saved his life by taking refuge on board a slave ship, the captain of which was a cruel man, and when the slaves became unruly, he made them walk the plank and keel-hauled them! Our pickets dreamed of wild beasts all night, and once they roused out the captain to look at something mysterious. It turned out to be fish sporting upon the surface of the water.

In the morning we struck our tent, and set sail on our return by a new route, outside of the archipelago, exploring the dangerous reefs that bordered upon the sea. We circled round a small sand island, which was literally covered with gulls, that, upon our approach, rose in the air and formed a screeching cloud. The guano will one day make a rich and fruitful soil, and this will be converted into a verdant island. Onward we sped, following the sinuosities of the reefs. The Sylph and the Tempest were ahead, and we suddenly saw them combating a powerful current; we made the discovery when too late; the Invincible and all were hurried into the vortex, and driven with fearful velocity towards a coral barrier, upon which the sea broke in foam, and a long line of deep green

curling rollers. As if to hasten our destruction, the wind fell away, and the combers broke around, fairly drenching us with the "spoon-drift." We plied the oars with nerve, and dashed, nearly swamped, through the foam. The Invincible struck the coral once with great violence; but we leaped overboard and held on to the gunwales, and kept her head on. Most fortunately for us, our lives were saved, and we got safe through, under the lee of the barrier, completely drenched and badly scraped. We landed upon an island, made all as snug as possible, and set sail home.

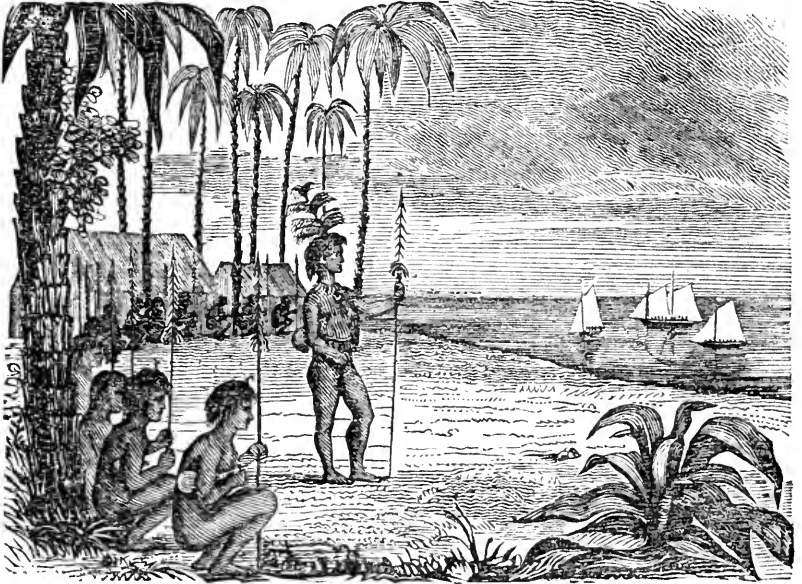
When we sighted the vessel in the distance up the vista, she loomed as large as a frigate, and seemed to float upon a white cloud. It was occasioned by a *fata morgana*. The plasters were applied freely to the wounds we had received from the sharp coral, and we turned in, much fatigued.

The next day we dismantled the boats, and turned them bottom upward upon the neighbouring beach, and all hands went to work and repaired the damage they had sustained. The Invincible, the Tempest, and the Sylph were most thoroughly overhauled and painted. On the third day after they were launched and rigged, and we started on an exploring cruise to the westward.

We discovered a large village, situated upon sloping ground, with a large square between it and the beach, around which grew groves of fruit-bearing and fragrant trees. In the square sat, squatting upon their haunches, about a hundred warriors, in a semicircle, the concave side of which was towards us. Each warrior held in his left hand a large barbed spear, one end of which rested upon the ground, in a vertical position, and under his right arm was a carbo-gourd. In the hollow of the circle squatted the king of this island (which is named Pudee) and its dependances. His name is Rogerrogee. He eyed us sharply, and rose up to his full height, which was seven feet six inches; he was a complete giant, and in every respect as well formed as Monsieur Bihin. Upon his head waved gracefully a paradise plume; around his waist were wound many folds of wampum, to which was secured the skulls of sacred birds, filled with small shells, while in his left hand he held an enormous barbed spear, and in his right a beautifully-carved and ornamented carbo-gourd. As we form-

ed in line upon the beach, we felt at first somewhat dismayed at the sight of this giant and his warriors; we recovered our usual courage, however, upon hearing the remark of one of the crew: "David killed Goliath; our bullets will pierce his heart as quick as that of a smaller man."

The following drawing represents the appearance of Rogerrogee and his warriors.



Rogerrogee now strided majestically towards us, with his fluttering plumes and rattling wampum sculls. His warriors rose and stood with their eyes fixed upon us; we cautiously cocked our rifles, and prepared for whatever reception they might choose to give us. In an easy, friendly manner, the chief held out his carbo-gourd, and ratified a treaty of peace by chewing betle with the captain, who could have walked under his arm. He conducted us to the town, and we opened a trade with the natives. The family of Rogerrogee seemed to be all giants; one of his daughters would have made an Amazon. Garry-Garry got along so awkwardly, during his interview with the people of Pudee, owing to the confinement and unpleasant restrictions of his clothing, that he stripped them off in disgust, and stowed them in the locker of the Invincible, firmly resolved not to wear them any more. When we em-



barked, the natives marched down to the beach, in solemn procession, preceded by men carrying a large hog, which they laid upon his back and held him down, while one of the natives hurled a spear into his heart. The poor porker died instantly, and his body was passed into the *Invincible* as a present, together with very large and fine-flavoured sugar-cane. We presented trinkets to Rogerrogee and his principal braves, and set sail for home.

The next day, a party of natives, among whom was the old man, from the opposite village, came alongside the vessel in canoes. We accompanied them to their gardens, and planted various seeds, and gave them a hoe.

I name the spot where the vessel lay anchored Cass Harbour, after General Lewis Cass.

The next morning we weighed anchor and were soon out to sea, coasting N.E. by E. Large villages and extensive groves of cocoa-trees were ranged along the coast. In the afternoon we sailed inside of a small island, and entered a large bay in Bidera. Buccinums and tum-tums sounded at a large town, and a fleet of canoes, filled with black armed warriors, put off in pursuit of the vessel. A threatening thunder and lightning gust advanced at the same time, and we drove under bare poles out to sea, while the savages returned to the shore. I think that this is the spot where Dampier landed.

In the morning we continued coasting along. A fleet of canoes, filled with armed warriors, came off and followed in our wake. We exhibited trinkets and threw overboard bottles with beads attached; they picked them up, and hallooed for us to throw overboard all the trinkets and knick-knacks we had on board. We did not comply with their modest request. Our band of music struck up a tune. The savages sung, struck their paddles against their canoes, and paddled for the shore. At night we lay to.

In the morning we lay becalmed near the land. A fleet of canoes, filled with warriors, came off and ordered us, by threatening motions with their spears and slings, to be gone! We refused to obey. They hurled a volley of stones at us, and threatened to board the vessel, with clubs and spears in hand. Some of the crew were severely wounded by their missiles. We repulsed them with langrage fired from the carronades.

They were put to flight ; some abandoned their canoes and swam in safety to the shore ; others, mortally wounded, leaped overboard in despair, and sank in agony into a watery grave. One canoe, containing ten braves of note, was raked by our fire, and every one wounded ; they stripped off their wampum, and, casting it into the sea, leaped after it. Being unable to swim, they clung to the lee side of their canoe. We went in the *Invincible* to pick them up, and did so with much difficulty, for they dove down and held fast to the keel. We brought them and their canoe alongside of the vessel, and conducted them into the cabin, their wounds still bleeding copiously. They made no complaint, but, believing every moment to be their last, awaited death like brave men.

Garry-Garry seemed worked into a phrensy ; he knew by certain signs that these braves were the deadly enemies of his tribe, and spoke a different language ; he commenced stripping off their hogs' teeth necklaces, and directed the cook to prepare to roast their bodies for a grand feast ! The captain compelled him to desist, and taught him to show mercy to a conquered enemy. Our prisoners were wounded in different parts of their bodies : one was severely cut upon the top of his skull ; a ball lodged in the elbow of the second ; the third had his temple gashed near the eye ; the fourth received a ball upon the crown of his skull, between which and the skin it had lodged ; the fifth received a ball in his right thigh, and the wound presented a tense fascia.

We probed the wounds, extracted the balls, scarified them with the bistoury, and dressed them in the best manner we knew how, with adhesive plasters, lint, opium, and basilicon. Then we placed the natives in their canoe, presented them handsome coloured engravings, iron, beads, and mirrors, and told them that they were free. Heretofore they had remained as unmoved as statues ; but, at this exhibition of our kindness and generosity, their feelings overcame them, and with tears they invited us to come on shore, and, promising not to attack us again, they paddled away.

Alas ! it was a melancholy and touching scene to witness those brave and chivalrous warriors, who but a short time before were in their pomp and glory, now slowly paddling for the shore maimed and crest-fallen. They landed upon the

beach ; it was deserted, and no friendly hand dare venture to their assistance ; they marched slowly away, leading each other, and disappeared from our view into the depth of the forest. I wished most fervently that we could have washed our hands of their blood.

We had a fine breeze during the night, and coasted N.E. by E.

In the morning we found ourselves lying in a spacious bay, with Cape Orford in view, bearing to the southeastward. I name it Cooper Bay, after J. F. Cooper. We coasted round Cape Orford. The land rose in gradual, undulating slopes from the sea, and, in the interior, towered into mountains, the sides of which were picturesquely bespangled with prairies, and woodlands, and verdure of different hues ; forming altogether a lovely natural agricultural scenery, while at the same time a fragrant and delightful perfume was wafted from the spicy coppices to seaward.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

With feelings not to be expressed in words, we bade farewell to this land of promise, and steered E. by S., with a cracking breeze from the west.

Garry-Garry felt somewhat alarmed when the land disappeared from view, for he feared that we had lost our way. At night we were overtaken by a severe thunder storm. In the morning it was calm, and a water-spout fell near us.

The next morning we saw Bougainville Island, one of the Mendana Archipelago. We coasted its west shore, passing inside of a small island and a long, dangerous coral reef, upon which the sea broke heavily. The interior of the island is mountainous, and slopes gradually towards the sea. The scenery was verdant and magnificent, equal to any we had seen. The summit of a mountain was crowned by what appeared to be two extinguished volcanic craters. We anchored in front of a large village, which was imbowered amid cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, banana, and other fruit-bearing trees. A host of bold and noisy savages soon surrounded us. They were

well armed with bows, barbed arrows, spears, and war-clubs, all of which were symmetrically constructed and elaborately carved. The natives were jet-black, of medium height, their limbs compact, light, and formed for activity. Some of them had European countenances and long curling hair. They were entirely naked, with the exception of the cocoa sash around the waist. They climbed up the sides of the vessel like monkeys, and boarded us without ceremony. We ordered them into their canoes, and soon opened a brisk trade over the stern, exchanging our trinkets for their war implements, cocoanuts, plantains, yams, golopos, sweet potatoes, sago, &c. They were an enterprising, industrious, and warlike set of savages, and powerful enough to massacre the crew of an unarmed vessel with perfect ease. They spoke a language entirely different from that of Bidera. Retaining several of the chiefs on board as hostages, we visited the village, and were fairly borne upon the shoulders of the natives to the king's palace, where we were received with the usual ceremonies and exchange of presents. A good-looking woman invited us into her wigwam, and showed us a wonderful natural curiosity, in the persons of her twin children, about four years old. One was a girl and the other a boy. They were well formed in every respect, except that the right arm of the boy and the left arm of the girl were wanting, and in place thereof they were united by a fleshy substance about one foot in length and four inches in diameter.

The next day the natives surrounded us as usual, and were as noisy as ever. In the evening they invited us on shore to a grand dance, in which both sexes joined, upon the beach. Before dancing, however, they sported in the water, and had a grand swimming-match, during which they performed various comical feats and difficult evolutions, to the no small amusement of the savages, who laughed and shouted as heartily as the sailors.

The next day we got under way, and coasted around the southwest end of the island, following up its southeast side, steering northeast. We were in Shortland Strait, which is literally filled up with beautiful verdant and romantic islets, of all forms and sizes, forming a lovely and picturesque scenery. We had regular soundings, in from eighteen to nineteen fath-

oms water. At night we anchored in sixteen fathoms, near Bougainville Island, with three long, low islands in sight to the southward. The next day many savages surrounded us, and some came on board the vessel. They were, of course, much surprised at all they saw; we detected one of them stealing a piece of iron, which he had secreted in his net-bag. We took it away from him, and he left us much chagrined, amid the shouts and jeers of his companions. The canoes of this archipelago attracted my particular attention, as being different from any we had seen. They had no float or outrigger. Their model was that of a whale-boat, with a very high and pointed bow and stern, looking not unlike a crescent floating upon the water, with its convex side down and the horns pointing up. They had considerable breadth of beam amidships, but still they were top-heavy, and not capable of riding in a sea-way. They had ribs and a keel, and were clincher-sheathed with thin boards, made of a wood that resembled mahogany, which were neatly secured to the ribs, and to each other, with lashings of split ratan. All the holes and seams were payed with a thick coating of gum copal. The stem and stern were highly ornamented with dangling white cypreas, and curiously inlaid with pearl-shell, that glittered in the sunshine like gems and diamonds. The whole construction of these canoes reflected great credit upon the mechanical skill and ingenuity of these savages.

The following drawing represents the canoe and war-clubs of Mendana Archipelago.



The next morning we got under way, and soon found ourselves at the eastern mouth of the strait, where we encountered dancing tide rips, formed by counter-currents setting through the strait. We steered across its mouth southeast, and in due

time were close in with the northeast point of Baropee, along which we coasted on the east side, steering S.S.E. The land was mountainous, and broken into hills and valleys, all covered with a primitive forest of various kinds of trees. We lay to and awaited the approach of canoes. They were soon alongside, filled with armed savages, some of whom came on board. We sustained a brisk and animated exchange with them for tortoise and pearl shell. One savage in a canoe amused us by showing the manner of twanging a bow, while those on board left the vessel and embarked in their canoes. A native on board hastily seized a hatchet that lay upon the trunk, and, brushing by the captain, leaped into the sea, swam to his canoe, put the hatchet into it, and was about getting in himself, when the captain levelled his rifle and shot him dead! His companions lifted his corpse into the canoe, placed it alongside of the hatchet, and paddled away with the host of savages, who shouted wildly, and at length halted, apparently resolved to show fight.

We squared away the yards, and they were soon out of sight astern. We coasted along to the southeastward, all night under easy sail, and in the morning found the land projecting far to the eastward, and terminating in a low point, off which lay one high island and several low ones, all of which were uninhabited and covered with verdure. We sailed between them and the main, and anchored near one of them, upon which we landed and marched into the interior, searching for sandal and other precious woods. The soil was productive, and the scenery and climate delightful. We arrived at a purling stream with pebbly bottom, bathed ourselves, and stretched our bodies in the shade upon a rock. On the next day, in the afternoon, we were opposite the east end of Manning's Strait, which was filled up with beautiful verdant islets, without number, and most of them uninhabited. We encountered strong currents and dancing tide rips. To the eastward lay a chain of dangerous coral reefs. It fell calm, and we were carried by the current among the romantic islets. We swept the vessel into a lovely cove and anchored, with our flying jib-boom fairly among the trees that lined the shore; birds of splendid plumage and unknown species flew overhead. In the morning we again got under way, coasting east along the

north shore of Soterimba, which seemed uninhabited ; but two straggling canoes, of inferior construction, were paddled alongside by savages, whose war implements were in keeping with their canoes ; they did not appear to possess the comforts, the pride, or the enterprise of the natives of Bougainville. We turned the northeast point of the island, and coasted S.E. by E. half E. along its east side.

At night a striking phenomenon appeared upon the surface of the ocean. There were two stationary circles of phosphorescent fire, that alternately and in rapid succession lighted up, and then subsided into the deep blue sea. We sailed through these circles, and the fire flashed around us. We supposed it to be caused by a submarine volcano.

Two hours after midnight we were roused by the cry, "Hard a-lee!" and by the pitching of the vessel in a heavy ground swell, the roaring and dashing of breakers, the flapping of sails, the thumping of tack and sheet-block, and the tramping of the watch on deck ! By bold and difficult management, we just saved the vessel from being wrecked upon a dangerous coral reef, that stretches to the eastward from a small island that lies near the main. At daybreak we sailed between this island and the mainland of Soterimba, in which we discovered a secure little bay. We entered it, and anchored at its foot in sixteen fathoms water. No natives were seen, and the land was covered with a dense forest. We explored it in the squadron. In one spot, on some rocks, we found beautiful agate and flint ; at the foot we sailed over a beautiful patch of variegated corallines, that seemed like a submarine forest, with fish, of splendid colours, swimming between the foliage. The trunk of an enormous tree lay upon the beach. Upon the north shore we discovered two springs of pure, cool, soft water. Near the north entrance of the bay lies a singular rocky islet ; from it extends a coral reef, upon which the sea broke in lofty green combers. The mouth of the bay faces the east, and coral reefs, upon which the sea broke, extended off from either point. We entered, keeping in the very centre of the bay, and having regular soundings in from sixteen to twenty fathoms. It is secured from all winds and sea. I name it Irving Bay, after Washington Irving.

We landed upon the north shore and cut wood. The next

day we had taken in a full supply, together with a considerable number of small ants, that increased very fast, and soon became a pest on board.

In the afternoon we filled the casks at the principal spring, which is worthy of note. About one hundred feet from the water's edge, on the skirts of the forest, is a bluff rock; from crevices on the top of which the water gushes, meanders over the beach, and empties into the bay. In the sand, at the base of the rock, we dug a basin, from which we filled the casks. The water appeared slightly tinged with white; but it proved to be good and wholesome, and kept well at sea.

The next day we landed at the spring and washed our clothes, hanging them up to dry on lines that we stretched across the limbs of the trees. Several of us performed an excursion into the interior. Ascending a hill, we came upon a beautiful, rich, rolling country, covered with a forest of stately trees, and saw the trails of hogs or deer, one of which we followed until it led us into a deep glen, where we discovered a cave, out of which sprang, and bounded away like lightning, a singular-looking animal, that might have been a baboon or a monkey. Entering the cave, we thought we had discovered the long-coveted gold-mine; but it proved to be a bed of copper pyrites; and, hearing strange and somewhat alarming noises from within, we hastily retreated, and returned to the washing party, who were stamping and singing most uproariously,

"On a washing day,  
As the maids say," &c.

During the whole of this time we had not seen any signs of inhabitants; but the next day a party of savages showed themselves upon the south shore, holding up bananas and shouting for us to come and get them. We complied; they ran away upon our approach, and left the bananas, which we took, and left presents in return. We found some *bêche-de-mer* at the mouth of the bay, and took a bath on the north shore, where, in four feet water, we picked up some fine specimens of the *terebra maculata*, the *terebra subulata*, the *trochus magnus*, and the winkle-trap.

The next morning we weighed anchor, sailed out of the bay, and coasted to the southeast. It was calm the latter part of



the day and during the night. In the morning we were coasting S.S.E.

The land is composed of hills and dales, covered with verdure, and presenting a charming picturesque scenery. Several indentures appear, like the mouths of secure bays. To the eastward lie one large and several small islands, which terminate in a sand-bank and dangerous coral reef.

A fleet of canoes came alongside, filled with friendly natives; they wore upon their heads a banana-leaf screen, that shielded the eyes and face from the direct rays of the sun. We anchored in a cove, and carried on a brisk trade with the natives. They valued their own pearl hooks more than ours, which were made of iron; and, as a school of large fish were sporting upon the surface of the water, they proved to us that our hooks were of no service in taking them. Each canoe paddled swiftly among the sporting school, while one native in the stern skipped a pearl hook upon the surface of the water, by the assistance of a bamboo pole, to the end of which the hook was fastened with a short piece of string. The fish, mistaking the shining hook for a flying-fish, seized hold of it with avidity, and were thus made captive. These natives did not appear addicted to warfare; they courted the more peaceful vocations of agriculture and fishing. We landed at a village, and were kindly received by a wondering host of men, women, and children. The young women who were unmarried wore necklaces of small red seeds, and their hair was tastefully platted and ornamented with the leaves of evergreens or fern. I was unable to discover any particular marriage ceremony among this tribe. If a youthful couple loved each other, when they attained the proper age they left their homes, built a wigwam, planted edible roots, and cast their lots together.

On the morning of the second day we were under way. Leaving the southeast end of Soterimba, we took our departure, steering S. by E. We soon found ourselves surrounded by beautiful verdant islands, of various forms and sizes, and apparently uninhabited. We sailed close by a singular rock, that rose abruptly from the sea, and presented the appearance of a ship under sail. The sea dashed against it. I named it Lookout Rock. Then we passed what seemed to be a vol-

canic island, for steam issued from the crater upon its summit. The lofty lands of Cambendo now appeared to view, filling up the horizon in the distance to the southward. The wind fell away, and we lay becalmed all night. In the morning we ran close in, and cruised along to the westward, on the north coast of Cambendo, which trends east and west. The beach of white sand was fringed by extensive groves of cocoa-nut-trees, beneath which was situated a large village. In the rear rose gentle undulations, mingled with valleys and dells, that were finally lost in the distance among lofty mountains. The scene presented to our view was that of a vast and lovely panoramic amphitheatre, spotted with gardens and grass-fields, charmingly interspersed with woodlands of fruit-bearing and other trees. Villages were scattered about upon the knolls and in the dells, beside rippling and silvery streams of water, and between the gardens wound numerous paths, upon which, with our telescopes, we saw naked groups of women and children, gazing at the dark hull, white sails, and tapering spars of the mysterious speck that floated upon the ocean. We lay for a long time becalmed. Hundreds of savages hurried along the beach, carrying implements of war, which they deposited in canoes, and then paddled with all expedition for the vessel. We cleared away for action; the armorer ranged the fire-arms, and the top-men were aloft. In the hurry, one musket, in the hands of the armorer, was accidentally discharged, and the ball and buck-shot with which it was charged entered the deck near the foot of a sailor. The ocean was soon covered with canoes, filled with daring warriors, all well armed. They must have numbered at least one thousand. They surrounded us with a frightful din of voices, and began leaping on board. So great was the noise, that we could scarcely hear the orders of the captain, notwithstanding they were delivered through a trumpet. We drove the warriors into their canoes, at the point of our pikes, and compelled them to go astern. At length silence was restored, and the savages began to look upon us as warriors like themselves. A very large canoe, with horns as high as our bulwark, and paddled by twenty-eight savages, now approached the stern; upon a platform in the centre sat Tarlaro, the king of Cambendo; he was a large, stout man, with many folds of wampum round his waist, and a

variegated aigrette upon his head. He ratified a treaty of peace and commerce with the captain, by exchanging betle and presents. The host now shouted joyfully and entered into a brisk trade, which we sustained until evening, when they departed, after having exacted a promise from us to remain until to-morrow. We sailed into a cove and anchored. The pale moon lighted the splendid and fairy-like scenery of the amphitheatre, and the singing voices of the light-hearted children of nature pealed upon the ear, while their dark and active bodies were seen dancing round blazing fires. We fortified the vessel with awnings and nettings, stationed extra sentinels, and retired to repose.

In the morning we were visited by Tarlaro and suite, who invited us on shore. Retaining on board several chiefs of note as hostages, we embarked in the *Tempest*, the painter of which was fastened to the stern of the king's war-canoe, which now paddled swiftly away with us in tow. The canoe struck the beach, the warriors leaped out shouting, surrounded our boat, which they seized, and carried us high and dry upon the beach. We disembarked and marched away, in company with Tarlaro and suite, followed by a curious mob of savages. We passed by a small collection of lodges, through a grove of cocoa and banana trees, from which we ascended a verdant knoll, covered with gardens, and entered a large village, situated in a dell upon the skirts of a forest, and shaded by bread-fruit-trees, beneath which we seated ourselves upon mats. Upon our right sat the king and his chiefs, and upon the left their wives and daughters, some of whom wore tortoise-shell rings in their noses and ears, and pearl-shell crescents upon their breasts; some had their hair painted red or white, and neatly combed back and tied behind. A host of gazing and wondering savages hemmed us in on all sides. It was evident that they were an active, enterprising, and warlike race.

Tarlaro delivered a brief harangue, and was followed by several of the chiefs. The host appeared much pleased, and looked upon us as superior beings. We were feasted upon fruits, after which the women shouted and the savages formed a hollow square, into which frisked eleven aphrodite girls, decked with bangles and scarlet feathers. They were black paragons, and, in smiling, showed all their ivory, as they formed

a circle and danced passionately round one of their number, who beat upon a neat little hog skin tum-tum while they all sang :

“La-ma-re ru-ru !”

Tum-tum, tum-tum.

And then they kicked up a burlesque bobero that excited the laughter, and called forth the reiterated plaudits of the host, in which we heartily joined. The performance ended, we presented the girls beads and nose-rings, and returned to the beach.

Tarlaro and his warriors returned us safe on board the vessel. We made them many presents, and they returned to the shore as we got under way and coasted to the westward. It was night when we turned the northwest point of the island, and coasted the west shore, which trends N.W. and S.E. On the evening of the next day we took our departure, steering south ; and as it was quite calm, we made but little headway during the night. The next day we encountered a strong wind and rough sea, and were entirely out of sight of all land. “There she spouts !” shouted the look-out at the mast-head. “Where away !” “Box the compass !” Big black lumps, that spouted water into the air, lay floating around us.

The next morning we were coasting to the southward, close upon the eastern shore of Rennel's Island, which rises abruptly from the sea, and presents to view a perpendicular wall of rock, fifty feet or more high, and crowned upon its summit with trees and shrubs, thickly matted. No signs of the island being inhabited could be seen. The wind blew a gale, the sea was rough, and this was a lee shore ! The waves dashed and foamed against the adamantine wall, rising high in the air and recoiling fearfully, in vast sheets of foam and spoon-drift, that fell into the sea many yards from the cliff ! The intrepidity and recklessness of the captain were conspicuously displayed ; the vessel surged and plunged along among the very rollers, burying her bow in foam ; the spars and rigging strained and creaked ; the trysail gaff and boom danced up and down ; the helmsman handled the wheel with vigour, and the vessel, like a sprite of the ocean, battled safely through. At dark we were out of sight of all land. In the morning the look-out cried, “Canoe ahead !” We bore up to it, and

soon it was alongside. It contained a savage man and woman; they implored us to save their lives! We took them on board, treated them kindly, and gave them food and drink. They told us that they had been driven away from their islands, during the prevalence of a rain-squall, and had not tasted food or drink for two days. When they saw the vessel, they took it to be some monster coming to destroy them. We passed the slings round their canoe, hitched on the tackles, and hoisted it on deck. Garry took them into the cabin and gave them fruit. They represented to us the direction whence the squall had driven them upon the boundless ocean. We trimmed the sails and steered to the northward; during the night we tacked to the east and then to the west. "Land ho!" shouted the look-out at daybreak. It was a new discovery. The savages were delighted, as they recognised their own beloved islands, which are named Rikoneko. We sailed in among them, and anchored in a beautiful lagoon, near a small village, but no inhabitants could be seen. We hoisted the canoe overboard, placed the savages into it, together with presents of trinkets. They paddled on shore and soon returned, followed by canoes filled with men, women, and children, who presented us fruits, and thanked us kindly for having saved the lives of their kindred. On the following morning we were again under way upon the ocean.

Two days after we sighted Cape Oriental and Deliverance Islands, between which we sailed. A dangerous reef puts off from the main. A beautiful little bay appeared in view, with its mouth shielded by a remarkable natural breakwater of rocks. The shores of Deliverance Island are lined with beautiful groves of cocoanut and palm trees. Canoes filled with savages came alongside and presented us fruit, while at the same time they invited us on shore to their wigwams, for they said their wives and daughters would be pleased to see us. We anchored and remained over night, when we again got under way. The natives followed us in their canoes quite out of sight of land. We made them presents, and they would not leave us until we promised to call and see them again. Garry seemed to have fallen in love with one of our female visitors, and was strongly tempted to buy her and take her to Bidera. We encountered dancing tide rips, and were soon out

of sight of land, cruising in different directions to the eastward and southward.

“Land ho!” cried the look-out on the third day after. It was Nitendi, an island discovered by La Perouse. Its west end is situated in latitude  $11^{\circ} 11' 15''$  S., longitude  $165^{\circ} 4' 30''$  E. We coasted the shore and anchored in a cove, where we saw wigwams upon a hill.

The next day savages made their appearance upon the beach, armed with spears, and motioning us to depart. We landed; they retreated up the hill towards the wigwams, and we followed them closely, entering the village, while the inhabitants took to their heels and fled into the forest, along the skirts of which we saw them reconnoitring. We endeavoured to entice them towards us, but all our efforts proved to be in vain. At length the captain, Garry, and two of the crew, well provided with trinkets and fire-works, walked, unarmed, towards the forest, making friendly signs. The savages now seemed to be friendly, and came out to meet them, all armed with spears. When they drew near, they suddenly assumed a hostile attitude, and threatened to attack the party. The sun shone brightly upon a mirror, and the captain, with great presence of mind and firmness, directed the dazzling reflected ray into the eyes of the savage chief. He was for a moment blinded; his spear fell from his hands, his followers recoiled in wonder, for the “white king” had performed a mighty miracle in causing the sun to change its position! At this critical juncture, one of the party touched off a blue-light and a pack of fire-crackers. The savages wheeled round like lightning, and bounded out of sight into the forest. We returned on board, and were soon under way upon the ocean, steering S.E. half S.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

AT noon on the second day we sighted Bligh's Islands, and then, steering S.S.W., upon the evening of the fifth day we entered the Bay of St. Philip Espirito Santo, the largest of

the Quiros Archipelago. We anchored near the beach, and the next day carried on a brisk trade with the savages, who surrounded us in canoes. They were stout, well-made negroes, and wore nothing but the cocoa girdle or sash around the waist. They were not skilful seamen, as was evident in the management of their canoes, which were mean affairs, made of a hollow log with float and outrigger.

On the following day hostages were retained on board, and we accompanied the chiefs to their village, where we were kindly treated. I showed a loquacious young woman some samples of gold and gold-dust (they happened to be brass and filings of the same). She said the latter abounded in a mountain stream in the interior, and promised to send her brother to get some for me.

The next day, when the anchor was apeak, she came alongside and presented me a folded banana-leaf that contained what W—— and myself firmly believed to be gold-dust, mixed with sand. We intended to keep it to ourselves, but the captain, who was on the look-out for such things, politely pocketed it, and pleased the young woman greatly by presenting her a beautiful gold (brass) ear-ring, by way of payment. We were soon coasting to the northward, and the next day to the southward, along the west shore of Espirito Santo. The land is formed of craggy mountains, which rise abruptly from the sea in denuded pinnacles, that are gashed into chasms by the mountain torrents, that here and there form startling cascades, the waters of which become lost to view as they meander through the dense foliage that is nourished upon the gently-sloping strips of alluvial at the mouth of the chasms or valleys, after which they are again brought to sight, tumbling into the sea. This part of the coast seemed uninhabited. The southwest end of the island is formed of low, level land, which is covered with a dense forest of various kinds of trees and shrubs.

The next day we were coasting the west side of Mallicollo. The scenery is charming and picturesque. The land slopes up gradually to mountains, covered with verdant prairies and woodlands. So deep is the water close in shore, that we almost grazed the land in sailing along. We saw no inhabitants. Late in the afternoon, we sailed across the mouth of a fine bay,

steering for a small island, situated off a peninsula. It was Port Sandwich, the place where Captain Cook anchored. Early next morning we were steering east, along the south side of Mallicollo. Vast groves of cocoanut and other fruit-bearing trees are scattered about in all directions. We passed outside of two small islands, which lie near the main, and are composed of a rich and bounteous soil, which is covered with fruit-trees. A great sand-shoal extended out to seaward, and upon it stood a host of savages, with spears and clubs in their hands. They yelled wildly, and ordered us, by signs, to depart.

By a strange fatality, this rich and beautiful country, situated in one of the most healthy regions of the world, and enjoying a climate not to be surpassed, if equalled, is in the possession of negroes; while white men toil from morn till night in cold and barren countries for a mere subsistence!

At night we coasted along the west end of Apee, and in the morning lay becalmed among a numerous cluster of islets, of all forms and sizes. Some towered up abruptly from the sea, and one looked like the extinguished crater of a volcano. Round about, and close to us, sported and spouted those valuable leviathans of the deep, sperm whales, and their playful calves. Next we coasted the west and south sides of Sandwich Island. The land was undulating and moderately elevated; the scenery verdant and lovely. The south coast was dotted with groves of cocoanut-trees, an invariable sign of inhabitants, whose numbers singularly correspond with the number of trees. But we saw no human beings, and one would have imagined that the island was uninhabited. At night, however, when off the southeast end, we saw bale-fires burning and heard tum-tums beating. We thought that these simple-hearted children of nature might have been imposed upon in some way by some white men, and hence their enmity to us. Natives have been cruelly made captive and torn from their homes, and islands have been discovered of which the world knows not. That vast region of country, or chain of islands, situated between the tropic of Capricorn and the tropic of Cancer, and between the continents of Asia and America, compose the garden of the world! and many of them are yet unknown. Several different islands in the Pacific bear the name of Sandwich. Captain Cook accomplished more to-



wards effecting a thorough exploration of the Quiros Archipelago than any other man, but he did but a tithe of what remains to be accomplished.

The next day we coasted the west and south sides of Erromanga. We sailed within a stone's throw of the land, which is mountainous, and rises in steep, rocky cliffs, that are covered with a stinted verdure of grass and trees. In scattering dells the soil seemed quite productive, and we heard the shouting of native voices, but saw nothing except little clouds of smoke rising into the air.

The Rev. John Williams, some years since, was most barbarously massacred by the savages upon this island; his body was roasted and eaten! With one hundred men, or even less, properly equipped, if an object of sufficient importance was to be gained, I should feel morally certain of being able to conquer the inhabitants, and of bringing them into the most complete subjection.

The next day we coasted the east side of Tanna, passing outside of the flat island of Inmer, and saw several islands not marked on the chart. We sailed close in to the shore of Tanna, and hove to directly in front of the volcano. Not far from the beach was a bluff hill, that appeared to have been rent violently asunder in different places. Between it and the lofty mountain in the rear, in a kind of valley, was situated the volcano, upon low ground. It grumbled gently at intervals, and sent up a cloud of black smoke and red flames into the air. Between the gashed hill and the beach was situated a village. Nothing can exceed the fertility of the soil upon this island. It is composed of a rich black and gray loam. Flourishing groves of cocoanut, bread-fruit, banana, shaddock, and various other fruit-bearing trees and shrubs were scattered about the mountain slopes and in the rural dells, dividing well-cultivated gardens of yams, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, and other vegetables. What a paradise for a home!

A host of savage men, women, and children stood upon the beach, hallooing for us to come on shore. A heavy surf tumbled upon the beach, that swamped and dashed about the frail canoes in which they attempted to put off. They were evidently peaceful tillers of the soil, and looked not to the chase for subsistence. They were inexperienced seamen, and their

canoes were nothing more than rough logs, scooped out and steadied by an outrigger and float.

It fell calm, and the vessel was thrown, by the groundswell, in dangerous proximity to the land. We swept her off a short distance. Two canoes succeeded in getting safely through the surf, though filled with water. The natives, while overboard, baled them out, and then paddled alongside the vessel. Most of the fruit with which their canoes had been loaded was lost overboard; they, however, gave us the remnants, which consisted of cocoanuts, mammoth yams, and the finest sugar-cane that I ever saw in any part of the world. We invited these simple-hearted and honest natives on board, and made them presents. They came unarmed, and were stout, good-looking negroes. Here they are perfect lords of the soil. Their government is strictly patriarchal; the ties of relationship are considered sacred, and they pay great respect to the opinions of the aged.

A gentle breeze wafted us into a harbour to the northward, where we cast anchor and held communication with the natives.

Two days after we were coasting the west side of Annatom. Near the sea, the land is covered with cocoanut and other trees, but farther back it rises into elevated mountains, of denuded and indurated clay, gashed by the washing of torrents. A coral reef encircles the shore, and the sea broke heavily upon it. Savages stood gazing at us; we hove to and invited them to come off. They attempted to do so, but most of their canoes were dashed upon the reef and their outriggers splintered. Some, however, got off safely, and paddled around to look at us like honest children of nature. We told them that we wanted fruit. They paddled for the shore, and speedily returned with cocoanuts and taro, which they threw on board. We presented them beads and iron; and, after they had gratified their curiosity, we bade them a kind farewell. They were entirely unarmed, except that in one canoe we saw a sling and wooden spear.

We now made all snug, and placed the vessel in a seaworthy condition, preparatory to encountering the cold and disagreeable storms of the ocean south of the tropic of Capricorn.

In the morning we were out of sight of land, and steering

S. by E. for Eahei Nomawee, which was 870 geographic miles distant. Next day we made rapid headway, with a strong gale from the N.E. The next day it blew a tempest from N.N.W., accompanied by a dangerous chop-sea. A wave pooped the vessel, wrenched the ring-bolts out of the jolly-boat that hung by the davits, and bore her away out of sight. The foresail was shivered into rags, the fore-topsail sheet carried away, and the sail shivered from the yard. The fore-peak-span gave way, and the peak fell upon deck, knocking me and a shipmate violently against the bulwark. At midnight the wind chopped suddenly round to S. by E., blowing a gale. We lay to with the jib-boom pointing E. by S., latitude  $25^{\circ} 25' S.$ , longitude  $171^{\circ} 20' E.$ , for three successive days. On the fourth day the gale moderated, so that we set the foresail, the close-reefed fore and main topsails, and the balance-reefed main trysail.

“My soul is like the sea, that cannot rest,  
 And while my eyes their nightly vigils keep,  
 Strange visions flit upon the deep blue wave—  
 Visions that seem to tell of childhood's hours.  
 The gale whistles through the shrouds the name of mother!  
 Bless'd word! bless'd thought! have I a mother yet,  
 That for her reckless sailor-boy doth pray?  
 Or have those silver locks, bow'd down with care,  
 Found in the grave that rest the holy share?”

Next day we were in latitude  $20^{\circ} 00' S.$ , longitude  $171^{\circ} 01' E.$

Next day, latitude  $27^{\circ} 41' S.$ , longitude  $171^{\circ} 30' E.$

Our progress became very difficult and slow, for the wind had settled into a steady breeze from the S.E. This induced the captain to change the plan of his operations; and he determined to make the best of his way for Australia. Accordingly, we squared away, under a press of canvass, steering S.W. by W.

“Land, ho!” cried the look-out, on the following day.

We saw the northeast coast of Norfolk Island. It was composed of steep and elevated clay cliffs. A hill in the centre of the island was covered with gigantic pine-trees, that formed a conspicuous object. We saw a frame house, built in the European style, and two tents. Anchorage can be obtained upon the lee or west side of the island, where the land slopes gradually down to the sea. This island was discovered in

1774, by Captain Cook. He found it uninhabited. Near its south side are situated two islets, named Philip and Nepean. The British government now occupy Norfolk Island as a penal settlement. All convicts who are banished from England to Sydney, or, as some incorrectly say, to "Botany Bay," if they prove incorrigible, and transgress the laws of the country of their banishment, are finally transported to Norfolk Island, there to become galley-slaves, and with no hope of return. A governor and regiment of soldiers are stationed upon the island; and it is expected that no vessel will stop at this ocean-prison, except she is in distress, and then she must communicate with the shore according to strict martial law. It seemed strange that a nation on the other side of the world should here build a prison; but stranger things than these are destined to take place in this region of the globe.

We took our departure, steering W. by S. We crossed over the supposed situation of Golden Grove and Middleton Shoals, but saw them not. We found a strong current setting to the northeast. On the morning of the seventh day after leaving Norfolk Island, we sighted Sugar-loaf Point, Australia. It was composed of three conical hills, that seemed to be islets. Coasting to the southward, we passed Port Stephen and Port Hunter. The land was variously formed.

The next morning we lay becalmed in a fog off the mouth of Broken Bay. A clipper sloop danced out of the bay before a land-breeze, and disappeared to seaward like a vision. The fog cleared away, and we had a more clear view of the land. It was formed of steep rocky promontories, with intermediate hollows, that sloped down to sandy beaches. The soil was clayey and barren. Here and there, however, were scattered stunted clumps of trees or underwood.

We are now dashing along with a cracking breeze and all sail set. The light-house upon South Sydney Head hove in sight; a pilot came off in a whale-boat, and we soon anchored in Port Jackson, near Pinch Gut Island, in view of the town and cove of Sydney. Here we sold some of our curiosities and other articles obtained at the islands. Rats and cockroaches, the progeny of a famous breed that we had shipped at Mauritius from the hulks, had now become a complete nuisance on board. We discharged most of the cargo, and smoked

the vessel completely with charcoal, sulphur, and quicksilver. After this we gave her a thorough overhauling and painting, so that she again looked like a new craft, and was the admiration of the citizens of Sydney.

It is generally conceded that the harbour of Port Jackson is one of the most spacious and secure in the world. Its entrance is unobstructed by any bar, and is formed by a narrow canal, cut through solid rock. You enter it at once from the deep-blue ocean, and on each side rises a steep rocky wall, hundreds of feet in height. Steering west, and hugging the north shore of this wonderful canal, you soon turn to the south, passing to the west of a rocky reef, upon which is a signal. Two horizontal windmills soon heave in sight, together with the house of Captain Piper, and several gentlemen's villas. Soon you turn to the west, and before you opens the noble harbour, with its tortuous windings, its outspread arms, its coves and indentations. Passing Garden and Pinch Gut Islands, you see the city of Sydney, upon a hilly peninsula that lies between Sydney Cove and Darling Harbour. Upon either side of the entrance to the latter cove is situated a fort. The country round about is rocky, clayey, and sterile; there is nothing here to recommend the place except the harbour.

Sydney is quite a large town, and is rapidly increasing in buildings and population. Some of the old houses are little, low wooden buildings, closely huddled together; but the streets are now regularly laid out, and spacious three and four story brick and stone buildings have lately been erected. The stone is a peculiar white freestone, obtained from quarries that abound in the vicinity. A creek separates the town and empites into Sydney Cove. In the latter cove the shipping lay moored stem and stern; at its foot is a jetty, and on its west side is the king's wharf, upon which is a large crane for unloading boats. Near it are several other wharves, but vessels lying by them at low water are aground.

As the town extends gradually across the peninsula, Darling Harbour begins to assume more importance in a commercial point of view, and upon it have been constructed several wharves, at which whale-ships refit; a great number of them put in here for this purpose. George-street traverses the cen-

tre of the town, and is the Broadway of Sydney. Upon it are situated the theatre, the jail, a splendid brick market, and the barracks. The latter occupies a large block of ground, which was once out of town, but the buildings have increased so fast that it is now in the centre of the place, and there was some talk of removing it. A monumental sundial stood in front of the barracks, and beside it I frequently stationed myself to listen to the music of the grand band, and to witness the relief of the guard, and the marching of the royal army, which was composed of noble-looking men, in the prime of life. All kinds of mechanical business appeared to be briskly followed here. A Yankee tin pedler, who had started on a pleasure trip around the world, was temporarily domiciliated here, with a patent machine in active operation, that turned out tin-ware in any quantity. Some of the most wealthy and respectable men in the place are reformed convicts, who have made themselves by their industry and integrity.

As the population increases in wealth, they begin to enjoy luxuries. Some have imported phaetons, curricles, and blood horses. And in the dwellings of some I remarked musical pictures, chimney lustres, chandeliers, pier-glasses, mosaic branches, purled ottomans, and bird organs. Boots, shoes, clothing, furniture, &c., are generally imported.

The rocky islet in Neutral Roads, named Pinch Gut, is so called from the circumstance of a convict who had committed a heinous offence during the foundation of the colony having been chained upon it and starved to death.

Notwithstanding the barren nature of the soil in the vicinity of Sydney, art has done much towards forming several handsome gardens. Opposite Garden Island, and east of the town, is a promontory covered with cedar-trees. This is called the Government Domain, and winding carriage roads run through it. On Sundays it is the strolling-park of the citizens. It commands a view of the noble harbour, and upon the face of the cliff is a natural stone couch, which was the favourite resort of Lady Macquarie, the beautiful and accomplished wife of the first governor of Sydney. Here she sat for hours almost every day, absorbed in revery, gazing at the blue waters of the bay, and thinking of the vicissitudes of fortune which had led her to leave her beloved home, on the other side of the

world, to settle in Australia. I too stretched myself upon the couch, and gazed at the sylph-like form, tapering spars, and blood-red ports of the vessel, and the muzzles of those cannon that had thus far protected us from massacre and death, as our craft rode majestically at anchor, with the stars and stripes waving in the breeze at her main-peak.

A beautiful Russian ship-of-war (American built) lay anchored near Pinch Gut; she was bound on an exploring cruise up the Sea of Okhotsk and along the coast of Kamschatka. A handsome and trim little clipper sloop lay anchored in Neutral Road; she was owned and commanded by Captain Dillon, the author of a book of voyages, disclosing and describing the fate of La Perouse. Captain D. is a large, fat, jolly man, and had with him a tattooed savage; he traded to nameless islands, and still finds his business very profitable.

On the east side of the main road that leads south from the town, and near a toll-gate, is situated a very fine horticultural garden, that was established many years ago, and, I believe, affords the proprietor a handsome revenue. From it we obtained grape-vines and trees to plant in Australasia. Passing through the toll-gate, I met a great many wagons and carts, slowly wending their way towards the town, loaded with wood and provisions. Several handsome grass-fields, fenced with posts and rails, were to be seen on either hand. In wet weather the roads are very muddy, and in dry, if the wind blows strong from the south, which it frequently does in the winter, the citizens of Sydney are almost blinded with clouds of sand and dust blown from Goulburn Plains. Small oysters abound upon the rocks in the harbour, and many a feast did we make upon them. Fish are also numerous; we caught them in abundance by attaching half a dozen baited hooks to an iron hoop and sinking it in a horizontal position. A prison-ship, for the reception of convicts lately arrived, lay moored in the harbour. But the principal convict establishment is at Parramatta, where many of the convicts are employed at cultivating the crown lands. The celebrated convict, George Barrington, in 1800 was high-constable of the latter place, and faithfully discharged his arduous duties, to the complete satisfaction of the government. Some of the convicts work on the public roads, and are dressed in flaunting yellow trousers and blue or

red shirts ; the contrast between these colours is so great that a prisoner is known a mile off. This uniform is adopted to prevent their escape. Many of the convicts are apprenticed, to serve out the period of their banishment, to farmers and mechanics throughout the colony. If they behave themselves and serve out their time faithfully, they are then free, and can commence business on their own account. But if they prove refractory, they are again imprisoned or transported for life to Norfolk Island. The soil from Sydney ten miles westward is composed of a thin mould, mixed with sand, and is very poor. At Paramatta it is somewhat deeper, and mixed with clay, but it seldom produces more than twelve or fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre. Four miles from Paramatta is situated 'Toungabic, a settlement where a large number of convicts are engaged in cultivating several hundreds of acres of crown lands, and in tending large herds of government sheep and cattle. Here the soil is somewhat richer, and produces twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Sixteen miles west of the latter place is situated a settlement upon the alluvial lands of the River Hawkesbury. The soil here is composed of a rich, black loam, eight feet deep, and is decidedly the richest of any in the colony. It is, however, of but small extent, and is subject to occasional overflows during the prevalence of freshets. The soil on either side of the bottom-lands is a stiff clay, but it improves by cultivation.

The male population of the colony much exceeds that of the female, and many a worthy young bachelor is mourning over the want of a suitable wife ; some have married native or negro women. An importation of white maidens would find a good market, and I am surprised that no Yankee has undertaken this speculation.

Speculation in town lots and farms ran high at the time of our visit. Every day sales of property took place in Sydney, and flaming hand-bills and painted maps proclaimed the value of different farms. The government reserves to itself the right of working all mines of coal and precious metals that may be discovered upon lands sold. Upon attending the land sales, and hearing the conversation of those assembled, I almost imagined myself in some of our Western towns, such as Maumee City, Chicago, or Galena.



Fresh beef in Sydney is cheap, but vegetables are dear. Many potatoes are imported from New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land, and sell for £8 per ton. Fresh butter is very dear, and sells from 2s. 6d. to 3s. sterling per pound. Flour was \$12 per barrel, and wheat \$2 a bushel at the mills. A Yankee made some money by importing flour, furniture, and other notions from the United States. Sugar is imported from the Burman Empire and from Mauritius, and sells for £24 per ton. Wool is the grand exporting staple of the colony, and sells for 1s. 8d. and 1s. 2d. per pound. It has been profitably exported to the United States. At the present time the chance for Yankee speculation here has no doubt gone by; for the colony now probably raises all its own bread-stuff. The English here adhere to the old customs so successfully followed at home, and their fondness for a "mug of beer" is undiminished by transportation. There are several beer distilleries in the colony.

In spite of severe laws and strict discipline, many of the most daring and worthless of the convicts run away and seek refuge in the wilderness among the savages. They build thatched huts in secluded places, take to themselves one or two native women each, and live by the chase. These daring men, the pirates and highwaymen of England, form themselves into sworn clans, known here by the name of "Bush Rangers," who, in combination with the savages, frequently fall upon the frontiers of the colony to rob, to outrage, and to massacre. The mongrel or mulatto children of the Bush Rangers are perhaps destined to form a new race of men, that will people the interior of this vast island continent, and who will hereafter be a source of much trouble to the British colony. The principal part of the colonists being composed of single men, or, rather, men without any wives or children in the colony, it is not to be expected that transportation should have entirely reformed their moral character, after having been from infancy associated with the most vile in their mother-country, where they composed the most depraved part of the community. The population of Sydney are much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors and tobacco, and are given to gambling and horse-racing. Crimes, too, of the most heinous kinds are not unfrequently committed. The streets of Sydney are unpaved, except here and there a narrow stone side-

walk, and, not being lighted at night, they are dismally dark. Many a night have I groped my way along them, striving in vain to penetrate their mysteries. The police is of the most efficient kind, and they frequently brushed by with lanterns and drawn cutlasses. Some act as mounted men, and have fleet horses ready saddled to run down fugitives.

I was at once struck with the vast number of tippling-shops, porter-houses, or taverns. The greater part of the houses had signs hung out with the following inscription upon them in letters: "*Licensed to retail Wine and Spirituous Liquors.*" Penetrating the mysteries of some of these houses, in disguise, in the by-ways upon the hill, I encountered women of abandoned character, dancing with men of the same stamp, and groups of male and female gamblers, listening to the music discoursed by little bells, while smoking tobacco and sipping beer.

As tobacco sells for a high price here, some "philanthropists" have attempted to cultivate it in the colony. A grand race between two celebrated blood horses was to come off, in a few days, upon the course in Golburn Plains. It was the theme of every conversation; and the first question put to me in every tippling-shop was, "What horse do you bet on? stake your money! take a glass o' som-e-t to drink?" The great day arrived, and the whole town was seen moving towards the race-course, intermingled with carts and wagons loaded with beer, spirituous liquors, eatables, gamblers, and rum-heads.

The state of the colony is thus seen to be bad enough; but its moral atmosphere is rapidly improving, and nothing tends to promote it more than the philanthropic exertions of the Australian Patriotic Association, in combination with the government, who were about putting in force some plan to encourage the emigration of respectable families. It has generally been remarked, that children who arrive here with their parents, and are brought up in the domestic circle under parental control, imbibe a moral principle sufficiently powerful to resist the temptations that surround them, and become worthy members of society; being not only controlled by the laws, like the convicts, but, in addition, by an inborn feeling of honesty and integrity, and by some respect for their family connexions. It has generally been admitted that maiden em-

igrants attached to families have been successful. The lands of the colony being admirably adapted to grazing, there is every reason to suppose that an emigrant family, consisting of any number of children of both sexes, could find employment in tending cattle-stations, which occupation requires no great strength of body or mental endowments. A family thus occupied would, no doubt, be bound together by social ties, and thus, in all probability, prevent that moral contamination which intercourse with a convict population might naturally produce. And as the children of such a family would never, perhaps, leave the tutelage of their parents, until at least they had arrived at mature years, they would be likely to become, in the end, useful members of society.

Australia (for this is the proper name of what has improperly been named New Holland) is of such vast size that it scarcely seems proper to call it an island. It is as really a continent as America, Europe, or Asia; they are all surrounded by water or ice, which is, in fact, the same thing. We will, then, say that the *Continent* of Australia is as yet almost totally unknown to civilized man, and affords a vast field for explorations. It is my firm belief that the British have planted their colonies upon the poorest parts of the continent. To the northward of the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude, probably, is situated the finest part of this country. The government was, however, guided by a desire to send the convicts to a climate as similar as possible to the one of their nativity. Convicts are excluded from the Swan River settlement. From the report of the Malays of Tidore, whom we afterward met in Revenge Strait, Papua, I was led to suppose that the ruins of cities, built by Arabians, exist upon the northwest or north coast of Australia, or around the Gulf of Carpentaria; and that the nation which built the towers of which these are the ruins were once numerous and powerful, and held the negro race in bondage, and that their vessels traversed the Pacific Ocean. If this report is true, that part of Australia probably affords a fine field for the researches of the antiquarian, and may lead him to some definite conclusion in relation to the manner in which the islands of the Pacific became peopled. I sincerely hope that the British government will spend some of its treasure in carrying on more critical explorations

of this country than have ever yet been made. It may eventually lead to the clearing up of the mystery of the manner in which America was settled, by the discovery of a style of architecture in this benighted land corresponding to that of the ruins of Central America. Besides, if the stories of these Malays, who have visited Australia in their proas, are to be believed, vast rivers, of which the civilized world know not, exist in that continent.

Be this as it may, one thing is quite certain, that the British colonies upon Australia will not retrograde for hundreds of years to come; and it is no unreasonable speculation to suppose that a vast empire of Englishmen will here rise up and take an important stand, at some distant day, as an independent nation. Every year will probably add to our knowledge of the beauties and wonders of Australia and of Australasia. All this region has heretofore been passed over entirely too lightly, owing to our ignorance in relation to it.

During the months of June, July, and August, it is quite cold at Sydney, particularly on those days when the winds blow from the south. We happened to arrive here at the commencement of winter, and felt the cold very sensibly. We wished ourselves back in Tropical Australasia, for here we were obliged to resort to woollen clothing, and to shoes, to keep ourselves comfortable. The use of the latter article gave us no little pain; we had gone barefooted so long that all our shoes were too small for us; we walked like cripples on shore, and kicked them off when we got on board the vessel again. And when we had to hunt up all the old blankets to wrap around us in our hammocks, the sailors continually vexed one another by praying for a return to the delights of a tropical climate. We had also just left a verdant and fruitful region, the contrast between which and the barren scenery of Port Jackson was so remarkable, that we most heartily wished ourselves away and back to the "Cannibal Islands," as the crew were in the habit of calling them.

I never saw a man yet who said that he was not delighted with, and did not prefer, the climate of the Tropical Pacific Islands to that of any part of the world.

A custom-house officer was stationed on board our vessel during our stay here. He was a very fine man, and as good-

natured an old soul as ever lived. But he liked a drop of the right good "brandy-o," and every afternoon took a siesta. The sailors knew his failing, and one said to the other, "Has the old covy turned in?" "Ay," was the reply. Presently the sailors were seen coming from the forecandle with bundles of tobacco, which they smuggled into the stern sheets of the boat, and then shoving off, pulled for the shore, for a genuine sailor's frolic.

A British vessel arrived here during our stay, and reported having discovered a continent to the southward of Van Dieman's Land. We dressed Garry-Garry in a suit of the captain's old clothes, put stockings and slippers upon his feet, and a white beaver upon his head, and then took him ashore in the "Moon" (Sydney) to see the wonders. He stopped at some of the shop windows full half an hour, examining the curiosities, while we waited patiently for him in the street. A fishmonger had some fine preserved fish displayed in his window; these Garry inspected very closely. Passing by a brick building that was in course of erection, he picked up a brick, and, laughing heartily, exclaimed, "Build tuonger out of clay all the same as Bidera pots!" He said he would explain these wonders to his people, and determined to carry the brick home to show them. Accordingly, he put the brick under his arm and carried it carefully through the streets, to the no small wonder of the passers by, and to the amazement of the storekeepers, whom Garry requested to show some of their curiosities, as he laid the brick carefully upon the counter. In front of a four-story building, he halted and looked up at the gutter, in speechless wonder, for a few moments, when he exclaimed, "How can stand up! wonder he no fall down! him as high as cocoanut-tree!" The next mysterious thing that brought him to a dead stand was a man on horseback, and a party of ladies and gentlemen in a barouche, who drove rapidly by. He thought these were the white men's gods, or the gods of the moon.

The music of the government band and the marching of the royal army were to him so mysterious that he could not, for the life of him, fathom their purport. When we told him that the storekeepers lived all their lifetime in stores, he at once expressed his abhorrence of such a life of laziness; wondered

that they did not get sick for want of exercise in the open air, and finally concluded that they must be worthless fellows, to voluntarily coop themselves up in their dark wigwams. We took him to the theatre; the performance was the "Stranger" and "Raising the Wind." We had much trouble to keep him still and prevent him from making his remarks in a loud tone before the audience. On Sunday we took him to church; when the parson prayed, he sat bolt upright and laughed at the audience; we were obliged to push him down into a praying attitude. We took him into the country, and showed him a farmer ploughing the ground. He thought that the plough would be a valuable instrument to cultivate the plantations of Bidera. We showed him the principle of the wheel upon a wagon, which he dragged around, and thought it would be a valuable thing to bring golopos in from the plantations. A wheelbarrow took his fancy, as being a very useful thing for his people to become acquainted with. A cow was to him a wonderful thing, and when she bellowed he was somewhat startled. Her milk he thought was not bad, though not to be compared to that of the green cocoanut. When he saw a yoke of oxen drawing a load of wood, he wondered why we put "cows" to such use, when we kept them for their "mil-i-ke."

When he saw the conduct and heard the oaths and curses of the drunkards round some of the tippling-shops, he looked as if his moral principles had received a severe shock, and said, "My people no do so bad; me wish'e me in Bidera." The windmills were to him what they were to Don Quixote. A small steamboat, named the Sophia Jane, plied along the coast and up Hunter River. The sight of this vessel under way was to him utterly astounding; and he thought the puffing of the steam was allied to the boiling springs of Bidera.

Alas! poor Garry-Garry, the simple-hearted child of nature, he was now in a bad plight. His sea stock of fruits and betle had given out, and he was compelled to subsist upon ship's fare! which it soon became evident did not agree with him. The cold weather, too, affected him severely; he shivered all day long, and when he sat down by a fire he was troubled greatly by the chilblains upon his feet, which he imagined to be affected with some disease that he had caught in the moon. And he soon took a bad cold, which was a thing entirely be-

yond his understanding; for he had never been affected with such a thing during his whole lifetime. "The moon," he said, "may be very good for white man, but very bad for me."

Upon the whole, he had become heartily disgusted with the restraints of civilization and the slavery of fashion, which made clothing necessary. He detested the climate and the barren aspect of Sydney, and wished himself home again, where he could live in health and comfort, amid luxuries which he could not here enjoy. At home he could sail in his canoe, or swim upon the placid lagoons of Carwary, or wander over the lovely hills and dales of Bidera. But here he could do neither; clothing confined him, and he was afraid to touch water. Frequently he would sigh for some of the delicious fruits that abounded at Carwary, and wish himself home.

In Sydney we accidentally fell in with two Kanakers; they were both young men. One was named Woahoo, and was a native of the Sandwich Islands; the other was nicknamed Tomme, and was a native of Otaheite, one of the Society Islands. They had been inveigled from home, while intoxicated, on board of some whale-ship, and had been abandoned here. They were nearly destitute of clothing, and had taken severe colds. The climate affected them as badly as Garry, and here in a strange land, among strangers, they bid fair to soon descend into the grave. We took them on board the vessel, clothed them, nursed them, and fed them. When we took them on board, they could hardly speak, and their skin showed how severely they were affected by the cold. Like Garry, they wished themselves home, and said that nothing could again induce them to leave their lovely islands. They were both good-looking, olive-complexioned men, with lank black hair. Tomme was a fine-proportioned man, and stood six feet high. His back was handsomely tattooed, and he was a man of note at home. They were honest, simple-hearted men, and if I wanted a favour done, or were my life in danger, I would sooner have asked assistance of them than of many white men. As there were no vessels in port bound to the islands whence these men came, they consented to embark with us in order to get into the climate of the tropics, and there run their chance of meeting with a vessel bound to their homes.

Garry took a great liking to a large brindle mastiff, named Lion, which we took on board to be conveyed to Bidera for the purpose of improving the breed of native dogs.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

HAVING procured our grape-vines, &c., from the horticultural garden, and our business at Sydney being completed, we made preparations for returning to the islands. Mr. Watson, the gentlemanly pilot, the port-officer, and half a dozen police-officers came on board, and we weighed anchor.

The port-officer read off the names of the crew, while the police-officers, with lanterns and cutlasses, examined every part of the vessel. It was not long before they all left us, and we bade farewell to Port Jackson. With a strong breeze blowing from the northwest and a rough sea on, we made rapid progress in a northeast direction. The next day the wind shifted to the southwest, and we were coasting Australia to the northward.

Garry's cold grew worse and worse, and ended in a fever, that made him quite delirious. He imagined that he would surely die, and what troubled him more than all was the thought that his body would be cast into the sea, and thus prevent his people from performing over it the rites of sepulture. We rolled him in blankets, placed mustard plasters upon his feet, and dosed him well with opium. Thus we kept him in a delightful state of stupefaction for several days. Our progress was rapid, and every day brought us into a warmer and a pleasanter climate. By degrees we stripped off the flannel shirts and drawers of Sydney, and were again reduced to the pleasant and airy dress of the "Cannibal Islands."

In fourteen days after leaving Sydney, we sighted Deliverance Cape and Satisfaction Island, in the archipelago of the Louisiade. Two days after, we anchored among Jones's Islands. They are eight in number, of the secondary formation, and lie in a semicircular form, with the concave side towards the southwest. A coral shoal that has five fathoms



water upon nearly its whole extent, extends from the islands several miles westward; and from it, in one spot, rises an abrupt rock, upon which the sea breaks. The islands were verdant and covered with cocoanut and other trees, that presented quite a cheering aspect, when compared to the barren and cold region we had just left. A balmy perfume was wafted to seaward upon the mild breeze of the tropics that instilled new life into all of us, but particularly into Garry and the Kanakers, who had recovered rapidly, and now seemed like other men. A number of natives came alongside in canoes loaded with fruit. Some of them had straight hair. They were an active and intelligent race. They were friendly, and came unarmed. Their canoes were small and frail, and had one outrigger with float. We took their fruits, and made them many presents. Garry and the Kanakers feasted upon the productions of the islands, and, jumping into a canoe, paddled on shore, from which they returned in good spirits, and were once more "themselves again."

One of the supercargoes had been left behind at Sydney. Things worked well on board now. The captain was dictator. I had been reinstated, and the captain most generously granted me more privileges than had been agreed upon in New-York. I was comfortably domiciliated in a cabin state-room, and, when not engaged in active duties, was employed in the study of navigation, and, in combination with W—, under direction of the captain, drew charts of the unknown regions that we visited. In trading with savages, my station was the starboard davit, and in explorations I commanded the Sylph. On board the vessel I kept no watch, except when all hands were called. In physical duties, my labours had been decreased, but this was amply made up by a more than proportionate increase of mental labour.

The next day we got under way, and took our departure from Jones's Islands. We coasted the labyrinth of the Louisiade, and made some discoveries; and, on the seventh day after, sighted the south coast of Bidera. The wind blew strong from the southeast, and it set in for a steady rain. We scudded into Clay Harbour, and anchored in the old spot. It appeared to be the rainy season here, for the water was clay coloured from the outpouring of the river.

The next day a fleet of canoes were seen approaching, and Wakenish soon sprang on deck with an agile bound, his body painted, and paradise plumes fluttering in the wind. We visited his village in company with Garry and the Kanakers. The seeds that we planted in the gardens had grown finely, and we made an addition to them of a grape-vine and an apple-tree. On the following day we embarked in the squadron and landed at Ehag. We were received in the most friendly manner by Loe-Loe and the young women, who had before feasted us on plums and sweet potatoes. At night we camped upon the beach, in front of the village, *en bivouac*. A grand dance came off round a blazing fire, and we were invited to attend. All the beaux and belles of the village had assembled to enjoy the sport, decked with flowers, plumes, paint, cocoanut oil, and boars' tusks bangles. There was one noble-looking young warrior there, who led the dance, and was decked in the most gaudy manner. He was a celebrated brave of noble blood; his name was Erugu-Kutar (Jumping Kangaroo).

Garry and the Kanakers were seated upon mats with the chiefs, and I observed that the latter were engaged in deep conversation with the former, who now beckoned me to come and be seated also. I did so, and an old chief related to us the following tragical love-tale :

“Erugu-Kutar, while a mere boy, had accompanied his father on a visit to Gonoro, where he became acquainted with Aiee, a girl two years his junior, and the daughter of Tongalee. The Ehag boy and the Gonoro girl wandered together in the wild wood, to pluck flowers and make garlands for the dance, and at other times they bathed in the lagoon upon the sand-beach. A mutual intimacy grew up between them, one of friendship, for they were yet too young to feel the fires of love. At this state of affairs, the Ehag boy departed with his father and returned home. He grew apace into manhood, and Erugu-Kutar became one of the most active warriors of his tribe. On scouting expeditions, when following the trail of the enemy through the forests of Bidera, he fully maintained his title of the Jumping Kangaroo. But he had not taken to himself a wife, notwithstanding the most noted belles of Ehag would willingly have accepted his hand had it been offered. At all times,

when not excited by the sports of the chase or tracking an enemy on the war-path, a deep melancholy pervaded his manly features, and the dance amused him not. Upon his mind was graven the beautiful image of Aiee, and in all his dreams she appeared to him as an angel from heaven.

“One night a canoe, equipped for a voyage, was seen to steal swiftly away from Ehag. It was paddled by seven young warriors, and steered by Erugu-Kutar, who was decked with wampum, pearls, and plumes, the emblems of his prowess. He directed his course for Gonoro, where, in due time, he arrived, and was kindly received by Mahseelow and his people, who were much rejoiced at receiving a visit from so noble a chief. The Ehag warrior found his beloved Aiee alone in her tuonger; but, to his mortification and extreme disappointment, he heard that she had been married two moons to Okaprungi, a chief of Gonoro. The latter had been absent one day, and was expected not to return in two more, as he had gone in his canoe down the lagoon for a load of obsidian. Erugu-Kutar was about to depart, perfectly crest-fallen, when Aiee sang a touching Gonoro air, with much pathos, accompanied by the mellow tones of her bamboo harp. At the charming sound of that sweet voice, he was quite overcome; and kneeling, perfectly distracted, at her feet, he seized her hand, kissed it tenderly, and pressed it upon his agitated bosom. She returned his passion with equal fervour; they embraced mutually, and their lips met with a thrilling kiss. They talked of their youthful sports and pastimes in the wood and on the beach, and she vowed she loved him better than her husband. She consented to elope with him that night.

“At midnight the moon shone brightly upon the deep-blue waters of the Papua Sea, and a canoe, manned by seven young warriors, was seen heading the rollers near the beach of Gonoro, and out of sight of the village. Opposite the canoe, on the beach, strided to and fro Erugu-Kutar. His right hand grasped a battle-axe, and various passions seemed to excite his brain. ‘The moon,’ said he, ‘is above the mountains of Bidera; she has not come!’ Suddenly he halted, and, stooping down with his ear upon the ground, listened anxiously. Presently he rose up; his brow was knit. ‘Can it be,’ said he, ‘that she has proved false? If so, then she lives no longer!’

With this he hurried towards the village. He had not gone far when Aiee rushed from the wood and fell speechless at his feet. He took her in his arms to raise her up, when he heard a wild yell! Before him stood Okaprungi! The two warriors eyed each other like tigers, and then grappled with more than a maniac's fury! Their grasp was the grasp of death, and terrible was the contest! The Ehag chief dropped his battle-axe and tore the eye of his adversary from its socket. Raving with pain, as the blood trickled from his wound, the Gonoro chief, with a mighty effort, threw his opponent and flourished his glittering obsidian blade over his heart. With desperate strength the Ehag chief stretched forth his hand, seized his battle-axe, and buried its blade into the scull of his antagonist, who rolled upon the beach, a ghastly corpse, with the obsidian blade quivering in his hand!

"The Ehag chief now seized his lady, bore her through the surf, and safely deposited her in his canoe, while the warriors paddled away with all speed across Dampier's Strait. By this time the people of Gonoro had discovered the mangled corpse of Okaprungi, and by the light of the moon they saw the retreating canoe upon the sea. The war tum-tum sounded, and a fleet of canoes put off in chase; but the wind increasing and the sea being rough, they abandoned the pursuit and returned, for the fugitives had a long start."

Before us danced Erugu-Kutar and Aiee, who live at Ehag, enjoying their connubial bliss.

The old chiefs feared that this affair would cause war between the people of Ehag and Gonoro, and requested us to intercede for them with the good King Mahseelow, and prevent him from fitting out a fleet of war-canoes. We agreed to do so; and, as an atonement, Loc-Loe promised the fairest belle of Ehag in marriage to a Gonoro chief, and Erugu-Kutar gave us his wampum and paradise aigret to present to the nearest relative of Okaprungi.

Love is an alchemist that can transmute poison into food, and a spaniel that prefers even punishment from one hand to caresses from another. But it is in love as in war, we are often more indebted for our success to the weakness of the defence than to the energy of the attack; for mere idleness has ruined more women than passion, vanity more than idle-

ness, and credulity more than either. Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride. We devote the activity of our youth to revelry, and the decrepitude of our age to repentance; and we finish the farce by bequeathing to the chancel our dead bodies, which, when living, we interdicted from the Church.

On the following day we bade Loe-Loe and his people farewell. We explored a reef and sent down the Kanaker divers. We saw a most singular school of porpoises; they were about eighteen inches long, and had black backs. It began to blow violently, and we had a narrow escape with our lives, for the squadron was nearly swamped among the lofty combers. We returned to the vessel, and the carpenter went ashore to cut a spar in the forest.

The next day we weighed anchor and sailed out upon the Papua Sea in quest of unknown islands. In four days after we were in sight of the south entrance to Dampier's Strait, and found ourselves sailing over a vast coral shoal. We could plainly see the bottom, and sometimes our keel fairly grated the coral. Our soundings averaged three fathoms, but one time we had only two fathoms water. A powerful current swept us to the northward.

The next day we hove to off Gonoro, and landed in the Invincible. We found the lagoon alive with canoes, and many warriors from Dampier's Island had assembled at the town, decked and armed for battle. They were bound to Ehag to demand satisfaction and reparation for the murder and abduction. A grand council was held in the Prætorium of Gonoro, and, before the assembled chiefs and warriors, we proclaimed that we had been commissioned by Loe-Loe to act as mediators between the Gonorans and Ehagans; and, as an atonement, we displayed the wampum and aigret of Erugu-Kutar, and told them of the promise of Loe-Loe, that any brave of Gonoro, who should be chosen by Mahseelow, could come to Ehag and select the greatest belle for his wife.

The Gonorans received us and our commission with kindness and favour, and were greatly pleased when the captain made them valuable presents on his own account, for he wished to prevent the effusion of more blood. They held a long talk; all the oldest men and the greatest medicines upon the

island were consulted. At length they decided to accept the terms offered, and disbanded the war-party. In presence of the host, a handsome young chief was called upon to rise. He was the brother of Okaprungi. Mahseelow put the wampum on the body and the aigret upon the head of the young chief, and bade him, thus decked, embark in his canoe, go to Ehag, and select a wife.

Things being thus amicably settled, we bade our friends farewell, and, soon after nightfall, sighted the vessel dancing upon the deep-blue waves of Dampier's Strait. We were soon on board, and squared away with a cracking breeze.

On the evening of the fifth day after, we anchored in the Lagoon of Carwary, and Garry was in perfect ecstasies as he once more beheld the cocoagroves of his island home, and looked upon the lovely and verdant hills, and vales, and mountains of Bidera.

But lo! all, all seemed deserted! not a human being could be seen, and Nomer and Heydee came not to greet the arrival of their son! What could have happened during our absence? We were all sorely troubled, but poor Garry looked like misery itself. He had expected to be surrounded by his people, all anxious to greet his arrival. He jumped overboard to swim ashore, but we picked him up and brought him on board, for it was night, and we advised him to wait until morning, when we would solve the mystery.

The morning came, and Garry discovered natives skulking along the groves of Carwary. He went into the maintop and called for them to come off to the vessel. A low murmur came from the forest, but the natives were afraid to show themselves. At length four men walked timidly down the beach, and, embarking in a canoe, pulled with slow and measured stroke towards us. When within two hundred feet they halted, and gazed at Garry in speechless amazement. He recognised them as his relatives, and, falling into a rage at their dilatory proceedings, accused them of a want of hospitality towards him now he had returned, a great man, from Tiecoe. Still they made no reply, and, looking first at Garry and then at each other, seemed undecided whether to advance or retreat. By degrees, however, Garry coaxed them alongside, and tremblingly they came on board. Soon their confi-

dence was fully restored, and they embraced Garry as one risen from the dead, and sobbed aloud.

The mystery was soon solved, and they related the following melancholy tale :

The good old King Nomer had been taken sick during our absence, and, the five moons having expired, he despatched couriers in all directions to notify him when the god-ship hove in sight. She came not ! and Heydee and her daughters thought it prognosticated evil, more especially as about this time terrible rumbling noises came out of the bowels of the earth, and the ground shook with violence. This was considered a gloomy presage, and they supposed that the white king had at this fatal moment broken his faith, and was feasting on the roasted body of their beloved Garry. They now believed that the white king was a powerful and terrible Abaddon, who resided in the flaming crater of Morrell's Volcano, and had only come here in his big canoe, pretending friendship, to deceive the people and get them in his clutches to devour them. The greatest medicines of the island were assembled, and their opinions fully coincided with the above ; and, furthermore, they stated it as their firm belief that all white men were immortal genii, and it was useless to take up arms against them.

These reasonable conclusions, emanating from the oldest and most mighty medicines of the tribe, soon became established as matters that could never be refuted, and were bruited from mouth to mouth, with many wonderful additions, all of which every one believed to be positive facts. Such was their effect upon Nomer that his death was hastened, and he fell a victim to his excited apprehensions. His death was of course ascribed to the terrible Abaddon, who seemed to have pitched upon the family of Nomer to gratify his insatiable thirst for human blood. And it was supposed that the white king would soon return for more victims. The medicines decided that, when his war-canoe should heave in sight, the only safety of the people consisted in concealing themselves in the forest and invoking the aid of the Good Spirit. And as he seemed determined to exterminate the family of Nomer, their only safety consisted in fleeing to the mountain recesses of Bidera.

Amid these severe national afflictions, a general convention

was called of all the oldest and most noted chiefs, medicines, and priests belonging to the tribe. They assembled, decked in their sacerdotal dress of hogs' teeth, sharks' teeth, dogs' teeth, cockatoo plumes, and human bones. They sat in solemn state two days and two nights. Many were the learned speeches made by the chiefs. Solemn and imposing was the summing up of the learned and mighty medicines. They ate nothing during the session, but chewed a huge amount of betle and smoked an unusual quantity of banana leaf cigars (tobacco leaves rolled inside).\*

The convention promulgated, far and wide, the following reasonable and sage conclusions :

- 1st. The terrible Abaddon thirsts for human victims !
- 2d. He intends to torment them, and laugh at their agonies while roasting alive in the flames of Morrell's Volcano !
- 3d. He of course intends to eat their bodies after he has roasted them !
- 4th. He does all this, not so much to satisfy his hunger, as to gratify his passion for putting human beings in misery !
- 5th. He must have a regular supply of human beings ; but it makes no difference to him from what tribe they are taken !
- 6th. If we sacrifice human beings to him, it will appease his wrath, and he will not destroy any more of our people !
- 7th. Having heretofore roasted and eaten all the prisoners taken in battle, for the purpose of sending their souls to the bad spirit, and thus tormenting and weakening their tribe, we will hereafter, notwithstanding the custom is a good one, alter it so far as not to eat their bodies, but to burn them up, as sacrifices to Abaddon. This will propitiate the friendship of that demon, and he will not destroy any more of our people, provided they keep out of his way.

Such were the opinions of the people when we anchored near Carwary. Heydee, her daughters, and all the royal family, had fled to Bidera. The four braves on board had ventured off, from a strong affection that they had for Garry ; but when they saw him in the maintop, they firmly believed that

\* In regard to the use of tobacco by these people, I would here remark, that I believe, in connexion with other things, if we are ever enabled to investigate the ruins of Papua and Australia, it will be discovered that tobacco was introduced into America from Papua.



he was only a decoy-duck, set up there to entice them on board into the clutches of Abaddon. Garry wept when he heard of his father's death, and seemed much affected at the tale of the superstitious beliefs and opinions of his people. He had advanced one step towards becoming a reasoning and a civilized being. He astonished his relatives with the story of his visit to the moon, and told them how kindly he had been treated by the white king. They wept when they heard this, and thought how they had wronged white men, in supposing that they had killed him. They kneeled before the white king, and, kissing his hand, asked forgiveness.

Upon the death of Nomer, his wife had become queen; and, as she had fled to Bidera, it was agreed that Garry should remain on board until she should return to receive him as became the heir-apparent to the crown of Carwary. Accordingly, the natives now on board departed to proclaim the joyful news of Garry's safe arrival.

It was not long before we heard the martial echo in all directions. Troops of savages ran along the beach, followed by dogs and hogs, and canoes sped across the lagoon. Night set in, and bonfires burned on the hills of Bidera, and distant murmurs, as of human voices, fell upon the ear. On the following day a fleet of canoes approached, filled with natives, singing and playing on musical instruments. Our "Calathumpian" band replied with an appropriate air. The fleet came alongside, and were greeted by three hearty cheers from our Jack-tars, and Heydee and her daughters sprang on deck and embraced their beloved Garry, who soon jumped upon the tafferel and delivered a long harangue to his people, who sat in their canoes with wondering faces, listening to his account of the wonders he had seen in the moon. He told them about steamboats, windmills, telegraphs, white men's gods drawn in fiery chariots by horses or nondescripts, ploughs, wagons, wheelbarrows, soldiers, cows, and the grand band. All these things he described with appropriate gesture. His people gaped, and stared, and cheered him loudly, perfectly confounded at the great learning Garry had acquired since his visit to the moon; and we reminded his mother of having told her that her son would live to return a great king. To cap the climax, Garry told how, in the moon, they built houses as high as co-

coanut-trees, out of pots, and then displayed his brick as a sample. Before the natives had time to recover from the sight of this wonder, he mounted Lion beside him, and explained that he had brought him from the moon to improve the Bidera breed. At the sight of such a big dog, the natives uttered a shout of surprise and admiration. Garry concluded his harangue by firing off his pistol. He was ever after looked up to by his people as the most mighty warrior in Carwary. The dog Lion was converted into a god, and fairly idolized.

Garry and his dog embarked with the queen and her daughters in their canoe, and departed for Carwary, followed by the fleet. The friendship and intimacy between us and the people of Carwary now became firmly established and cemented. Daily we were visited by the royal family and by the people, who came to bring us presents, and we made them presents in return. The sailors were frequently on shore, and had a jolly time of it at night, when they joined in the native dances. As the queen had become too old to attend to affairs of state, she decided, by the advice of her chiefs, to abdicate in favour of her son Garry. Accordingly, the day of his coronation was appointed, and we were invited to attend and take part in the ceremonies. The day arrived, and we landed at Carwary. A great concourse of savages had assembled, decked in their holyday dress of combs, tortoise and pearl shell rings, boars' tusks, bangles, &c. The platform in the great square was covered with mats and arched over with poles, that were hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens. In the centre was a throne of mats, hung with chaplets. The whole platform was ornamented with festoons, and presented a cheering and splendid appearance. In front of the tuongers that faced the throne were spread mats, upon which lay piles of bananas, coconuts, bread-fruit, mangosteen, &c.

At the warning sound of the tum-tum, we hurried to the palace, where we found all the chiefs assembled and forming in line. Garry assigned to us the station that we were to take, and informed us of the duties that we were to perform. The procession being formed, it marched along with solemn tread in the following order :

- 1st. A maiden with a cockatoo perched upon her hand.
- 2d. Two aged men, great medicines, of the order Carwary

and Bidera, in sacerdotal dress, viz., Doondoo plumes flaunting from their heads down their backs; human teeth and hogs' teeth round their necks, and a polished human ulna in the right hand of each.

3d. Six noted paradise chiefs, the ministers of state, with paradise plumes upon their heads, and long, slender bamboo tubes in their hands, walking two by two.

4th. The queen, with a chaplet upon her head, a string of big golden glass beads around her neck, a garlanded mat around her waist, and a painted palm-leaf fan in her hand.

5th. Garry-Garry, dressed in duck trousers, a hogs' teeth necklace upon his neck (it had been worn by his father), and a bamboo tube ten feet long and four inches in diameter in his hand.

6th. The dog Lion, with a garland round his neck, following his master with his head down and looking very grim.

7th. The white king, dressed in check-shirt, duck trousers, broad-brimmed Panama, and barefooted, like the royal family. In his hand he carried a bamboo tube, like those of the paradise chiefs.

8th. The great medicine of the order Tiecoe, dressed after the fashion of the white king.

9th. The daughters of Heydee, with strings of beads round their necks, small Dutch looking-glasses upon their breasts, and network bags upon their arms.

10th. The different members or connexions of the royal family.

11th. Ten dancing-girls, decked with garlands.

12th. Grand band, composed of small hog-skin tum-tums, buccinums, Pandean pipes, bamboo harps, &c.

13th. The populace, composed of men, women, and children.

Arrived at the great square, the different members composing the procession took their stations upon the platform as follows: Garry sat upon the throne of mats, like the Grand Turk, and, placing one end of his big bamboo between his legs, he held it in a vertical position and looked steadfastly at its upper end, about one foot below which it was bored all round with little holes. Beside him lay Lion, and before him sat the queen, with her face towards the populace. Immediately in the rear of the throne sat the two medicines, and on each side stood

the paradise chiefs, among whom were the white king and the medicine of the order Tiecoe. In the rear of the medicines stood the dancing-girls. Around the outer edge of the platform sat the daughters of Heydee and the members of the royal family. In front of the queen stood the maiden with the cockatoo upon her hand.

Round about upon the ground stood a vast mob of savages, of all ages and both sexes.

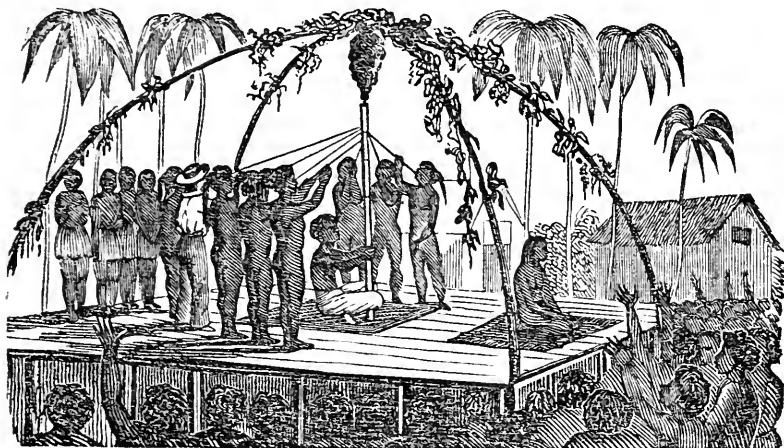
Carpo, a paradise chief and prime minister, now delivered the following speech :

“ We are satisfied that the mighty Nomer died with old age. The white king has kept his promise with the children of Carwary. Our beloved queen has grown old, and desires to pass the remainder of her days in the quiet of private life. With the consent of the chiefs and medicines, she now abdicates in favour of her son Garry-Garry, who has returned from Tiecoe a mighty warrior, a learned prophet and medicine, and possesses the power of drawing thunder and lightning from heaven. He will be powerful against our enemies. We love and respect him as a learned scion of Nomer.”

This speech was greeted with the loud plaudits of the people, and the grand band struck up a clamorous burst of anything but music. The queen rose, and, slowly approaching Garry, took the chaplet from her head, placed it upon his, and again seated herself.

The medicines rose and crossed their ulnas over Garry's head, while at the same time the maiden approached and perched the cockatoo upon the ulnas. This was received with loud cheers by the savages. The paradise chiefs then formed a circle around the throne, and each inserted one end of his bamboo tube into one of the holes of Garry's bamboo, the top of which rose above their heads, and was a conspicuous object, at which the populace gazed in profound silence. The girls danced around, while one of their number presented each paradise chief a lighted cigar, from which he took a long puff and retained the smoke in his mouth. At a given signal from the medicines, each chief applied his mouth to his bamboo and blew the smoke through it into Garry's bamboo, from the top of which it rose into the air, in one little cloud, at which the host gazed with attentive and anxious silence.

The following engraving represents the coronation of Garry. If the smoke rose straight into the air and curled around, it was held to be a sign that the reign of the king would be long, and that his power would extend far and near.



Most fortunately for Garry, it happened to be calm at the time. The smoke rose directly towards the heavens, and spread about amazingly. The girls danced, the band played, the host sent up deafening shouts of joy, and the ceremony wound up with a fruit-feast and merry-making. The savages were unambitious, contented, and happy ; and among them all there was not one drunkard, blasphemer, or gambler.

At night I slept in the palace, and in the morning, when I departed, Garry's sisters presented me a handsome mat. This day we cut wood upon the shores of Bidera.

The next day myself, W——, and the Kanakers accompanied Garry and his people to their plantations in the interior of Bidera, for the purpose of planting some of our grape-vines and trees. We were absent but two days. The plantations are situated four miles in the interior, upon the bottom-lands of a beautiful undulating valley, and spread over a space of four miles square ; they abound in golopos and various other roots and plants. Each family cultivates half an acre or more, according to the number of its members. Each compartment is fenced with a bamboo stockade, to keep out hogs, &c. The women do the principal part of the work, while the men practise throwing the spear, and other feats of agility. Garry and

the principal chiefs had slaves to work their divisions. These slaves were allowed to marry, and were not driven by overseers. Their work was light, and they fared well, so long as they behaved themselves. Upon descending the hills into the valley, the scenery is most charming. The checkered plantations, with their bamboo stockades, the broad green leaves of the golopo, and the natives at work among them; the fragrant coppices that fringe the murmuring stream, whose silvery waters are here and there brought to view by some sudden bend, and the distant lofty mountains—all tend to make up a scene of unequalled loveliness, and bring to recollection the fables and traditions of the golden age.

I had amused the chiefs by firing at a target with my rifle, and they became so convinced of its deadly powers that they named it the magic war-club. "I-yar! I-yar!" (ejaculation of surprise), they exclaimed; "tar-carar wang-thaa mo ha herre-de a-war-ra Tiecoe!" (strike man with lightning from the mouth in the moon). We had presented Garry a musket and pistol; but he was careful not to learn his people how to use them, for he intended to keep the power in his own hands. "Or-co ter-hue ho Doondoo zal-la-pu?" (will you accompany me on a Doondoo hunt?) said Garry to me the next day on shore. The second day after, I promised to accompany King Garry-Garry and his warriors on a grand Doondoo hunt upon the plains of Bidera. The next morning we were somewhat surprised at hearing natives hailing us from the main, and I landed in the Sylph to ascertain what they wanted. "Where are your canoes?" asked I, in the Bidera tongue.

"We have got none."

"How came you here?"

"We are Wosappi's people."

"Where do you live?"

"Upon the mountains back of the plantations."

"What did you come here for?"

"Garry's people told us about the white king; and we have come to look at the god-ship."

"The white king will be happy to see his children from the mountains," said I, inviting them into the Sylph. We took them on board the vessel and made them presents. Of course they were much surprised, and wondered at all they saw; and

when we landed them, they started off at a round trot to inform Wosappi of all they had seen.

At the peep of day the next morning the watch cried, "War-canoes coming from Carwary!"

I turned out of my berth, donned my accoutrements, rolled up my blanket, placed it under my arm, and seized my rifle. By this time the splashing of paddles was heard. I rushed on deck. Near the stern floated ten war-canoes, containing no less than one hundred of the flower of the warriors of Carwary, all decked and armed for battle. One canoe came close to the stern, and upon its platform sat King Garry-Garry and the paradise chiefs. I threw my blanket among them and leaped after it, while the canoe paddled swiftly away, followed by the fleet. "Mon wee elow-nee!" shouted Garry. Onward we sped along the shores of Bidera. Presently we entered a river, passing over a sand-bar and grazing several islets. Up stream, against a strong current, we wound our way, between a dense tropical forest that lined either bank. Having ascended several miles, we came to rapids, where the water rushed with great velocity between immense rocks. Here we left all the canoes upon the beach except one, which the savages carried upon their shoulders, and launched it above the rapids, where Garry, myself, and the chiefs again embarked and paddled up stream, while the army marched along the river bank. After advancing some considerable distance farther, we came to a rocky dam, over which the water poured, and carried along with it many fine fish. Here we abandoned the canoe, and took up our line of march through the forest, pursuing a trail, with the whole company following us in Indian file. Besides his war implements, each warrior carried upon his back a mat knapsack, filled with sago-bread and cooked golopos. The forest was composed of stately trees of various kinds; many of them were encircled with large vines, one species of which the chiefs pointed out to me as containing valuable medicinal properties, which I have since satisfactorily tested. We soon commenced the ascent of a lofty mountain, up which we toiled until late in the afternoon, when we halted in a glen beside a bubbling spring. After making a hearty supper upon golopos, we enjoyed a smoke and a chew of betle; and when night came on, the army retired beneath a shelving rock,

where each savage rolled himself in his mat, and with a stone for a pillow, lay down to sleep. I rolled myself in my blanket and made myself a similar bed.

At daybreak we were again on the move, ascending the mountain, and soon came upon a strip of rolling land covered with grass. The bird's-eye view of the surrounding scenery here presented was most magnificent. Our elevation above the sea was so great that there was a perceptible difference in the temperature of the air, which was here quite cool and bracing. The climate is admirably fitted for grazing. The emigrant could choose the temperature that should please him best. The idea that generally prevails at the north, that all countries situated near the equator must be oppressively hot, is entirely unfounded. If an equatorial country is low or alluvial to a great extent, or, like the Sahara of Africa, composed of sand, then this opinion is doubtless perfectly true. But such is not verdant and lofty Australasia, fanned by the invigorating trades of the pure and vast Pacific Ocean.

It was cold enough here for Garry, and he evidently wished not to ascend the mountain farther. We now descended gradually, following a trail that led around its east side to the southward. At noon we arrived opposite a chasm of vast depth. Standing upon its brink and looking down, it appeared strewed with stones that had been washed down by a torrent. We crossed over it upon a natural bridge of lava-rock, which was so narrow in one spot, that had we deviated a few feet to the right or left, we would have been hurled down a precipice of 500 feet. Safely over, we halted to rest and eat dinner beside a creek, and again resumed the line of march. Soon we reached the south side of the mountain, and descended rapidly into a vast valley, composed of undulating prairies, stretching away as far as the eye could see, and dotted with woods and clumps of trees, while through its centre ran a river, the banks of which, here and there, were fringed with trees and underwood. The view of this waving carpet of green was cheering and charming. It was near sunset as I halted upon a bluff to gaze at the sublime scene before me. Birds of various species and of splendid plumage flew over the prairie, seeking a resting-place. I thought that, in the distance, I could discern dark objects moving upon the plain.



“Shing garp, co ra see che-ma-ni!” (night is near, we must be on the plain), ejaculated a paradise chief, with a shrug of his brawny shoulders, as he grasped me by the arm. The warriors wished not to be retarded. Garry and the chiefs led the way with rapid strides, and I trotted after them, keeping up as well as I could, and determined not to be outdone if possible, although I was much fatigued by the arduous march, and my feet were somewhat sore. It was now night, and we were descending a rocky chasm that led into the prairie. It was perfectly calm, and the loud tramp of the warriors, and rattling of their arms and ornaments, rose audibly upon the ear, as they followed close upon my heels. In my anxiety to keep up with the chiefs, I stumbled over a rock and lost my pocket compass; but, as the warriors were close upon me, I picked myself up as speedily as possible, and resumed my station, marched forward, without saying a word about my loss, for fear of retarding the army. Soon we were upon the prairie, and marching through the tall grass towards its centre. It was near midnight when we reached a clump of underwood, beside which we encamped for the night. After eating an allowance of a piece of sago-bread and two golopos each, the natives, without speaking a word, rolled themselves in their mats and lay down in the grass to sleep. I did the same in my blanket. Once or twice I was startled by strange noises in the distance, made by wild beasts, but I was so fatigued that I soon fell into a sound sleep.

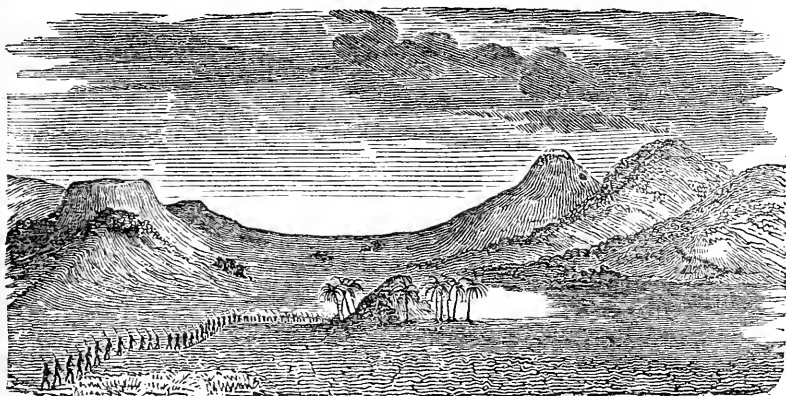
At the break of day, I started up perfectly bewildered at hearing all the warriors shout, at the top of their voices, “Doondoo! Doondoo!” while at the same time they seized their spears and clubs and jumped to their feet. I picked up my rifle and did the same. Two ferocious and monstrous-looking birds, resembling the ostrich, ran past us like race-horses, with heads six feet above the ground, and apparently powerful enough to knock a man down. The warriors threw their spears and clubs at them, and Garry fired his musket; but the hindmost bird was only wounded, and away they streaked it over the prairie. At this failure of the “magic war-club” the chiefs and warriors began to murmur, and question whether the stories I had told them about its deadly effects were not all moonshine. A great weight rested upon my mind, and

now was the moment for me to rise or fall in the estimation of the chiefs as a "mighty medicine." Outwardly I showed not my trepidation. The eyes of all the savages were turned upon me. I levelled my rifle at the hindmost bird and fired; he fell dead! A shout of mingled joy and surprise was uttered by the whole army, who now looked upon me as a mighty warrior and medicine, who could successfully wield the "magic club." We soon surrounded the Doondoo; he was a majestic bird, of a species between that of the cassowary and ostrich. His head and beak were covered with a ribbed horny excrescence, or coat of mail, that looked truly formidable, more especially when mounted high in air as the bird was running. His legs were remarkably powerful, and the fleetness of these birds is so great that the natives never attempt to pursue them. The natives find it difficult to capture or kill the Doondoo, more especially when they attempt to interfere with or molest their nests or young; at these times they become perfectly furious, and have been known to knock down natives and kick them to death. The feathers, the beak, and the quills of the Doondoo are considered of great value in Bidera. The first are worn upon the heads of the chiefs, the second is worn upon the breast as an amulet, and the latter pass for money, so that for a certain number you can buy any maiden for a wife that you fancy. So difficult do the Carwarrians find it to capture this valuable bird, that if they succeed in killing one every year they consider themselves amply compensated for the fatigues of a march to the Doondoo plains.

The savages soon stripped the plumes and beak from the dead bird, and we again journeyed across the prairie. Upon approaching a mound of considerable elevation, we espied four Doondos. The whole army fell flat upon their faces in the grass, and I did the same. Garry whispered to the chiefs, who passed his words to the warriors, six of whom left us, creeping on all fours round the mound. Suddenly we heard a wild yell! I raised my head above the grass, and saw the savages who had left us standing on the opposite side of the Doondos, who were now running full speed towards us. The hand of a chief fell heavily upon my head, and I "bit the dust." The tramp and whizzing of the Doondos sounded loudly upon my ears, and, not feeling inclined to lie still and be run over,

I essayed to jump up, but the powerful arm of the chief still pinioned me to the ground. The birds were evidently close upon us, when Garry yelled, and the whole army rose up, yelling wildly, and presenting to the vision of the terrified birds a solid phalanx of warriors, who hurled their spears and clubs at them as they wheeled to the left and ran with incredible speed and terrible cries of alarm. Garry levelled his musket and fired at one of the birds that had been wounded with a spear, which still stuck in his body and trailed upon the ground, thus retarding his flight. He fell dead, and Garry had redeemed his name as a warrior of Tiecoe, who could wield the "magic club" (I had loaded his musket with one ball and four buck-shot). I fired at the largest bird, and he fell, mortally wounded; the rest escaped; but we had already been successful beyond precedent, and the hunting party fairly rent the air with shouts of joy. Being much fatigued, we retired to a luxuriant grove of cocoanut and banana trees that grew on the base of the mound, and feasted upon their fruit. Garry informed me that his father had planted this grove here expressly for his people to refresh themselves when fatigued with the Doondoo hunt. By dark the two birds had been stripped of their plumage, and we lay down upon the mound to sleep.

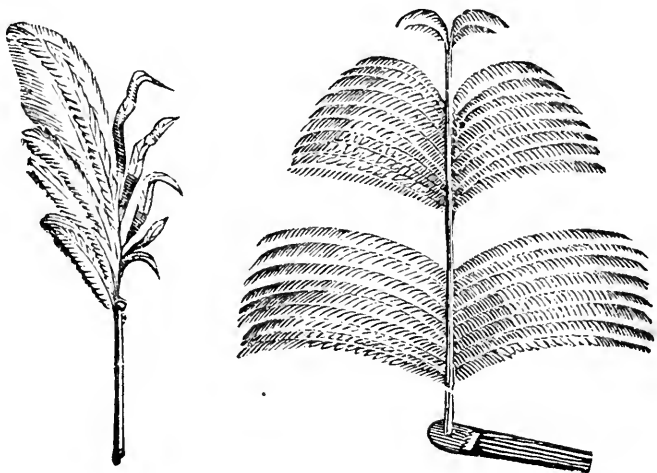
At the break of day, Garry and the chiefs awoke me, and I accompanied them to the summit of the mound, from which the view of the surrounding scenery was truly magnificent. The following drawing, which I sketched hurriedly in my notebook, may probably convey to the reader a faint outline of the great Doondoo Plains of Bidera.



We scanned the prairie in all directions, and saw no more Doondos; but we had been more successful than we expected, and in right good cheer, after a hearty feast of fruits, the company took up its line of march across the prairie homeward. At night we camped near the natural bridge, and the next day journeyed onward. With a forced march, we reached the canoes at dark, and, embarking, floated down stream, paddled across the lagoon, and arrived at Carwary some time before midnight.

I slept at the palace in the same apartment with Garry and his sisters, who received me kindly, and provided the best mats for sleeping upon.

The next morning we were aroused by the beat of the tum-tum. Garry, the paradise chiefs, and the great medicines marched me to the council square and mounted me upon the throne, amid the shouting of the Doondoo army and of the populace. The medicines placed a cap of Doondoo plumes upon my head, while Garry hung a beak of one of the birds that I had killed upon my breast. I had received one of the highest honours that it was in the power of the king to bestow. I was now a Doondoo knight, of the orders Bidera and Carwary! and I had received this honour for my prowess in the Doondoo hunt. With all the insignia upon my person, I returned to the palace, and was greeted by the ex-queen and her daughters, either one of whom I was now rich enough to buy; but I declined matri-



mony for the present, more especially as W—— had arrived with orders from the captain to hunt me up; he feared, from my long absence, that something had befallen me—perchance, that I had been massacred and eaten by the savages. I embarked in the Sylph, and soon leaped on board the vessel, greeted by my shipmates in Indian style, for, with the Doondoo plumes fluttering in the breeze, I looked not unlike a savage.

The preceding drawing represents two of the Doondoo plumes worn by the chiefs upon great occasions.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON the following day we bade farewell to King Garry and the royal family. We got under way, battled through the reefs, and were soon out to sea, scudding along with all sail set and a spanker breeze blowing. The crew seemed in right good cheer, and sang a merry song in the dog-watch; the vessel echoed the chorus as she dashed along, throwing the spray from her bow, while countless thousands of twinkling stars smiled pleasantly upon us from the deep-blue vault of heaven. In two days we were on the boundless Pacific, and, after a pleasure sail of four days more, we sighted the land of promise (Morrell's Group). A large canoe, under full sail, approached us, and King Darco and the noted brave Ragotur soon tumbled on deck through a port, and bounded aft to embrace us, with tears in their eyes. The meeting between Darco and the captain was very affecting, and the big tear rolled from the eyes of the king as they embraced. He had been successful in all his undertakings; the mountain people were reduced to subjection; the big canoe was completed, and we now saw it alongside; a universal peace reigned throughout Nyappa, and he was worshipped as the greatest king that ever lived, one who could wield the war-club of "Lingambo" (moon). His tortoise-shell hunters and pearl divers had been very successful, and he now informed the captain that a large quantity of these articles awaited his command on shore; and, to convince him how successful he had been, he presented

him one of the largest and purest pearls that we had ever seen ; and when we afterward compared it with the finest in the collection of the Sultan of Sooloo, we found that it even surpassed the best of them.

We soon anchored near the land, and were surrounded by all our loving friends, who seemed even more kind to us than they had been during our former visit. The crew had as much as they could well attend to in exchanging gratulations with the young women, who came on board with presents of fruit for their old and tried friends from Lingambo. Darco invited me into his canoe, to examine its structure ; at a given signal, his warriors paddled swiftly for the shore, carrying me along with them. We entered a creek that led into a romantic and sequestered glen, shaded by luxurious groves of fruit-trees. I was charmed with the scenery, and the delightful freshness and fragrance of the air. On either hand, in little nooks, were scattered gardens of golopos, yams, sweet potatoes, &c. Gliding by a rock over which poured a little cascade, we landed at the mouth of a ghaut, which we ascended to a verdant ter-plein, upon which was situated the beautiful and spacious fretwork palace of Darco, overlooking the charming scenery of the glen. The prince led me through a handsome garden, with walks of coral sand, and fences of bamboo worked into the form of diamond lattices, and then into his palace, where he introduced me to his two wives. They were good-looking wenches, and had fallen in love with Darco since his return from Lingambo. They feasted me upon the productions of their garden, which they worked themselves, and I presented them various gewgaws that pleased them much. We sat upon mats in front of the palace to enjoy an evening chit-chat.

It was now night, and a light approached. It was a flaming candle-nut, carried upon the end of a spear, by Ragotur, who now joined us, accompanied by his plump daughter, who was probably not more than fifteen. After an hour's chat, this celebrated brave departed, leaving his daughter. The conversation now turned upon various subjects ; the young women and Darco all urged me to get married and settle down for life upon their island. The prince promised to build me a fine house upon the opposite side of the glen, and Tawatse, the daughter of Ragotur, promised to keep it in order and cultivate the gar-

den round it; to make all the mats and cook all the food. Darco told me how much happier I could live here than in a cold, dreary country, where the wants are many and but ill supplied, and where the people cut each other's throats to obtain money, or commit suicide for the want of it. I asked him if he wanted to go to America again. "O-oo ballie!" (no, never), was his reply; "me more happy here, where people no want money to get married and support a family."

He spoke from his heart, and had evidently become as much of a savage as ever; he went entirely naked, as usual, not wishing to be encumbered with his clothes, which he had hung up in his palace as curiosities for his people to look at, for they regarded them as suits of armour to guard a man's body from spears. His "magic club" hung over the door, and was fairly revered by the natives.

We all retired to sleep in the same apartment; according to custom, we slept upon separate bedsteads. At the dawn of day I was awoke by Tewartse, who came to present me her favourite parrot, that was perched upon her hand, and cried, "Pitar acker!" (good cocoanut).

"Wang-ger to-mie Mona-cer!" shouted a savage, who ran up to the door. Darco rose and strided away. Soon he returned, accompanied by the captain, W——, and a host of natives. They had brought the grape-vines and trees which we procured at Sydney. The natives were all desirous to assist in carrying something, and, in their eagerness, one vine was stretched out and carried by four men, when one would have been all-sufficient. All these precious plants were carefully planted in Darco's garden.

The next day we accompanied Darco and his chiefs upon a tour into the interior of the island, for the purpose of examining some trees whose wood was valuable. At dark we halted at a village upon the mountains, and the natives, of both sexes, amused us by dancing round a blazing fire, performing grotesque and curious antics, to the tune of arm castanets and tum-tums, while at the same time they sung the following singular song:

"E-rin go lu-rin go lar!  
 E-rin go pi tang ar-r!!  
 Re-gare o bu, Pepe Lavoo!  
 Re-gare Darco, or go Aroq!"

This song is part of an historical love-tale connected with Lavoo (the red warrior) and his wife, the precise meaning of which I could not comprehend.

In the midst of the festivities, we were somewhat startled by the appearance in the heavens, directly over Riger, of a vast ball of blue fire! It fell rapidly, leaving a train of blue flame in its wake, and then exploded, casting round about brilliant red and blue stars. The dance ended, and the natives gazed in amazement until the meteor disappeared, when they ventured to speak, and assert that we had caused it on purpose, to terrify their enemies!

The next day we were again on the march, and descended to the seashore, where Darco showed us some fine *bêche-demmer*, which was perfectly useless to his people; and he had not cured any, for he knew not the process, and, besides, had no caldrons.

The captain now laid the foundation of a deep plan; he intended, at a future day, to return to these lovely islands on his "own hook," and found a trading-post and colony. Here he intended to end his days in quiet and peace, free from the cares of a moneyed world.

Wonger and Pongaracoopo, the two warriors and relatives of Darco, who had before accompanied us on board the vessel from Riger to Nyappa, pressed the captain to take them with him again, and show them the islands that he intended to visit. Heretofore they had supposed that Morrell's Group comprised the whole world; but now that they heard that other islands existed near by, their ambition was roused. They were young men, had a comfortable home and loving wives, but they thirsted for renown, and, like Darco, wanted to hand their names down to posterity. The captain promised to take them along, and return them to Nyappa in a few moons.

"What is it? Fancy's glittering crown,  
That lures the young aspirant on;  
The deceptive laurel chaplet of renown,  
That's gained at last when life is gone."

"Yet so it is: to reach the goal  
Of bright renown and deathless fame,  
Still throbs man's ardent, eager soul,  
To gain, when he is dust, a name!"



The following is the manner in which the natives of Morrell's Group count from one to one hundred thousand :

1 Catch-eco.	16 Baler-polo-catcheco
2 Car-ruer.	17 Baler-polo-ruer.
3 Car-tollo.	18 Baler-polo-tollo.
4 Car-varter.	19 Baler-polo-varter.
5 Car-lemar.	20 Ranivulico-ruer.
6 Polo-catcheco.	30 Ranivulico-tollo.
7 Polo-ruer.	40 Ranivulico-varter.
8 Polo-tollo.	50 Ranivulico-lemar.
9 Polo-varter.	60 Ranivulico-polo-catcheco.
10 Ranivulico.	70 Ranivulico-polo-ruer.
11 Baler-catcheco.	80 Ranivulico-polo-tollo.
12 Baler-ruer.	90 Ranivulico-polo-varter.
13 Baler-tollo.	100 Woo-no.
14 Baler-varter.	1,000 Woo-no-ranivulico.
15 Baler-lemar.	100,000 Woono-woono-ranivulico.

I was struck with the similarity of the word for *five* by all the natives of the different islands throughout Tropical Australasia.

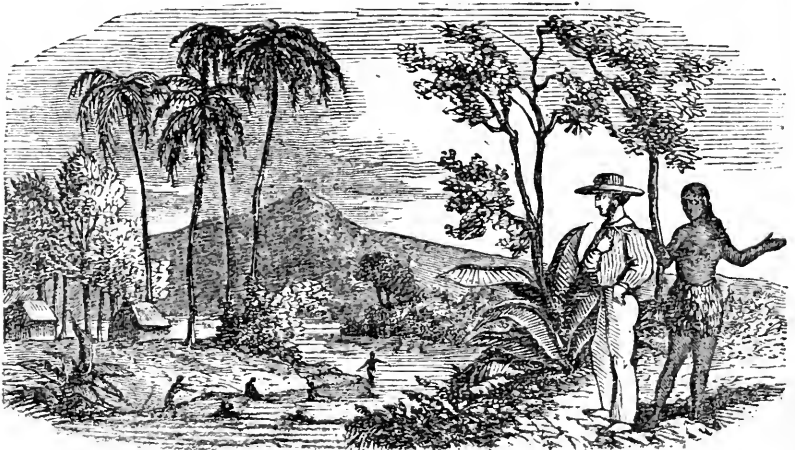
In Morrell's Group five is	. . . . .	Car Lemar.
Sooloo Islands	. . . . .	Lemar.
The Malays in general	. . . . .	Lemeer.
Marso	. . . . .	Leme.
Papua	. . . . .	Leam.
Mendana Archipelago	. . . . .	Lema.

I also remarked that "three" is pronounced as follows at the places named: Marso, tolo; Bidera, tolo; Morrell's Group, car-tollo; Mendana Archipelago, tolu; Gelvink Bay, Papua, tol; Sooloo, to. At Marso ten is called "songule," and this is the same as at Bidera.

The next day I was walking from Darco's garden towards the rumacker (house) of Ragotur, in company with Tawatse. The path led through the forest up the glen. Winding our way through a thicket of underwood, that grew upon the verge of a bluff overhanging the pellucid stream, I heard the merry voices of females; and, casting my eyes down upon the silvery waters, beheld women and children bathing upon the pebbly bottom. Some of the women had their infants upon their backs, clasping their tiny arms about their necks, thus receiving their first lesson in aquatic sports. Leaving the bluff, we descended into a sequestered cove, formed by a bend

in the creek, the waters of which swept noisily along a strip of rich bottom-land, upon which stood a neat wigwam, shaded by cocoa-trees, and surrounded by a neat, well-cultivated garden. In the water in front of the wigwam stood a young man and his wife. The latter held a smiling, chubby infant in her arms, which she laid carefully into a little fan-palm canoe, that she sent adrift with its precious burden. The current drifted it swiftly down stream towards the young man, who checked its progress, and pushed it before him back to the mother. Thus were they at once amusing themselves and teaching their child familiarity with the water. With such instruction, commenced at so early an age, and carefully pursued, it is not surprising that the natives, when grown to manhood, are as much at home in one element as the other; and you might as well deprive a native of these lovely islands of his food or drink, as of his daily bath, which, in this climate, not only promotes bodily vigour, but is one of the greatest luxuries, and, combined with active sports in the open air, freed from the encumbrance of clothing, tends to perfect the symmetry of the human frame, and render pulmonic diseases entirely unknown.

The scene that had passed before me seemed too purely ideal for actual occurrence, and I gazed in silence at the wigwam until Tawatse seized me by the arm, and, pointing to the path, said, "Tolum-casey puru-pur-wonger maner!" (recollect the canoe is waiting). The following engraving represents this bathing scene. I felt strongly tempted to embark



forthwith, in company with several shipmates, for the uninhabited Island of Garove, and colonize the beautiful bay. At present it was impracticable; but at another time the captain intended to return, with a party of young men and women from the United States, for that purpose. The next day I witnessed the dexterity of the warriors of Nyappa in throwing the spear and wielding the sling, during the execution of a sham-fight. The sport wound up with a grand dance, at which our liberty-men amused themselves right heartily.

The next morning we got under way and put to sea, with the two Nyappa passengers on board. When we lost sight of land, they seemed much alarmed, and expressed to me their fears that we would never be able to find our way back, for they had themselves once been blown out of sight of land, while crossing in their canoe from Nyappa to Riger, and it was only by a miracle that they ever found their island again. I showed them my sextant and compass, and told them that, with these instruments, we could talk to the sun and stars, and could never be lost. They wondered much, and played with the compass half the day.

Wonger was a jolly fellow, and had the bump of mirthfulness very largely developed. He could crack a joke, throw back a repartee, and laugh as long and loudly as any of us. Pongaracoo was silent and stern, his eyes black and piercing, and his expression savage. We dressed them both in shirts and trousers, which they admired for a day and then threw off, and stowed carefully away in their curiosity bag. When we encountered a thunder gust, and the vessel heeled over to her bearings, with the lee scuppers in the water, they held on to the weather rigging, and seemed much troubled, and expressed their fears lest the vessel should roll over. The next land that we made was Monteverdeson Island, where we stopped a day to trade with the natives. After this we discovered an island and a reef, and found some fine specimens of *bêche-de-mer*. One pleasant morning we entered Root Strait, drifting rapidly to the southward, carried by a strong current. Several canoes approached, coming from the islands to the eastward, where the four young men belonged whom I before mentioned as having been massacred during our former visit. The canoes were soon alongside, and were manned by stout,

healthy-looking, copper-coloured men ; their features regular and handsome, their hair straight and coiled on top of the head, their eyes black and expressive, their foreheads lofty and intellectual, and their countenances honest, open-hearted, and intelligent. They were remarkably cleanly in their persons, and were evidently a different race from those of Marso. They were very friendly and sociable, and we made them presents. They invited us on shore ; and, when they left us, the principal chief, a healthy, noble-looking man, rose upon the platform of his canoe, and, assuming an oratorical attitude, delivered us a loud speech, accompanied by appropriate gesticulation. He spoke from his heart, his countenance glowed with enthusiasm, his broad chest heaved with emotion, his rounded body and well-formed limbs seemed nerved to more than their usual strength, and he acquitted himself as well as any Roman orator. The Nyappans stared at him, perfectly astounded.

During the night the current drifted us quite through the strait. The next morning we beat up and cruised along the east coast of Marso. Several canoes came off with pigs and sago, and we saw a large war-canoe reconnoitring alongshore. In the evening the wind fell away, and the current again swept us to the south. The next morning we had a fine breeze, and coasted to the northward. When half way through the strait, the wind fell away, and we just held our own. A large fleet of canoes came off and surrounded us. They were manned with black warriors, all armed for battle, and were headed by Narcarlumo in person, who frequently spoke authoritatively, and kept about a hundred feet from the vessel, reconnoitring us, while his warriors closed in and entered into trade. Our topmen were aloft, as usual, with orders to shoot the first savage who brandished a spear. It seemed surprising that the pirate king should again dare venture within reach of our bullets. The purport of his visit soon became evident ; he scanned the vessel with eagle eyes from the bends to the royal-mast, but what seemed to him a source of great tribulation were the topmen, in their airy citadels. He appeared to have come off to capture the vessel by pretending friendship. Our crew were on the *qui vive*, and determined to take a dreadful revenge if anything of the kind was attempted ; the cannon were all shot-

ted with grape and langrage. The loud, shrill voice of Narcarumo rose upon the air, the canoes containing the principal chiefs circled round him and held a consultation of war, as we supposed, for they frequently pointed to the top-men, and seemed much disconcerted. The king again spoke; the whole army left the vessel and held a grand consultation, after which they shouted and paddled briskly towards us, for the current had carried them astern. The captain jumped upon the tafferel, sounded a blast of defiance through his trumpet, and fired his pistol over the fleet. The warriors leaped overboard to dodge the bullets, but upon finding that none came, and that the vessel was dropping them rapidly astern, they sprang into their canoes and paddled with all speed for the shore.

Late in the afternoon, we arrived opposite the mouth of Root Bay; and a fleet of canoes put off from the town, filled with our old friends, who were coming to present us hogs, golopos, bananas, and baked fish. Only two canoes got alongside, and they informed us that the pirates still continued their depredations upon the coast, and they feared to venture out even thus far, and, to be prepared to act on the defensive, they had come armed. We promised to call and see them when we returned, and then, taking advantage of a stiff breeze, we dashed away to the northward, while the whole fleet in the distance beckoned us to stop, and the little girls and boys held up fruit to tempt us. But we heeded them not, and onward we dashed into darkness, for the mantle of night had begun to spread over us.

The next morning we entered the east end of Morrell's Lagoon, and sailed to the southeast, up a great bay, which I shall name Tolenerakee Bay, after the chief of the same name who resides at its foot. We anchored, made all snug, and equipped the squadron. The next day we embarked in the squadron, and, with a cracking breeze, proceeded to explore this spacious bay. We sailed through a fleet of canoes, filled with savages, who all stared at us in mute surprise. We sent our Kanaker divers down in quest of pearls, but they were not successful. We landed in several places to trade with the savages, and discovered two fresh-water streams upon the main. At the foot of the bay, we landed at a village, and opened a trade with its aged chief, Tolenerakee. Here we were much

- pleased at meeting some of our old friends from Root Bay, who had come here on a visit, to witness the marriage of one of their tribe to the daughter of Tolenerakee. They invited us to return with them over land and visit their people. I wished to do so, in company with two of the crew, but the captain objected. The warriors presented us pigs, and the women and children pressed us to partake of their fruits and vegetables. The next day we were visited on board the vessel by a host of girls and women, who were curious to see everything, and the sailors took a particular pride in explaining everything to their complete satisfaction.

The next day we got under way, and sailed, with a brisk breeze, to the westward, up Morrell's Lagoon. The day was remarkably pleasant, the scenery charming, and, with all sail set, the vessel cut her way through the placid waters like a pleasure-yacht. It was "sea-pie" day, too, and at meridian the crew huddled round their respective kids, armed with iron spoons, while we of the cabin sat round the table, discussing the merits of sea-pie, fruit, and porter.

"Steward!" said the first officer.

"Sir."

"Bring us a tumbler; this pie beats duff; what kind of rope-yarns did you season it with?"

"The 'ladies' of Nyappa couldn't beat it." This was interpreted to the Nyappans, who laughed heartily, and cracked their jokes upon our cookery, in comparison to that of their wives.

"Now for a brimmer," said the captain, filling the glasses with porter. "Here's a toast to the health and happiness of the ladies of Nyappa."

"We're creeping along briskly, and shall have a speedy and pleasant passage through the lagoon," I remarked.

"Here's a toast," said the second officer: "A prosperous voyage, fortunes made, a beautiful clipper fitted out from New-York, freighted with young men and women to found a happy colony upon the shores of Garove Bay!" This was drunk with three times three.

A terrible crash ensued, and we all lay sprawling on the floor, with the camp-stools, the crockery, and all the books from the bookcase dashed on top of us. We got up, as well

we might, and tumbled on deck in decided alarm. The crew stood motionless as statues, and the man at the helm was the very personation of apprehension. All hands gave signs of returning animation when the captain cried, "Jump! bear-a-hand! let go the halliards fore and aft! clew up and clew down! brace the yards sharp up! work sharp, or you'll have the masts round your ears! man the jib down-hauls!"

We had run upon a coral reef, that the look-out did not see in time, for the water was coloured with clay, washed from the rivers of Marso. Here we lay, rolling from side to side with the ground swell. The coral grated upon the keel, threatening at every lurch to tear holes through it, and the vessel trembled like a wounded bird. We got an anchor out astern and attempted to heave her off; but, after nearly snapping the chain, and carrying away the windlass without budging her, we gave it up as a useless job, and began to resign ourselves to our fate, to leave the ribs of the vessel here and take to the squadron.

The wind and swell increased, the vessel thumped more heavily than before, and the tide was falling. To add to our troubles, a fleet of canoes, filled with savages, all well armed, reconnoitred us as if aware of our perilous situation, and only awaiting an opportunity to massacre and plunder us. We fired several muskets over their heads, to keep them at a respectful distance. The minds of the crew seemed shrouded with gloomy forebodings, and I heard them making the following remarks, while gathered in little knots about the deck: "This fancy hull to be sawed up in this way." "I'd as leave have my back bone scraped." "We'd better make our wills, and study Bill's Bible." "We'll stick by our chum till the last piece floats away." During this time the captain had sounded the reef upon which the vessel lay; and, as luck would have it, she had run upon a narrow spot, or, rather, "thwartships" on the "back bone" of the reef; and, if we could by any means force her twice her length ahead, we would then be in deep water. There was only one chance of saving the vessel, and the captain determined to make one desperate effort. The wind blew strong and quartering. We rolled the water casks forward, to bring the hull on an even keel, and then set all sail. The canvass bellied out, the shrouds and stays stretched and

cracked, and the swell rolled us nearly on our beam-ends. "She moves!" With sudden throes she bounced ahead, lifted by a rising swell, and again settled with a violent thump, as it left her in its trough, while the keel tore the jagged coral. Again the swell buoyed us up, and again we bounded ahead, grating the coral so that a piece of the false-keel was torn off and rose to the surface of the water. Thus we continued, the masts trembling fearfully and threatening to go by the board. At length, after several moments of fearful suspense and breathless anxiety, the crew all the while clinging to the man-ropes, the bow plunged suddenly into deep water and the stern hung upon the reef, from which it disengaged itself violently, tearing off the rudder and driving its head through the stern-port, demolishing the ornaments and overthrowing the round-house, which was full of cocoanuts and gewgaws, that were scattered about in all directions. We were now clear of the reef, and skimming out into the lagoon, where we soon anchored, for the want of a rudder to steer by. We tried the pumps, and, to our inexpressible joy, found that she did not leak. Thanks to the ship-carpenters of Mauritius!

The savages that had dogged us upon the reef now surrounded us, shouting wildly; and we at first imagined that they intended an attack; but they soon entered into trade, and I sat upon the starboard davit, receiving their articles, and paying them as rapidly as possible. One rough savage murmured at the price I had paid him, and, becoming quite exasperated, because I took no notice of him, he seized a javelin, shook it at me, and threatened to take my life if I did not give him a piece of iron as big as I had given another native. I sprang inboard, and the spear that had been aimed at my body struck the davit. I ran to the arm-chest, seized a musket, and returned to the stern. The captain had preceded me, and, levelling his rifle, shot the savage dead. The host of savages, who appeared to have been innocent of any intention to attack us, but had come to engage in a peaceful trade, now became alarmed, and, uttering a shout, they commenced a rapid retreat. The crew, who were much excited after our narrow escape from the reef, seeing the captain fire his rifle, and mistaking the shout of the savages for a signal of attack, seized their arms and poured a volley of balls into the midst of the retreating natives, many



of whom were killed and wounded. "Cease firing! cease firing!" bellowed the captain. So suddenly had all this taken place, that for a moment I was completely stunned, amid the cracking of musketry, the shouts and oaths of the seamen, and the piercing shrieks of the wounded natives. One canoe off the starboard quarter presented a most affecting scene. It was paddled by an old man and his two sons, who were pleasant-looking, tall, and athletic. Their heads were decorated with crimson flowers, attached to their hair, probably by their sweethearts. They were endeavouring to come alongside of the vessel, intent only upon entering into a lucrative trade, and quite unconscious of giving any offence. The young men smiled pleasantly, highly elated at the prospect of soon returning to their sweethearts with presents of gewgaws obtained from the white men. It was at this moment that the firing commenced. Both of the young men were mortally wounded; one fell forward at his paddle a corpse, and the other leaped into the sea, where he struggled with death in terrible agony. He shrieked, and groaned, and sank gurgling, while his hands nervously grasped the air above the surface. With a desperate effort, he again rose, with his head above water, his wounds all the while pouring forth their thick streams of crimson blood, to mingle with the ocean's brine. The poor old man! he bravely and nobly resolved to sacrifice his own life in saving that of his son, for he lingered near after the whole fleet had departed. We made all the friendly signs in our power, and assured him that we would not harm him. With much difficulty he lifted his son from the water and laid him beside the cold body of his brother. The old man's strength was overcome; but he seized his paddle, and cried and sobbed in the deepest anguish, while the current drifted his canoe down the lagoon towards the open sea. Night shut him from our view.

A deep melancholy settled upon us.

"Since we struck that coral locker, we've sprung aleak if the brig hasn't," said a Jack.

"We've got the dropsy in our peepers," said a second.

"I'd sooner see my old father die," said a third.

I lay restlessly in my berth, and, rising at midnight, went on deck. All was silent on board, save the regular tread of the

sentinels, but not so on shore. A blazing fire in the cocoa-grove marked the spot where the natives had assembled to mourn over the dead, and invoke curses upon the white men, who had plunged so many families in wretchedness and misery. Torches moved to and fro, carried by processions of savages, whose dusky forms were seen circling round the fire, while their voices came pealing on the ear, chanting a solemn and mournful requiem, accompanied by the clang of the tum-tum. It was one of the most solemn "wakes" that I ever witnessed; and the very ocean, as it tumbled upon the reefs, seemed to chant a dirge in solemn chorus. Alas! who shall repair the damages inflicted by ourselves on these unoffending islanders?

I prayed for some "oblivious" draught, that would enable me to forget all that had occurred. What right have we to compass sea and land in search of pearls, gold-dust, diamonds, tortoise-shell, and paradise-birds, to adorn the brow of beauty, when in doing so we must leave weeping eyes and bleeding hearts behind us?

"Death comes to all in wayward form,  
In peaceful guise, or vengeful storm:  
All must his presence share.  
Hark! heard ye not that note of fear  
Burst wildly on the palsied ear?  
Far in the tangled woody shore,  
Wild shriek on shriek, and pray'r on pray'r,  
And deepest curses on the strangers, mingle there;  
But Providence is just to all alike,  
And God's right arm is bound to strike  
The coward down to hell."

A native dog from one of the canoes swam alongside for protection; we took him on board and kept him several days; he refused all the food that we offered him, would not make any friendship with us, and pined away to a mere skeleton. We finally gave him to some natives, who took him on shore.

The next day no canoes or natives could be seen, and we would willingly have departed from this place, but we had no rudder. The carpenter went to work making one out of timber that we cut in the forest upon the main. The armorer rigged up his forge and made iron pintals. The Kanakers dove down and examined the bottom of the vessel. The splice in

the keel abreast of the forerigging was started, the copper torn off in many places, and several holes cut quite through the outside sheathing that had been put on in Mauritius. We were gratified to find that the vessel was still in a condition to prosecute the voyage, and, if it came to the worst, we could put into Garove Bay, Morrell's Group, and careen. We were in daily fear that the savages would concentrate their forces to attack us for the purpose of taking revenge. On the morning of the second day after the unfortunate fracas, a fleet of canoes, filled with armed warriors, crossed our stern to reconnoitre. A celebrated brave delivered us a threatening harangue, and motioned us to begone, as he whirled his calabougourd violently over his head, and spouted the lime from the hole towards us. We remarked that most of the natives were painted black with charcoal, probably in mourning. On the fifth day after we struck the reef, the rudder was completed. We weighed anchor, and sailed through the lagoon to the westward. From day to day we anchored in different places to trade with the natives. Rugurar and his grenadier daughter visited us on board the vessel, and we returned the visit on shore, where the natives, particularly our old friends, the women, received us with kindness and hospitality.

We found Molarpu in good health and spirits, and our Jacks spent two jolly days on shore with his people. The Nyappans and Kanakers were great men here. They could not speak the language, but the colour of their bodies was a free passport. The two former were much surprised at the great difference between the manners and customs of these people and those of their own. The volcanic spear was to them a great curiosity; and they made a collection of everything curious to take home and show their people. Wonger fell deeply in love with a plump and handsome girl, and would fain have taken her with him, but her father objected, and, when we departed, the two impromptu lovers took a final farewell. Wonger was much affected as he embraced the maiden for the last time, and her bosom swelled with deep emotion, for a mutual flame seemed to have been kindled between them

“Oh love! what is it in this world of ours

That makes it fatal to be loved? oh! why

With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,

And made thy best interpreter a sigh?”

Onward we sped. A party of natives came off to trade, and we anchored. A chief stole a piece of iron, and we took it from him. This affair came near costing us much trouble with the warlike host.

The next morning we got under way. Near the west end of the lagoon we discovered a fine bay in Marso. We sailed into it and anchored. I name it Bouck Bay, after the Governor of the State of New-York. It faces the north, and several islets lie in front of its mouth. A bluff clay bank extended across the bay, dividing it into two parts. A deep channel was gashed through the bank, leading into the small inner harbour, where a vessel could lay the same as if she had been in a dock. The shores were uninhabited. We landed and made a thorough exploration of this singular bay. Near the clay bluff we got soundings in eleven fathoms. We discovered a small stream of fresh water. Large oysters were abundant, and we gathered some cockles that were more than a foot long. While cruising around in the Sylph, I saw a water-snake floating calmly upon the surface. He moved not at our approach; a sailor ran a pike down his throat, and we hauled him in the boat; he was six feet long, and resembled an adder. We had an oyster-stew for supper, and the sailors pronounced it as good as if it had been made of "York Bays."

Two days after this we were cruising off the northwest end of Marso, among dangerous shoals. The soundings were very irregular, from seven to three fathoms, and then no bottom. Once we thumped heavily, and we saw bottom in many places. We discovered a fine bay, and endeavoured to enter it, but the mouth was so blocked up with shoals, that, before we could find a passage, we were overtaken by a thunder, lightning, and rain squall. We were soon riding by two anchors in a heavy seaway. In the morning we got under way and put to sea. After cruising several days to the northward in quest of new islands, we returned to the east end of Marso, and anchored in Root Bay, near the town. A friendly communication was soon opened with the inhabitants, and they flocked around us unarmed. They informed us that the pirates still continued their depredations upon the coast, and had once landed in the night time, expecting to surprise and destroy the town; but they had been driven off with a loss of three killed

and five wounded. We remained two days with these people, and entered heartily and pleasantly into their amusements.

On the morning of the third day after our arrival, we got under way, and coasted the southeast side of Marso, inside and outside of the reefs. Large numbers of bold and enterprising savages surrounded us through the day. At night we lay to. The sky was soon clouded over, and the night became very dark, and a current drifted us upon a coral reef. The keel struck the bottom violently several times before we were able to extricate ourselves from the perilous situation. The coral groves beneath the vessel presented a beautiful appearance, and were illuminated by schools of fish, that looked like so many balls of fire. Nothing can surpass the beauty of these marine forests, which have been well described by a gifted American poet :

“Deep in the wave is a coral grove,  
 Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;  
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,  
 That never are wet with falling dew,  
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine  
 Far down in the green and grassy brine.  
 There, with its waving blade of green,  
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water ;  
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
 To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.”

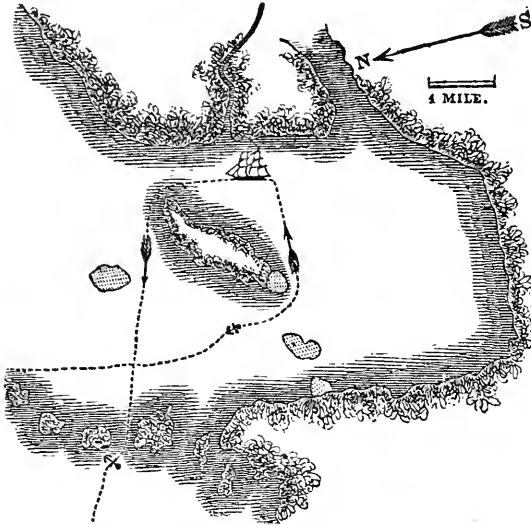
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## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE next day we took our departure from Marso, and were soon out of sight of land, ploughing our way through the waters of the Pacific. On a pleasant morning we saw Morrell's Group, and anchored near Nyappa. Darco came on board, and the vessel was soon surrounded by natives of both sexes, as usual. Wonger and Pongaracoopo exhibited their curiosities, and their people listened with wonder to the tales which they related about the foreign countries that they had visited. Wonger's wife came on board, and he embraced her tenderly ; but the cunning fox said nothing about his *affaire de cœur* at Marso. W—— and myself slept with Darco at the palace two

nights, and he told us of his unparalleled success in pearl-diving and tortoise-shell hunting. The grape-vines and trees were flourishing. The peach-tree seemed to have been planted in a congenial soil and climate. Tewatse was in her usual health and spirits, and reminded me of the Rumacker upon the opposite side of the glen; but fate decided that at present I was not properly equipped to found a colony, although the scheme was simple and practicable, and but small pecuniary means were required. On the afternoon of the third day after our arrival, we bade all our kind friends farewell, after having made and received many presents. We got under way and put to sea, and by dark no land was in sight. After cruising about for several days in quest of new lands, and having met with some success, we stopped to open a trade with the natives of Bouka. In a few days more we arrived off the north coast of Bidera, and anchored in a beautiful bay which we had before discovered, but not explored. I name it Atkinson Bay, after my friend A. S. Atkinson, of New-York. The shores were covered with forests, and were uninhabited. At its foot rose two abrupt mountain peaks, which I name the Two Sisters. Our route in and out is marked; we anchored in three places. We cut wood upon the island marked 2, and planted Indian corn, melon, cabbage, radish, and cultivated nutmeg seed upon the island marked 3. On the latter island we found the wild nutmeg-tree; it was loaded with fruit, the green husk of which had burst open, and presented to view the crimson mace, contrasting strongly with the deep-green foliage of the tree, and giving it a most imposing appearance. The sandy beach in most places was overgrown with mangrove-trees, that threw their branches many feet into the water, forming sombre and intricate grottoes. The river on the east side of the bay is about three hundred feet broad, and averages eight feet in depth. A bar, with only four feet water upon it at low tide, obstructed the mouth of the river. We ascended it in the squadron for about two miles, where we found the water fresh. The soil upon the shore was rich, and covered with scattering groves of palm and other trees, that presented a cheering and lovely scenery as we sailed along. Not a native was seen.

The following engraving represents an eye sketch of Atkinson Bay.



The next day we were under way, threading the reefs, and on the following day anchored in the Lagoon of Carwary. King Garry and suite came on board to welcome our arrival, and the vessel was, as usual, soon surrounded by natives. The next day I visited the palace. Garry had taken unto himself a wife during our absence. Her name was Carboleo; she was the daughter of Carpo, and the belle of Carwary. She was slender and well proportioned; her features expressive, eyes black and keen, teeth even and pearly, bust full and well developed, and with limbs finely chiselled and rounded; she wore tortoise-shell rings in her ears, and her hair was ornamented with a comb and flowers. She received the Doondoo knight with a majestic and gracious smile. My old friends, the queen's daughters, were still very kind, and I slept at the palace. In the morning I remarked that the young women looked melancholy and were in mourning. "What was the matter?" Lion was dead! the pet of the royal family. Poor dog! he had accompanied his master on a wild-boar hunt in Bidera. He had brought a ferocious boar to bay upon the verge of a rocky precipice. During the fight that ensued, the enraged animal buried his tusk into the bowels of Lion, and they both fell over the precipice. Garry and his warriors, hurrying to the rescue, ranged along the precipice and rent the air with mournful wailings, as they looked into a chasm and

beheld the mangled forms of Lion and the boar upon the jagged rocks. The lifeless body of the sacred ban-dog was conveyed to Carwary. A mournful wake was held over his body by the royal family and by the populace, for his death was esteemed a national calamity. His body was embalmed. The populace followed him to his coral tomb in solemn tread, to the tune of the tum-tums. Garry and his sisters conducted me to Lion's tomb: it was a small mound, decked with coral-fans and evergreens, and shaded by stately trees. The young women and Garry took the loss of the dog much to heart, for he had been their pet, and they had nursed him with much care.

We visited the plantations upon Bidera, and found the grapevines and other plants growing finely. Garry seemed likely to prosper, and we bade him and the royal family a final adieu. With tears in their eyes they entreated us to stay; but we got under way and departed, cruising along the shores of Bidera to the westward. The scenery presented to view was beautiful and picturesque; sloping and undulating prairies, bespangled with woodlands. We discovered and anchored in a romantic little cove, with rural islets forming either side of its mouth. We had twelve fathoms of water near the land. A narrow strip of land, compassing the cove, is low and covered with trees, but immediately back of this there rose a lofty parapet covered with grass, and in the rear of which there seemed to be a broad valley, from which rose smoke, while in the distance the view was bounded by lofty mountains. On the west side of the cove there rose a remarkable mound, fifty feet high. It was conical, destitute of trees, and covered with grass. A cannon planted upon it would command the whole cove. The country was uninhabited here, but the district to the westward was under the dominion of the chief Kolaie.

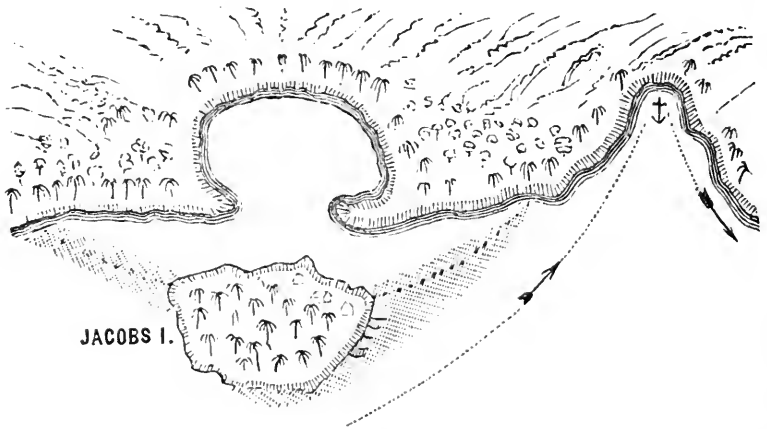
The next day we sailed to the westward, and discovered a river, near the mouth of which we anchored. The next day we explored the river in the squadron. It was about two hundred feet broad and two fathoms deep. There was a bar at its mouth, and we came to several shoals, where we were forced to wade in the water and drag the squadron over. We passed a small island. The soil was a black loam, covered with trees, and the scenery beautiful. The convolvulus major ran up many of the trees, and spread over the bank in full bloom.



We opened a friendly communication with a party of natives, who were headed by Voharie, a warrior of note. He presented us a dog and a bag filled with nuts, that resembled what we call Brazil-nuts. The water in the river was pure and fresh, and we took three casks in the Invincible up the stream and filled them. Upon returning, the flag-ship grounded upon the bar, and the natives came, *en masse*, and carried her over safely. A great many parrots fluttered and screamed among the trees. At night we were roused by the cry of "fire!" Smoke blew down the hatchway, and the first impression was that the vessel was on fire. But it proved to be on shore. The forest was on fire, and soon began to burn with fearful force, the red flames darting up and illuminating the impending cloud of smoke, while the burning trees crackled loudly, and cinders flew over the vessel. We weighed anchor and made sail to the westward. On the following day we anchored in front of a large village, and were kindly received by Tantemilelooe and his people. At night we joined a grand dance upon the beach. The natives chanted a peculiar song, and rattled gourds that were filled with shells. In the morning the women brought us fruit in baskets, which they carried upon their heads. The time passed rapidly away, in a continued round of games and pastimes, and sporting in the surf. On the following morning we took our departure, coasting along to the westward. We discovered a bay and a small river. The next day we passed Cape Gloucester, crossed Dampier's Strait, and coasted along the north side of Dampier's Island, the scenery upon which was picturesque and lovely. At dark we arrived opposite its northwest end, from which projects two reefs that form a fine harbour. To the northward, in the distance, is seen a high island, and near by an uninhabited islet. We essayed to enter the harbour, but, night coming on, we scudded away southwest, across Gonorro Strait. In the morning we were in sight of the lofty mountains of Papua, the north shore of which we now coasted to the westward. The coast here trends W.N.W. and E.S.E. At 11 A.M. we discovered a secondary islet, situated near the main. It was covered with coconut-trees and wigwams, and was connected to the main by a double chain of coral reefs, nearly even with the water's edge, which enclosed a deep and placid lagoon; while there

extended into the mainland, directly opposite the island, a remarkable little circular bay. Directly west of the island and reefs there was a deep hollow or bay, extending into the shores of the main. The immediate shore was low, and lined with flourishing groves of cocoanut, banana, bread-fruit, and other trees, while in the background rose undulating land, bounded by mountains. The scenery was at once picturesque and imposing. The island upon which the town is situated I took the liberty to call Jacobs Island; the lagoon and bay will take the same name.

The following chart is an eye sketch of the above island and bay.



The land in the interior of Papua seemed to be formed by vast table-lands, divided into timber and prairie, back of which there appeared to be a great valley, while in the distance loomed lofty mountains clothed with forests. We afterward learned from the natives that a vast river coursed through the latter valley.

A number of large canoes, with masts resembling those of Gonoró, were drawn upon the beach of Jacobs Island, and a host of black savages, armed with bows and arrows, stood near them. There appeared to be a great commotion among the savages; and many canoes, filled with them, crossed the lagoon to the main. We entered the lagoon with the squadron, and landed upon the south side of Jacobs Island. At first the savages seemed disposed to fight; but we succeeded in opening a friendly trade with them for tortoise and pearl shell, large

rings of which they wore in their ears. The hair of the men was crisp and bushy, and they wore large whiskers. The women, old and young, came to gaze at us, and we easily made them our friends by caressing and praising their children.

The next day the vessel was surrounded by a fleet of canoes, and we bought pearls and pearl-shell that surpassed the largest and finest Sooloo. The tortoise-shell, too, was large and beautifully mottled. Our cupidity was roused. The captain invited the chiefs on board, and entertained them sumptuously. He presented them many valuables, and they informed us that gold-dust and diamonds abounded in the interior, and promised to collect them for us, and have them ready against our return. We embarked in the squadron and followed the canoe of the principal chief, who led us across the lagoon into the circular bay, where he halted, and, pointing to the bottom of the water, cried, "Vutico erroco!" (plenty of pearls). With buoyant hearts and elated hopes, we dropped overboard the great iron rake, and fastened the rope to the stern of the *Invincible*, which set all sail, dragging the rake after her. A host of wondering savages had gathered round us in canoes, and the Sylph and *Tempest* guarded the flag-ship on either side. Soon the rake became anchored. We hitched on the tackles and hoisted away; it came up heavy. "Plenty of pearls now," said a Jack. "Fortunes made!" The rake rose above the surface of the water. The savages shouted wildly and rushed upon us! We examined the priming of the swivels, and were about raking them with langrage, when it appeared that they only came to claim a big earthen pot that had been lost overboard many years ago, and was now safe in our rake, filled with sand! We cursed our credulity, gave the natives their pot, stowed away the rake, and set all sail for the vessel. The natives called us back and presented us fruit, at the same time thanking us for the recovery of their pot. In fact, they rejoiced much, and looked upon us with more favourable eyes than ever, for we had now shown ourselves of some use to them. They took us to be gods from the sun, who had come to pick up all the treasures that had been lost in the sea, and even, if necessary, to raise the dead, which they supposed we could do as easily as we had raised the pot.

The following drawing represents a warrior of Jacobs Island in full costume.



The next day we got under way and coasted to the westward. We passed considerable drift-wood, and the ocean was clay coloured, with water from rivers that emptied into it hereabout. We at first mistook the coloured water for a shoal. The land was mountainous, and two cascades were seen tumbling and dancing down a rocky chasm, and glittering in the sunshine like precious gems, that became lost for a time as they gently meandered, through tropical foliage, over a plateau, where their waters silently mingled, and, finally, tumbling in one grand cataract through a gashed chasm into the sea. At night we saw fires burning upon the mountains.

The next day we anchored in a spacious bay. Four large canoes, with thatched roofs and masts, were drawn upon the eastern beach, and natives stood by them gazing at us. We landed; the natives abandoned their canoes and fled into the

forest. They were evidently a travelling party, bound on a voyage along the coast, for we saw no signs of inhabitants here. In the canoes we found culinary utensils, sago, coconuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, &c. ; some of the latter were boiling in a pot. We also saw some bows and arrows, and ornaments of pearl and tortoise shell. Hanging some trinkets upon the bows of the canoes, we returned on board the vessel.

The next morning the canoes were not to be seen. We landed, all armed and equipped, at the mouth of a river, and the captain delivered us an harangue, after having formed us in line. He told us that we were now about to penetrate a country that no civilized man had yet dared to explore—a country which the best authorities inform us is peopled by a race of men called “Haraforas,” who are very savage, and live in “hollow-trees.” With this he marched up stream, and we after him in Indian file.

The bed of the river was over four hundred feet wide ; but it was now nearly dry, and strewed with stones, sand, and rocks in confusion, having no doubt been carried down by the torrents from the mountains, that rush through this channel towards the sea during the rainy season. A narrow channel of water coursed its tortuous way through the bed of the river. It was up the bed of this river that we marched, ever and anon fording the stream to take “short-cuts” by compass. The blankets, provisions, and trading articles were stowed in bags, one of each being secured to a pole that was carried by two men. The crew were divided into relief squads, and they took regular turns in carrying the bags. For the first few miles the soil was rather poor, but at noon we ascended rapidly, and came into a beautiful undulating country, diversified with prairie and woodlands.

We shot several Paradise birds, and marched onward without meeting with any natives. Near dark we came to a larger river than the one we had ascended, which only appeared to be a branch of the larger one, that here turned suddenly to the eastward, forming an island at its junction. We forded the most shallow part of the stream, and camped for the night upon the island. We built a rousing fire, ate supper, went into grand smoking council, rolled ourselves in blankets, and lay down to sleep. I was suddenly startled from a sound sleep by

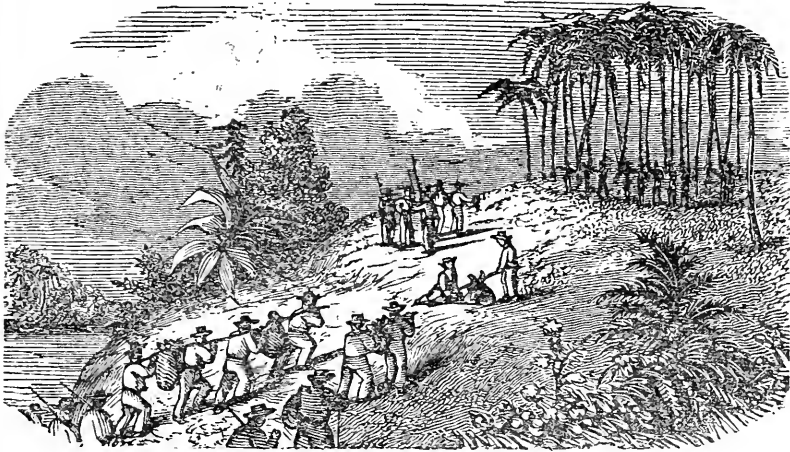
the cry, "To arms! to arms! Haraforas!" I jumped to my feet, rifle in hand, simultaneously with the whole camp. Surely enough, canoes filled with savages were indistinctly seen approaching us, and we heard the splashing of their paddles. "Who comes there!" shouted the captain; no answer was given; we fired at random; cries in return were heard, but all soon became still. We had probably wounded some hippopotamus or crocodile.

In the morning the rising sun displayed to us the grandeur and beauty of the surrounding scenery. The birds carolled their matin hymns, and alighted along the margin of the stream to wash themselves and bathe their wings in the water.

After breakfast and a bath, we resumed our march up stream. Our feet were somewhat sore from the previous day's march. "A diamond!" cried a sailor; but his prize proved to be a crystal. We were all on the *qui vive*, and occupied the whole day in searching for these valuable gems, as well as for gold-dust. We met with various success, much better in the main than we had anticipated, and saw enough to convince us that precious stones abound in Papua. At night we camped upon a rocky bluff, and fortified ourselves as well as we could against apprehended assault, for we had heard voices in the forest.

The next day we were again moving onward. "Haraforas!" cried every one. A party of savages, followed by a pack of dogs, hove in sight ahead, crossing the stream. At first sight of us they stood motionless and speechless. We held up trinkets and made friendly signs. The dogs barked, the savages fled like stricken deer along a path leading up a precipice, with the dogs in full chase after them. Upon the verge of the beetling bluff they halted to take another look at us, as we advanced making friendly signs. At length they seemed convinced that we were friends; and the chief of the party, standing upon the verge of the bluff, looked down upon us and delivered a long harangue, not one word of which could we understand. We ascended the bluff, and the natives again retreated slowly for a short distance. The captain and W—— now advanced towards them alone, making friendly signs, and with much difficulty succeeded in opening a friendly communication with them. We presented them beads and gewgaws, which they played with and admired like so many children. Then

they pointed to us, and held the palms of their hands towards the sun, which they worship as the Good Spirit, signifying, as we understood them, that we were children of the sun, and had come down to visit this world for their special good, and to make them presents. The following drawing represents the interview of our party with these natives.



With this they beckoned us to follow, and strided up along the river bank; we followed close upon their heels. They led us a long tramp, over hill and dale, until at length we traversed a strip of rich bottom-land, fringed by a silvery creek, and well cultivated and stocked with edible roots. Ascending a hill that overlooked the plantations, we came upon a rolling plateau, covered with groves of cocoanut, banana, bread-fruit, and various ornamental trees that were entirely new to us. Beneath the foliage of these beautiful groves were scattered numerous neat thatched houses. A host of curious natives came to greet us, holding the palms of their hands towards the sun. We were conducted to the principal house and introduced to Bivartoo, the aged chief of the village. We made him presents; he was very friendly, and feasted us upon delicious fruits; we judged him, from his appearance, to be at least 90 years old. At night we slept upon our arms in a house that had been set apart for the Spirits of the Sun. The next morning we left our provisions in the house, and, guided by the natives, ascended the mountain for three miles, where we came to another village, and near by discovered, what we

had so long sought for, the precious sandal-wood. We cut samples of it, and returned to the village. Our provisions were safe; the natives dared not enter the house, for it had been tabooed by Bivartoo. We were much surprised at seeing two singular-looking animals pass by the house with a cocoanut in each hand. They were a male and female orang-outang, and had been domesticated, so that they waited upon themselves, and were esteemed good citizens, none the worse, perhaps, because they could not talk. They were three feet high, had but little hair on their bodies, and walked bolt upright. They grinned at each other, and then, laughing at our strange appearance, passed on, without wishing to have anything to do with us. We endeavoured to buy these creatures, but the natives refused to sell them.

Bivartoo told us by signs that over the mountain there was a great valley, through which coursed a vast river, upon the banks of which were the ruins of cities, built by a race of men who had become extinct; that enormous animals, with great teeth and moving noses, now roamed over the valley; and that there, too, existed orang-outangs of large size, who sometimes marched in armies, armed with stones and clubs, to beat off the monsters. The natives of the island were a good-looking, athletic race of red men, with rather curly hair. Their language was harmonious, as spoken with their musical voices. Some of the young women were quite handsome. In fact, these people were a different race from those upon the coast; they had less of the negro about them, and their language was entirely different from that spoken by the natives of Jacobs Island. They go entirely naked, and were not circumcised, like the other natives we had seen. They seemed to be governed by patriarchs, or the old men among them, who were held in great respect. Their villages never become very large. When the population becomes so numerous that the different families lose their affection or friendly feeling for each other, the discontented families, headed by a man whom they respect, march off some distance to a desirable site and found a new village. As they obtain their subsistence from the fruits of the soil, their life is generally spent in domestic peace and happiness. They have less incentive to warfare and bloodshed than the Indians of North America, who depend



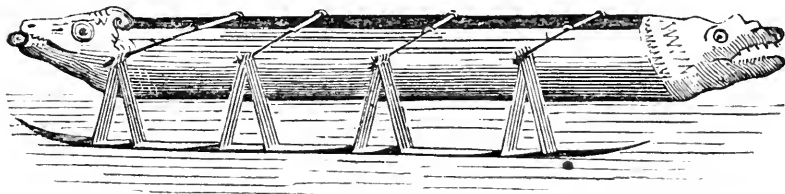
upon the chase for support, and are always ready to massacre those tribes who are driven by hunger to infringe upon their hunting-grounds, which at best afford them a scanty subsistence. This primitive, agricultural manner of life renders the country also capable of maintaining a population far more numerous than could subsist by the chase. The domestic hen abounded here, and of the finest species. The climate upon these hills was bland and refreshing.

The next day we bade Bivartoo and his people farewell, and took up our line of march homeward. We had marked our courses and distances upon paper during our march hither, and we now pursued a different route by compass, striking across the prairies and through the woodlands. We collected many beautiful and singular flowers, and the natives explained to us the medicinal properties of many herbs with which before we had been entirely unacquainted. After a fatiguing march, we camped at night upon the verge of a forest and built a rousing fire.

The next day we saw a great many large monkeys, or baboons, skipping along the branches of the trees, and chattering loudly. They were a curious set of brutes, and some of them carried their cubs in their arms and suckling at their breasts. We fell in with a party of savages, and made them presents. The chiefs wore tigers' tails, fastened to their neck ornaments and hanging down behind, as a badge of knighthood. Nearly all the next night we were kept in continual alarm by the dreadful howling and roaring of wild beasts. The next day we arrived safe on board the vessel.

The next morning, at the break of day, we weighed anchor and coasted to the westward as usual. Cheerily our clipper craft sped over the deep-blue sea, while a beautiful and varied scenery was presented to view upon the land. The beach was literally lined with groves of cocoanut-trees for miles, beneath which, here and there, were collections of wigwams. The population appeared numerous, and the natives upon the beach cheered us on, by playing national airs upon pandean pipes, buccinums, and tum-tums. We backed the main topsail, and soon a fleet of canoes were alongside, filled with enterprising warriors, well armed with bows and arrows. In one was a species of bulldog, the first we had seen in Tropical Austra-

lasia. The canoes of these natives were made of a hollow log, with a figure elaborately carved at either end, representing the head of some monster. An outrigger and float prevented them from capsizing. The following drawing represents one of these canoes.



### CHAPTER XXX.

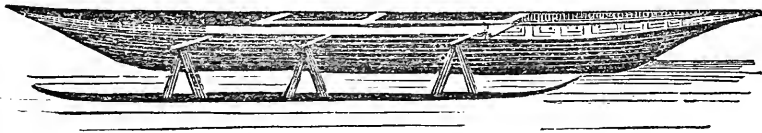
DURING the night we made rapid progress, and the next day anchored in a spacious bay, with an island in the centre at its mouth. The shores were lined with cocoanut-trees. A great many canoes put off from the town and came alongside to trade, making a great clamour. We bought many birds of paradise and considerable pearl and tortoise shell for a mere song. At night we saw the natives, with torches, upon the beach of the small island, hunting the hawk's-bill tortoise. We became quite intimate with these people, and the next day were visited by the noted warrior Rolumballa. He was a large, noble-looking man. His hair was supported in the form of a cone upon his head, being confined in a platted grass basket. Through his nose was thrust a piece of ivory, from his ears hung enormous tortoise-shell rings, around his neck was a string of human teeth, upon his breast a boar's tusk, and in his hands a spear and sling. The following drawing is a likeness of Rolumballa.

The next day we visited the village, and were kindly received by the natives. In company with several of the principal chiefs, we performed a two days' journey into the interior, in quest of gold-dust. We discovered the clove and the camphor tree, and upon the slope of the mountains fell in with a race of men whose faces were singularly tattooed with hieroglyph-



ics. We also discovered the mouth of a great cave, and the rock that composed its mouth appeared to have once been chiselled into the form of images and ornaments, but the ruthless hand of time had so defaced them that we could not distinguish the form of the carvings. These natives confirmed the stories that we had before heard, viz., that there was a great valley, a great river, great monsters, and a singular race of men in the interior of the island. Much gratified with the discoveries that we had made, we returned on board the vessel in safety.

The following drawing represents the canoe used by these natives. They use paddles with long handles, and stand up when they paddle. No. 1 represents the paddle; No. 2 and 3 is a correct drawing of the spear and ballista. The latter is an instrument used for throwing the former with great force, by inserting the end of the shaft in the socket, by means of which the hand darts the spear forward in the same manner that a boy casts an apple from the end of a stick.



Having completed our trade here, we got under way, coast-

ing the land as before. The next day we saw coloured water ahead, and at first supposed it to be a shoal, but it proved to be the water from a large river that here emptied into the ocean, and coloured it for fifteen or twenty miles to seaward. We anchored at the mouth of the river, and the next day explored it twenty miles in the squadron. We saw no natives or habitations. The country was low and alluvial, and covered with a stately growth of trees. We encountered much flood-wood, and upon the banks of the river were strewed the trunks of large trees, upon one of which lay, quietly sunning himself, a large crocodile with his upper jaw thrown back, exhibiting his red mouth and white teeth. We levelled our rifles at his throat, and fired. He gave one scream, shut his mouth, and, sliding into the turbid water, disappeared.

The next day we got under way. In the afternoon the face of the country had entirely changed. It became mountainous, and was covered with forests; and at night we saw blazing fires upon the hills. On the following morning we anchored in a spacious bay, where we rode secure from all wind and sea. A great many savages came off, and we carried on a lucrative trade with them for tortoise and pearl shell, and paradise birds. The next day we explored the bay in the squadron, and dragged the bottom for pearl-shells, assisted by the Kanakers. We discovered a fresh-water river, and landed at a village, where the natives received us kindly, and gave us fruit, and "cigars" of their own manufacture. In some of the gardens were growing the finest and largest tobacco plants that I have ever seen. The hair of some of the men was painted red, with a mixture of cocoanut oil and Venitian red. We saw some natives chopping upon canoes with hatchets of green jasper. We penetrated a short distance into the forest; discovered the cinnamon-tree, and another singular tree, the wood of which we thought might be valuable for dyeing purposes.

While at anchor in this bay, we painted the hull of the vessel entirely black (she previously had a white streak); and many were the surmises and conjectures of the crew about what the captain intended to do next.

"Bound on a pirating cruise," guessed one.

"We'll hoist the black ensign next," said another.

On the third day after entering the bay we weighed anchor, and put to sea.

Once more on the deep-blue sea  
 We'll sing a jolly song,  
 With a charming land on our lee,  
 That we are gliding along.

The sailors sang the above cheerily, and the "sea lawyer" sang the following verse of his own composition, much to the delight of all hands :

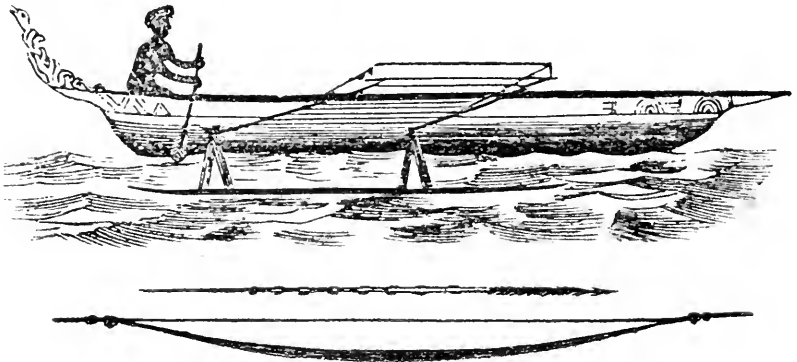
Here's a toast to all the girls  
 Of Nyappa Island, so fair ;  
 Hot tongs to make their curls,  
 Gold combs to deck their hair.

The land was steep and lofty, and broken into numerous promontories, some of which ended in gashed clay bluffs. Between these nestled little bays, with sandy beaches, and mountain streams pouring into them from the hills above. No signs of inhabitants could be seen. At night we passed a point, steering W.N.W., and we could not see the land to the southward. We supposed that a very large bay put into the land here, and that we were crossing its mouth. The next morning we saw the west point of this bay. It was low, and we steered in for it. We soon discovered that it was composed of three beautiful secondary islands, surrounded by a coral reef. They were covered with groves of cocoanut-trees, and lie five miles from the main. They ranged east and west, with the length of each island, north and south. The native name of the most western of the three is *Fadan*; the next is called *Yasoo*, and the next *Arooa*. They were a new discovery, and are situated in latitude  $2^{\circ} 09' S.$ , longitude  $139^{\circ} 49' E.$  We anchored near their south side, between them and the mainland. A great many natives came off to trade with tortoise and pearl shell, paradise birds, &c. We landed, and found the natives very friendly. They presented us to eat sago bread, cocoanuts, and the kernels of roasted nuts, strung on strings. There were two kinds of the latter, one resembling the almond, and the other the Spanish chestnut. The sailors enjoyed a grand smoke on the beach, in company with the natives, who provided the cigars. We found these natives to be a jolly set of fellows. They laughed and cracked jokes, and repeated, very distinctly, many

words that the sailors taught them. All of them learned to say "smoke tobacco." Their language was pleasing and harmonious; they seemed to talk the Italian of Papua, and called iron, *féraoo*; tortoise-shell, *metee*; paradise bird, *poose*; sago bread, *barcomer*; cocoanut, *neu*; moon, *marlo*. They were great dandies, and wore their hair in the form of a cocked hat, decked with boars' tusk, cockade, paradise feathers, and beautiful red flowers. The following drawing shows the manner of wearing the hair.



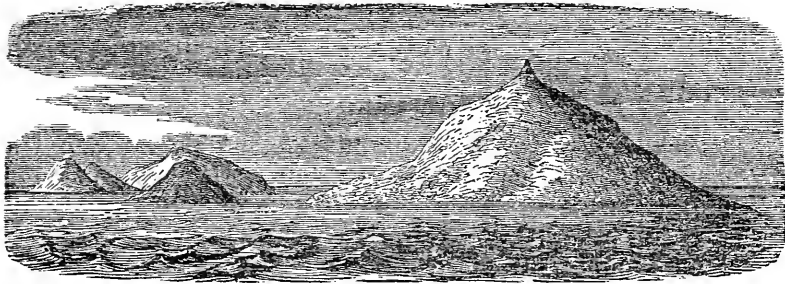
The canoes used by these natives were neatly constructed, with platform and basket-work railing, and a carved ornament at the stern. They were short, and intended to be paddled by four men each. The following drawing represents the canoe of Fadan. Nos. 1 and 2 are a bow and barbed arrow of Fadan. The latter is barbed with fish bones, and is a dangerous weapon, and can be thrown with great force by the bow, which is large and powerful. They are neatly constructed, and with surprising skill.



On the best charts we found this part of the coast of Papua marked too far to the north ; but none of them pretend to correctness, for they are marked, "this coast but little known."

It is as well for me to mention here, that twenty-five or thirty miles north of the coast of Papua, between the longitudes of  $143^{\circ} 50'$  and  $146^{\circ} 20'$  east, there extends a range of mountain islands which have never been explored. We sighted them from day to day in the distance, and the scenery upon them was verdant and beautiful. I know not whether they are inhabited. Two of them, which are contiguous, and are situated in latitude  $4^{\circ} 38' S.$ , and longitude  $145^{\circ} 30' E.$ , I name Audubon Islands, after John James Audubon, Esq.

The following drawing represents the land view of these two islands.



While at anchor at Fadan, we embarked in the squadron and made an exploration of two small islands to the eastward, and landed upon the main, where we followed a trail some distance into the forest. Suddenly we heard natives shouting. We concealed ourselves in the underwood. On came the savages, singing and sporting, perfectly unconscious of our presence. The voices sounded like those of females, and when they came quite close to us we saw that they were a party of girls, carrying calabashes in their hands. Up we rose, making friendly signs and displaying trinkets. The "ladies" uttered a frightful yell, tore up the ground with their hands, and emptied the contents of the calabashes (lime) upon their bodies, which gave them a spectral appearance. We approached them ; they fled in terror, bounding into the forest with the lime blowing from their bodies. Some of the sailors attempted a pursuit, but the "ladies" had disappeared, leaving as booty their calabashes and a white cloud. We returned on board the vessel in safety.

The natives of Fadan repeated to us all the previous stories that we had heard about the great river, &c. We now felt assured that such a river actually existed, but were at a loss to conjecture where its mouth could be situated. All our endeavours to find it had proved fruitless, and we imagined that it must be somewhere upon the south coast. Having completed our business at Fadan, we got under way and coasted to the westward. The shore was low, and lined with cocoa-trees. A great many natives came off in canoes. We hove to and bought leaf-tobacco and tortoise-shell of them, as well as bows and arrows. One of the natives wore in his ear a shell ring, to which was attached a lock of straight human hair. The hair of the natives was a long wool. In the midst of the trade, the captain most unfortunately let a chisel fall, so that its sharp edge gashed his leg to the very bone just above the ankle. The blood flowed freely, he turned pale, and became quite faint. We carried him below, put him in his berth, and dressed and bandaged the wound.

The water looked green three miles from the shore, and we got soundings in nine fathoms. The next morning we were sailing through clay-coloured water, that extended many miles to seaward. Six miles from the coast we had soundings in ten fathoms, and the land was so low that we could not see it. We could see, however, the dense wall of straight and stately trees that grew upon it, and were brought to view by the *fata morgana*. One man stood continually in the chains, throwing the lead; the soundings were regular and the bottom sandy. The water became more turbid; we discovered an opening in the trees, and anchored in nine fathoms.

The next day we embarked in the squadron and explored the opening, which we found to be the mouth of a vast river, that poured its waters into the sea with a moderate current, that carried along with it considerable quantities of trees or flood-wood. We saw no natives, and it was long after night-fall when we returned to the vessel and reported the discovery. The next day we were again under way, following the trend of the land, which still presented the same monotonous wall of trees. The water was turbid, as usual, and extended as far out to sea as we could see with our telescopes. At dark we discovered the mouth of another large river. No na-



tives could be seen. In the morning we doubled a point and followed the trend of the land to the southwest, with a long, high island in sight, off the starboard beam. The water was turbid and the land as low as usual. Five miles from the shore we had soundings in eight and a half fathoms. We discovered the mouth of another large river, and anchored near it. The next morning we were under way. We discovered the mouth of another river, encountered a strong current, and sailed through considerable flood-wood, that looked like canoes in the distance. We steered for a point of land that proved to be a small island, called Amnamma. We anchored near it in ten fathoms water.

The next day natives came off in canoes, and among them were several Malays. Here we witnessed the first line of demarcation between savage and civilized man. The contrast was painful. The Malays had seduced the natives, by introducing the use of arrack among them, and several of them were intoxicated. They brought to sell fowls, smoked venison with the hair on, chillies, massoy-bark, amber, paradise birds preserved in bamboos, tortoise-shell, cocoanuts, sour oranges, bananas, mangosteen, a white animal resembling a sloth, &c. They also wanted to sell us several iron bolts and an iron strop, that looked as if it had been made for the boom iron of a boat. They bantered a great while before they would sell anything, and then wanted a high price. Some of these natives were tattooed with Chinese characters, and they wore rings, and beads, and remnants of calico, which they had probably obtained from the Malays. They were armed with bows and arrows. We did not like their looks or actions. Their canoes were mean affairs, and in one we saw an idol. One native, a good-looking negro, wore a turban of red silk, and another a Chinese hat. They had iron knives and spears, but their implements, canoes, and wigwams were far inferior to those we had seen among savages who had no tools but those of their own manufacture.

From explorations which we now made in the squadron, and from information that we picked up from the natives, we became convinced that we had now discovered the delta of the river that coursed through the great valley, in which are situated the ruined cities, and where roam the monsters. From

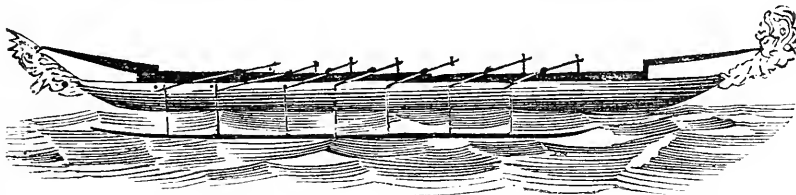
latitude 139° E. to Annamma Island, a distance of over 100 miles, we discovered the mouths of several rivers. The country was but little elevated above the ocean, and the latter was clay-coloured many miles to seaward. That these rivers have a common origin, and are the mouths of one vast river that courses its way through the central part of Papua, and is at least 800 miles long, there cannot be a doubt. I give it the native name, Bocander River.

It is strange that this vast river should have remained totally unknown to the civilized world until the present day. I sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when an iron steamer, properly equipped, will ascend this noble river and explore the interior of this, the largest and the richest island in the world. The contemplation of this subject opens scenes of great splendour, and will afford ample scope for the exercise of the talent of the antiquarian, the geologist, the ornithologist, the botanist, and, indeed, to all men of learning and science. Blessed with a delightful and healthy climate of perpetual summer, the explorers will not have to encounter the pestilential heat of Africa, nor the winters of what are, in comparison, very improperly called "temperate regions." The world will anxiously await the clearing up of the mysteries of the ruins and the monsters of Bocander Valley; and, from the conformation of the country, there is reason to suppose that in the bowels of the mountains lie concealed mines of gold, silver, tin, and copper, as well as precious stones. I am quite confident that the ornithological and botanical productions of Papua cannot be surpassed in beauty and value by any region in the world. The varied species of the paradise bird are here found in all their splendour and glory, and I leave it to more learned heads than mine, and to future explorations of the great Bocander Valley, to decide whether it was not the Garden of Eden, the residence of Adam and Eve, and that Papua was once an integral portion of the Continent of Asia, from which it has been rent asunder by flood or by some terrible convulsion of nature.

## CHAPTER XXXI

ABOUT ten miles due west of Amnamma Island lies the east end of Jobie, in full view, and presenting a charming scenery of wooded hills and dales, apparently uninhabited.

Having completed our explorations in this vicinity, we got under way and sailed to the westward, across the strait, having soundings in ten and a half fathoms. We soon neared the east end of Jobie, and got soundings in six fathoms. No signs of inhabitants could be seen, except some monkeys, who ran along the beach, grinning and chattering at us. We coasted the south side of the island to the westward. Jobie is about seventy miles long. The soil was rich and verdant, and the scenery was truly picturesque and beautiful. The hand of man had not intruded upon it, for the scenery was one of natural beauty. At night we anchored near the beach. The next morning a fine large travelling-canoe came alongside, containing men and women, fifteen in all. They were bound to the delta of the Bocander, and were well provided with cooking utensils, sago, and other provisions. They sold us a piece of white gum, which they called "carsee," and urged us to await their return, when they would have plenty of ambergris. As the canoe of these natives was a fair sample of the first class in use around Geelvink Bay, I present the following drawing of it. It is made out of one log, with two floats. The orna-



ments at the stern and stem are separate pieces. The floats are attached to seven cross-bars, with one pin each, which are liable to pull out from the float. Upon the cut-water were graven several Chinese characters. This canoe, in strength and fleetness, and beauty of model, cannot compare with those

of the savage tribes among whom we had been, who never saw iron. Upon this canoe we have the lumber of seven bars and two floats, without any braces. They are liable to get out of order, and are not half as strong as the three bars, the braces, and one float, of the canoes of Rolumballa and other tribes.

We got under way, and the canoe left us. The population of this country has been much overrated. Indeed, the great mass of the land lies in a complete state of nature, uninhabited. In the afternoon we discovered two beautiful bays, formed by a hollow in the land at the south point of Jobie and by several islets. We anchored in one. A party of natives came alongside in small canoes with one outrigger. They were provided with small bows and little split bamboo arrows, the points of which appeared to have been dipped in a poisonous liquid, expressly for shooting paradise birds. We bought several of the latter birds of them, ready cured for transportation. We also procured a live one that had just been captured. We tied him by the leg and seated him upon the main boom. His golden plumes glittered in the sun. He was a proud bird, and croaked and snapped spitefully at us when we went near him. It was our intention to bring a full collection of these rare and beautiful birds alive to America, for the purpose of exhibition. Their plumage is not only sought for to adorn the brow of beauty in Europe and America, but are in demand among the nabobs of Asia, who pay a great price for them. The grandees of China, Japan, and Persia decorate their persons and the trappings of their sacred steeds with the plumes of the royal paradise bird.

The natives of Jobie call paradise bird, *botarar*; tortoise-shell, *portee*; pearl-shell, *p-u-y*; tobacco, *abackker*; cocoanut, *barcamo*; bow, *affy*; arrow, *attibower*; sandal-wood, *icore*; sago, *taru*; bracelet, *tar*; beads, *roworee*; yellow, *ramarer*.

The next morning we got under way and coasted the eastern shore of Geelvink Bay to the southward and westward. We encountered currents, drift-wood, and clay-coloured water, and discovered a river, which we supposed to be another mouth of the great Bocander. The water tasted quite fresh. The land along the coast was low and covered with trees, but in the interior it rose into lofty mountains. Seventeen canoes, filled

with natives, came alongside. They were well armed with bows and arrows, and had some fine shell, for which they wanted a high price. These were the only natives that we saw, and at dark we anchored near the land. When the natives left us they sang a song, and we replied with great glee. The next day we were still coasting to the southward. In the afternoon we anchored one mile from the land, in six fathoms water. A considerable number of natives came alongside, and we hoisted our ensign. They gazed at it in wonder. They had seen the Dutch ensign, and that of the Sultan of Tidore, the two greatest nations in the world, and could hardly comprehend us when we told them that our ensign was the insignia of a great nation of freemen, America. "America!" they all shouted, as they admired the beauties of the stripes and stars.

The next day a host of men, women, and children came off to look at the American ensign, and to see if the Americans were as handsome a people as the Dutch. Some of the women wore trousers of blue nankin, as big as a bag, and tied round the waist with a drawing-string. Some of the chiefs wore flashy calico morning-gowns and figured cotton handkerchief turbans. We presented the "ladies" beads, and complimented their beauty: handsome women love to be admired; they thought the Americans were the most handsome set of men that they had seen, not even excepting the Dutch. The chiefs now ratified a perpetual treaty of peace and commerce with the minister plenipotentiary from America to the court of Papua, and a brisk trade was immediately entered into for various kinds of valuables. A chief offered to sell us a handsome little Malay girl, not more than thirteen years old, for a single musket with ammunition. In most of the canoes was a small tub, containing a coil of line, to the end of which was secured an iron fishing-spear, with a wooden handle. This instrument is used in spearing fish as we harpoon a whale. In the afternoon we were under way, and arrived opposite a point formed by two small islands covered with cocoanut-trees. A reef put off from the northeast end of the outermost and largest of the two. Canoes, filled with natives, all well armed, reconnoitred within hailing distance, but feared to venture alongside. They were a complete set of cowards. We hoist-

ed the American ensign, they retreated to the shore. In the evening we arrived at the foot of Geelvink Bay. The land was elevated, and covered with primitive forests. We thought we saw a volcano flashing in the distance to the eastward. During the night we cruised to the westward, along the land, and grazed several shoals, but met with no accident.

Next day we were cruising to the northward, along the western shore of the bay. The land is formed of abrupt mountains, covered with forests. We saw no signs of inhabitants, and encountered strong puffs of wind from the westward.

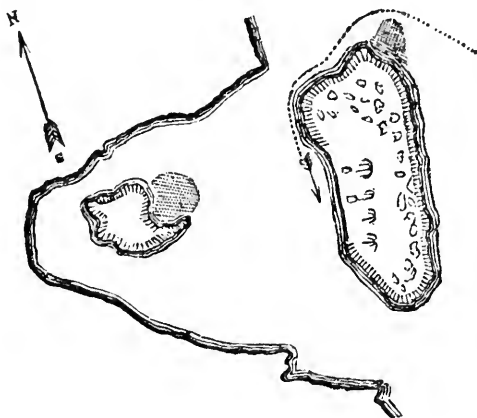
We sailed near an elevated island, and saw a track of high land to the southward, that appeared to be divided from the main. Several fine bays opened to view, and in the afternoon we entered one of them, coasting its east shore, which was so steep and the water so deep that we could have run our jib-boom among the trees. Opposite a vale, between two hills, we hove to in sight of a grove of cocoa-trees and several wigwams. Not a native could be seen. A strong blast of wind overtook us, and we staggered out of the bay, and careered along the land, under a cloud of canvass.

The scenery among these lofty wooded hills and mountains was truly romantic and charming; and the effect was heightened by the twittering and fluttering of beautiful feathered tribes, when the sun sank below the hills and gilded the overhanging clouds with the tints of burnished gold. Had not the duties of the vessel broken in upon our reverie, we might have imagined ourselves in another world.

We found Geelvink Bay very incorrectly laid down on the chart. It is not so deep, and does not extend so far to the eastward. The next day we discovered a large sheet of water extending into the land, and presenting the appearance of a river with lofty banks and towering hills. We sailed boldly in, with a man in the chains, but got no bottom. Encountering violent squalls, we scudded away under close-reefed topsails. "Man-of-war Bill" was most unfortunately thrown from the lee main topsail yard-arm by the flapping of the sail. He turned a complete somerset, and fell into the water. We threw a coil of the trysail-sheet over him as he rose to the surface; he seized hold of it, and was saved.

In the afternoon swelling hills, covered with grass, opened to view, and near the sandy beach was a neat village of thatched houses with windows. No inhabitants could be seen, and we imagined that they purposely secreted themselves, through fear of the Dutch or Malays. The next day we approached Dory Harbour, and were becalmed in the afternoon. The coast is formed of low promontories or capes, from which the land rises to high mountains covered with forests. The next morning we anchored in Dory Harbour, near the village.

The following eye-sketch represents this harbour ; our route is marked.



Dory Island is of secondary formation, and covered with trees. A grove of cocoa-trees extends along the beach, and in front is situated the village, which is a small affair. The houses are built over the water on piles. From the rear door a plank leads to the shore. In front, facing the water, is a kind of piazza, shaded by the projecting roof, which forms a refreshing lounge for the natives, who dose away their time here, and spear the fish that sport in the water beneath. The water is so pellucid that we could see our anchor upon the bottom, ten fathoms deep. We could plainly see the fish swimming about, and we lay so close to the houses that, when we swung round, we sat upon the stern and talked to the "ladies," who were sitting *à la Turque* upon the piazzas, smoking cigars. The land around the harbour is mountainous, and on the north side, near three huts, is a watering-place.

When we entered the harbour we were somewhat surprised to see a fore-topsail schooner riding at anchor. She was the

Sirius, Captain Le Jambre. Her burden was 103 tons. She was built at Batavia, of teak-wood, and was owned partly by the captain, and by Daton and Davenbody, of Batavia. She trades regularly around Geelvink Bay, coming with the S.W., and returning with the N.E. monsoon. We became quite intimate with Captain Le Jambre, and frequently dined on board his vessel, while he as often supped with us. The climate here is so remarkably healthy that he said he grew fat in this trade. His appearance bespoke the truth of his assertions. He was one of your fat, jolly little rosy-cheeked Frenchmen, and spoke fluently the French, Dutch, Malay, and English languages. He dressed in white pants, blue silk roundabout, Manilla hat, and black pumps. He was one of that class of men who live "slow and sure," take the world easy, and grow fat and rich. I frequently visited him, on board his vessel, to play chess. In his cabin everything was tastefully arranged, and I might even say that the furniture was costly. He was the only white man on board. His crew consisted of ten Malay men and ten women, who were sitting upon the forecastle smoking cosily together. In fact, all hands seemed to take the world easily, and well they might, for they were at home; their wives were with them, and the captain could afford it. He paid them but little, and fed them on rice and fruit, which they obtained of the natives. His mate was a Javanese, and so was his mistress, a plump and sweet girl of fifteen, with black eyes and raven tresses. She was expert at playing chess, too, and could beat us with much ease, though we were practised hands. Captain J. was very much of a gentleman, and a complete ladies' man. Nothing pleased him more than to seat himself in a big arm-chair on the quarter-deck, under the awning, with a cigar in his mouth, and a sociable friend beside him. I shall always cherish in my mind the recollection of the sociable evenings that I passed on board his vessel in this benighted part of the world. Our sailors frequently sported with the natives, in swimming backward and forward between the vessel and houses. One day, in company with the mate and several of the crew of the Sirius, who were to act as interpreters, we started on a journey into the interior of Papua, in quest of sandal-wood and other valuables. Our course led over a mountain range covered with a dense forest. We followed along the



sinuous banks of a rippling stream, which we forded in many places, in order to take a direct course, in preference to passing over abrupt hills and bluffs. We collected several singular and valuable stones. A sweet perfume floated in the air, and we shot several black paradise birds, also one of the king species. The report of our rifles caused a most singular-looking animal, resembling the kangaroo, to spring from his covert and plunge into the river. Several of our balls struck the water near him, but his speed was so great that he escaped.

Our attention was suddenly attracted by the barking of two dogs, who stood upon the brow of a hill which we were ascending. They fled as we approached, and we now saw the prints of human feet in the sand of a ravine ; we soon came to a hut, made of the trunk of a very large tree, which had been hollowed by burning. It was hung around with mats and implements, and near by were culinary utensils and a smouldering fire. The inmates had evidently fled precipitately. We hung trinkets upon the hut, and tramped onward over the mountain through a scattering forest of stately trees. We followed a beaten trail, and every step that we advanced unfolded to us more and more of the beauties and grandeur of this rich country. We descended into a prairie valley, and came upon a small village of thatched huts, shaded by banana-trees. At our approach the natives prepared to fly across the valley ; all was bustle and confusion. Most luckily, we seized one woman, who was working in a garden. She had been to Dory, and was acquainted with our Malay interpreters, who informed her of the purport of our visit, and that we had not come to steal her people or make slaves of them, like the Sultan of Tidore and the Dutch. She ran and told her people the good news, and when we entered the village they received us kindly. The sailors were overjoyed at finding none but women and children at home, and gladly accepted an invitation to remain over night, for we were wellnigh worn out. All the men belonging to the tribe had gone to hunt paradise birds on the mountains. At the break of day we were up. When the sun peeped into the valley the dew rose and kissed the mountain slopes, imparting freshness and vigour to the deep-green foliage.

Bidding farewell to our hospitable friends, after having made

them various presents, we journeyed onward, and discovered several new trees and flowering plants of great beauty. At night, after having traversed a circuitous route by compass, we camped upon a rocky rampart. The next day, with wearied limbs and blistered feet, we arrived safe on board the vessel.

One day, while on shore at the village with Captain Morrell, we heard a great tumult on board our vessel. We jumped into a canoe, and two natives paddled us to the stern. We rushed through the port into the cabin. "A mutiny!" cried W—. Captain M. seized his pistols, ran on deck, and, confronting the two ringleaders, aimed a pistol at the head of each, as he exclaimed, with decision, "Go below! another word, and I'll blow your brains out!" Order was instantly restored. It appeared that the day previous, while the crew were on shore, they had had a dispute with two stout black men, who belonged to our vessel, about a native girl; and now that all the sailors were quite intoxicated with arrack, which they had procured from the crew of the *Sirius*, the old quarrel was resumed, and the sailors threatened to throw the black men overboard. The latter had armed in self-defence, and fortified themselves behind water-casks, and cutlasses and pistols became the order of the day. The captain instituted a search in the forecabin; all the bottles of arrack were passed up, and he broke them one by one upon the cathead, and threw their contents overboard.

The natives of Dory brought us green Indian corn of the finest quality, and informed us that they raise two crops every year. They also presented us several basketfuls of small apples, that were long, like what are called "ladies' apples." The language of these natives is a mixture of their native tongue and Malay. For the information of the reader, I give the names of the following articles from the vocabulary of Dory Harbour, Papua:

Axe, Ameo.	Beads, Edyar-monemonee.
Apple, Mong-an.	Canoe, Wah.
Arrow, Marriah.	Calico, Cru-ben.
Banana, Maif.	Corn (Indian), Cas-tare-ah.
Bow, Ecore.	Chisel, Arpar.
Bad, Ebe-a-bah.	Child, Dom-gun.
Brass buttons, Con-sar.	Drink, Co-nem.

Eat, Cy-en.  
 Ear, Con-arm-see.  
 Ear-ring, Ware-u-fo.  
 Fresh water, Wire.  
 Fish, E-en.  
 Good, Ebe-a.  
 Gun, Sin-ar-pon.  
 Hat, To-ru.  
 Knife, Enor.  
 Long knife or cutlass, Che-parder.  
 Lowland, Saup.  
 Lemon, Ong-nor.  
 Looking-glass, Con-seen-ar.  
 Man, Sin-non.  
 Moon, Pi-e-kee.  
 Mat, E-i-ah.  
 Mountain, Bon.  
 Paddle, Bo-res.  
 Paradise bird, Bu-ra-mah-tee.  
 Pitcher, Bamber-kar-see.  
 Razor, Eno-wa-u-par.

Rope, Ab-brah.  
 Salt water, Mas-sen.  
 Silver ring, Sar-rack.  
 Spear, Yaf-fen.  
 Sleep, Care-niff.  
 Smoke, Je-pay.  
 Swim, Cor-o-en.  
 Sun, Ore-e.  
 Tortoise-shell, Portee.  
 Woman, Be-en.  
 Wind blows, Wi-em-wow-u-fe.

## MANNER OF COUNTING.

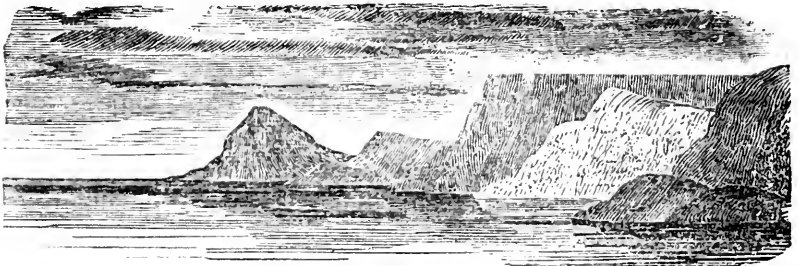
1 Si.  
 2 Du.  
 3 Tol.  
 4 Fark.  
 5 Re-am.  
 6 U-num.  
 10 Son-fare.

Having completed our business at Dory, we got under way and put to sea, following the trend of the land to the westward. In the afternoon we arrived opposite a harbour and a small island. The land is moderately elevated. Three canoes, filled with natives, came off to trade, with mats and paradise birds. The next day the surface of the country which we skirted was formed of gently-rising hills and undulating mounds. In one spot there appeared to be a beautiful valley, with a river of some size coursing through it. We saw a village, and natives running alongshore. We sailed through a body of green water, but got no bottom with fifteen fathoms line.

The next morning the coast appeared to be formed of curious and broken hills, between which and a lofty range of mountains in the interior, capped with clouds, there seemed to be an extensive valley. About one mile from the coast, we sailed over a coral shoal, trending W. by N. and E. by S. We plainly saw the bottom, and had soundings in three fathoms. I should have mentioned that one of the hills which we saw was well cultivated in gardens divided by fences, and presented a cheering sight: here and there over them were scattered thatched houses. In the afternoon we saw a spot of green

water extending alongshore, and reaching half a mile to seaward; whether it was coloured water or a shoal, we did not stop to examine.

In the afternoon we arrived opposite that part of the coast which has very absurdly been called the "Cape of Good Hope," latitude  $00^{\circ} 16' S.$ , longitude  $132^{\circ} 55' E.$  The land was composed of lofty mountains, with table-lands, intervening valleys, mounds, and sequestered dells. In the interior, there tumbled headlong from the brow of a mountain a vast cataract, with a perpendicular fall of five hundred feet, presenting the appearance, in the sunshine, of a mighty sheet of burnished silver, bespangled with precious stones, that contrasted enchantingly with the green tropical foliage, among which it became lost to view in a deep ravine. The whole country was covered with luxurious verdure, and presented to our view a scene at once rural and sublime. That the reader may have some conception of the appearance of the outline or land view of this part of the coast of Papua, I present the following drawing.



The next day we saw Amsterdam Islets, which are of secondary formation, and situated about two miles from the coast. The passage between them and the main seemed to be obstructed by a shoal. Waigoo was in sight. The next morning we passed a large bay, and, from the formation of the land, we supposed that a river of some size emptied into it. West of this bay there is a high strip of land, that seemed to be divided from the main by a narrow channel, which we essayed to enter, but found ourselves confronted by a shoal and low sandy peninsula.

The scenery upon the coast was varied. In some places the land sloped down gradually, and in others it rose abruptly

from the sea to lofty hills. In the evening we anchored at the northern entrance of Revenge Strait, between Salwatty and Foul Point, Papua. Off the latter point there extends a group of islets, with a coral reef upon their north side, and a remarkable abrupt rock, covered with guano and aquatic birds. I name it Bird Rock. We anchored in twelve fathoms water, Salwatty town bearing S.W. by S. and Bird Rock E. by S., three quarters of a mile distant. Fires burned upon the main, and our sentinels were cautioned to be vigilant. Revenge Strait is literally filled up with low islets.

Next day a proa, under full sail, came from Salwatty towards us, and was soon alongside. She displayed the Dutch ensign, and two Malays leaped on our deck. They were merchants from Macassar, and had come here to trade. One spoke English, and gave us an account of his life. He was born at Geby, had visited Ceram, Gillolo, Celebes, Java, Borneo, and Singapore. He was an old and experienced voyager in these seas. He owned and commanded the proa now alongside, and was known far and wide as the learned navigator, Captain Haguei. He hailed for a "Malay Dutchman." He had studied navigation from nature alone, and steered his vessel on her course as did the fishermen of Nain in the days of Christ. He possessed the happy talent of concentrating the powers of all nautical instruments into one, namely, the organ of sight. So long as he could see the land he could tell where he was, but when he lost sight of that he was lost himself. Nevertheless, he considered himself quite on a par with our captain in nautical science. Captain Morrell fell into his humour, and every time he addressed this illustrious old sea-dog, the first exclamation was, "Captain Haguei." We now learned that the town upon Salwatty was peopled by Malays from Tidore, and that a sultan or governor, who was tributary to the Sultan of Tidore, resided here. A fleet of proas annually departed from Tidore to engage in the lucrative trade with the aborigines of Western Papua and Northern Australia, and the town of Salwatty may be said to be one of their headquarters, or receiving depôts, for the treasures obtained from this rich region. There is also a Malay settlement upon Waigoo, which is tributary to the Sultan of Tidore. The Macassar merchants had been sent by the Sultan of Salwatty to inquire our business

in these waters, and when they departed, the last words our captain said was, "Farewell, Captain Haguei."

The next morning, pleasant, though not very skilful music, floated over the calm surface of Revenge Strait. Three war-proas, decked with the Dutch and Tidore ensigns, and with various flags and streamers, put off from Salwatty town and approached us, propelled by many sweeps, in measured stroke to the time of the music. In the distance they looked not unlike so many steamboats, dressed for a gala-day. On they came, circling around us, with their sweeps moving, streamers fluttering, and music playing. They came alongside, and his most august highness, the Sultan of Salwatty, came on board, followed by his suite, the high-priest and eunuch, betle and hookah bearers. The heads of all the Malays were shaved close, which we supposed marked them as followers of the "true faith." The sultan was a shade lighter coloured than his followers; he appeared to be forty years old; his height was five feet seven inches, features rather good-looking, nose aquiline, and a very sinister and savage expression of countenance. He was dressed in loose yellow calico pants, white cotton shirt, red figured silk morning-gown, and red merino turban. We treated him to wine, and he appeared very fond of it. He said that he had a fleet of proas, manned by six hundred men, who were now scattered along the coast of Western Papua, and he soon expected them to return, loaded with slaves, gold-dust, paradise birds, pearl-shell and pearls, bêche-de-mer, edible bird's-nests, sandal-wood, tortoise-shell, and various other valuables, of which they had been in search, and that if we would remain one moon, he would be able to purchase all our cargo. He also stated that he had slaves upon Battanta Island, who were busy cutting sandal-wood. The sultan's proa was fifty feet long, stem and stern sharp, model of the hull good, the planking lashed to the timbers with ratan. A bamboo platform, extending five feet over the hull on each side, formed the deck. The mast, composed of three large bamboos, rigged on the principle of sheers. She was steered by two rudders, one on each quarter, lashed fast with ratan. She was rowed by twenty naked negro slaves, the aborigines of Papua. They were subjected to the orders of several Malay soldiers, who were dressed in blue nankin pants, reach-

ing to their knees ; also roundabouts and turbans of the same material, trimmed with white cotton. The head-soldier, who officiated as boatswain, carried a lasso and ratan. If a slave disobeyed, he threw the lasso over his neck, hauled him up to the "bull-ring," and laid on the ratan.

On deck there was a thatched hurricane-house, divided into different apartments, which were carpeted with mats. In one was the grand band, composed of one large Chinese gong, one dozen tymbals, hung on strings in a large box, and five tum-tums, or kettle-drums. In the sultan's state-room were two large chests, which we endeavoured to look into, for a soldier told us that they contained gold-dust and paradise birds. The armament of this war-proa consisted of six small brass swivels that were stowed away in the hole for ballast. It was doubtful whether the soldiers knew how to load them. The sultan was much afraid of powder, and dared not fire one of our muskets ; his secretary was somewhat more courageous, and pulled the trigger, but he turned his head away, and seemed greatly startled at the discharge.

The sultan peremptorily forbade us from trading with the aborigines of this part of Papua, as the trade was a monopoly of the Sultan of Tidore. Next day we landed at the town of Salwatty in the squadron, and visited the palace, upon the balcony of which we were seated on mats, and received by the sultan, who treated us to a glass of Holland gin, and a smoke on the hubble-bubble.

Next we visited the factory of the Macassar merchants. They opened two cases and several boxes, containing in all 1000 catties of tortoise-shell and 2000 paradise birds. We sold them several muskets and other articles. They seemed to take the world easy, and had two buxom Celebes girls with them, besides slaves to do the housework. The next day we visited the town again. It contains about fifty thatched houses built on piles, and the tide ebbs and flows beneath, upon the beach. The palace is a large, well-built house, with blinds and balcony. The sultan's whole armament consisted of the swivels before mentioned, three brass four-pounders, seventeen muskets, and two pairs of pistols, all of Chinese manufacture. In addition, I should mention two iron six-pounders, buried in the sand, and eaten up with rust.

Our friends, the merchants, showed us a good assortment of Chinese goods, and in their house we saw a beautiful jet-black monkey. The sultan had a harem, but he kept the women very close, and was jealous lest we should entice some of them away in our vessel. Once, indeed, we caught a glimpse of a pair of black eyes peering through the blinds. After nightfall we were somewhat surprised at hearing the splashing of paddles, and soon three canoes came alongside, filled with the aborigines of Papua. They brought us shells and fruit, and informed us that they were afraid to come in the daytime, as the Malays had threatened to behead them for so doing. We treated them kindly, and made them presents.

The next morning the sultan's secretary came on board the vessel, and selected ten muskets, which he wanted to take on shore to show the sultan, who had ordered him to come and get them. We refused to trust them out of our sight, and said we would bring them on shore ourselves. The secretary departed. Soon after we landed in the squadron, and stacked the muskets in front of the palace, awaiting the pleasure of his highness. Presently the high-priest came upon the balcony, and, seeing the muskets, he retreated, somewhat alarmed. It was not long before he returned with the sultan, who seemed half stupid from an over-indulgence in opium and gin. The muskets underwent a severe scrutiny, and the priest sounded one with the ramrod to ascertain if it was loaded. Our captain ascended the balcony of the palace in company with the sultan, and both seated themselves on mats, amid the sultan's suite and slaves, who lay indolently about. His highness now refused to buy the muskets, as he said they were not the ones that had been selected by his secretary. He, however, offered the captain one paradise bird for ten horns of powder, and said he had bought as good in Ternate for half the money. Captain M., rather indignantly, contradicted him. The sultan, who understood a few vulgar English words, instantly retorted, "By God, I no lie!" and, rising up, drew his kreese. "By God, you do lie!" said Captain Morrell, energetically, as he sprang to his feet and grasped the kreese, which he jerked from the sultan's hand, and cut and slashed to the right and left, wounding several of the sultan's suite and slaves, who now set upon him, in resentment of the indignity



offered to his highness in the palace. Springing from the balcony, Captain Morrell cried, "Aim!" We levelled our rifles at his highness and suite, who, at the sight of the cold iron, stood paralyzed and pallid with fear.

"Another word, and instant death awaits you!" cried Captain M., flourishing the sultan's kreese.

"Stop! stop! peace!" cried Captain Haguei, running towards us, and explaining that the sultan was intoxicated with opium. "Then," said Captain Morrell, flourishing the kreese, "I keep this as a trophy, and he must be careful how he insults a Christian and an American again." With this he marched towards the beach, and we followed close upon his heels, with the muskets. We embarked in the squadron, and were soon on board the vessel.

These Malays are a cunning race of cruel assassins, but are as big a set of cowards as ever lived. Their power along the western coast of Papua and the adjacent islands has been brought about, after the lapse of many years of stratagem and deceit. Even with their knowledge of gunpowder, they were afraid to enter into a contest of arms with the untutored negroes, but, with characteristic cunning, resorted to arrack and opium, and other intoxicating drugs, with which they seduced the native tribes, and then robbed and plundered them at their leisure. Many of the aboriginal tribes have been thus compelled to abandon the coast, and seek refuge in the interior from the persecutions of the Malays.

The natives of Dory Harbour informed us that the Malays had exacted tribute from them, and, when they refused to pay it, the Malays came in proas and made a great noise, firing off blank swivels, but not daring to land. Most of the natives were so alarmed at the thunder that they fled to the mountains. The Malay influence has only commenced creeping around Geelvink Bay. Beyond the delta of the Bocander they have not dared to go. Had they ventured farther, their proas would probably have been captured, and the crews massacred by the savages.

The Malays are jealous of all white men who come here to trade, because they fear that they will break their power over the natives, and thus destroy their trade. The Sultan of Salwatty would offer us no encouragement in the way of trade,

lest we should be induced to come back again. He endeavoured to coax us to stay one moon, by fair promises, as we thought, for the purpose of concentrating all his forces, capture us by stratagem, massacre all hands, and plunder the vessel. We believed, from what we afterward saw, that the Malays endeavoured to instil into the minds of the aborigines that the white people were all bad, and only came to make slaves of them, and that the less they had to do with them the better. As for white men getting any information about this country from the Malays, it is entirely out of the question; it is for their interest to keep what they know to themselves. They want it to remain as it is, unknown to all civilized nations, that they may enjoy a monopoly of its advantages.

A great farce was enacted at Salwatty Island by Lieutenant M'Cleur. He discovered Revenge Strait, and is the only white man who has sailed through it. He asked permission of the Malays to land at Salwatty town. They objected, as they were afraid that the sailors would make trouble among the women. He was in distress for want of water, and inquired of the Malays to direct him where he could find it. They pretended that they did not know, and that it was a scarce and precious article here. He landed upon the southeast end of Salwatty, and set his crew to work digging wells. They came to water, but it proved to be brackish, and all their labour was in vain. This proved a source of great mortification. Next he discovered the inlet that bears his name; his surgeon was massacred here by the natives, and, if the truth was known, it was done at the instigation of the Malays, who wanted to give white men a terrible idea of the cruelty of the inhabitants, that they might thereby be prevented from returning to oust them in their trade and villany. Notwithstanding the terrible representations of ancient navigators to the contrary, in no country in the world is pure fresh water more abundant than in all this region. Along every part of the coast are to be found rivers, creeks, and springs, easy of access.

The King of Holland has lately laid claim to the west coast of Papua, from the Cape of Good Hope to longitude 141° E. By what particular right he claims it, I am not informed. He has already laid claim to the principal Asiatic islands, without any particular settlement or force to maintain his position,

except by sending an armed vessel now and then to collect tribute and endeavour to monopolize the trade. It is time that civilized nations began to inquire into this thing. This vast and productive country must not be stolen away in this manner. The Malays are to the aborigines what the Dutch are to the Malays. We all have a right to this country in common, and a vast field lies open here for the settlement and trade of a civilized people. The country is capable of maintaining independently thousands where now only hundreds reside. The Dutch, in all their settlements in the Asiatic islands, have exhibited a spirit of grasping and monopolizing avarice, entirely at variance with the present enlightened state of opinion throughout the civilized world. The spirit they evince is more like that of the days of the Inquisition, or the year 1617, when the Dutch East India Company enjoyed a monopoly for navigating the ocean. Jacob Le Maire, after having discovered a new passage to the South Seas, as well as made many other important discoveries, put into Batavia on his way home. His vessel was seized and confiscated for having presumed to enter these seas, and this worthy man died a victim to the unworthy treatment he had received.

Jacob Roggewein put into Batavia by invitation of the governor-general; his ships were seized and confiscated, as those of Le Maire had been. In the sequel, the Dutch West India Company appealed against this decision with full success, the East India Company being obliged to refund the value of the vessels seized, and to pay the seamen their wages till the day of their arrival in Holland.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

ON the morning following the fray with the sultan, we got under way and sailed through Pitt Strait, between the islands of Salwatty and Battanta. The strait is about four miles wide, and the water looked very deep in all parts. A strong current set to the east, and at the west end we encountered a strong tide-rip and heavy rollers. At the southeast end of Battanta we saw two openings in the land that looked like good har-

hours; but the south coast presented one straight line, with the land rising abruptly from the sea into mountains covered with forests. On the coast of Salwatty we saw the mouths of several fine bays, and anchored at the foot of a small one on its northwest end, in thirteen fathoms water, within a stone's throw of the beach. I name it Harper Bay, after James Harper, Esq., of New-York. Its mouth faces the west, and a small round island, situated off the southwest end of Battanta, is in sight, bearing from our anchoring ground W. by N. We explored the shores of the bay, and could see no signs of any inhabitants; the whole country lay in a complete state of nature. We found a creek of pure water emptying into the bay over the sand-beach, which obstructed its mouth. We rolled our casks over the beach into the deep water, and filled them without any trouble. We walked up the banks of the creek some distance, and found that it meandered sluggishly through a narrow strip of muddy bottom-land. We saw the prints of hogs' feet in the mud, and in many places decayed trees lay across the creek, upon one of which we attempted to cross. It broke beneath our weight, and precipitated one of the sailors into the mud. We came to a spot where the ground was literally covered with black worms, eight inches long and an inch in diameter, with a double row of legs like the centipede. They appeared to be harmless, and rolled themselves up when we approached.

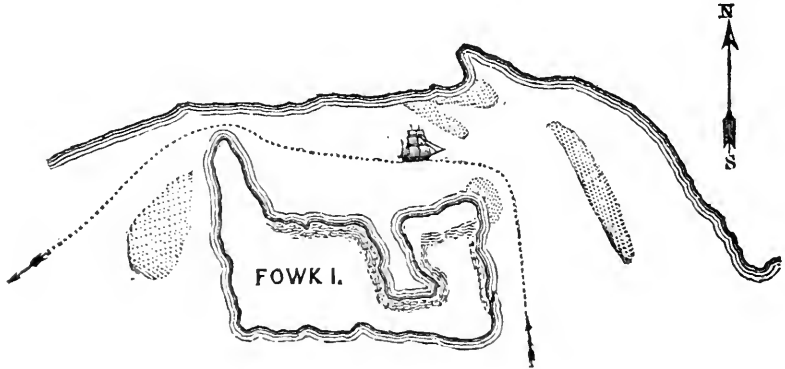
Next day we ascended a steep hill to the south of the bottom-land. The summit was composed of craggy rocks, covered with a fine moss, which was literally filled with small leeches, that attached themselves to our feet and ankles with avidity, and sucked our blood. With such tenacity did they cling to us, that we had much difficulty in dislodging them. In the interior we found the country undulating, and covered with a scattering forest of tall and stately trees, large and straight enough for masts for a ship of the line. The cow-tree, or bohon-upas, abounded, and from the incisions made into them with our hatchets there exuded a milky liquid. The wood of one species of tree had a spicy and fragrant smell. We saw a broken ostrich egg upon the ground, and shot a singular bird of the owl species, with a very large beak. We saw no signs of inhabitants.

Next day we embarked in the squadron, sailed across Pitt Strait, landed upon Battanta, and ascended a mountain in quest of sandal-wood. After a fatiguing day's march, we returned to the squadron, took a delightful bath in the pure waters of the strait, and returned on board the vessel soon after sundown. During our absence, a canoe, paddled by natives, entered the bay, and came alongside the vessel with some tortoise-shell and a basket full of large sour oranges. These were the only human beings that we had seen during our stay in Harper Bay, and upon Battanta we had seen no signs of inhabitants.

At the break of day on the following morning we were under way, coasting the west side of Salwatty to the southward. From the southwest end of the island, there extends to seaward a large shoal, reaching quite out to a group of secondary islets. The water had a deep-green colour, and we had regular soundings in six and seven fathoms water, with a muddy bottom. We anchored upon it, near the south end of Revenge Strait. The islets appeared to be uninhabited, but upon the beach of Salwatty there were several wigwams. Two canoes hove in sight, filled with natives. They were paddling across the strait. We gave them chase in the squadron, and they fled with all speed. The wind blowing fresh, we soon overhauled them, and they seemed disposed to give us a hostile reception, for they believed what their masters, the Malays, had told them, that we were devils incarnate, and had come to kidnap and carry them to our country, where we intended to enslave and torture them. We levelled our muskets at them, they laid down their clubs and spears, and surrendered at discretion, rending the air with lamentations. We told them that their masters were a set of liars and pirates; and, presenting them various trinkets, we set them free, and told them to tell their masters what we had said. They looked at us and then at each other for a few moments, perfectly dumfounded, and then, recovering their scattered senses, presented us some coconuts, and paddled, singing, to the shore.

Next day we were under way, steering W. by N., with a cracking breeze from the southeast. From the mast-head we saw low land off the larboard bow. At meridian Popa bore south fifteen miles distant. Several small islands were in sight to the northward. Soon we altered our course to N. by W.

Next day we anchored in Geby Harbour, which is situated on the southwest side of the island of the same name, and is formed by Fowk Island. The following eye sketch represents this harbour. Our route in and out is marked. At ebb tide



the current sets through the harbour towards the east, and at flood in an opposite direction. Fowk Island is moderately elevated, composed of clay and rocks, and is uninhabited. Its summit is barren and denuded, but its shores are lined with trees, principally mangrove, and growing in the salt water. It is straight wood, and we procured a supply from the place marked upon the drawing. Whaling vessels had been here to cut wood, and upon one of the trees was carved "J. S., 1835." Upon the trunks of some of the trees adhered a singular insect, of the same colour as the bark, with long legs and a body six inches in length. We supposed it to belong to the species *Nepa Grandis*. The northwest end of Fowk Island terminates abruptly in a clay bluff. The shores of Geby are mountainous. The land is stony, clayey, and barren. No signs of inhabitants could be seen; but in the interior the valleys are fruitful, and are peopled by honest Malays, who live by agriculture in domestic peace and happiness, free from the wants and cares of the outer world. We fired three blank shot from the long-nine, and set fire to some brush on Fowk Island, for the purpose of informing the inhabitants of our presence. Next day two canoes came from the cove on the northeast side of the harbour, and were soon alongside. They were loaded with bananas, pineapples, cocoanuts, lemons, pumpkins, chillies, and nautilus and cyprea shells. They were each pad-

dled by two peaceable and friendly men, dressed in short calico gowns. Their countenances and colour were those of the Malay race, but their hair was woolly. A mixed blood coursed through their veins; their fathers were Malays and their mothers natives. They had heard the report of our cannon the day before, and said that, if we would stay two days more, plenty of their people would come to trade, bringing fruit and vegetables. They took in barter for their fruit, needles, small cups, snuff-boxes, &c.

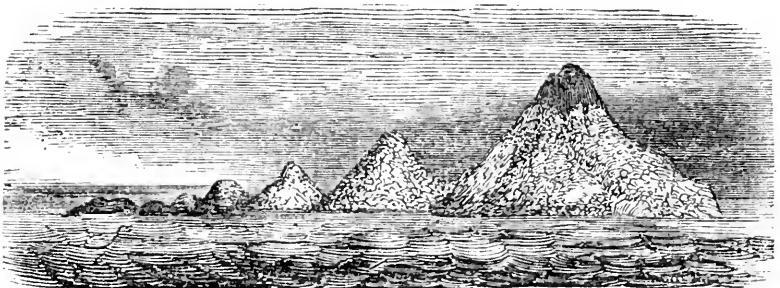
Next day we put to sea, steering northwest until we cleared the west end of Geby, when we hauled our wind to the northward, with Point Patana Gillolo in sight. The next day we passed a group of small islands off the larboard beam, and soon after Salaway Point hove in sight. The land is mountainous. On the coast is a cove, with a ledge of rocks extending across its mouth, on which the sea breaks heavily. In the evening we were becalmed amid a school of sperm whales, at the mouth of the Gulf of Chiaw. A large white shark, accompanied by his pilot-fish, swam alongside. The next morning we entered the Straits of Moratay, encountering a strong current setting to the southward. Moratay Island is elevated, but its southwest end is low, and divided into small islands. The water appeared to be deep, and we saw no danger. In the afternoon we were becalmed off the west side of Rieun, at the north end of the strait, which is here about ten miles broad. The north point of Gillolo was in view to the southward, and is formed of elevated rocky table-land, off which lie four denuded islets, composed of rock and clay.

The deck of our vessel presented quite a curious spectacle. It resembled, indeed, not a little, a menagerie, for we had birds and animals of various kinds; some in pens, others in bamboo cages, made by the sailors, and some on roosts, tied by the legs. The care of these, with the task of teaching them to talk and perform comical feats, constituted one of the principal amusements of the sailors, and occupied all their leisure moments. The bradypus slept by day in an old hat, and walked like the gnome fly over the rigging at night. The Malay chanticleers engaged in pitched battles upon the forecastle, and bets ran high among the sailors. The monkeys rode the pigs, and made wry faces when they greedily seized upon a hot

potato. The pigs ate the potatoes left by the monkeys to cool, and got their ears boxed for so doing, and ran away squeeling, with the monkeys holding to their tails, to the no small amusement of all hands. In another part of the ship, meantime, we heard the parrots crying, "Let go and haul!" "Hand over hand!" "Yes, be damn!" The cockatoo cried, "Pretty cockatooa!" and the paradise birds, "Kaw-ke-kaw!" A cunning little monkey came out of the window of the captain's state-room, and seated himself on top of the trunk, with the end of a ball of twine in his hands, which he hauled in, hand over hand, and coiled beside him, in imitation of a sailor who was coiling the main topsail halliards. And a cry came from the steerage, "Chain that baboon; he's been hauling the clothes out of the chests!"

Scenes like these served to keep us merry; and we "laughed and grew fat."

On the following morning a fine breeze sprang up, and we steered W. by N. across the Molucca Passage. Next day we were close in with the northeast end of Siao, which rises up in the form of a cone 5500 feet high. Its summit is denuded, and formed of clay and lava; but all the other part is covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, among which were many coconuts. So abrupt is the rise of this peak from the sea, and so near did we lie to the land, that we heard chanticleers crowing, but saw no inhabitants. We hove to and took several observations, and rated our chronometer by the peak. The following drawing represents the outline of Siao Island.



The Karakita Islands were in full view, and I counted nine. Five large canoes put off from them and came towards us, under full sail, all hands at the same time paddling. Each canoe had double floats, two masts, two sails, and a black flag



flying at each mast-head. As they drew near, we saw that they were filled with Malays, and, thinking that their visit was hostile, we cleared away for action. When they saw that we were an armed vessel, they kept straight ahead, taking sly glances at us, and singing the Malay boat song as they disappeared behind the peak of Siao. Two large proas now hove in sight, coming towards us from the Karakitas; but, the breeze increasing, we distanced and lost sight of them, as we steered W.N.W. and launched out upon the Sooloo Sea.

Next day no land in sight. We sailed by a large floating tree, upon which were perched several aquatic birds. A fatigued booby lighted on the main boom, and schools of small fish followed in the wake of the vessel. On the morning of the third day after we sighted Maratua. Next day we were close in with Taballar Point, Borneo. Four days we coasted to the northward, encountering shoals, reefs, and small islands. We met with various success in trade, and, at the mouth of Darvel Bay, fired upon a fleet of Malay pirates, killing and wounding several. They pursued us in considerable numbers, but we had the best of the race, and by night they were out of sight. Next day we were becalmed off Unsang. Borneo, next to Papua, is the largest, richest, and most magnificent island in the world. Still, we know little or nothing about it.

At night we took a breeze, and on the following day were wending our way among the southern islands of the Sooloo Archipelago. The charts are of not the slightest use here; we directed our course from personal observation, as we had long been accustomed to do, and did not even know the names of the different islands. They were of different heights and varied forms, mostly of the primary formation, and were covered with verdure. Well-cultivated plantations were scattered over the hills and valleys, and fragrant perfumes were wafted to seaward. They were, indeed, a lovely and healthy group of islands. And all this rich and beautiful country is in the hands of treacherous Malays, who have the name of being a desperate set of pirates, and think all men cowards who do not wear a kreese. The Soolooans sacked the British settlement of Balambangan, massacred many of the inhabitants, and turned the cannon on those who fled to the shipping. The

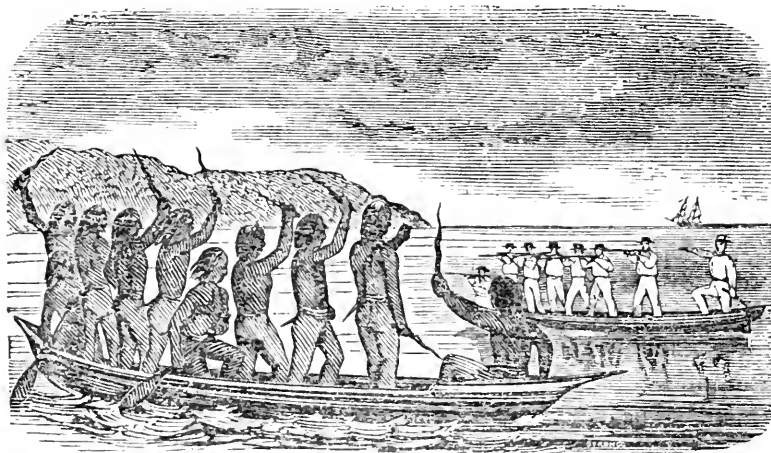
cannon were finally conveyed thence to the parapet of the fortress of Sooloo. The Spaniards from the Philippine Islands have attempted to bring the Soolooans under subjection, but they have always been defeated. The Dutch, too, have essayed to make an impression here, and met with no better success than the Spaniards. A Dutch schooner had lately been captured by the Soolooans, and most of her crew put to the kreese. Such was the character of the people who inhabit the islands among which we were at this time cruising. But there are palliating circumstances, and we are too ready to call these people pirates. The Spaniards and Dutch would have possessed themselves of the country and made slaves of the inhabitants, had they not resorted to stratagem and piracy in self-defence.

Next day we anchored in a strait, situated between the west end of Seassee and a long, low island to the westward. The depth of water was fifteen fathoms, and the bottom a smooth rock. Our position was a dangerous one. A strong ebb and flood tide set through the strait, and, when we put the helm up or down, the anchor dragged. On the shore of Seassee was a village, and we saw canoes paddling alongshore; but none ventured off. They seemed to look upon us with suspicion, and kept aloof. As there seemed no possibility of opening a trade with the inhabitants by remaining on board the vessel, we embarked in the squadron the next day and landed on the island to the westward, and marched towards two thatched houses, situated near the beach, beneath the shade of a grove of bread-fruit and banana trees. The inhabitants, men, women, and children, prepared to fly, but upon our making friendly signs, they were induced to receive us hospitably. They seemed to be simple-hearted agriculturists, and had handsome gardens in a neighbouring vale. They were almost in a state of nudity, except a nankin shirt or a pair of loose trousers of the same fabric, cut off at the knees. The children were quite naked, and were hearty, healthy, and merry. We were particularly struck with the beauty of a girl about fourteen years old; pretty features, colour brunette, eyes black and full of expression, hair black as the raven, and flowing down her back like threads of glass, reaching quite to her waist. Some of the Malay girls that we afterward saw among the Sooloo Islands were truly beautiful.

Among the Sooloos there may be said to be two distinct classes. First, the agriculturists, who are the most peaceful and estimable citizens, and pay tribute to the sultan for the support of the navy, which is manned by the second class, who do all the fighting, and are engaged in all hazardous enterprises, either in protecting the islands from invasion, or for the purpose of plundering foreign vessels and collecting booty. This latter class is composed of a wild and desperate set of fellows, who are given to predatory enterprises. They generally attack an enemy by stratagem. Confront them with an equal force, and they are as thorough cowards as ever lived.

In the afternoon we saw a canoe paddling along the shore of Seassee. The *Tempest*, commanded by the intrepid Benton, gave chase, and overhauled her near the beach. She contained three Malay men and one girl, who were friendly, and entered into a parley with us. A large, double-banked canoe now put off from the town, filled with stout Malays, who plied their paddles with all speed, and steered for the *Tempest*. Benton made friendly signs, and displayed various articles of trade. The small canoe fled for the shore as the large one drew near. The crew of the latter was composed of a savage-looking set of Malays, each armed with a large kreesse in a wooden scabbard, stuck in his girdle. They looked at the trading cargo: one admired a handkerchief, and tied it round his waist; a second tied a shawl on his head, and the captain of the gang grasped a mirror. When our crew requested the return of the different articles, the Malays glanced into the *Tempest*, and, not seeing any arms, which were under canvass covers, took our party to be a set of cowards, and, accordingly, refused to return our property, at the same time glancing significantly at each other with their piercing eyes, and laughing outright at our notion that we should recover our goods. Benton drew his pistol from the locker, much exasperated, and, aiming it at the pirate chief, demanded the return of the mirror. At the sight of the pistol the Malays were struck with fear, and delivered up the property. But in an instant they seemed to recover their impudence, and, at the command of their chief, who supposed that the pistol was the only fire-arms in our possession, drew their murderous kreeses, and, flourishing them in the air with a wild shout, were about

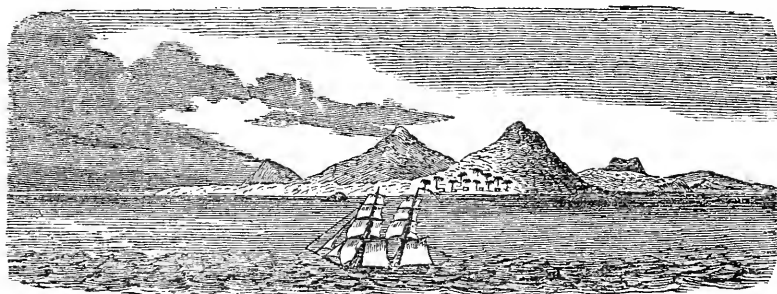
to fall upon our party. "Level your rifles!" cried Benton. This movement completely checked the Malays. They sheathed their kreeses, made friendly signs, and paddled away for the village. They undoubtedly belonged to the sultan's navy, for we saw them get on board of the two proas that lay in front of the village. The following drawing represents the fray between our party and the pirates.



When Benton returned to the vessel and reported the narrow escape of himself and crew from massacre, Captain Morrell determined to take signal vengeance. We got under way and sailed for the village, with the American ensign floating at the main-peak. By this time the proas had set sail away, and we gave chase, firing two shots from the bow gun, that tore away part of the bamboo deck of the aftermost, and caused them to heave to. When within hailing distance, the captain ordered the pirate chief on board, and told him that he would make him prisoner and sink his proas if he did not apologize for the insult offered to the American flag. The chief was terribly alarmed, and made all the apology in his power, and remarked that he had never before seen or heard of the American ensign. When we parted, he presented us the tortoise-shell and gold-dust that he had brought from Borneo, in payment for the expense and trouble we had incurred. The proas returned to the village, and we kept on our course through the archipelago. In the evening we anchored near a verdant island.

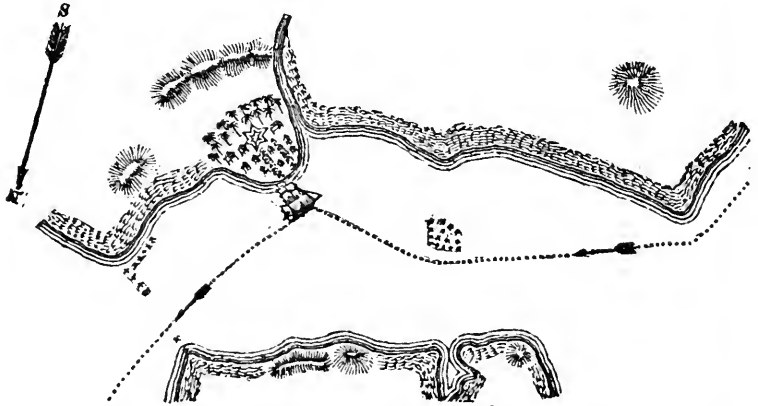
Next day we succeeded in opening a communication with the inhabitants, and several canoes, displaying white flags, came alongside with peaceable and friendly Malays, who brought to sell poultry, eggs, shaddocs, Indian corn, coconuts, guavas, bananas, bread-fruit, mangosteen, goats, turtles, a monkey, and a green parrot. They also brought a singular kind of fruit, of a dark-red colour, that in outward appearance resembled a small ear of Indian corn with the husk on. Upon stripping off the latter, five light-coloured, pulpy pods, filled with black seeds, were brought to view. The pulp had a pleasant acidulated taste. All of the above they offered to exchange for calico, cups and saucers, scissors, buttons, tobacco, and opium, empty bottles, &c. Beads they did not want. Some of the men were dressed in short, figured calico frocks or gowns, and the usual kind of short trousers. When we inquired for pearls, gold-dust, &c., they gave us to understand that the Sultan of Sooloo monopolized all such valuable commodities, and they were not allowed to deal in them with foreigners.

Next day we were under way, and in the afternoon arrived off the southwest end of Sooloo. A pure white sand-beach formed the shore. The land view was verdant, beautiful, and picturesque. A large town, surrounded by cocoanut-trees, is situated near the beach. The following drawing represents the southwest side of Sooloo Island. We followed along the



west coast, in the centre of a passage formed by a rocky islet, situated three miles from the main. The soundings were regular in ten fathoms, but towards the main they decreased first to seven, and then to five. The west point of the main is an abrupt mound, covered with verdure, except a narrow ridge near the summit, which presents the appearance of a white rock.

On the following morning we anchored in Sooloo, or, rather, Jaeloo Harbour, near the town, in eight fathoms water. It is situated at the northwest end of the Island Sooloo, and is formed by several low islets, that protect it from the sea. The following eye sketch represents the harbour.



The city of Jaeloo is the grand commercial emporium of the Sooloo Archipelago. It is the residence of his royal highness the sultan. Proas of various sizes arrive daily, freighted with pearls and pearl-shell, tortoise-shell, gold-dust, edible bird's-nests, bêche-de-mer, and other valuable productions of the archipelago and of Borneo. These were formerly bartered for the productions of China, that were brought hither by the Chinese in junks. But of late the Chinamen feared to venture here, as one of their junks had been plundered by the pirates. The principal trade is now carried on with Manilla, and at the time of our visit there were two brigs there from the latter port. One was the *Lyngain*, Captain Du Giols, burden 220 tons, manned with a crew of twenty-five Manilla men, and mounting four brass cannon. The other was the brig *Luzon*, Captain Antonio Sommes, burden 190 tons. Captain S. is a fat and jolly Yankee, but as he has a wife and children at Manilla, he calls himself a Spaniard, and sails under Spanish colours. The supercargo of the *Luzon*, I believe, is an Irishman. His name was Windham, and he seemed to be a pompous fellow, quite good-natured, but not particularly talented. He was a very friendly man, a gentleman, and a great talker; he rattled off the notes of the English, Spanish, and Malay lan-

guages like a pert miss drumming on a piano. He was to us a complete vade-mecum. Several trading vessels had been here lately, and ruined the trade by selling goods at a low price. Captain Du Giols was in a sad plight. He had sold his cargo to the principal datos on credit, and the time of payment had expired two months before, during which time he had patiently waited for his pay without the slightest prospect of ever getting it.

When we came to anchor, we triced up the netting and fired a salute. The sultan and suite were much alarmed, and prepared to fly into the interior, with the crown-pearls and jewelry, as they supposed that we were a Dutch vessel of war, come to demand satisfaction for the capture of the schooner at Tawee-Tawee.

The city of Jaeloo contains a population of about 3000, who reside in four or five hundred houses, built of bamboo and thatched. Part of the houses are situated upon dry land, and shaded with cocoanut-trees. But, for the better facility of lading and unlading the proas, and to save transportation, the commercial part of the city is built on piles over a shoal, upon which the tide ebbs and flows. Bamboo bridges communicate with the houses, but they have began to decay, and are rickety affairs. I nearly broke my neck by falling through one of them. The principal communication is kept up in canoes. The houses are one story high, and are each provided with a door and window. The latter is unglazed, and opens through the roof with a shutter, which is closed when it rains; in such a case, of course, the merchants use lamps for light. The mosque is a handsome structure, with a stone foundation. On a large tree near by was suspended a bell. The palace is a large barn-looking building, and part of it is used as a harem. The sultan has eight wives. There are several Chinamen here, but they are not allowed to be worth over a certain amount of money, as the Malays are exceedingly jealous of their prosperity. The datos are the most extensive merchants, and have great influence with the sultan, who follows their directions with scrupulous care. There are two stockade forts upon the beach, in the midst of the houses. They are fast going to decay. The Balambangan cannon lie inside, dis-

mounted. The forts would not be of the slightest service in defending the place against a vessel of war.

Every man and boy in the town wore a great kreese in a wooden scabbard, and they prided themselves upon the beauty of these weapons. Next to his wife, the Soolooan loves his kreese; and a man's rank and wealth are known by the quantity of precious metal which adorns the handle or scabbard. A man without weapons is looked upon as an insignificant fellow; but he who is dressed in a flashy calico morning-gown and a red silk sash round his waist, bristling with pistols and cutlasses, is looked upon with fear and respect. If a vessel of war should stop here, she would be worshipped. There are many Malay slaves here, who have been made prisoners or purchased at other islands. The owner of a slave has absolute power over him, and holds even his life at his disposal. The slaves are well treated, however, if they behave themselves, and in time can purchase their freedom. The pearl-shell and *bêche-de-mer*, with which the country once abounded, has been nearly exhausted in shoal water among the Sooloo Islands; and instead of taking the former with the hand by diving, as heretofore, the Soolooans use wooden rakes, sunk with stones, and dragged by means of a rope attached to the stern of a canoe under sail. In this way it is said that many pearls are lost, as they drop out when the shells are struck by the rake.

The sultan, in imitation of his great prototype, the Emperor of China, had lately, by the advice and consent of the *datos*, determined to make each vessel pay a *cumshaw* of 1000 dollars for the privilege of trading here. A vessel could anchor, but not trade without paying the *cumshaw*. We went on shore decked in gaudy calico morning-gowns, our girdles loaded with horse-pistols and cutlasses, and demanded an audience. We were ushered into a chamber of the palace. It was hung round with chints; at the farther end stood a table, and on either side were piles of Chinese chests. We became seated, and chocolate and cakes were handed to us. Presently his royal highness, the sultan, entered, and seated himself at the table, surrounded by the principal *datos*, and followed by slaves bearing swords with silver scabbards and silver beetle-boxes.



The sultan was in the prime of life, but impotent and sickly from excessive indulgence in opium and sensual pleasures. He was dressed in a figured silk morning-gown, and merely nodded to us when introduced. The datos were handsomely dressed in silks and calicoes, after the style of a Chinese gentleman. For some moments not a word was spoken. Presently Captain Morrell broke silence, by saying that he was an American, had been to visit islands in the great Pacific Ocean, was now on his way home, and had some cargo still left that he would be glad to sell, if they wished to buy it; and that he would pay a cumshaw of five per cent. on what he sold. He concluded by saying that he would not trade on any other terms. The sultan nodded his head to the datos, who informed us that they would give us an answer to-morrow. The farce ended, and we returned on board the vessel after having inspected the sultan's pearls, which he valued at 10,000 dollars. The two largest were oval, imperfectly formed, and about the size of pigeons' eggs. Next day we were visited by Dato Tyler, the captain of the port, and by Dato Mulloch, the greatest merchant in the place. They were accompanied by a host of Malays. We heard no more about the cumshaw. For two days we carried on a brisk trade, and sold the greater part of our cargo, receiving in payment Spanish dollars, gold-dust, and the other valuables that I have before mentioned; also some crude camphor.

Dato Mulloch was an enterprising and intelligent man, quick and honourable in all his dealings. He had been to Manilla in his own vessel, spoke the Spanish language fluently, and some few English words. One day I accepted his invitation to take a ride. We were mounted on small horses, equipped with Spanish saddles, and galloped over a beautiful country.

Our vessel was the first one under American colours that had visited Jaeloo, and the populace could not well understand the difference between us and Englishmen, for we spoke the same language. One day I remarked a slave who had entered the cabin with his master, standing near my berth. Soon after I went to see the time by my watch, which hung in the cabin. It was gone, and I suspected the slave of having stolen it. He had left the cabin. I looked for him on deck. I found him in

a canoe alongside, and accused him of the theft. He drew a kreese upon me, and denied it. I levelled a pistol at him. The slave's master ordered him to untie his sash. He did so, and my watch fell into the canoe. I picked it up. The next day I saw the slave chained on shore by order of his master.

On the previous night, our sentinel had discovered something in the water near the stern. Having hailed three times without receiving any reply, he fired his rifle at the object. A human voice called for help. We picked up a naked Malay, with a kreese in his hand, and placed him on deck. He trembled with fear, and upon holding a light to his face it looked fairly pale. He said that he was a slave, his master had used him cruelly, and threatened to kill him to-morrow; he begged us to protect him, and take him to the country whence he had been stolen. Luckily, he was not wounded. We did not know whether to believe his story or not, but half suspected that he had swam off to steal our boat; if we had anything to do with him we might get ourselves in trouble with the Malays. We gave him something to eat and drink, put him in the boat, and rowed her near the beach, where we told him to jump overboard. He did so, and swam to the shore.

Mr. Windham informed us, that some time ago an English vessel, with a crew of fifty men, visited Jaeloo and departed for Tawee-Tawee, with several of the citizens of Sooloo on board as passengers. During the passage, from some cause or other which I did not understand, the Malays attempted to massacre the captain and crew, but they were worsted, and several of them killed in the attempt. A short time previous to our arrival, a Spaniard had been killed on shore, because he was detected in an intrigue with a girl belonging to the sultan's harem; and another Spaniard had been imprisoned for a similar offence.

Poultry and eggs are abundant and cheap here. Chicken-pie and boiled eggs were a common dish with the sailors, and every day a cock-fight came off on the forecastle. Deer and bullocks can be purchased; the latter sell for eight piasters each. The Malays brought us basketfuls of a kind of fruit, about the size of a lime, with a thin, smooth, yellow rind that peeled off easily, and presented to view a transparent pulp, similar to that of the white grape, and divided into quarters by

thin membranes. It was truly a delicious and wholesome fruit. We ate them in great quantities with perfect impunity.

The following is the manner of counting at Sooloo from one to nineteen :

1 Esar.	11 Cowharn.
2 Duah.	12 Catoan.
3 To.	13 Carpotan.
4 Opat.	14 Cyman.
5 Lemar.	15 Caterman.
6 Unum.	16 Capitnan.
7 Pato.	17 Cowluan.
8 Wallow.	18 Caserman.
9 Séam.	19 Angertose.
10 Hong-po.	

We made quite a favourable impression upon the Soolooans, and they said that they would always be happy to see the Americans again. Having now completed our trade here, we received on board a chest of opium from the Luzon, got under way, and put to sea, steering N. by W.

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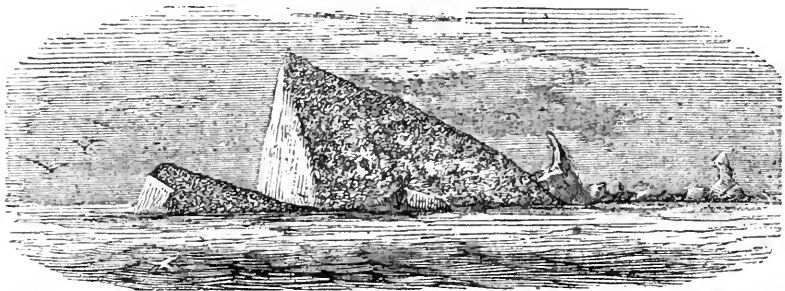
### CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE passed by a number of small snakes, that were floating on the surface of the ocean, and saw many schools of small fish, that looked like shoals as they swam near the surface.

With the mountain on Sooloo in sight, bearing south, we found ourselves sailing over an extensive coral shoal, and had soundings in eight and ten fathoms. This shoal is about six miles broad, and we could not see its termination to the east or west. It rises abruptly, and gives the ocean a white appearance over it, which contrasts strongly with the deep-blue colour of the water that marks its boundary, along the northern line of which we passed through a strong tide-rip. I remarked that our crew had all taken colds at Sooloo; whether there is any peculiarity in the atmosphere here, compared with that of the Pacific Ocean islands, I am not prepared to say. We were now winging our way over the Mindoro Sea. On the following day we were becalmed. The sea was as smooth

as a mirror, and we were surrounded by a large school of sperm whales, that were very tame. They sported and spouted in conscious security, and two of the largest females swam close alongside, each accompanied by a calf. On the second day after, we sighted Point Flecha, Palawan. It was bluff and elevated. This is a fine island, 245 miles long; still we know little or nothing about it or its inhabitants.

We coasted the east side of Damaran Island. The land was hilly and verdant. Grass-fields, fringed with woodlands, opened to view as we sailed along. We saw what appeared to be a fine bay on the coast, the mouth of which was protected by abrupt rocky islets, the summits of which were verdant. Passing between the Carandaga Islands, we encountered a strong current setting to the southward. Coasting Palawan to the northward, we passed through numerous islets. Next day we sailed through a strait, about one mile wide, situated between Linacapan and Palawan. A deep bay, with a curious peak at its foot, appeared upon the latter island. Linacapan was hilly, and presented to view a fine bay, with a remarkable hill near its mouth. This would be a good site for a town. The land on all the islands appeared clayey, rocky, and barren. Not a human being could be seen. The land at the foot of the bay on Linacapan, and in the valleys in the interior, seemed to be fruitful and verdant. In the strait lie some of the most singular and fantastically-formed rocky islets that I ever saw; that the reader may have some idea of their appearance, I present the following drawing of one that was not more than half a mile in length.



I must again remind the reader that all charts of this region are very incorrect.

During the night we coasted the west side of Calamiane,

and the next day the west side of Busvagan, along the shore of which are sprinkled abrupt rocky islets. At its northwest end we sailed over a shoal, upon which we had soundings in from six to ten fathoms. We distinctly saw the coral beneath the vessel, and sharks swimming about in the shallow water.

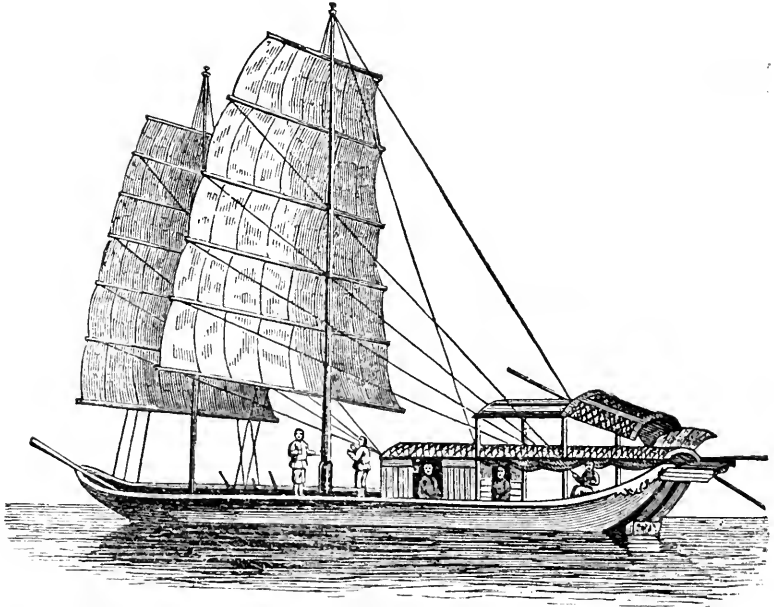
The next day was hot and sultry. We were becalmed off Calavite Point, Mindoro. A booby alighted upon the end of the main boom, and a monkey attempted to drive him off, but he showed fight, and Jacko retreated, grinning and chattering with vexation. Several swallows and two yellow-birds also came on deck. At night we passed Goat Island, and on the following morning sailed across the mouth of Manilla Bay, coasting Luzon to northward. We passed a coasting schooner, with sails made of native "canvass," and full of holes. The scenery upon the land was varied. Near Capones Point it is mountainous, and presents to view denuded and gashed clay bluffs. To the northward it is not so elevated, and is formed of hills and valleys that are verdant.

Next day we were becalmed off Cape Bolinao, and here, in latitude  $16^{\circ} 30' N.$ , we found the heat much more oppressive than at the islands in the Pacific Ocean near the equator. The thermometer ranged at  $113^{\circ}$  in the sun, and the day before it stood at  $95^{\circ}$  in the shade. During the night we took a strong breeze, and, bidding farewell to the Philippines, launched out upon the China Sea. On the two following days the wind blew a gale from E.N.E., accompanied by a rough sea. On the following day, as determined by two sets of lunar observations, between the moon, and Jupiter, and Pollux, we were in latitude  $21^{\circ} 20' N.$ , longitude  $116^{\circ} 55' 14'' E.$  Having passed the dangerous Pratas, we kept off a point.

Next morning we were close in with the coast of Fokien China, and the ocean, for miles, was literally covered with fishing-boats. They are quite large, and carry two mat sails. Each boat contains a Chinaman and his family. They cruise in pairs, and throw overboard a large seine, one end being secured to each boat, whereupon they throw their sails aback and drift to leeward.

The following drawing represents one of these fishing-boats.

We coasted to the southward. The fishermen were very independent, and would not get out of the way of us "barba-



rians." We had much trouble in steering clear of them. Once we sailed over a seine, and it most unfortunately caught to the heel of the rudder, dragging one of the boats into violent contact with us and tearing the seine to pieces. A fleet of boats soon surrounded us, the Chinamen all the while cursing at the top of their voices, and demanding satisfaction. "What can do Fanquilo!" Gradually, as their numbers increased, they became courageous, and then outrageous. Several hundred stout fishermen essayed to board us. We triced up the ports and ran out the cannon. They became silent, shoved off their boats, and we proceeded on our course. Next day we passed Haihong and Fokai-Fou, sailing inside of the isolated rock Pedra Blanca. The immediate coast was low, and composed of sand and red clay. Rocky islets were scattered along. In the interior the land was mountainous. The scene presented to view was one of extreme sterility. When I looked upon this barren scene, my mind wandered back with pleasure to verdant Australasia.

Next day we sailed through the Lema Islands, and anchored at Lintin, with its peak bearing E. three quarters N. The reader is aware that we were now in Canton Bay, which is seventy or more miles deep, and filled up with hundreds of isl-

ands. Those near the mouth are lofty, rocky, and barren. From Whampoa to Canton they are alluvial, and but little elevated above the water, and are cultivated in rice-fields.

The English barque *Agnes*, Captain Swain, manned with a crew of Lascars, and the American barque *Lintin*, lay at anchor near us. They are what are called "receiving-ships," and are engaged in smuggling opium. A number of ships were anchored in Cum-sing-moon Harbour, opposite *Lintin*, where they have been riding out the southwest monsoon. Among them are two beautiful British clippers; one a brig, and the other the schooner *Yatcahan*. They performed a pleasure-trip to *Lintin*, and, with a spanker breeze, ran a well-contested race, careering around us in gallant style, with their quarter-decks filled with ladies and gentlemen.

Bum-boats, with confectionary and knick-knacks for sale, came daily alongside. I visited the town on the west side of *Lintin*. It is situated near the beach, on a strip of low, level ground, between two hills, and contains about thirty houses, which are one story high, built of black bricks, and roofed with tiles. The ground forms the floors of the houses. One was occupied as a school-house; the teacher sat at the door, smoking a pipe with much composure, while the children played out doors. Desks and seats were ranged round the room, and upon them lay books, printed in Chinese characters. Each scholar was provided with a cup of water, a stick of India ink, and a camel's-hair pencil, with which they marked letters upon paper. The price of tuition was from three to five dollars a year. On the rear wall of the room was a painting of *Josh* surrounded with tinsel. Every house and every boat are provided with a little tinsel wax figure representing *Josh*, who is the Chinaman's tutelary deity, whom he worships morning and evening by "chin-chinning" him with burning paper and fire-crackers. In front of the town is a large artificial pond, and around it stood about fifty bullocks and cows, and about as many hogs. The latter were hollow-backed, and so fat that you could hardly see their eyes for the encroachment of their chubby cheeks, and they walked with considerable labour. The cattle were small, but plump and in good condition. They were kept here to supply the shipping, and sold at the following prices: bullocks, ten dollars a picul; hogs,

thirteen dollars a picul; sweet potatoes, one dollar a picul; fowls, two dollars a dozen; eggs, one dollar a hundred.

The soil of Lintin is naturally barren, but the industry of the inhabitants has made it productive in many places. A steep dale near the town has been terraced into regular steps, faced with a stone wall, and planted with rice, which flourishes quite to the summit of the hills, and is perpetually irrigated by a gentle stream of water from the top of the hills, which meanders from terrace to terrace, and finally empties into the sea at the spot where shipping receive their supply. The Chinaman who came daily alongside in his bum-boat, paid six dollars a year for the privilege of trading with ships, payment to be made half yearly to six different mandarins, who each received one dollar per annum. Vessels anchor in the outer harbours free of expense, but those that go to Whampoa pay a cumshaw, except in case they are loaded with rice. To clear this expense, we took in a cargo of 2838 bags of rice, which we received from the British East Indiaman, Earl of Belcarris, from Samarang.

Mr. W— was despatched in a Chinese boat to procure a pilot. Upon his arrival at Macao, he found himself in a dilemma, as he had not taken any money with him, and it was necessary to pay before a pilot could be procured. He was fortunately relieved from his embarrassment by the gentlemanly and hospitable Captain James Sturges, who politely loaned him sixty dollars, the price for a pilot.

The pilot having arrived on board, we set sail for Canton. At the Bocca Tigris we were detained all night by the pilot, who went on shore to have our chop countersigned by the mandarin at the fort. This procuring chops, and the delay of countersigning, are a great farce and a great bore.

The Bocca Tigris is a narrow pass, with barren hills on either side, and is defended by eight forts, scattered along on either side at the foot of the hills, and near the water's edge. They are low, and neatly built of granite, with step-like walls reaching up the hills in the rear. They are calculated more for show than service, and could not for an hour resist a bombardment. The names of the Bocca forts are Shar-coke, Long-hi, Chon-une, Wong-tong, Ty-foo, Ty-cock-tow, and Long-shu.



The next day we passed several small villages, and at dark sailed over the first bar, between a line of guide-boats, each of which showed a signal light. The wind fell away, and we anchored near the first chop-house, whence came pealing on the ear a great clattering of gongs. Next morning we entered Whampoa-reach, in the centre of which lay moored, with two anchors and swivels, a long line of ships, belonging to various nations. We anchored at the head of the reach, in sight of the walled town of Wampoa, which is situated some distance from the river. This place is about seven miles below Canton, and here the ships of European nations await their cargo, which is brought from Canton in chop-boats. The anchor had scarcely felt the bottom when we were surrounded by Tankea boats, manned with buxom girls, who came on board and begged our clothes to wash. They were dressed in loose blue nankin shirts and trousers, with their black hair neatly platted into a tail, and hanging down their backs, reaching to their knees. Some of them were quite handsome, and from fourteen to twenty years of age. They took us by the hand, and, looking in our faces with their mellow black eyes, accompanied by what were meant for witching smiles and a peculiar singing voice, recognised us as old acquaintances, whether they had seen us before or not, in their broken English, "My chin-chin you; me savee you lass voyage; my washe you muche good; can do all the same now; muchee good sweet-meats you savee." They wash the clothes in their boats, with the river water. The one whom I employed was very honest and industrious. I never missed a solitary piece during our stay; they were always returned regularly, and in good order. She washed, mended, and ironed them for one dollar a hundred pieces.

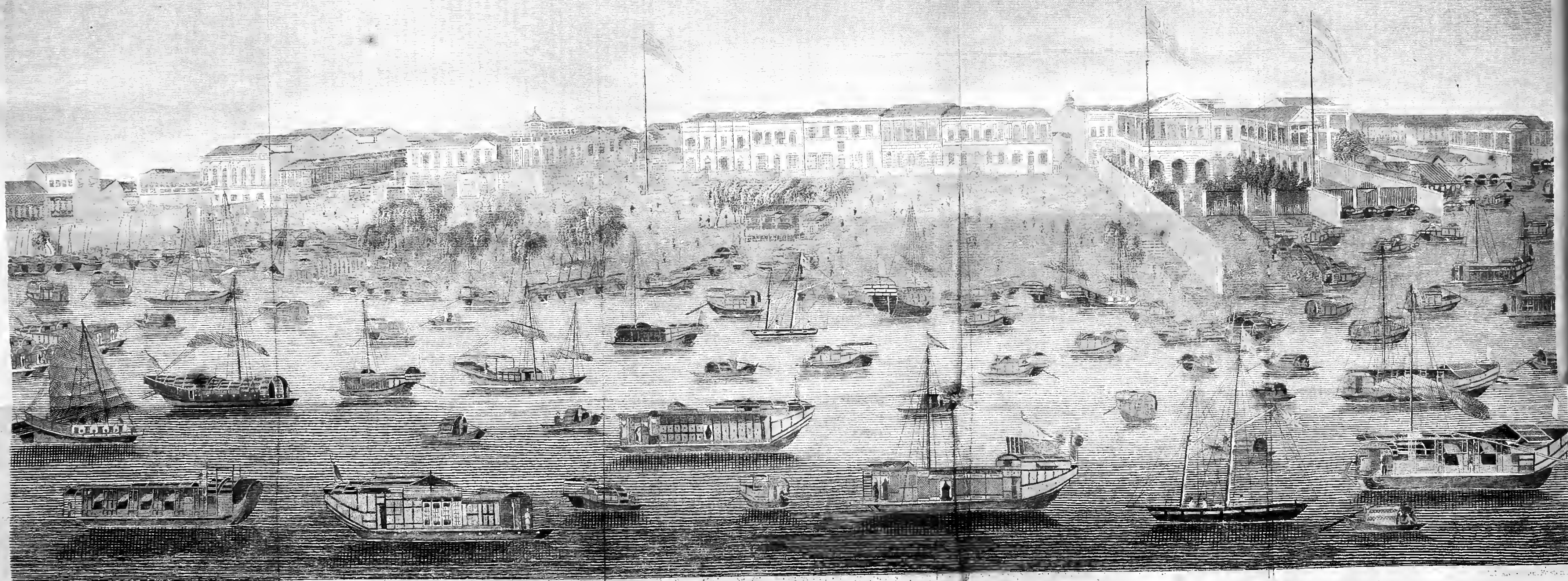
The furnishing of vessels with provisions and other articles is a kind of monopoly here, and must pass through the hands of a comprador. Boston Jack came on board to solicit our custom. He dresses in silk and crape, with a scull-cap on his head; he is rather fleshy, about five feet eight inches high, and fifty years old; he is a gentleman, and possesses considerable business talent. He was formerly poor, but is now in a fair way to make his fortune. Chop-boats from Canton came alongside, and we began discharging the rice. A clerk

from Canton also came in his boat, to take an account of the cargo. He had servants to attend him. They placed a table near the fore hatch with an awning over it, and here he sat with his swanpaw, Indian ink, water, and pencils, taking an account of the number of bags as well as pounds. The Chinese are noted for being remarkably correct in all their accounts. Considerable rice was spilled on deck. The Tankea girls came on board and claimed it. We drove them over the bulwarks, but in a few moments they were provided with scoop-nets, and when our backs were turned towards them, down came the nets dragging the deck.

The land on the west side of Whampoa reach is formed by French Island, which is hilly and verdant. One day we saw the funeral of a Chinaman here; his remains were deposited in the ground amid a flourish of music, and firing of crackers and squibs. After the cargo had been discharged and the vessel put in order, Captain Morrell called the crew together and informed them that the romance of the voyage had ended, and that we were now merely a merchantman, bound to New-York with a cargo, and that he would now discharge all the crew shipped at Mauritius, as he had no farther use for them. The sailors were loath to leave the vessel that had borne them through so many scenes of hazard and adventure; they loved the "fairy craft." But they soon got good situations among the different ships in port, which happened to be short-handed and in want of men. When they left us, they shook hands with their captain, and the big tear stood in their manly eyes as they said with one accord, "Farewell, shipmates: good luck, a prosperous voyage, and plenty of shot in your lockers when you get old!" For several days we missed well-known faces on board, and it was with an effort we shook off the gloom caused by their departure.

Captain Morrell proceeded to Canton to transact the business of the vessel, and every other day I went up to the city in the *Invincible*. On Honan Island, immediately above Whampoa, stands the largest pagoda in the province; it is 215 feet high, forty-two feet in diameter at the base, divided into nine stories, and built of gray stone. It must be several hundred years old, and is crumbling to ruins. On the cornices grow trees and parasites. When it was built, or for what pur-





VIEW OF CANTON.





pose, I could not ascertain ; but most probably it was erected to commemorate some religious superstition. Passing Howqua's Fort, we entered among the boats, the rafts, and the stakes that line the river in the precincts of Canton, and passed the islet upon which is situated the "Dutch Folly." The hum of voices and the banging of gongs rose upon the ear. Fanciful streamers floated from the mast-heads of the junks, and men stood on their sterns, chin-chinning Josh by setting off packs of fire-crackers and burning perfumed paper. We soon found ourselves hemmed in among a mass of boats, and scarcely had room to move our oars. The Chinamen would not move for us ; we cursed them, they cursed us, and the women held up their babies to look at the frightful fanqui's (barbarians).

At length we landed in front of the factories, and walked over "Bamboo Square." Here we encountered a motley throng. One man was exhibiting an obscene puppet-show, another had white mice in cages to sell. Then came a barber, carrying his stool and other implements of trade, and twanging a musical wire. A customer hailed him ; he placed the stool on the ground, and the customer seated himself upon it, while the barber shaved his face, platted his hair, and washed his hands in the midst of the throng that were passing to and fro.

A Chinaman of wealth, when walking out, carries a large fan, to shield his face from the sun. He wears nothing on his head, save a small scull-cap. His dress is flowing and easy, his shoes large, with thick soles and turned-up toes. All the poorer class of men and women go barefooted.

The streets of Canton are narrow, and flagged with smooth stones. No horses or wheeled vehicles pass through them. Wood, charcoal, vegetables, &c., are carried upon the shoulders of men, who balance a long pole upon one shoulder "fore and aft," to each end of which is affixed a basket containing the burden. Mandarins are carried through the streets in gilded sedans upon the shoulders of men, and two runners go forward to clear the way by hallooing, "Huy! huy!" I attempted several times to enter the interior city, and passed through the gate of the wall, but was ordered back every time by the guard and the populace, who were quite insulting. My perambulations were, therefore, confined to the suburbs. The

shop-keepers were obliging, and generally greeted me with, "Cumshar, my have got vely fine ivoly ting; can make see painting funny ting; can do littee pigeon muchee cheap." Groups of licensed beggars wander through the streets. They are squalid, and often deformed, and embrace men, women, and children. When they see a customer enter a store, they stand before the door and make a great clatter, sounding rattles and beating flat sticks together. The store-keeper, afraid of losing his customer, frequently throws them a few pice to get rid of the noise. One of these beggar-women was a melancholy and pitiful object. She was so bent over that she fairly walked upon her hands and feet. In a cabinet-maker's shop I saw the journeymen eating their dinner of boiled rice from a large wooden bowl. Each man was provided with a pair of chop-sticks, which he revolved in his hands.

In Physic-street are many fine apothecary stores, where may be purchased quack-medicines or cure-alls for every disease that "flesh is heir to." In some of the streets stood market-stalls, upon which were displayed various kinds of animal food for sale; skinned cats and rats were conspicuous objects.

I accidentally obtained admittance to a Chinese theatre. The gongs sounded, the curtain rose, and a number of harlequins, dressed like our circus clowns, came tumbling across the stage like so many hoops. They performed various comical feats, neither very wonderful nor very decent, and the audience enjoyed a hearty laugh. The performance ended by the harlequins forming a grand pyramid, by standing on each other's shoulders, three men high, and terminated by a little boy, who threw a somerset from the top, and alighted upon an outspread canvass.

On the river opposite the city there floats a line of beautifully-latticed and gilded boats, with flower-pots on deck. They are splendidly furnished, and called flower-boats, or, collectively, "the string of pearls." In them reside handsome girls, who are instructed in all the blandishments and allurements calculated to please and attract the other sex, and are particularly intended to administer to the vice and sensuality of wealthy Chinamen.

The hull of most of the Chinese boats resembles in shape



the half of an egg-shell cut lengthwise, the point forming the bow and the other end the stern. All the boats are sculled by a large oar over the stern, rigged in an iron socket. This gives them the advantage of moving in a crowd, where there is not room to work oars. All the junks have an eye painted on each bow; the Chinamen say, "Spose no have eye, no can see." The factories are the largest and best buildings in the suburbs of Canton. The great mass of the houses are no better than so many sheds and barns, when compared to the beautiful and costly houses in the principal cities of the American Union. There is a great deal of "gingerbread-work" about Canton, which savours strongly of lanterns, masks, colours, squibs, and gongs, all national peculiarities.

It is not my intention to swell the size of this book by entering into an historical description of the Empire of China, nor to express my views of the late British invasion. In this work I have confined myself to a few of the immediate incidents that came under my personal observation. Discussions of public events may be readily found in other works.

The European merchants resident at Canton are like so many birds confined in a cage; they are at the mercy of the Chinese, so far as relates to food, drink, and servants, and cannot have lawful wives. There is a deep-rooted prejudice among the Chinese in favour of "old customs," and no great change can be effected suddenly, except at the point of the sword. From infancy they are taught to look upon a foreigner as a being inferior to a native of the Celestial Empire. They profess to respect Europeans, in order to get from them the "almighty dollar." The Emperor of China fears the power of Europeans, and hence he interdicts their women and missionaries, and endeavours to keep alive the prejudices of his subjects against all "barbarians." He knows that if they once gain a foothold in the country, and become the owners of property, the prejudices of his people will gradually wear away and his power will be overthrown.

It was very sickly at Whampoa during our stay. Most of the sailors on board the ships were sick with colds and fevers, occasioned by the malign miasma that rises from the paddy fields after sunset, and by drinking too much shamsoo. The crew of our vessel were nearly all laid up. The change of

temperature affected them more than anything else. It was quite cold here, for it was the commencement of winter, and we were obliged to put on woollen clothing; all the sailors wished themselves once more on shore at Morrell's Group.

The Tankea girls kept their boats and persons very clean; the former were carpeted with clean rice-straw mats, and the latter we saw every morning performing their toilet by washing themselves with the river water alongside, and combing and platting the universal "tail." Chop-boats from Canton brought our cargo, and Chinese stevedores stowed it. We were soon laden and ready for sea. Our cargo consisted of teas, silks, cassia, and fancy articles, valued at \$250,000; and, as the vessel was a fast sailer, it was expected that she would make a quick trip to New-York, and reap the profits of the first cargo for the spring trade. The washing-girls were remarkably kind and generous. They came on board to bid us farewell, and presented us sweetmeats and oranges. The Chinese have a great many good traits in their character. At half ebb tide we filled our casks with water taken from the river alongside. We weighed the anchor apeak and kedged down the reach through the shipping. Once the anchor missed its hold, the flying jib-boom ran into the rigging of the brig Argyle, and as we swung clear our stern ran into a chop-boat, doing her some damage, and causing a large stout Chinaman to turn a somerset overboard. The Chinese made a great clamour, and cursed us heartily.

Having received a chop and pilot, we made sail down the Tigris, and on the following day anchored at Lintin. From the barque Lintin we procured a supply of pork, flour, rice, sugar, candles, and oil. Our sick were quite revived when they breathed the pure air of Lintin.

All our officers, except the chief mate, had left us and obtained good berths on board of Bombay ships. I was now appointed second officer, and assumed the duties of my station.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

WE weighed anchor, set sail, waved farewell to the Celestial Empire, and put to sea on our homeward course. Onward we sped, before the northeast monsoon, over the China Sea. On the second night after leaving port, we encountered a terrible typhon. We were scudding in a dangerous sea under close-reefed topsails. A terrible crash was heard! the vessel trembled like an aspen-leaf, flew up in the wind with the sea pouring in over the bow, and the topsails shivering like so many rags, while the masts threatened every instant to go by the board. All hands rushed on deck, and as the roaring and dashing sea threw its foam on board, there was a universal shudder, as if the vessel was doomed to founder. Some supposed we had struck a rock. The sad reality was soon apparent. We had lost our rudder, and were a plaything for the typhon and the sea. The night was dismally dark, and our voices could scarcely be heard above the roaring of the tempest. According to our calculations, we were driving near the mouth of the Gulf of Tonkin. In the morning we saw our danger. We were drifting upon the southeast coast of Hainan, on which the sea broke with fury as high as the topsail yards. We rolled the water and provisions on deck aft, to bring the vessel by the stern, and then, with a hawser towing over the stern and by manœuvring the yards and sails, we got the vessel around, with her head to the eastward, and with storm-sails she lay to, creeping gradually off shore.

When the storm abated, we rigged a temporary rudder, secured by heel lashings passed through the after ports. In fair weather we were enabled to make tolerable progress on our course, assisted now and then by the sweeps, and by manœuvring the hawser and main topsail. But the moment it began to blow violently, and the sea became rough, we were forced to lie to, as the temporary rudder had but little hold on the water, and in a seaway was of no use whatever.

We sighted Polo Catan and coasted Cochin China. On the following day we saw Conical Hill and Pagoda Cape; the lat-

ter is formed by two elevated mountains, upon the summit of one of which there rises a singular and conspicuous rock. Next day we came near driving upon the dangerous rocky island of Polo Sapata, upon which the sea broke with violence. The parrel of the fore-topsail yard gave way at a critical juncture, and the sail was torn at the very moment that we weathered the rock in safety. Next day we passed the mouth of the River Camboja, and on the following crossed the Gulf of Siam. Next day we encountered blustering winds and heavy rains, and an eagle perched upon the topsail yard. The night set in dark and gloomy, and the clouds looked portentous. We lay to with the bow towards the land. At midnight the soundings suddenly decreased from ten to five fathoms, no land in sight. We endeavoured to wear ship, but were unsuccessful. At the moment the vessel was ready to go about a sea would strike the quarter and drive her back. The soundings were all the while decreasing. We threw overboard one anchor and a large part of our cargo, consisting of boxes of tea. After this we got the vessel on the other tack and crept off shore.

Next day the storm abated, and we saw the Malay Peninsula, which we coasted. The land was elevated, except on the immediate coast, where it was low. We passed a ship's topmast floating on the water, and soon after saw what we took to be a wreck; but it proved to be a floating islet, composed of the matted and gnarled roots of trees, supporting some soil, upon which grew several palmettoes. Several dragon-flies hovered over it, and they paid us a temporary visit on board.

We passed near the rocky islet of Polo Varela, and thought we discovered a signal flying upon its summit on a pole. A proa, filled with Malays, dogged us alongshore, which we took to be a pirate. We sailed between the main and several rocky islets, that were covered with a stunted verdure upon their summits. At night we anchored inside of Timoan, which is composed of two peaks, called the Asses' Ears, the southernmost one bearing E. by N., and we saw it between two intervening rocky islets. The land on the Malay Peninsula is in general elevated, the soil clayey and rocky, but covered with shrubs. No signs of inhabitants could be seen. At the foot

of a hollow there was a remarkable strip of level land, with a conical mound rising from its centre. Next day we coasted the land to the southward, passing inside of the islands of Pisang, Aore, and Tingy. In the afternoon we anchored near the southwest side of Polo Baby, over which we saw the peak of Tingy, bearing N.N.E. The former island is verdant, and a hollow in the land looked as if it might afford safe anchorage during the prevalence of the northeast monsoon.

The Malay Peninsula is here elevated, and covered with a dense forest of stately trees. No clearings, habitations, or inhabitants could be seen. The largest portion of this beautiful country lies in a state of nature. Next day we were under way, sailing through a strait, a mile in width, between Point Romania and several islets. We were soon in Singapore Strait, and several large islands were in sight to the southward. They were in general low, level, and covered with forests; here and there rose a gentle mound. The coast was in some places composed of white sand, and in others of black rock. No habitations could be seen. Several proas passed us, and the Malays on board sang their national songs.

We encountered a strong current, and it was not until the next morning that we entered the spacious Bay of Singapore, and anchored in front of the town. We were besieged by a fleet of bum-boats and sampans, manned by natives from all parts of the Indies, each dressed in the costume and speaking the language peculiar to the country of his nativity. The "compradores" wanted to supply us with fresh provisions and "soft tack," the sampan men to wait upon the vessel, and the bum-boat men to sell us precious stones and shells, macassar oil, paradise birds, fruits, &c. The latter were great rascals. The two former seemed to be more respectable, and showed us written certificates of character from the captains of ships that had employed them. We refused to admit the bum-boat men on board, as we had no great opinion of their honesty. We discharged the cargo from the after part of the vessel in lighters, and thus brought her by the head. Chinese ship-carpenters took a mould and went to work making a rudder. M. Balestier, the gentlemanly American consul, transacted our business, and I took several strolls through the town in company with his son. The Chinese seem to comprise the most

numerous part of the population, and carry on all the mechanical branches : having just come from Canton, I remarked how much more obsequious they are here towards Europeans than in their native country.

Able-bodied coolies can be hired for twelve and a half cents per day, or four dollars per calendar month, they finding themselves everything except tools or implements. Mr. Balestier has undertaken to cultivate sugar near the town. Any man can squat on land and hold it at present free of cost. He can come and go at his pleasure, provided he conforms to the laws. But squatters are liable to be taxed by the enactment of laws at future periods.

Singapore is situated only eighty miles north of the equator, and is a remarkably healthy place. Mr. Balestier informed me that Europeans enjoy as good health here as in any part of the world. There is no prevailing fever, dysentery, or other disease, and, during the three years of our worthy consul's abode, not a death has taken place on board all the American vessels that have visited the port. An importation of "Yankee girls" might find a good market. There were only two white maidens in the place, and they were run down with suiters. A report was current that Malay pirates were concentrating their forces among the neighbouring islands for the purpose of plundering ships. Houses of brick can be built very cheaply here. Enormous lead-coloured buffaloes are used as beasts of burden. A weekly paper and a price-current are printed in the city. For the benefit of the reader, I give the following graphic sketch of Singapore, extracted from a book entitled "Around the World, by an Officer in the Navy :"

"The town of Singapore\* lies at the western angle of a spacious bay, upon the southwest end of the island. A few hillocks, including Government Hill, with its neat bungalow and flagstaff, form the background of an alluvial plain, upon which the most conspicuous part of the city stands. This plain is the esplanade, whereon appear a large white courthouse at one end, the Raffles Institute, or College, at the other, an Episcopal church in a central square, enclosed by a hedge, and between these, upon a rear street, the beautiful dwellings of the Europeans. The best houses here are said to resemble

\* From "sing-gah," to rest at, and "poor," a city.

in style the sumptuous mansions in the city of palaces, having colonnades in front, and large verandas with Venitian blinds on nearly all sides, and spacious courtyards of trees and shrubbery surrounding them.

“On the eastern angle of the city, terminated by a deep inlet called Rocher River, is the suburb of Campong Glam, occupied by a Malay bazar and a settlement of Bugis huts, mostly standing upon piles in stagnant water. On the western side a low converging point runs in the harbour, which is separated from the esplanade and central parts by Singapore Creek or Inlet. This point once had a rocky hill upon it, but it has been completely levelled by the Europeans, and is now thickly settled with lofty mercantile warehouses, here called ‘Go downs,’\* which are built mostly of stone and brick, and occupied by English, Scotch, Portuguese, and Parsees. Farther up are the suburbs of Campong China and Campong Malacca, filled with a bustling, industrious population of four or five thousand Chinese mechanics and tradesmen, as many Malays, and nearly that number of the shrewd, peddling Moors, each having their different temples and dwellings interspersed.

“The pretty creek that separates this commercial point from the esplanade presents at all times a most animated scene, and especially the lower part. It is about three hundred feet wide, and navigable for boats two miles up. The commercial side, from the little fort at the end of the point up to the bridge, is lined with large white storehouses, mercantile offices, and a bazar. Stone flights of steps are formed on each side of the landings, and upon its surface are constantly plying in and out the Chinese sampans and wangcongs, the Malay tambangs and bugis prâhas, which are all different kinds of boats. Many families are also huddled together there, in floating homes, like those of Canton, and at night the flickering bright lights of these ‘ourang laut’ people, as they are called by the natives, make a very lively and agreeable scene. Nor is the harbour outside less attractive, when viewed either from Government Hill or as one approaches the city from the outer anchorage. There are to be seen the green-headed junks of Pekin, the yellow-headed junks from Canton, the red

\* An English corruption of the Malay term “godang.”

from Cochin China and Siam, and others from Japan, each vessel having two large painted eyes in the bow. Then there are the Malay prähas, bearing pepper and gold-dust, with sago and argus pheasants from Sumatra, and bugis prähas with-birds of paradise, and precious gums and spices from Borneo and the Celebes, and, among these, the mammoth East Indiamen, and Moorish dāus, and ships of war that meet together there and unfurl their streamers and flags of every colour and nation as freely as if at home upon their own waters.

“In three months after the settlement of Singapore under the favourable governance of Sir Stamford Raffles, in 1819, five thousand emigrants had settled there. 1822 the amount of trade was 130,629 tons, by 3326 departures and arrivals of foreign and native vessels, valued at \$8,496,172. For 1832 the exports and imports were valued at \$14,878,516, and its increase has been in a greater ratio since. Is not here presented, then, a precocious settlement almost equal in its progress to the wonderful cities that rise with the facility of a mirage in the Western World!

“It is customary in Singapore, as at the other English settlements in the East, to take the evening drive just before dinner, and at the agreeable hour about five or six o'clock, the broad, smooth green of the esplanade, quite open to the cool sea air, is enlivened with a variety of equipages and occupants as fair and gay as in any like place within the tropics. The scene, time, and place generally attract numbers of the lazy Malays to lounge or gamble beneath the shelter of the trees, and the more sportive Chinese to wrestle and vault upon the banks, while occasionally a few of the better class of Moors are seen sauntering along in their peculiar stateliness.”

As our vessel was to proceed directly to New-York, and might be delayed some time at Singapore, and as I wished to perform a circuitous route, for the purpose of visiting other parts of the world, I determined to leave her here. Captain Morrell reluctantly consented. I engaged passage on board the English brig *Ann*, Captain E. J. Abell, bound hence to South America, via the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena. With unfeigned regret and many recollections of the novel scenes and adventures we had passed through, I bade my ship-mates of the *Margaret Oakley* farewell, as I embarked in the



Sylph with the captain and W——. I soon stood upon the quarter of the brig *Ann*; she was under way, with all sail set. Captain Morrell and W—— each took me by the hand as they stood in the Sylph, and the big tear stood in our eyes as they said, "Farewell, Tom; a prosperous voyage, and may we soon meet again!" With this they shoved off, and our trim bark danced cheerily out to sea.

And now, courteous reader, for the present I will leave the Margaret Oakley at Singapore, undergoing repairs, and first give you a synopsis of my own adventures until my return home.

I found the society on board the *Ann* very social and agreeable. I was the only passenger. The supercargo, M. A. Newton, Esq., was very much of a gentleman, and a man of much talent and intelligence. We passed our leisure moments in playing chess, and, when the sea became so rough as to dance the men off the board, we sealed up bottles with the name of the vessel, the latitude, &c., inside, and cast them into the sea, in order that whoever picked them up might know the direction of the current. At other times we exercised by taking a pull or a haul, and by climbing the main topmast back stay hand over hand.

After leaving Singapore we sailed through Dryon Strait and coasted Sumatra, the shores of which were low and wooded. We saw the Calantigas and Polo Sinkep, and sailed through the Straits of Banca. We anchored near the Two Sisters, two secondary islets, and landed upon one of them, where we shot a great many white pigeons, with the tips of the tail and wing feathers black. These islets are uninhabited; but we saw half a canoe lying upon the beach, the ashes and charred wood of a fire, fishing-stakes in the water, and the shells of turtle. Several sago-trees had also been cut down and the pith dug out. Leaving these islets, we passed through the Straits of Sunda, crossed the Indian Ocean, and, after an ordinary voyage, arrived off the south coast of Africa, in sight of which we cruised over the Lagulhas Bank, where the water was of a deep-green colour; I should suppose good fishing would be found on the bank.

Cape Infanta is an elevated, level piece of land, covered with stunted verdure. The extreme cape terminates with an

abrupt clay and sand cliff, in which there seemed to be a large hole, resembling the mouth of a cave. In the interior the land rose into barren mountains. We doubled the Cape of Good Hope close aboard, and coasted the land to the northward. Two hills were very broken and rocky. The land is stony, clayey, sandy, and barren. In the vales near the beach there were some marks of verdant fields like grass, and white houses, with black roofs, were scattered here and there. Houts Bay, beneath the brow of Table Mountain, looked more fertile, and a collection of neat houses were nestled in the vale.

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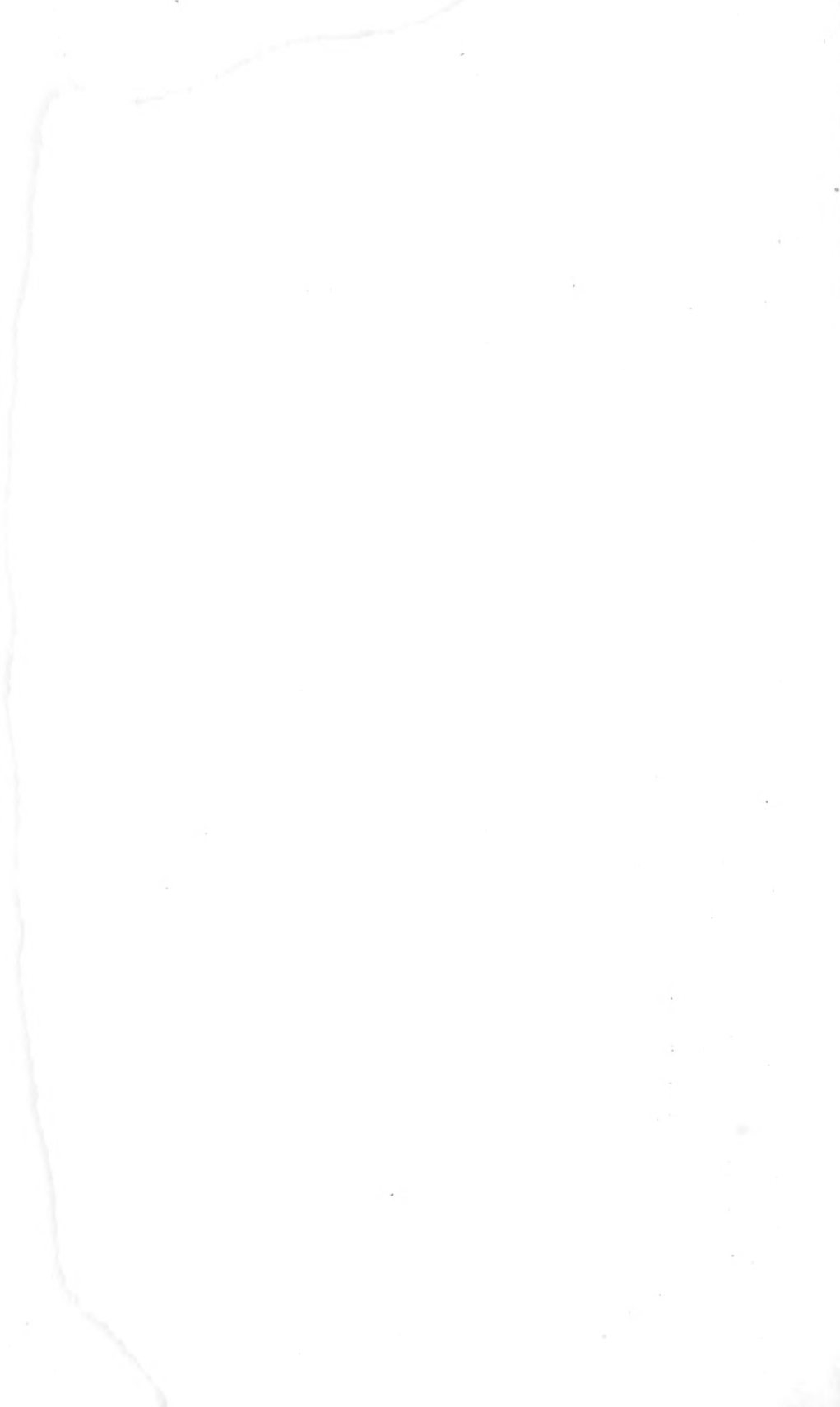
### CHAPTER XXXV.

It was late in the afternoon when we sighted the lighthouse and entered Table Bay. A white cloud had spread itself over Table Mountain. The Sugar-Loaf, Lion's Head and Rump, were in full view; upon the latter was a signal station. On a gently-sloping, grassy esplanade, near the beach, were ranged several neat country residences. One spacious white building, surrounded by a neat little garden, seemed perched like an eagle's nest in a chasm of the Lion's Rump. Cape Town now opened to view, with its white buildings, and we prepared to anchor and visit the shore. Most unfortunately, at this very moment, that wicked "table-cloth" moved and curled down over the towering brow of Table Mountain. We close-reefed the topsails, although it was quite calm. A distant roar from the base of the mountain rose louder and louder upon the ear. Suddenly a tempest struck the vessel, that made the spars and rigging strain and crack most fearfully. Away we drove before the blast, through Robben Island Passage, out upon the ocean. All night we scudded before a cold and cutting gale from the southeast, steering N.W. by W. Next day no land in sight, but the water looked dirty, like that on the Lagulhas Bank. In eleven days we were close in with the north side of St. Helena. From the embrasures of a parapet upon the brow of a beetling rock cliff, there pointed down upon our deck the muzzles of cannon, and on a sign we read, "Send a

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boat." An officer in British uniform stood in an "eagle's nest," far above our royal mast-head, and, looking down upon us, with a trumpet to his mouth, cried,

"What brig is that?"

"The Ann!"

"Where from?"

"Singapore!"

"Any sickness on board?"

"No!"

"You may come to anchor!"

We soon anchored in front of James Town in twenty fathoms water. The American ship *Emerald*, Captain Eagleston, from the *Feejees*, and the whale-ship *Brunswick*, rode at anchor near us. We found the inhabitants of St. Helena kind and hospitable. To S. Solomon, Esq., and to Wm. Carroll, Esq., the American consul, I feel myself particularly indebted for those civilities that tend to make a stranger feel at home in an unknown land.

In company with Captain Eagleston, Mr. Newton, and Mr. Osborn, we set out in a carriage, drawn by two horses harnessed tandem, and led by grooms. Leaving the valley by a dangerous zigzag road, overhung by loose rocks, we crossed a narrow pass, with a yawning chasm on either side, and visited the "lion of the place," Napoleon's Tomb. As this has been often described in other books, I will merely state that, having obtained a sprig of willow from the tomb, and taken in a supply of water, we got under way and put to sea, in company with the ship *Emerald*.

The next day we compared chronometers with Captain Eagleston, and, bidding him farewell, departed on our course. After a speedy passage, we found ourselves safely lashed to a "sterling" in front of Georgetown, in the Demerara River, British Guiana.

I was about to set out on a journey into the interior of South America, by the way of Santa Fé de Bogota, the Falls of the Magdalena and Maracaibo, and had made a tour up the Demerara and visited an encampment of buck Indians (a portly, good-looking set of naked, copper-coloured people), for the purpose of procuring guides. My plans were changed by Messrs. Charles Conyers and Co., who requested me to navi-

gate their brig, the Atlantic (then loaded with rum and molasses), to Halifax, Nova Scotia. I embarked in her and put to sea. Passing Trinidad and Tobago, we entered the Caribbean Islands, coasting the west side of Barbadoes, the east side of St. Vincent's and St. Lucia, and the west sides of Martinico (the birthplace of the Empress Josephine), Dominica, Guadeloupe, the steep rock Redondo, Nevis (the gem of the Caribbees and the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton), St. Christopher, the east sides of St. Eustatia and Saba, the west sides of St. Martin's, Anguilla, and Sombrero.

In the Gulf Stream, latitude  $37^{\circ} 13' N.$ , longitude  $66^{\circ} 47' W.$ , we encountered a tempest from the northeast. Our storm-sails were shivered, and we lay to under bare poles (save a tarpaulin in the weather main-rigging), in a dangerous chop-sea that boarded us on all sides, tearing away the bulwarks. We weathered the storm, and, after a boisterous passage, found ourselves in a dense fog, with a strong breeze blowing. We got soundings with the deep sea lead in thirty-eight fathoms, sandy bottom, and the lead clung so tenaciously to the bottom that it was with the greatest difficulty we could haul it up without carrying away the line. Soon after we had rocky bottom in forty-five fathoms. We were upon Le Have Bank. The next day we entered Halifax Harbour. On a lofty bluff is a fort, and from it a man hailed us with a very long trumpet. We soon made fast to a wharf in front of the town. It was Sunday, and the sidewalks were lined with women of all ages going to church. The female part of the population appeared to be much more numerous than the males. Perhaps their husbands were at sea, but there were many maidens among them.

I am particularly indebted to the kindness and hospitality of Joseph Allison, Esq., and his amiable family, and to Henry Creighton, Esq., and his relatives. The citizens of Halifax are pre-eminently social and hospitable. I took passage in the brig Cordelia, Captain J. E. Lane, and sailed hence for Boston, where I threw myself into a railroad car, and the next day landed safe in New-York, highly gratified with my "Voyage and Adventures in the Pacific Ocean," but still more highly pleased to find "my foot again upon my native heath."

I inquired for the Margaret Oakley. She had not arrived!

Intelligence had been received of her departure from Singapore, but her subsequent course no one knew. I awaited her arrival for some time, but soon became impatient, and embarked on a trading-cruise to the West Indies, after which I performed an arduous horseback travel through the Far West. After a protracted absence, I returned to New-York; still no intelligence had yet been received of the Margaret Oakley, and her fate was involved in mystery. There were many idle rumours afloat among the merchants and ensurance offices. One asserted that the captain had turned pirate, another that he had run away with the cargo and formed a settlement upon some island in the Pacific Ocean. There was a whisper that she might have foundered, and I feared that her noble crew, my companions and shipmates, had perished! I gave her up, and endeavoured to blot all thoughts of her from my memory; but in vain; the settlement and lucrative trade of the lovely and benighted Morrell's Group was ever uppermost in my mind, and occupied my sleeping and waking thoughts.

One beautiful morning, as I sat by my chamber window at my residence in Harlem, humming a tune on my flute, and listening to the birds upon a cherry-tree opposite, tuning their pipes in mockery, I was startled by a loud rap at the hall door, and soon a quick tramp came up stairs and approached my room, the door of which flew open, and in rushed a weather-beaten man, his features almost concealed by beard and mustache. It was some moments before we spoke, but we grasped hands and eyed each other. It was my old shipmate Mr. W——, who seemed to me as one risen from the dead! He related the fate of the Margaret Oakley. It seems that three weeks after my departure from Singapore, she set sail with only thirty-five days' provisions on board. She passed through the Straits of Banca, and anchored one day at Mintow. After this she ran on a mud-bank, and was got off after three hours' hard toil. Passing the Straits of Sunda, she shaped her course over the Indian Ocean, for the Cocos Islands. In latitude 10° S. she spoke the bark *Levant*, Captain M'Michaels, and the two captains had some dispute in regard to the longitude. After this the crew were put on a *per diem* allowance of half a pound of meat and half a gallon of water. She pass-

ed the Cocos, and, in six weeks after leaving Singapore, anchored at Fort Dauphin, Madagascar.

On the morning of the third day after her arrival, while the captain and part of the crew were on shore buying cattle of the natives, a gale of wind arose and a dangerous sea set on shore. The vessel plunged and staggered, and the waves completely buried the bow, sweeping the deck. The anchor dragged, and another was let go, but to no purpose. The cables parted, and she drove broadside before the gale. The captain arrived upon the beach just in time to see the vessel drive on shore and bilge. In half an hour there was three feet water in the hold, and it was fast increasing. The hatches were now broken open, and all hands endeavoured to save the cargo in the boats. By this time two hundred natives had collected upon the beach, all willing to lend a hand in "saving" the cargo. A string of natives was soon formed, reaching from the vessel to the shore, some in boats and canoes, and others standing in the water. The cargo was soon landed, amid a scene of great confusion, and many boxes of costly silks and lackered ware were broken open and pillaged by the savages, many of whom were seen scampering into the forest with costly flowered shawls, and remnants of silks, satins, crapes, and handkerchiefs ornamenting different parts of their persons, while under their arms were boxes of tea, bundles of sewing silk, and other valuables, the productions of China, and the like of which the natives had never before seen. Captain Morrell paced the beach to and fro like a maniac, with a brace of pistols in his hands, threatening to blow out the brains of the first man who broke open a box. But he was not ubiquitous, and the moment he turned his back, open went a box, and away ran the savages with the contents.

At length the crew got safely on shore, and were put under arms to guard the cargo. The next day it was secured from the weather with tents made of the sails. The cajeput oil had been stolen, and the sago was ruined by the salt water. The vessel became a total loss, and different articles drifted ashore from the wreck. The savages picked up a box at the foot of the bay, and, believing it to contain silks, forthwith broke it open to divide the spoils. Judge their surprise and horror when they put their hands upon the skulls of the Bidera kings!



The savages held a convention over them, and concluded that the crew of the *Margaret Oakley* were a set of piratical cannibals, who had been cruising along the shores of Madagascar, eating the people and preserving their skulls. This affair came near causing a bloody outbreak of savage fury upon our party, and it was only by consummate tact on the part of the captain that the enmity of the natives was allayed. The skulls were some which I had packed, intending to bring them home as curiosities.

The crew resided here several months, and at length, by means of a native craft, sent to Mauritius news of the loss of the vessel. The American consul at the latter place immediately despatched a vessel to the relief of the crew, part of whom were taken on board, together with some of the cargo. Captain Morrell and the remainder of the crew and cargo sailed thence in a British vessel, and arrived safely in England. Subsequently, Captain M. visited Paris and the West Indies, where he fitted out a clipper vessel, and again winged his way over the ocean, doubling the Cape of Good Hope, on his way to the Pacific Ocean via Mozambique. He arrived at the latter port in safety, but it happened to be a very sickly season in this proverbially sickly place; and he, unfortunately, by the last account received, took the prevailing fever and suddenly died.

Two coloured men, belonging to the crew of the *Margaret Oakley*, became great favourites with the natives of Fort Dauphin, and each building a house and making a garden, took unto themselves Malagashe wives, and settled down to follow the business of salting beef and curing hides; by the last accounts they were doing well.

Mr. W— started on an inland journey through Madagascar, with the intention of reaching Tamatave. He was seized by the savages and carried prisoner into the interior of the island, where his life was threatened, and he was imprisoned on an islet in the centre of a large lake. At night, crocodiles and other animals from the water crept over the islet, making frightful noises, and he was obliged to seek refuge in the tops of trees, where he constructed a basket-work of osiers around the branches to prevent his falling while asleep. On this islet he remained two days without food, and fearing that every

moment would be his last, for he knew not what were the deliberations of the savages. On the third day a canoe cautiously approached, and as it drew near he saw that it was paddled by a Malagashe girl. He came from his concealment. She had taken pity upon the white stranger and brought him food. This kind-hearted young woman afterward perilled her life in aiding him to escape from the islet prison.

Thus perished the Margaret Oakley and her enterprising but unfortunate captain, the ribs of the former being buried on the eastern, and the bones of the latter upon the western side of Mozambique Passage.

As interested and prejudiced persons have circulated the most slanderous reports concerning the character and principles of Captain Morrell, it may be expected that I should say something concerning them; but I shall speak of neither farther than to say, that he was a good seaman, always respected and feared by his crew, neither selfish, avaricious, nor illiberal. He could build airy castles and instruct others, but when he came to the petty details necessary to put them in execution, he lacked perseverance and prudence. In regard to his conduct respecting the vessel intrusted to his care, I believe he intended to do right when he started, and if others had dealt with him as he expected them to do, the voyage might have prospered. But many things occurred which the world cannot appreciate, and which in a measure justified (as he thought) his conduct. I am inclined to the belief that Captain Morrell was not so abandoned a man as many suppose, and that after the wreck of the vessel he became partially insane.

And now, courteous reader, I thank you for having accompanied me thus far, and gratefully bid you farewell. In conclusion I have only to remark, that I have since travelled much, and seen the beautiful hills, and dales, and prairies of interior Texas, called by many the garden of the world; but when I now sit me down at home and take a retrospect of my travel, and con over the remarks in my journals about climate and country, I am daily more and more convinced that the islands in the Tropical Pacific Ocean comprise the fairest regions of the earth.

## A P P E N D I X.

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THE proposition has frequently been made to the author to aid in the formation of a colony and trading expedition to some of the islands in the Pacific Ocean. The feasibility of such a project will readily be inferred from the accounts given of these islands, their resources, and the casualties attending a voyage to them, in the preceding pages. It is not my purpose, nor, if it were, would this be the place to discuss the difficulties, advantages, or probable success of such an expedition; though I may say, in general terms, that my personal examination of these islands, the quality of the soil, the mildness of the climate, and the manifest advantages of their situation with reference to the course of trade between the Eastern and Western continents, has convinced me that in no other quarter of the globe would a trading and colonizing expedition, fitted out under proper auspices, and with due care and skill, be more sure of a speedy and lucrative return than in this. Small capital and few persons would be required for its outfit; everything there is exceedingly inviting, and the project, in every aspect in which it has presented itself to my mind, seems eminently attractive and flattering. For the purpose of giving, on other authority than my own, a view of the peculiar natural facilities of this region of the earth for settlement and cultivation, I venture to make the following extracts from an account of the Navigators' Group, by Rev. John Williams, of the London Missionary Society; it applies still more forcibly to the islands to which I have referred:

“The Navigators' Group is, with the exception of the Sandwich Islands, the largest and most populous in the Pacific at which missions have been commenced, and in a few years they will no doubt rise into considerable importance. As they lie in the vicinity of the Friendly Islands, the extensive Fiji Group, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and numerous other solitary islands, intercourse between them could be easily maintained, and thus a civilizing and religious influence might be exerted upon the countless thousands of benighted heathen who dwell between the Samoas and the coast of New Holland; and whether we view this group as a mart for commercial enterprise, a field for scientific research, or a sphere for the exercise of Christian benevolence, we must regard it with feelings of the liveliest interest.

“A few years ago it was much wished by the inhabitants of New South Wales that the British government would form a settlement at one of the South Sea Islands, where ships might refresh and refit, without being exposed to danger. The fate of the unfortunate Oldham whaler, and the numerous tragical events which were constantly occurring at these islands, gave rise to this suggestion. Although the danger has ceased where Christianity has been introduced, yet, should such an establishment be determined upon, the Navigators' Group is a most eligible place for its formation. Its central situation, the excellence of the harbours, the abundant supply of water and provisions, the amazing extent of rich and arable land, and the quantity and variety of the timber, are important perquisites for an establishment of this description, and such as must ensure its prosperity.

“For the *extent of surface* these islands deserve consideration. There are many valleys, containing thousands of acres of rich soil, entirely untilled; indeed, the portion of country under cultivation is very inconsiderable; for, as the fruits grow abundantly without labour, the Samoans, like the Tahitians, display but little ingenuity in agriculture.

“In this they are greatly surpassed by their neighbours the Tongatabuans, who subsist almost entirely upon the produce raised by themselves; while the Tahitian and the light-hearted Samoan can work or play, rove abroad or stay at home, dance or sleep, with the assurance that the beautiful grove of bread-fruit trees, in which his cottage is imbowered, will afford him an abundant supply; and if these should prove insufficient, that the mountains abound with bananas, plantains, wild yams, and other esculents, more than enough to supply the deficiency. Notwithstanding this, however, the Samoans cultivate vast quantities of taro, because they prefer it to the yam.

“The *soil* is so exceedingly rich, that coffee, sugar, cotton, and every other tropical production may be raised in these islands to almost any extent; and as they are well watered, and abound with springs, lakes, and streams, machinery might in many places be worked with the greatest facility. This, of course, enhances the value of these superb islands incalculably.

“The *trees* of the Samoas, as at Tahiti, exhibit great beauty and variety. Some are remarkable for their size, and others for their flowers, or fragrance, or fruit. Most of them are evergreens. Indeed, there are but two or three deciduous trees on the islands. In general, the new and old leaves, the bud and the blossom, the young fruit and the ripe, appear together, and adorn these through the whole circle of the year. Some of the trees are exceedingly valuable as timber. This is the case with the *tamanu* (*calophyllum*): these grow

to an amazing size ; I have seen them five feet in diameter. The natives select this wood for their canoes, stools, pillows, bowls, and other articles, which are wrought with immense labour out of the solid mass. It has been used by us in ship-building, and as it is durable, and holds a nail with great tenacity, it is very valuable for that purpose ; its value is farther enhanced by the circumstance that iron lasts much longer in the *tamanu* than in any other wood. We have also made furniture of it. It has a veiny and beautiful grain, and is susceptible of high polish. In the hands of European cabinet-makers it would vie with some of our most admired woods. This might become an important article of commerce.

“The *amai*, or *miro*, is another tree of note in the various islands of the Pacific ; the leaves of the *miro* were always used in religious ceremonies, and ambassadors invariably carried a branch of it as an emblem of their authority. The wood is of a close texture, of a dark-brown colour, very little variegated, but susceptible of a high polish. It is easily worked, and makes beautiful furniture.

“The *tou* (*cordia*) is a low, wide-spreading tree, and is generally planted near the dwellings of chiefs. Its wood closely resembles rosewood in colour and grain, but it is not so hard. It makes beautiful furniture. I have frequently thought that it would be exceedingly valuable for musical instruments, as the wooden drums made from it by the natives produce a far more sonorous and mellow sound than those constructed from any other tree. On this account the *tou* is highly prized by them.

“To those already mentioned I might add several other trees, especially the *toi*, with the botanical name of which I am unacquainted. This tree grows to a considerable size and height. The wood towards the heart of the tree is of a blood red, and the lighter parts are beautifully waved ; like satin-wood, it takes a high polish.

“The *toa* also (*casuarina*) abounds in all the islands, attains to a large size, and is covered with exceedingly graceful foliage. The wood is reddish brown, and very hard. We have used it for sheaves of blocks, for cogs in our sugar-mills, and for other similar articles ; and I think it would be valuable for a variety of purposes for which hard wood is required in England. The ingenuity of the natives is displayed in working this wood, which they do with wonderful facility, considering their miserable tools of shell, stone, and bone. Their clubs and spears, many of which are most exquisitely carved, are made of this wood.

“The above, and numerous other trees which the islands produce in great abundance, might be added to the list of those most valued in Europe. From many of them gums and dyes are procured, which

might become articles of importance in our own and civilized countries. Several of the trees possess a high value to the islanders; and I have frequently admired, on the one hand, the beneficence of God, who has united so many useful qualities in a single plant, and, on the other, the ingenuity of the natives in discovering and applying these to the purposes of necessity and comfort.

“Of this remark I shall select an illustration. The candle-nut tree (*aleurites triloba*) abounds in the mountains, and as its leaves are nearly white, they form a most agreeable contrast to the dark foliage of the other trees among which it is interspersed. It bears a nut about the size of a walnut, which is used as a substitute for a candle. Having stripped off the shell, they perforate the kernel, and string a number of these on a rib of the cocoanut leaflet, and then light them. By burning large quantities of this nut in a curiously-constructed oven, the natives obtain a fine lampblack, with which they paint their canoes, idols, and drums, and print various devices upon their ornamental garments. They also use the colouring thus obtained in tattooing their skin. Besides this, the *tuitui* furnishes a gum, with which they varnish the cloth made from the bark of the bread-fruit tree, thus rendering it more impervious and durable. From its inner bark a juice is procured, which is a valuable substitute for paint-oil, and when mixed with lampblack, or with the dye from the *casuarina* and other trees, it becomes so permanent that it never washes off.

“Finding that cocoanut oil when mixed with paint did not dry, we used candle-nut oil, which answered the purpose much better.

“But, among all the trees that adorn the islands of the Pacific, the bread-fruit deserves the pre-eminence for its beauty and value. It frequently grows fifty or sixty feet high, and has a trunk between two and three feet in diameter. The leaves are broad and sinuated, something similar in their form to those of the fig-tree. They are frequently eighteen inches in length, and of a dark green colour, with a glossy surface resembling that of the richest evergreens. The fruit is oval, about six inches in diameter, and of a light pea green. It always grows at the extremity of the branches, and hangs either alone, or in clusters of two or three. There are sometimes several hundreds of these upon one tree, and their light colour, contrasted with the dark, glossy leaves among which they hang, together with the stately outline and spiring shape of the tree, render it an object which, for its beauty, is not surpassed in the whole vegetable world. The value of this wonderful tree, however, surpasses its beauty. It is everything to the natives—their house, their food, and their clothing. The trunk furnishes one of the best kinds of timber they possess. It is the colour of mahogany, exceedingly durable, and is used by the natives

in building their canoes and houses, and in the manufacture of the few articles of furniture they formerly possessed. From the bark of the branches they fabricate their clothing; and when the tree is punctured, there exudes from it a quantity of mucilaginous fluid resembling thick cream, which hardens by exposure to the sun, and, when boiled, answers all the purposes of English pitch. The fruit is to the South Sea islander the staff of life; it bears two crops every season. Besides this, there are several varieties which ripen at different periods, so that the natives have a supply of this palatable and nutritious food during the greater part of the year. The leaves are excellent fodder for cattle, and they are so excessively fond of it, that it is necessary to protect the young trees by high fences.

“There are very many varieties of the bread-fruit, for each of which the natives have distinct names; and there stood in our garden a tree which was regarded by them as a very great curiosity. Its two main branches differed considerably, the leaves on the one side of the tree being much more deeply sinuated than those on the other, and the fruit on the one branch being oval, while that on the other was nearly round. This was an accidental circumstance, for the natives do not understand grafting.

“At the Navigator Islands we found a variety with which the Hervey and Tahitian islanders are unacquainted. This had a number of seed ranged round the core. The tree which produces this fruit does not grow to so great a size as the others, and the leaves are not sinuated. When I informed the Raiateans of this circumstance it excited considerable amazement, and the first thing Makea inquired for, on arriving at the Samoas, was the bread-fruit with seed in it, that he might see the wonder for himself.

“I observed that the rustic native cottages generally stood amid a grove of these beautiful little trees, the fruitful branches of which imbowered them, and shielded their inmates from the piercing rays of the sun. The inhabitants of these fertile spots can lie upon their mats, and, without labour or care, behold their bread growing before their eyes.

“None of the reptiles seen are venomous. I would remark that there is not in the whole range of the Pacific a finer group, and I am persuaded that, as soon as the progress of religion among the inhabitants shall afford additional facilities for properly exploring them, a vast amount of interesting information will be obtained, and more beauties and wonders will be disclosed.

“I shall conclude these remarks by observing that perhaps few more extensive or more inviting fields are open to the botanist than the South Sea islands. This will be apparent when I inform you

that in 1832 the Tahitian and Society Islands were visited by M. Bertero, an Italian botanist, an accomplished and scientific man, who astonished not only the natives, but ourselves, by the cures he effected with medicinal herbs. When a patient came to him for relief, M. Bertero, without going twenty yards from the spot, would often point out some herb which, used according to his directions, produced in numberless instances the most beneficial effects. This gentleman was enthusiastic and indefatigable in the pursuit of his object, and during the eight or ten months of his sojourn at the islands he obtained *two thousand new specimens*. I regret exceedingly to state that the vessel in which he sailed for the west coast of South America perished at sea, and that this gentleman was unhappily lost, together with his valuable collection."

THE END.





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